

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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THE GRANGE VISITOR.

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

Under the October Maples.

What mean these banners spread,
These paths with royal red
So gaily carpeted?
Comes there a prince to-day?
Such footing were too fine
For feet less argentine
Than Dian's own or thine,
Queen whom my tides obey.

Surely for thee are meant
These hues so Orient
That with a sultan's tent
Each tree invites the sun;
Our earth such homage pays,
So decks her dusty ways,
And keeps such holidays,
For one, and only one.

My brain shapes form and face,
Throbs with the mystic grace
And cadence of her pace
To all fine instincts true;
Her footsteps, as they pass,
Than moonbeams over grass,
Fall lighter—and, alas,
More unsubstantial, too.

—James Russell Lowell.

Pomona.

[Paper read by Mrs. J. G. Averill, before Paw Paw Grange, at an entertainment dedicated to Pomona.]

I was never before invited to assist a goddess in celebrating.

It has been understood that when Pomona presided at any entertainment, Bacchus was always present and generally master of ceremonies; but since she allied herself to our noble order, in deference to its ultra temperance principles, she is supposed to have turned a cold shoulder to the jolly but riotous familiar of former times and to content herself with the aid of mortals who were of ordinary sobriety.

In view of the honor and of the responsibility, of course the mortals feel diffident.

Suppose I, for instance, approach the topic assigned me in the practical work-a-day manner in which it would naturally appeal to one who had a bread and butter interest in it, could you expect the prosaic outcome to be a worthy offering at the throne of a Divinity?

Then there is an embarrassment of riches in the very wealth of this my favorite subject.

I intended to start out with the unqualified statement that the culture of fruit was the safest, most moral, dignified, honest, lucrative, aesthetic and enjoyable occupation ever followed; but when I remembered that the very first woman who undertook to handle fruit got into difficulties that have affected her daughters unpleasantly even to this day, I weakened a little as to the safety. Then I thought of the rascally commission men, the constant watching and squabbling that is the portion of the man who deals with them, and I reflected that some things had been said, too, about small boxes, baskets and barrels, about dishonest packing and marking by producers, and felt that there might be tricks even in our trade.

Then bending your back until it nearly breaks, setting plants, hoeing them until the sweat of your brow is no figure of speech, scratching your hands and tearing your clothes tending berry bushes, dragging around in the dew to jar curculio, pumping poison to circumvent codling moth, crawling on all fours by

lantern light, to hunt cut-worms, hurrying to catch a fruit train, or to get fresh strawberries to every woman in town in time for the noontime shortcake, or delivering fruit in a pelting rain. This may not strike one as exactly dignified, but the dignity comes in when by and by our fruit grower puts on his best suit and goes to help run a convention, or writes to his favorite newspaper all about his methods and experiments, and the resulting successes or failures.

The yellows and the untimely frosts break the hearts of peach growers, the cherries get wormy and so do the currants, the late raspberries and blackberries are more than likely to be caught by the drought, the rose bugs may take all the grapes the frost and the cut-worms have left, until I cannot conscientiously insist upon the lucrative,—but do not expect me to modify another one of my adjectives—the aesthetic and enjoyable I shall cling to.

The florist may dispute the first, but when I see a flower show more beautiful than a large apple orchard in full bloom, with its billows of fragrance, and showers of falling petals drifting upon the green turf below; or a bouquet that I like better than a well shaped cherry, pear or plum tree when it is like one great sweet snow-ball, I may give up the point.

Some of our artistic friends might prefer a bank of golden-rod, but they would have hard work to convince brother David Woodman or me of its superiority.

Our flowers, you understand, although the sweetest in the world, are merely preliminary and gratuitous. If never a one appeared, we should still press the claim to superior beauty.

Did any of you ever see a strawberry bed loaded with ripe fruit, before any vandal foot had disturbed a leaf? Or a field of ripe raspberries or blackberries, or a cherry tree fairly blazing with its crimson glory, or a quince bush bending with its golden fruit? Above all did you ever visit a well kept trellised vineyard when the vines were loaded with red, white and purple grapes?

Then if you want a dainty gift for a friend, instead of sending expensive hot-house flowers which will delight for a time but which no amount of care can keep from soon becoming offensive, seek out a basket of rosy cheeked yellow peaches, or of assorted grapes, a box of pink or purple plums, of sweet cherries or delicious strawberries and see if any lady will be too cultured to rejoice over them.

When their beauty has been duly appreciated and their fragrance has filled the room, bring on the sugar and cream and behold "the half has never been told."

Yes, although Flora rules over a beautiful realm, and the golden glories of the grain fields call our rapturous attention to the dominions of Ceres, I am content to remain a faithful votary of our beloved and honored Pomona.

This Country's Wheat Supply.

Good authorities say that the surplus wheat this country has to spare the present season is not above 40,000,000 bushels and maybe less than that. The crop this year is conceded to be a light one, and the later reports indicate that it may be even smaller than was supposed a month ago. But the difficulty will not be remedied by another full crop.

Increase of population makes every year a larger demand, and the supply does not increase in like proportion. It is doubted whether the present acreage of 38,000,000 acres can be materially increased unless prices materially advance. The old wheat growing districts fall out as fast as new ground in other districts is brought under cultivation. At the prices paid for wheat, it has not been possible to purchase fertilizers necessary for keeping up the product, and leave much profit. The crop this year is estimated at only 10½ bushels per acre, while in the census year, 1880, it was 12 and 13 bushels.

With our present rate of increase in population, this country will, in 1900, consume all the wheat it can grow, and be calling on other countries to supply a deficiency. But the same tendency of production to fall behind the demand is evident all over the world. The stimulus which cheaper transportation and improved harvesting machinery gave to wheat growing has spent its force. It came to localities where wheat had never been grown to any large extent, and by stimulating to an extra large seeding it suddenly brought wheat for a series of years lower than it was ever before known. This could not last. After two or three crops the yield began to fall off. We surely had the decreasing fertility of the northwestern wheat fields, rather than peculiarities of the season, is the true cause of the lessened production this year. There may be a slightly better yield with a favorable season, but not enough to again bring wheat in our eastern markets as low as it has ruled the past four or five years.

It is evident that such small crops as 10½ bushels per acre, or even twelve bushels do not pay, whatever the price. It is only by improved farming, largely increasing the wheat yield, that this crop can be either made to pay or furnish the wheat which our increasing population must soon require. If we had the annual wheat yield of English farmers, or about thirty bushels per acre, the present acreage would give more than 1,100,000,000 bushels, enough to supply our population for the next fifty years.—*American Cultivator.*

Thinning Out.

When we grow a crop of corn and the plants stand too close together for all to do their best, we take out the poorest stalks, and the balance, having all the fertility in the ground, makes a good crop. We can sometimes thin out our cows in the same way and for the same purpose, to get a good crop of milk. There are usually in an average dairy herd two or three, perhaps more, cows that do not yield near as much per head as the rest, and if they were disposed of and the feed they would have eaten given to the others, the total yield would have been the same as, often more than, if the poor cows had been retained. But unless full feeding had been practiced before the thinning out occurs, there will be a falling off in the yield, if the feed of the remaining cows is not increased. In view of the prospective high price of grain the coming winter, it would be well to see if we cannot sell the poorest cows and by better feeding of the others, get the same quantity of milk, have it richer, and have fewer cows to care for.—*Stockman and Farmer.*

The Stock of Stock Hogs.

The government estimate of the number of stock hogs in the country at this time for fattening purposes, is 97.3 per cent. as compared with that of the same time last year. Allowing for the difficulties of getting at these estimates accurately, it may be said that the number of hogs available for the opening season is practically the same as a year ago. The grain with which these hogs are to be ripened, however, is not nearly so abundant, and will evidently not be so cheap. Those who have corn with which to fatten their stock are certain to do much better with it than was done a year ago. Hogs will certainly fluctuate more or less within the next few months, yet no one at all conversant with the situation doubts that prices will average better for the winter packing season than they did last winter. By the way, these estimates, while by no means accurate, are of very considerable value to the country, and the outcome shows that there is enough of approximate fact in them to make them quite useful. Any special facilities which may hereafter be afforded to the Department of Agriculture, should be in the direction of assisting that very efficient institution in the collection of statistics of this kind.—*Stockman and Farmer.*

Points in Sheep Feeding.

In the first place, instead of feeding for four or five months, seventy-five days is sufficient. They will take on all the flesh in the latter time that it is possible for mature sheep to do. Feeding sheep four or five months is on a par with feeding fowls a month to fatten them, when half the time is all that is necessary. Feeders get into this rut because wethers can be bought cheaper in the fall; and then they have a crop of wool in the spring as well as a carcass of mutton. They forget that the wool is worth just as much on the sheep's back as it is off, and good salesmen usually get the value of it, too. And then, mutton will bring more in spring than any other time. This used to be the case more than it is now; but, granting all these claims, just as much is gained by not commencing grain feeding until sixty or seventy-five days before selling. There is a waste of nearly half the grain when sheep are fed five months, as in the case of fowls that are fed a month. It must be remembered that a ninety or one hundred-pound wether cannot be made to gain more than twelve to twenty pounds, no matter how long fed.

Sheep feeders would do better to step out of this rut and feed younger animals. The following well authenticated data ought to be convincing: Sheep of the age of seven to ten months, for each 100 pounds of digestible material consumed, made a gain of fourteen pounds live weight; those ten to thirteen months of age, made a gain of twelve and one-half pounds; those from thirteen to eighteen gained ten and seven-tenths pounds, and those from one and one-half to two years old made a gain of five and four-tenths pounds. It is seen that it is far more profitable to feed sheep of from seven to twelve months of age than to feed those that are older. Lambs are of quicker sale any time of the year than older sheep, and always bring better prices, weight for weight. Lambs can

be fed profitably all winter and sheep not. Wethers will be eliminated from the sheep trade ere long. There is more profit in ewes and lambs. If sheep feeders will try a bunch of lambs and a bunch of mature wethers next winter, keeping strict but separate accounts of all outgoes and incomes, they will abandon wether feeding in the future and feed lambs instead.—*Galen Wilson, in Stockman and Farmer.*

Crop Report for October.

The returns this month indicate that the yield of wheat in this State this year was 23,670,409 bushels. This total is arrived at by multiplying the number of acres in wheat in each county by the average yield per acre as shown by records kept by the threshers in the same county, and adding the products. The acreage is taken from the farm statistics as returned by supervisors last spring.

The total acreage reported threshed in the southern counties is 153,164 acres, in the central counties 15,455 acres, and in the northern, 6,892 acres, a total in the State of 175,511 acres. The average per acre in the southern counties is 16.58 bushels, in the central 16.35 bushels, in the northern 14.02 bushels, and in the state, 16.48 bushels.

The average yield of wheat per acre in the State was nearly one-fourth of a bushel greater in 1890 than the average for the period 1880-89, while the aggregate product in 1890 was less than the average product in the period named by more than 2,000,000 bushels.

The average weight of the measured bushel of wheat is, in the State and in each section, 59 pounds. In a number of counties the average weight is 60 or 61 pounds, while in others it is 57, 56 and 55.

The number of bushels marketed is 2,105,748, of which 490,702 bushels were marketed in the first or southern tier of counties; 353,436 bushels in the second tier; 408,417 bushels in the third tier; 594,601 bushels in the fourth tier; 229,873 bushels in the fifth and sixth tiers and 28,219 bushels in the northern counties. At 53 elevators and mills, or 10 per cent of the whole number from which reports have been received, there was no wheat marketed during the month.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in August and September is 3,577,512, which is 1,328,169 bushels more than reported marketed in the same months last year.

Oats in the southern counties yield 25.61 bushels, in the central 30.06 bushels, and in the northern 18.92 bushels. The corresponding figures one year ago were 31.97, 33.20 and 21.06. The average yield in the State for a period of ten years is 33.26 bushels per acre.

Corn is estimated to yield 50 bushels of ears per acre in the southern counties, 60 in the central and 62 in the northern, the average for the State being 53 bushels.

Potatoes in southern counties will yield one-half of an average crop, central counties 58 per cent and northern 90. State average, 58 per cent.

Winter apple estimates are, in southern counties 23, central 36 and State 27 per cent of average crop.

G. R. OSMUN,
Secretary of State.

Summer's Done.

Along the wayside and up the hills
The golden-rod flames in the sun;
The blue-eyed gentian nods good-by
To the sad little brooks that run;
And so Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

In the yellowing woods the chestnut drops;
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids
Rob him of half his store;
And so Summer's o'er, said I,
Summer's o'er!

The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest
Swings empty overhead;
And so Summer's dead, said I,
Summer's dead!

The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer boys cut down
The ripened yellow corn;
And so Summer's gone, said I,
Summer's gone!

The swallows and the bobolinks
Are gone this many a day,
But in the mornings still you hear
The scolding, swaggering jay!
And so Summer's away, said I,
Summer's away!

A wonderful glory hills the air,
And big and bright the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun;
But for all that, Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

TO GET THE BEST BEEF.**Beef Producing Qualities of Different Breeds of Cattle Killed in Detroit Recently.**

An interesting test of the beef producing qualities of several breeds of cattle was made yesterday afternoon at the abattoir of the Michigan Beef Co., on Dix avenue. The test was conducted by Eugene Davenport, professor of agriculture at the Michigan Agricultural college, and his first assistant E. A. Burnett, the use of the slaughter house and employees being tendered through the courtesy of the Michigan Beef Co. Nine bullocks were killed, all of them of pure breeds but one. The cattle, with the exception of two, were raised by specialists in each breed throughout the State, the idea being to let each one do the best he could, and abide by the result. A few years ago a similar test was made, but only one specimen of each breed was killed, and the test was on this account considered of no practical value. In the test made yesterday two animals of each kind were killed, thus making the results more accurate.

The cattle were all fattened under conditions as nearly similar as possible, all having been fed for the purpose after reaching a weight of about 600 pounds. All of them were of choice strains, being eligible for registry, and several were exhibited at the State fair. They were weighed at 10 o'clock, and the shrunk weight, upon which the percentage of dressed weight is determined, was ascertained. The killing, although done with dispatch, took somewhat longer time than usual, the weight of the offal, hide, tallow, liver and dressed carcass being taken immediately after killing and compared with that of the corresponding parts in the others. Everything that could possibly be utilized was saved. So far as the economy carried out that a bystander remarked that it seemed a pity that no use could be made of the breath.

The test will be of use to farmers and breeders generally. A large number of Detroit butchers and some from a distance were present and watched the operation attentively throughout.

The following results will be of interest to cattle-raisers, showing the differences between the breeds tried, and variations in the breeds themselves:

Jumbo, breed, Galloway; age, 29 months; shrunk weight at 10 o'clock, 1,250 pounds; dressed weight, 797 pounds.

Colby, breed, Galloway; age, 29½ months; shrunk weight, 1,580 pounds; dressed weight, 877 pounds.

Horace, breed, cross between Galloway and Hereford; age, 28 months; shrunk weight, 1,370 pounds; dressed weight, 877 pounds.

Walton, breed, Holstein; age, 31½ months; shrunk weight, 1,540 pounds; dressed weight, 970 pounds.

Nick, breed, Holstein; age, 30 months; shrunk weight, 1,530 pounds; dressed weight, 985 pounds.

Milton, breed, Hereford; age,

33 months; shrunk weight, 1,590 pounds; dressed weight, 1,073 pounds.

Boy, breed, Hereford; age, 26½ months; shrunk weight, 1,330 pounds; dressed weight, 842 pounds.

Bennington, breed, Shorthorn; age, 26 months; shrunk weight, 1,470 pounds; dressed weight, 971 pounds.

Disco, breed, Devon; age, 24 months; shrunk weight, 1,140 pounds; dressed weight, 712 pounds.

The carcasses were then judged according to the butchers' standpoint by five experts, Milton, the 33-months-old Hereford, was judged best; Disco, the 24-months-old Devon, second; Horace, the 24-months-old Galloway and Hereford, third; Bennington, the 26 months-old Shorthorn, fourth.

The beef, pronounced by those who know, to be one of the finest lots ever cut up in Detroit, has been sold to Hammond, Standish & Co. and to W. H. Perkins & Sons. It will be left in cold storage for eight or ten days, and then judgment will be passed upon its qualities for the table.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Expensive Middlemen Ignored.

The last bale of Amoskeags (grain bags) I had bought cost \$16.50; B. wanted \$3 more. The last Starks cost \$18.50; B. asked \$4 advance. This was more than I could stand, but if it had been but 50 cents a bale, there was another side to the matter. Was I to meekly give up and be whipped into line and obliged to be a middleman to do for me business that I could just as well do for myself? I have a bank account in Cleveland as well as friend B. and can send a check for what I want, pay 25 cents freight on, say, three bales of bags, and pocket a nice little profit. Well, I did not move into line. I thought of the telegraph and telephone, and Uncle Sam's mail that a farmer could not be shut out of, and they were put to work in a hurry, and I had all the bags I wanted in good season, and Messrs. —, of Cleveland, did not even get the wholesaler's profit. I wonder if they ever heard the story of the man who dropped the little goose to catch a larger one, and lost them both; \$22.50 for a bale of Stark bags? Why, I sold a neighbor 40 the other day for 20 cents each. I use several hundred shipping tags in the course of a year. Being in Cleveland the other day, it occurred to me that I was nearly out, and I went into a retail store to buy 200 or 300. I bought 500 in Akron last fall and paid 20 cents per hundred. This advance in price set me to thinking. I looked at my watch and found I had over an hour to spare, and I declined the 25 cents-per-hundred tags, forced all the brass possible into my face, and started out to see what could be learned in this line. My face boldly led me into offices where I knew many tags must be used for shipping, and my tongue put the question: "Where do you buy your tags?" After some rebuffs, one gentleman kindly told me where I could buy them at wholesale.

I went to the place. When I inquired of a man who met me at the door, he eyed me rather suspiciously, and said: "We do not retail tags." Certainly not; if you did I should not be here," was my reply. "Third floor to the right says he." There I found tags put up 1,000 in a box, for 50 cents a box. Why, it almost took my breath away, but I tried to look as though I had bought in that way all my life. All this took, perhaps, 20 minutes; 10 cents a minute seemed to me pretty big pay, and so I started out on another line. I wanted a few balls of fine hemp twine for sewing up sacks. I went into a retail store, and they asked 18 cents a ball. I looked at the man as though surprised that he asked so much, and he put a ball in the scales and said: "Yes, that is right, 18 cents a ball." I had sometimes paid that, and at others 15 cents. I concluded it did not suit, and put on "cheek" and started out again. Result: in 15 minutes a package, six balls, for 54 cents, or 18 cents a pound, just half the retail price. All farmers will not want these same goods, but what can be done in these lines can also be done in

many others. I was an entire stranger to all these parties, and what was done was within the reach of any man with any business talent about him. The result to myself of the disclosures in this letter will probably be an attempt to shut me off from buying the articles named, and others, in Cleveland; because, forsooth! I am only a farmer and not a dealer. But little care I for the freight from Cincinnati, or Philadelphia, or New York, is little more than that from Cleveland. It is hard for a bird to break out of his cage, but after he has once got a taste of freedom it is a difficult matter to catch him.—*T. B. Terry.*

Senator Ingalls and Jay Gould.

Senator Ingalls in his reply to the time-worn declaration that the rich have been growing richer and the poor poorer, said in his most satirical and witty vein, after denying the accusation and establishing its falsity:

Mr. Jay Gould and I started out in life about the same time. He had a patent mouse trap and I had the sheepskin of a lawyer. He set his trap in Wall street and came very near taking the earth with it, and I want to say to you with all confidence to go no farther that the only reason I have not got so much money as Jay Gould is that I didn't know how to get it. I have examined the revised statutes and every statute enacted since my majority was attained and I have failed to discover any legislation that prevented me from acquiring \$100,000,000. It's too late now. I have often wondered what would come to pass if some great equitable statute of justice for redistribution were passed, so that on a given date, say the first of July following, every citizen of the United States should have his \$875.30.

I have a very shrewd suspicion that within six months from that time we should find very much the same condition of things as now. Some men would be riding in Pullman cars and some would be walking along by the side of the track, with their entire earthly possessions in a bandana trunk with a pinlock, looking for a dry culvert for a bedroom and some men would be in the penitentiary, and some would be sitting down in the fence corners waiting to see the procession pass by, and over all, loud and clear would be heard the voice of the leather-lunged demagogue, who gets his living by the perspiration of his jaw, rather than by the sweat of his brow, denouncing the wrongs of labor again.

Family Communism.

A man and his wife are partners in business, and can have no separate interests. Whatever is for the best good of one must be for the best good of the other. Selfishness, which is the bane of all our lives, should find no place between them. There should be no "mine" and "thine," but they should feel that each has an interest in all that interests the other. I think there should be a common fund for the necessary expense of the family, and one should have just as free access to it as the other. Then there should be a clear understanding between them as to (not his but their) business, so that they may know just how much they can afford to spend and still have enough left to meet the necessary obligations; and you may depend upon it, the wife will be just as careful as the husband about any extravagance; but in order to do so, she must know just the state of their affairs, and everything in a business line should be freely talked over between them. Then when she sees something which she is satisfied comes within their means, simply say that it is needed, and get it—not going to her husband as though with her finger in the corner of her mouth and her eye cast down, saying: "Could you possibly spare me half a dollar to get a calico dress with? I don't see how I can get along any longer without one," and feeling herself more of a veritable beggar than the tramp who asks for bread at her door.—*Mrs. Allen Dunn.*

Are not great men models of nations? For what is a state but the many's confused imitation of one?

What Shall We Do with the Straw?

The threshing season is here again, and early and late the whistle of the steamer is heard. An important question for the farmer is that which heads this article, for I believe that one of the greatest wastes of the farm is to be found in the way a large percentage of the farmers manage their straw.

In a wide breadth of country the straw this season is unusually good, as it is free from rust and has been secured with little rain. Such straw is valuable for feed, and practical experience on the farm and chemical analysis agree that good bright wheat straw is worth about four-fifths as much as average hay, and that the only thing necessary to keep horses or cattle in excellent condition, with no other rough feed than straw, is to give a little larger grain ration and one a little varied. Give a horse a small ration of bran and oil meal in addition to his corn or oats, and the animal will winter just as well on good bright straw as on timothy hay.

Many of the best farmers of my acquaintance, and many who keep excellent teams, always in good condition, never feed hay except during about two months in the spring when plowing; and one of the most successful farmers of my acquaintance, who keeps a herd of thirty or forty short-horns, eight or ten brood mares and forty or fifty sheep, feeds no hay, and publicly stated that no farmer can afford to feed hay when it will bring \$8 per ton and upwards in the market. On this farm all straw and corn fodder is chaffed and fed as chop, and the grain is ground and mixed with it.

There are many farmers of my acquaintance who allow their straw to go to waste, and feed a hundred or more dollars' worth of hay each year, which might as well be sold. The trouble with straw for feed is not so much that it is deficient in food value as that it is not well balanced and is unpalatable. Both these defects are easily remedied by feeding as chop and giving a suitable grain ration. Even when fed long, in mangers or from stack, stock will do well on straw if the grain ration is plentiful and varied somewhat, and warm shelter is provided.

Since baling machines have become common there is a demand for straw and a market for it. While it is better to sell it at the price offered, which is usually less than one dollar per ton, than to leave it in the field to go to waste, as is the practice on many farms, I do not think any farmer can afford to sell straw at one or two dollars per ton. It is worth more than this to make the stock comfortable and to save liquid manure.

During the winter every animal on my farm has a good warm bed of straw each night, and my barnyard is so thoroughly covered that no animal ever sets foot in the mud. Thus all the liquid manure is saved. Every pleasant day all winter our cattle are turned into the barnyard to the straw stack, and, no matter how well they are fed with grain and hay, they always eat straw from the stack, and as they pull down enough to make it dry under foot, the cattle are often more comfortable at the stack than in the stable. When we need straw in the barn we cut down a section of the stack, and with this we bed our horses and hogs. I never leave a stack to stand over summer, but by the middle of March I tear down the last of it, and either house it or spread it in the barnyard.

There is still another use to which straw can be put on the farm that I believe will make it net more than \$2 a ton value, and that is as a mulch. Often the yield of wheat can be increased several bushels to the acre by doing this, as it not only furnishes winter protection, but appears to also fertilize the crop. The best time to apply this mulch is during the first freezing weather of fall or early winter. The straw should be spread evenly—not thrown down in bunches. It not only protects from wind, but also prevents the frequent alterations of freezing and thawing which so

reduce the vitality of the plant and often kill it. The effect of a mulch of straw on pastures is to bring the grass forward much earlier in the spring, to thicken up the sward and greatly improve it. If one has a permanent pasture in which there are poor spots, cover them with a mulch of straw and it will bring them up to the average. Each year that I try it I become more of a believer in the efficacy of covering or shading land in order to set chemical forces at work to enrich it. I no longer leave a heavy stubble standing on a field through the autumn, or a growth of clover or weeds, but I pass over the field once, or twice if necessary, with the mowing machine and cut down the stubble, clover or weeds, so they will lie flat and cover the land.

Every farmer must determine for himself what is the wisest use to make of the straw, but no one can afford to make no use of it.—*W. F. Brown, in Farmer's Review.*

The October number of *Demorest's Family Magazine* takes us visiting again, this time to the palatial residence of Senator Hearst of California; and when one has looked through the magnificent illustrations, one feels quite at home "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber." The young folks will all be interested in "The Game of Golf for Ladies," which is quite new on this side of the water; and old and young will read with interest and profit the curious facts about animals embodied in "Disguises in Animal Life," and soft-shell crabs will be invested with a new interest after one has read about "The First Armor-Wearers." In fact, every page is as good as it can be. *Demorest's Family Magazine* is the ideal magazine.

But this month there is a special attraction; the new List of Club Premiums. Not only is there a host of handsome as well as useful articles offered, including material for an elegant silk dress, but the more than liberal offer is made that if this generous list does not include the thing or things desired the prospective getter-up of a club may write to the publisher stating what would be liked better, and special terms will be made for the coveted article. The offer is unprecedented: anything from a paper of needles to the complete furniture of a house being obtainable without paying out a cent! Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., N. Y.

One day a group of millionaires, who were sitting on the piazza of the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, began to poke fun at Emory A. Storrs in great glee, because he had just confessed to them that he was not worth any money, and that he spent everything that he had made as fast as he got it. Suddenly he turned upon one of his would-be tormentors and began: "You rich fellows appear to think that money-making is an intellectual process, and that the wealth acquired by you proves that you are a very superior kind of men. You are very much mistaken. There is nothing intellectual about acquisitiveness. It is merely an animal trait. It is less highly developed in you gentlemen than it is in the chipmunk. The beaver is very much your superior in this regard. Where are the rich men in history? There are two only who live in the legends of literature—Dives, who survives on account of his fortunate connection with a pauper, and Croesus, because his name has been used by poets merely as a synonym. Gentlemen, where are the stockholders who built the Parthenon? Doubtless in their day they sat around in Athens and spoke of the fine work that Phidias was doing for them. But, gentlemen, where are the stockholders to-day, and where is Phidias?" He went on in this quaint way for fully half an hour, and when he had finished even the millionaires did not seem to think that they had the best of it, but rather to realize that a man, to live in the affections posterity, must do something more than amass wealth.—*Farmer's Friend.*

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A Vacation Acquaintance.
 In a fair bucolic Aidenn
 I have found a rustic maiden
 Who is not with learning laden
 And who little of our modern culture knows.
 Yet she has so many graces
 Caught from quiet sylvan places
 That to me her dainty face is
 Like the shyness and the beauty of a
 wild wood rose.

Her neglected education
 Would cause a consternation
 Should she join in conversation
 With a polished maid from Boston town, I think,
 For her mind is not discerning
 And she has but little yearning
 For the deeps of psychic learning—
 But her satin cheeks are tinted with a
 bright pure pink.

She's but poorly read in history;
 Browning's verse she thinks a mystery,
 And she never plunged the bistoury
 Of her mind into the problems of the day.
 She could scarcely write a treatise
 On the times of Philoctetes.
 But her laughter low and sweet is,
 And her breath's a whiff of clover and of
 new mown hay.

She can't read a line of Schiller
 Nor Dumas, the great ink-spiller—
 She knows nothing of Hugh Miller,
 And she only studied grammar fourteen weeks;
 She's not learned the art of slaying
 Victims by piano playing,
 But her voice has notes betraying
 Something like a blackbird's chuckle when she
 sings or speaks.

And she oft has moods revealing
 Depths of purest, finest feeling
 Till you find her presence stealing
 In its freshness and fullness on your own;
 So one sighs, I ween, in wonder,
 Plucking meadow grass asunder,
 If he sees there, hidden under
 Beds of timid little flowers that are
 all full blown.

And her power of pleasing varies;
 She can make a pie of berries
 Or of luscious English cherries
 That is better than your mother ever made.
 And so, take it all together,
 I am somewhat puzzled whether
 I have left my heart in tether
 With that pretty country maiden in the
 sweet, cool shade!
 —George Horton.

Unpleasant Truths Ably Stated.
 The historian, John C. Ridpath, of Indiana, recently gave the following address at the commencement exercises at DePauw. Thoughtful Americans know his assertions are lamentably true, and the question, "What shall we do about it?" has long been on the minds of true Patrons and patriots:

What, then, is the modern political party? Practically it is an organization of a few men in a great State, constituting a sort of close corporation, having one single ulterior end in view, and that is their own advantage. In order that such a body of men may get power, it is necessary that they profess something. What their profession is depends exclusively upon what they think is best calculated to take the country in. There are always lying about the surface of human society certain questions in which the people at large, from patriotic or other consideration, are likely to take an interest. The party maker searches diligently among these questions to find one or more which he thinks are likely, if fanned with a little fallacious discussion, to break into a flame. So the question is taken up, and all the elaborate machinery which a century of self interest has invented is immediately put into operation to create or penetrate an issue. People are actually made to believe that the interest of the country depend upon the decision of this question or that question by their votes. They are made to believe that that sublime product of reason and eternity called history is created by drum majors and central committees. They are taught that they should leave their cornfields and workshops in the village and rally at once to the call of some peripatetic demagogue who is hired, out of a corrupt fund, collected from the beneficiaries, to go about the country explaining and perorating about the "burning issues which now divide the American people."

And yet the performance in the public square is at present, and has been for more than half a century, the dominant fact in American society! Of course, orators and teachers go about telling you something else. They say that our public schools, our churches, or our railroad enterprises, or our great cities, or our marvelous industries, or our expansion as a people from east to west, from north to south, are the dominant facts in American society. But it is not so; that is, it is not so as things go. The dominant fact in American society is that political meeting. That is the thing to which every other element of influence and power in the public and the private life of the United States bends a humble, and I am sorry to say a patient, knee. That is the thing which, beginning far back in the history of our republic, under the modest name of convention, at length gained an independent life of its own, grew and expanded until its jaws were full of dragons' teeth and its throat sufficiently enlarged to swallow at a gulp every form of opposition that appears in its pathway. That is the thing that has gone wallowing and sprawling and roaring through the United States, crushing and devouring and devastating the land, living on the fruits of industry, gathering the rewards due to enterprise, and blasting, not only the blossoms and fruits, but the very branches and stem of American culture and American manhood.

Let all honest citizens take counsel, plan and act against the giant evils!

Occasional Poetry.
 I have attended a large number of celebrations, commencements, banquets, soirees and so forth, and done my best to help on a good many of them. In fact, I have become rather too well known in connection with "occasions," and it has cost me no little trouble. I believe there is no kind of occurrence for which I have not been requested to contribute something in prose or verse. It is sometimes very hard to say no to the requests. If one is in the right mood when he or she writes an occasional poem it seems as if nothing could have been easier. "Why, that piece run off just like ile. I don't believe," says the unlettered applicant to himself, "I don't believe it took him ten minutes to write them verses." The good people have no suspicion of how much a single line, a single expression, may cost its author. The wits used to say that Rogers—old Samuel Rogers, author of the "Pleasures of Memory" and giver of famous breakfasts—was accustomed to have straw laid before the house whenever he had just given birth to a couplet. It is not so bad as that with most of us who are called upon to furnish a poem, a song, a hymn, an ode for some grand meeting, but it is safe to say that many a trifling performance has had more good, honest work put into it than the minister's sermon of that week had cost him. If a vessel glides off the ways smoothly and easily at her launching, it does not mean that no great pains have been taken to secure the result. Because a poem is an occasional one, it does not follow that it has not taken as much time and skill as if it had been written without immediate, accidental, temporary motive. Pindar's great odes were occasional poems, just as our commencement and *phi beta kappa* poems are, and yet they have come down among the most precious bequests of antiquity to modern times. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Power of the Grange.
 The Grange is one of the most important orders or institutions existing in the country to-day. I do not pretend to say that it contains the most learned men or

the most noted women or people who count their wealth by the millions, but I do say that it contains more good, honest people than any other organization. This is to be clearly seen from the nature of their occupation. They are obliged to stay at home and are not exposed to the vices of the city as much as those of other occupations.

When the man of the city is through with his day's labor he goes to vice in some of its many attractions presented, while the farmer goes to bed.

But the farmer has not been a person who has in the past insisted upon his rights—he has always voted for the person whom his party has put in the field. Well, that is all right if the candidate is a man who will look out for the farmers' interest; but they are not always certain of this, and are voting rather for the interest of their party than for themselves.

Now here is a place where the Grange is of great importance. Why? Because the farmers have more votes than any other class of people, and votes are things which make senators and representatives to Congress.

But don't understand me to be in favor of a new party—far from it, but I do think that we should insist that men are put in office in both parties who cannot be bought for a penny and who will diligently work for the passage of such measures as will benefit the farmer and not help to run over the well filled pockets of monopolists and speculators. We must say to a man when he goes to Congress, here, you vote for such things and such things or we will not vote for you; we must also see that bills for the change of such laws as do not favor us are introduced and voted upon.

There are many laws which the Grange has been instrumental in passing, but there are many more which demand attention. We furnish a large per cent of the freight carried over our railroads; we should see that laws are passed which will favor the farmer more and make charges more uniform for certain distances traveled.

Then there is the tariff, undoubtedly many changes can be made upon that which will greatly benefit us. There is also another thing which the farmers are not noticing and which I consider is a very black cloud in our horizon and that is the great amount of foreigners who are coming to this country. If they were good, peaceable people and willing to work, it would be different; but they are not. All who have come to this country yet, manifest a disposition which is dangerous to society and hurtful to the interests of a country.

But we must not be too forward in these matters, but must consider them in a quiet manner and carefully study to see what changes can be made which will be most beneficial to all. These are subjects for our educated farmers to grapple with.—*Our Grange Homes.*

A New England Pointer.
 WORCESTER Co., Mass.—Mr. O. W. Ingersoll, Dear Sir: It is with pleasure I state that paint purchased of you has proved very satisfactory, and is undoubtedly the best paint on the market. Yours truly,
 GEO. S. AYERS.
 [See adv. Patrons' Paint Works.]

What do the people who are predicting that this country is going to the demnition bow-wows think of the fact that England is not only investing three dollars in the United States to one in Canada, Australia or India, but would be glad to make it five? It's a safe country for investors, developing and growing every year, and we neither have war nor talk of war to jeopardize investments. The foreigner who invests his dollars here can make no mistake.—*Farmers' Friend.*

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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.

They say: "Any machine not satisfactory to a subscriber, we will allow returned and will refund the money."
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GRANGE VISITOR, Paw Paw, Mich.

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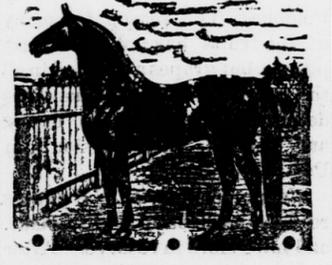
Double-Acting Perpetual Hay and Straw Press.

We herewith present an illustration of Ertel's Victor Hay Press, manufactured by Messrs. Geo. Ertel & Co., Quincy, Ill., and London, Canada, who during their twenty years' business relations with the farmers of the United States, and we might say, the world, as their machines are in use in South America, Australia, South Africa, and other remote parts of creation, have not only gained but merited the confidence and respect of all. It has been but a few years since the average farmer considered his hay crop of but slight importance, but thanks to the influence of improved machinery that is now at the command of the hay raiser, we are glad to note that the hay crop is taking the lead, and as it does not require the work or attention that corn or wheat does, the net profit per acre is far in excess of either of these. The farmer, and indeed all of us may thank the inventor of the hay press for this ingenuity and persistent effort to give the public a machine that enables the shippers of hay and straw to place in an ordinary car sufficient weight to reduce the same per hundred weight of grain, thus doing away with the excessive freight charges of former years, which virtually closed all but the local markets to the hay baler and raiser. Mr. Geo. Ertel deserves special mention, commencing as he did, away back in the '60s when the press of to-day was unheard of, and probably unthought of except in his inventive brain, and who, by his untiring energy has constantly improved and perfected his machine until to-day his factory is the largest exclusive hay press manufactory in the world. Our candid advice to our readers is to write and get their new catalogue, which contains much valuable information.

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

Sheep in the State.

An interesting compilation of statistics is sent out by the State Department, showing the number of farmers in each county, and the number and per cent of those owning sheep, also the average number in the flocks of those who own them.

Taking the twenty-eight counties comprising the southern four tiers, the flocks average 38; but only 48 per cent—less than half—of the farmers have sheep on their farms at all. It perhaps is not safe to assume that the 52 out of every 100 who do not own sheep, might keep the average number on their farms, for many small farmers do not keep sheep for the very good and substantial reason that they have not the pasturage for them, but 38 sheep to the average farmer is not excessive, and if these flocks were increased to 46, and the remainder who have no sheep, kept average flocks of 30 each, the number of sheep in these counties would be more than doubled. The middle and northern counties are lamentably short in the number of sheep which ought to be grazing on the waste lands of that part of the state. Taking the 13 midland counties of Bay, Huron, Gratiot, Isabella, Mecosta, Midland, Montcalm, Muskegon, Newaygo, Oceana, Saginaw, Sanilac and Tuscola, only 40 per cent of the farmers own sheep, and their flocks only average 15 in number. Mecosta and Midland counties have but 10 and 11 sheep respectively in their average flocks; while they ought to average three times that number and then there would be room for flocks of 1,000 each to be herded in every township.

North of these 13 counties mentioned, the flocks average 10, on only 16 farms in every 100. The possibilities of the sheep industry in the State, is shown in paucity of numbers in the above exhibit. Our 2,000,000 sheep might well be doubled, without adding one to the flocks in the southern part of the State. The plains land of the 16 counties which comprise this district, of over 2,000,000 acres, can be utilized in no better way than to become one vast sheep ranch. The conditions are extremely favorable, even if they have to be moved 50 miles out to the grass lands to be wintered. The animals become extremely fat on the short and varied herbage, and it ought to be the locality where the feeders and drovers of the southern part of the State could draw their supplies for feeding and for market. At Reed City, Osceola county, on the G. R. & I. R. R., we recently saw a couple

of deck loads of as fine fat sheep as can be picked up in this State or in Canada. Cull sheep from the south become vigorous and fleshy, pastured on these plains lands. The lands and the sheep both improve by this reciprocal feeding and treatment. The problem of increasing the fertility of Jack Pine lands must be solved by using sheep as one—and the most important one—of the factors in its solution, and those who recognize this earliest, will reap a valuable harvest of profit in the venture.

From some experiments tried at the University of Wisconsin to test the value of bone meal and ashes, along with corn, for an exclusive diet for fattening hogs, with a view to determining their efficacy in strengthening the bones of the animals, the following results were attained:

1st. That the effect of the bone meal and ashes was to save about 130 lbs of corn, or 28 per cent of the total amount fed in producing 100 lbs of gain, live weight.

2d. That by feeding the bone meal we doubled the strength of the thigh bones; ashes nearly doubled the strength of the bones.

3d. There was about 50 per cent more ash in the bones of the hogs receiving bone meal and hard wood ashes than in the others.

A careful examination revealed no difference in the proportion of lean to fat meat in the several carcasses. The figures in the appendix show that the bone meal and ashes seemed to have no effect on the weight or size of any of the internal organs or the weight of the blood. The effect is evident only in the building up of the bones and aiding digestion. These experiments point to the great value of hard wood ashes for hog feeding, and show that they should be regularly fed. Bone meal seems to build up somewhat stronger bones than ashes, but ashes do the work well enough, and usually cost nothing with the farmer. Where they cannot be obtained, bone meal is strongly recommended.

These figures show most plainly that Indian corn of itself cannot build strong bones, and must be supplemented by ash material from other sources. They point most plainly to one of the causes, at least, of hogs becoming "too fine" and lacking bone, a common complaint in the corn growing sections of the west.

A series of entertainments are in progress at the regular meetings of Paw Paw Grange. The first of these was at the last meeting on Friday evening of last week, and was dedicated to Pomona. The season for many of the fruits has not been propitious, but grapes abounded in all their varied colors and quantities decorating all the officers' desks, and massed in profusion on Pomona's altar.

We present two of the papers read at the meeting, in this issue, and have more in reserve. After the mental repast, the fruit was distributed with a lavishness, beyond the capacity of members to consume. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Smith contributed this bounty from their large vineyard south of town. This was the measure of their large heartedness and an example of their style of doing things.

Mr. Smith has marketed 12½ tons of Concord grapes this year from 1,000 vines, and this is only a part of his vineyard. The editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a basket of grapes from this source, containing over

20 different varieties, each cluster properly labelled, so that the eye, the taste and the intellect were each delighted with the gift. Such delicate tokens of remembrance carry with them something besides color and fragrance and titillation to the appetite, and the recipient appreciated all the delicate sentiments accompanying the present.

We have announced the candidacy of some of the well known farmers who are up for Congress or for the State Legislature. We are now out of the "announcing" business. Some of our friends take exceptions because all the farmer candidates are not mentioned, and charge us with partisan zeal for a special and select few. We are glad there are so many farmer candidates, and hope the best men may win.

We were not concerned before, but fear now that an investigation of the 8th page of the VISITOR may reveal the fact that more obituaries of Republicans have been inserted than of Democrats, or vice versa, and so stir up the ire of some thin-skinned soul who is looking for a mole hill to metamorphose into a mountain.

On this side is Sylla, and on that, Charybdis, but the Ulysses of the VISITOR is bound to steer clear of both rock and shoal so long as each fail to beckon toward a safe harbor.

If you have a desire to see how lucky you can be on a chance game, take a bright new half dollar, toss it up, and if it comes down either heads or tails up, send it to the VISITOR for a year's subscription. This is safer than to invest in a lottery ticket or in a "fish pond" at a social. Neither the health nor the morals are corrupted like tossing up for the cigars or for drinks. Returns come in regularly 24 times a year, and if the luck is tested immediately on reading this paragraph, five additional dividends will be sent.

We are glad to note the promptness which some of our friends have manifested in responding to our offer of Oct. 1st, viz: The VISITOR for the balance of the year and until Jan. 1st, 1892, for half a dollar.

We consider the offer a very liberal one, and every Grange in the State ought to appoint a solicitor and urge upon every member the importance of subscribing for the paper. As the days go by, the opportunity becomes less valuable. One paper is already lost to new subscribers. See offer in Oct. 1st issue.

ED. VISITOR:

It has been a little over a year since I left Michigan, and of course I have not attended a Grange meeting since, I suppose that there are Granges in Iowa, but they are so far away, that I can not get track of them. I would be willing to go 50 miles to attend a Grange meeting once more. I find lots of dead Patrons all around, enough to make a good live Grange, if they could only be brought to life again. They say that the Grange is all right, but for some cause it died. They have a "Farmers' Alliance" here, that meets, as the lady said, "Steady by jerks." I have attended some of their meetings, the last time I went, only one member appeared. I suppose that women belong to them, but they are conspicuous by their absence.

I have not taken the VISITOR this year, more's the pity, and so do not know what you are doing.

Have the P. of I. gobbled the Grange? We have none of them here. If this meets the eye of any live Patron in Iowa, I should be glad to hear from him.

A. FORD, M. D.,
LeGrand, Marshall Co., Iowa.

The Township Unit School Question.

At the coming session of the Legislature another effort probably will be made to secure the passage of a "Township Unit" School Law. Most of the members of the Grange understand this matter thoroughly. The bill introduced two years ago was studied and discussed in nearly every Grange in Michigan.

It was advocated by its friends because it would be beneficial to the rural districts. The Grangers of the State, after discussing the question and understanding it, opposed it strenuously, for it was evident that what ever the intent of the law might be, its effect would be to benefit the village schools at the expense of the rural districts. Therefore we opposed it.

Our philanthropic friends will be on hand again this winter as anxious as usual for our welfare, and at this time, the farmers of the several Legislative districts should see that our prospective law-makers understand this question. I have written to those candidates whose addresses I could obtain and the general opinion of those I have heard from, is against the measure: I have not written to the candidates nominated by the Patrons of Industry nor the members of the Grange on the Democrat, Republican and Prohibition tickets. Knowing that such candidates are on our side.

Prof. Orr Schurtz, candidate on the Republican ticket for State Superintendent of Public Instruction says: "Should I be elected, I would not favor any legislation in that direction because I am satisfied the people are not in sympathy with it." I have not yet heard from Ferris S. Fitch the Democratic candidate, but probably shall in a day or two and in the next number of the VISITOR shall give his views with such other information as I can gather on the subject that will be useful to our members.
JASON WOODMAN.

The Sparrow Bounty Act.

"The next legislature should, and doubtless will, thoroughly amend the English sparrow bounty act." I quote from Bulletin 62 on the English sparrow, by A. J. Cook, of our Agricultural College. The principle reason given by Prof. Cook for the required amendment to the law is the "terrible slaughter of our useful birds, which, without doubt, has been very common and widespread all through the state." Besides the important one just named, many other reasons might be given why this law should be repealed. Does the law accomplish the object for which it was enacted? This law has been in force since 1887 in this state, "and has been found an expensive method of lessening their number." In our county the figures in the treasurer's office show the amount paid for sparrow orders for the fiscal year ending in July last, to be \$2,569.69, and the number of sparrows beheaded was 85,656.

We may reasonably conclude, from the facts given by Prof. Cook, that a large part of this number was made up of such valuable birds as "the song sparrow, red polled linnet and evening grosbeak," which are protected by a fine of \$5. This is not surprising when we remember that the bird killing is usually done by boys for the sake of the rich bounty offered, who neither know nor care as to the kind of bird killed, and as Prof. Cook says: "Far too many of the town clerks in Michigan do not know the English sparrow's head from that of the linnet or thrush."

In the Bulletin referred to above, a communication is given from Midland county, in which it is stated that 15,697 sparrow heads had been presented and that the "most of these birds were killed in the field. They are about one half as large as the English sparrow, and sing and fly like yellow birds." It is remarkable that out of the 31 states and territories over which this bird is distributed, only three legislate against it, four do not protect it, while over 20 deem the sparrow of so much benefit that the laws give it "the same protection that is offered to other birds."

This fact indicates that the sparrow has not yet lost all its friends. Another serious objection to the bounty, when large, (and three cents for a sparrow is not small) is that it may become the means of increasing their number in stead of diminishing it, no prop agating for profit. It is reported that where rewards are offered for the destruction of poisonous snakes in India, "the natives there are beginning to breed and raise poisonous snakes for the sake of getting the head money offered."
P. H. D.
Barry County.

Who Should Store The Wheat?

Is it policy for the farmer to store his wheat in the mills and elevators? Now, I may be wrong in my views, but it seems to me that the farmer that stores his wheat with the miller on the condition that when he, the farmer, gets ready to sell he will take the market price, right there and then he delegates all the power and control he possesses of advancing the price of his wheat to the hands of the miller; he places himself at the mercy of the miller to be forced to take just what he has a mind to give him; then growl because the miller will not raise the price of wheat when he has, perhaps, converted the wheat into flour, sold the flour, and is using the money without interest. Quite an object for Mr. Miller to advance prices, eh?

On the other hand, if all the wheat unsold that is stored in the mills and elevators were in granaries on the farmers' farms, there would then be an object to advance the price when the demand would justify, because the farmer would have his wheat in his own control, and he could then demand and get as much for his wheat as it would bring in any other locality with freight added.—J. M. Armstrong, in Colorado Farmer.

Beef, Hog and Dairy Exports.

Washington, Oct. 13.—The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total value of the exports of beef and hog products from the United States during the month of September, 1890, were \$10,795,597; September, 1889, \$7,872,691; during the 11 months ending Sept. 30, 1890, \$108,587,043; 11 months ending Sept. 30, 1889, \$91,215,489. The value of the dairy products were in September, 1890, \$1,122,549; in Sept, 1889, \$834,954; and for the nine months ending Sept. 30, 1890, \$6,674,139; nine months ending Sept. 30, 1889, \$7,754,371.

Salt.

We should advise no one to invest heavily in the stock of the proposed salt trust, says the Springfield Union. Although it may have \$25,000,000 of capital, it cannot control all the salt in the world nor even in this country. A remarkable vein of rock salt was discovered in 1887, at Hutchinson, Kansas, and eight large companies are already at work there and several more in other localities, and the product has captured the Kansas City market, and promises to supply the whole west. This salt vein is three hundred miles long, twenty-five miles wide and four hundred feet thick, and consists of the purest quality of rock salt. The salt is not obtained in Hutchinson by mining, but by means of bored wells, into which water is pumped, and when thoroughly saturated with salt is pumped out again and evaporated. The process is simple and cheap, and there is no limit to the supply.

The Plowman had the curiosity to find out how many bushels of salt there are in the above vein. The number of bushels is approximately 6,000,000,000,000, enough to give to every man, woman and child, besides every head of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, mules, etc., in the United States a peck each every year for about a hundred and twenty thousand years. As our population is increasing the supply from this source might run out before that time, but by being economical in its use the stock will last long enough so that we need not be worried about our immediate descendants having a salt famine.—Western Plowman.

The Highway Cow.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,
One horn was turned up and the other turned down,
She was keen of vision and long of limb.
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops of a home-made pail.
Many a mark did her body bear;
She had been a target for all things known.
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had grown;
Many a passionate, parting shot
Had left on her a lasting spot.
Many and many a well-aimed stone,
Many a brickbat of good size,
And many a cudgel swiftly thrown
Had brought the tears to her loving eyes,
Or had bounded off from her bony back
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.
Many a day she had passed in the pound
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;
Many a cowardly cur and hound
Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;
Many a teapot and old tin pail
Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail.
Old Deacon Gray was a good old man
Though somewhat tempted to be profane
When many a weary mile he ran
To drive her out of his growing grain;
Sharp were the pranks she used to play
To get her fill and get away.
She knew when the deacon went to town;
She watched him wisely as he went by;
He never passed her without a frown;
And an angry gleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And drive along in his one-horse shay.
Then at his homestead she loved to call,
Lifted his bars with crumpled horn,
Nimbly scaling the garden-wall,
Helping herself to his standing corn,
Eating his cabbage one by one,
Hurrying home when her work was done,
His human passions were quick to rise,
And striding forth with a savage cry,
With fury blazing from both his eyes,
As lightnings flash from the Summer's sky;
Redder and redder his face would grow,
And after the creature he would go.
Over the garden, round and round,
Breaking his pear and apple trees,
Trampling his melons into the ground,
Overturning his hive of bees,
Leaving him angry and badly stung,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.
The mosses grew on the garden-wall,
The years went by with their work and play,
The boys in the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-haired farmers passed away,
One by one, as the red leaves fall;
But the highway cow outlived them all.
—Chicago Ledger.

Purposes of Farmers' Associations.

What with the Grange, Alliance, Farmers' Institutes and many other organizations of farmers, all questions in which they are interested are being thoroughly discussed and kept well before the public at the present time. Several of our farmers' organizations have proved themselves by years of valuable work to be well managed and capable of doing much good, but it is a serious question if many of the new converts to the Alliance are not more conspicuous for zeal than knowledge, and in many cases the prayer, "Save me from my friends" would be appropriately offered.

It is no time for ranting and appealing to prejudice and passion, and yet this is undoubtedly just what is done at many farmers' meetings. It is my conviction, based on observation extending over fifteen years, that legislative bodies are ready to listen to farmers, and willing to grant them, as far as possible, reasonable demands. The trouble with the farmers has been that instead of going before the agricultural committees of legislative bodies, with argument, and thus securing a respectful hearing, they call a meeting and some hot-headed speakers proceed to harangue the people in a most inflammatory style. In many localities this class of men came to the front in the history of the Grange movement. Where this was the case a class was attracted to the order who brought no strength to it, and soon there was a great falling off, until in counties where there had been fifteen or twenty subordinate Granges they dwindled to one or two. On the other hand, in localities where there were wise leaders and the Grange was started and run on an educational basis, it has continued a power for good.

The only Alliance meeting that I have attended as yet was addressed by several speakers, whose object seemed to be to make the farmers as discontented as possible, and to create the impression that no class was so oppressed and abused, and that it was all caused by hostile legislation, and could be cured if farmers unite politically. One speaker pawed the air wildly, and shouted, "Revolution! Revolution! Revolution!" and one would think that the serfs of Russia never had such griev-

ances. There is a grain of truth to a bushel of falsehood in all such statements, and all the men who thus attempt to inflame the passions of farmers against other classes, are their enemies, and there is more danger of harm coming to the farmer from these pretended friends, than from open enemies. Every organization which helps the farmer must do it by the slow method of education, and nearly all the evils which encompass him are only to be cured by the old-time virtues of industry and economy, by improving our methods of work, by greater wisdom in selling and the application of thorough business principles to all that we do.

There are some wrongs that can only be righted by legislation, but these should be discussed dispassionately, and when we agree what is needed we should send a delegation of intelligent men to lay the matter before the proper committees of our legislative bodies. In the meantime we should "go slow" in the organizing of new parties, but should watch carefully to see that the old parties understand what we want, and then cast our votes irrespective of party for the man who will look after our interests. The farmers of this country have a common interest with all other industrial classes, and the business of selling the products of our farms and furnishing us with needed supplies is as necessary and legitimate as growing the crops, and that man is a demagogue whose rallying cry is, "Down with the middlemen." I firmly believe that there are better times ahead for the farmer, that prices will be better for some years to come than they have been for several years past. I also believe that if we are wise and prudent, we shall be able to shape legislation in most cases so as to relieve us of injustice.

In what I have said I am not criticising the Alliance or any other form of organization among farmers. I am glad to see the farmers organizing, and am a member of every organization near enough to me so that I can attend its meetings, but I do criticise some of the methods, and deprecate the fact that in some cases farmers have allowed old political soreheads to speak to and for them, that they have made speeches only calculated to anger the farmers, and have pointed out no rational remedies for existing evils.—Waldo F. Brown, in Country Gentleman.

Farmers are taking more interest in politics than ever before, and it is right that they should do so. It is their duty as citizens to take an active interest in politics. But at the same time, they should not listen to the demagogue who is trying to make them believe that politics can cure all the ills that agriculture is heir to. It is well for him to attend to politics, but not to leave other things undone. On this subject, Hoard's Dairyman has the following pointed remarks: "How are you going to cure depression in agriculture, when the actual depreciation in the productive capability of the land from what it was, in the state of nature, is greater than the depreciation in the prices of general farm products between war and soft-money prices, and now. Legislation cannot evoke good crops out of a soil that lacks manure and judicious cultivation. But there are lots of men who would rather howl and carry a banner with some strange device imprinted upon it, than to make a compost heap and apply it to soil gaping for food, and there are lots of demagogues who will egg them on. Depressed agriculture stalks in vengeance over land that is deficient in phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash."

And the following, from the best woman farmer in the state of New York, is right to the point: "After Congress has done all that can and ought to be done; after Legislatures have done all they can; after Farmers' Alliances have done all they can, the farmer's prospects will depend upon the farmer himself, the attention he gives to every detail of his work, the thought and the brain he devotes to it."—Stockman and Farmer.

Fruits.

(Read before Paw Paw Grange, by Mrs. E. Woodman.)

A good way to measure our appreciation of the good things we have, is to try to imagine what to do without them.

Just call to mind, if you can, what a large share—very large share—of the comforts and pleasures, the luxuries and delicacies of life, are dependent upon our supply of fruits, from the earliest strawberry, which is hailed with such delight, down through the whole season's list, and picture to yourselves what one year would be without them, and I imagine we will all send up our most devout thanksgiving and bend the knee in grateful homage to Pomona, queen of our greatest blessing—Fruits.

Flora, beautiful Flora, brought us lovely blossoms, bright and sweet, but after all, were they not largely promises for the future fruits which Pomona now gives us with such a lavish hand?

Every country and every clime has its appropriate supply of fruits, from the lavish profusion of every imaginable form of lusciousness that are found in our semi-tropical climates, to the few snow-berries of the Arctic regions—each is eagerly sought after and dearly loved.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," sayeth the good Book, and both literally and figuratively this is true. Does not the variety and excellence of the fruits produced oftentimes proclaim the superior farmer and husbandman? And figuratively, our deeds are fruits of the thoughts and impulses that govern all our actions, and there is no measure so accurate, none so just, with which to measure our frail humanity.

Words are but leaves—promises—flowers; while deeds are the fruits of our daily efforts. Let us see to it, then, that they be sweet and wholesome fruits—not bitter, crabbed, dead sea apples.

There are some people that curiously remind us of some species of fruit-trees. Their lives seem to be full of leaves—some blossoms, perhaps, but the fruits are few and not of much excellence; while others, perhaps not so well situated as to soil and climate, (opportunity and resources,) succeed in perfecting crops that are an honor to themselves and of whose excellence all will gladly testify.

In after years our children will give a prominent place in their memories of home and childish pleasure to the fruits that each recurring season brought them there, for youthful appetite gives a zest that ever excels that of maturer years, and the early apple tree, the sweet cherries, the grapes and the pear trees, will outshine everything, even mother's doughnuts, in their memories of "ye olden time."

Let us give more attention to the care and cultivation of the various fruits that are so easily raised in this climate. It certainly seems as if the comforts and pleasures of this life could be in no way so easily increased. A whole season's labor in plowing and sowing, in cutting and threshing, only gives a crop of wheat which, when sold, only returns a little more than it actually costs, and that too often goes to buy more land on which to raise more wheat, etc., while a little piece of ground, with less labor, devoted to the culture of the various fruits, will be a constant source of pleasure to every member of the household, and perhaps their friends and neighbors.

Lenawee Co. Pomona Grange.

Lenawee Co. Pomona Grange met Oct. 2d with Tipton Grange. As the hall was too small to accommodate all who attended, the meeting was held in one of the churches, which was well filled with an appreciative audience.

The program, including an address by Mrs. Mayo, was one of the best furnished in a long time. Macon Grange is entitled to great credit for the rich entertainment which they furnished Pomona. Where everything was so well done it is somewhat difficult to select any one for special comment. All who heard the words of welcome by Mrs. Wilson will remember with what judgment and care they were selected and how gracefully her well-balanced sentences were delivered.

Dr. Howell, in his response to the hearty welcome, said we were all workers in the laboratory of nature. Holding up a little bunch of autumn leaves, he called attention to the fact that they were crystalized sunlight; that through the agency of the sun's rays water had been brought to the trees and by means of which they had absorbed the nutrition of the soil; that the sunlight had transformed this newly-absorbed material into the bright-hued leaves which he held before us.

Mrs. Mayo, though not feeling well, gave one of her best addresses, and from the hearty cheers of her audience she must have felt they were in full sympathy with her in the sentiments and truths she so clearly and forcibly laid before them.

She began by stating some of the benefits of the Grange, in enabling men and women to live better lives. Before the Grange organization, how very few farmers' wives could be found who could address an audience as one had done in the fitting address of welcome. She also referred to an old farmer, granger, whom she had heard speak to a large audience at Columbus, O., whose interesting speech was superior to that of Secretary Rusk. These were specimens of the fruit of the discipline of the Grange. Forty-two per cent of the people of Michigan are farmers, and they pay two-thirds of the taxes, while only one-tenth of the offices of trust are filled by farmers. While in Michigan but few new Granges have been organized, the order is progressing in the other states. New York reports 142 new Granges.

Mrs. Mayo closed by appealing to the members to sustain the order and the community would be benefited.

Songs and recitations followed. Miss Mary Allis, Lecturer of the County Grange, on request, gave a selection from Norwood in her inimitable manner.

P. H. DOWLING.

MICHIGAN STATE GRANGE, Secretary's office, Schoolcraft, Oct. 1, 1890: At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Michigan State Grange for the transaction of business, the following resolution relating to free passes was presented and unanimously adopted, and the secretary of the State Grange was instructed to present the resolution to all the candidates aspiring to a seat in the State Legislature of 1890, and ask for an explicit and definite answer thereto from each and every candidate, answers to be directed to this office before the 20th of October if practicable:

Resolved, That we are in favor of a law to prohibit the use of free passes by all State officials, and that we will support no man for either branch of the legislature who will not pledge himself to work and vote for the passage of such a law.

The following resolution was also unanimously adopted by the committee:

Resolved, That we are opposed to the repeal of the so-called mortgage taxation law, and favor a law that shall assess the value of the mortgage to the owner thereof in the township or ward where the property is situated.

We also favor such a change in our tax laws as will compel no person to pay taxes on a greater interest in property than he really owns. J. T. COBB, Sec'y.

The sand of the seashore is composed of many minute particles, yet these tiny little grains, when properly prepared, bind our strongest buildings, unite the brick of the highest walls and furnaces, defy the restless waves of mighty oceans, and teach us the flight of Time.

So the Grange, composed of coherent though tiny particles, as they may seem to be, is uniting in solid phalanx the farmers of the land, is arraying the intelligent and thoughtful agriculturists against their oppressors and is presenting an immovable barrier to fraud, corruption, deception, ignorance, intemperance and vice. Can you, as a loyal citizen, as a helpful husband, as a motherly matron, as a progressive citizen, refuse to lend your aid, presence and influence to such an order? Will you longer refuse

to help a fraternity that stands for Home, for Country and for God? You have a solemn and imperative duty to perform in this matter, fellow farmer! Your neighbor cannot, if he would, do it for you. It is your duty to help the Grange, and that at once. Not next month; not next year, but right away—NOW.—R. W. Davis, Master California State Grange.

The Pomona program at the Grange last Friday evening was especially fine, while the hall was bright with autumn leaves and redolent with ripened fruit, displayed so temptingly in pyramids and various other designs that it required great self-denial on the part of some to await the generous invitation to "Help yourselves." One large design, composed of a background of purple grapes with the word "Pomona" in white grapes, must have been especially pleasing to the eye of the fruitful goddess in whose honor these arrangements had been made. The Ceres program has been postponed for one week.—Paw Paw True Northerner.

Church's Bug Finish.

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

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

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

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

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, D. D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Ladies' Department.

October.

Brief grow the waning days; the poplars shed
Their serried showings of crimson o'er the path,
And gathering swallows, on the river brink,
Twit their departing notes. The dusky bats
Begin to congregate beneath the eaves,
Dreaming of winter sleep; the lazy pike
Bask on the river's surface, reveling
In the last warmth of summer.

On the elms,

The speckled starlings gathering, loud hold
A noisy council; and the blue-barred jays,
White-banded magpies, and spruce jacksaws join
To swell the clamorous chorus.

On the bank,

The warm south bank—purple shine forth the bells
Of autumn violets, last lingerers,
When gone the flowers of summer! So oft shines
A virtuous life, unrecognized, unknown,
By a censorious world!

Close in, the days,

With gray, yet golden twilight; winter comes,
Comes on apace, and his white-shrouding snows
Again shall shortly fill the slumbering earth?

—Chambers Journal.

My Picture-Gallery.

I own a gallery large and wide,
With arching roof and tinted walls,
Where pictures hang on ev'ry side,
And softened light upon them falls.
And oft I view my dainty treasures
And see a halo 'round them shine:
They nearly all recall some pleasures
Connected with the "Auld Lang Syne."

Some landscapes here so bright and fair
Are seen in Summer-sunlight's glow;
Again, the moonlight's tints so rare
Shine on the quiet scenes below.
And portraits, too, are on my walls—
The faces of the young and old;
Some pleasant scene each one recalls,
Like list'ning to a tale twice told.

Where'er I go upon the earth,
My pictures follow at my will;
And if I've sorrow, if I've mirth,
They cause exquisite pleasure still.
My treasures I will always keep,
For they are hung in Mem'ry's hall,
And when I wake, and oft in sleep,
They rise before me without call.

They're richer gems than wealth can buy,
For each has hist'ries prized by me.
I sometimes look at them to sigh—
I often gaze in childish glee.
Not wealth of Ind could make me part
With what I've hoarded since my youth;
Affection draws them to my heart—
They're dear, because they're drawn by Truth.

Old age comes on with quickened strides,
And leaves my youth so far behind
I soon shall have naught else besides
The store that is within my mind.
Then think you not that I shall gaze
With loving eyes upon my store?
Remembrance turns to childhood's days,
And lives again its scenes all o'er.

—Maude Lee.

[Extracts from a paper read at Benton Harbor
Grange Campmeeting by Mrs. W. H. Doane, of
Pipstone, Mich.]

I will commence my subject by saying: We need more farmers in the highest offices in the land; men who are interested in what concerns the farmer; men who have mixed brain with the soil; men of thought and culture; men who look beyond just the dollar in the hand. We need honest men; men who, as the lamented Garfield said, stand four sides to the wind; men who will so conduct themselves in our legislative halls that they cannot be carried off their feet, either by flattery or intrigue. We need men on the farm who can do more than simply toil and grumble, and wonder why the boys of to-day are not as content on the farm as they are.

A certain farmer recently took some wheat to mill, and, even before he got fairly in the house, began finding fault with the amount of flour received, and when his wife referred to the improved quality, accused the women of being so particular that they helped to keep up the trusts. She thought he liked good bread as well as any one and did not like to have things thrown in his face any better than she did. The fault did not lie with the women, but with the farmers who would not combine to break the trusts. And so the song ended without a refrain.

We need men who have the courage of their convictions; not those who try to restrain their boys from the use of the filthy weed while they, with their only remaining tooth, perhaps, gnaw off a chew right before them; while their pockets and breath have been perfumed with it for half a century. I wonder what they base their hopes upon! These men are fearfully afraid the wife will not train the boys to reverence their fathers; and they complain that these boys do not treat their mothers with the respect due them. But that lesson should be taught chiefly by example—and that from these same fathers.

A short time since I read of a man who took his twelve-year-old son to task for not protecting his mother from the insulting language of a tramp, to which Johnnie replied: "Why, papa, I

was playing in the back yard and thought you had come back, for I did not suppose any one else would dare talk to mama so."

Another little boy told his mother he "should be glad when he grew up to be a man like papa." When asked why, he answered: "Because it wouldn't be wicked for me to swear then."

What children need more than anything else is fathers worthy of the name.

On the other hand they need, as mothers, women who are mentally and morally strong enough to counteract any inherited inclination to evil habits. The world needs boys who have been taught to look at the moral as well as the money side of a question; boys with more wisdom than their fathers had, because their part in life's work will be more complicated; boys whose aspirations rise higher than just to be like other folks.

The boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow; and not only so, but the men under whose rule we will be obliged to live.

Our young ladies, too, need to take lessons in housekeeping as well as book-keeping, for sodden potatoes and poor bread will soon sour a husband's temper, and domestic bliss will go to the winds. But above all, they should turn away from every young man whose breath is ever wine-perfumed, no matter what it costs; though his address be ever so pleasing, his hands shapely and his attire faultless. They should never marry a man thinking to reform him; it costs too much—they cannot afford it. Does any one say: Nine-tenths of us would be old maids? Well, better so; yes, a thousand times better than to be the wife of a sot or a demon. Just form yourselves into a trust, utterly refusing to receive the attention of any such, and you can do more than any political party extant toward abolishing the rum traffic.

My fellow women: the men who inaugurated this Grange movement did a grand thing for you and I, and if I could stand in their presence I would make them my best bow. In this organization woman is man's equal. The Grange has done a grand work, and the reason why even more has not been accomplished is that some Patrons are like Peter walking on the sea: they begin to doubt, and then to sink, and then to prophesy that the Grange will go down.

We cannot afford to let the Grange go down. Many more ought to unite with us and form a mighty phalanx whose strength shall be equal to that of Gibraltar—irresistible. What we need first, last and all the time, my friends, is the Grange.

Literature in Schools.

The notion that literature can be taken up as a branch of education, and learned at the proper time and when other studies permit, is one of the most farcical in our scheme of education. It is only matched in absurdity by the other current idea, that literature is something separate and apart from general knowledge. Here is the whole body of accumulated thought and experience of all the ages, which indeed forms our present life and explains it, existing partly in tradition and training, but more largely in books; and most teachers think, and most pupils are led to believe, that this most important former of the mind, maker of character, and guide to action can be acquired in a certain number of lessons out of a text-book! Because this is so, young men and young women come up to college almost absolutely ignorant of the history of their race, and of the ideas that have made our civilization. Some of them have never read a book, except the text-books, on the specialties in which they have prepared themselves for examination. We have a saying concerning people whose minds appear to be made up of dry, isolated facts, that they have no atmosphere. Well, literature is the atmosphere. In it we live, and move, and have our being, intellectually. The first lesson read to or read by the child should begin to put him in relations with the world and the thought of the world.—Charles Dudley Warner, in *Atlantic*.

The Good Old Times.

With those of a certain age it is a fashion to decry the present and extol the past. That "old things have passed away and all things become new" is to them a constant affront; that there exist those who look upon these changes with complacency and even approval is a never-ending irritation.

"There are no times like the old times
When you and I were young."

voices the sentiments of their hearts, and they cling to old-time customs and ideas with a loyalty and tenacity which is almost pathetic—albeit somewhat exasperating at times to the younger generation.

With a view to ascertaining whether or not the charge of retrogression is well founded, I would call attention to a few household appliances, ancient and modern. That I may do this more forcibly, let me take you back to the time of our grandmothers and invite you without further delay into that sanctum sanctorum of the housekeeper—the kitchen.

We see the broad, open fireplace, famed in story and song, but the breaker, nevertheless, of many women's backs. The crane, with its projecting arms, is hung over the fire. From the hooks hang kettle and pot, while on the hearth stands the oven or bake-kettle, with its iron lid and tin reflector. A trivet, or three-legged, cast-iron stool, is one of the modern improvements of the time, and offers a more substantial support for coffee-pot and frying-pan than the treacherous coals. With this equipment, and the addition in many kitchens of a capacious brick oven, the cook must work out her own salvation.

The oven was placed at the side of the chimney, and was heated by having a fire built in it. When it was sufficiently hot the coals were removed and the entire baking of bread, cakes and pies put in at once or in installments, according to the preference of the housekeeper. They were removed when done with a long handled baker's shovel kept for that purpose. In southern kitchens, where fresh baking was done for each meal, these ovens were more rare than in the north, but the bake-kettles and reflectors were in more common use.

The first of these utensils, called variously according to the locality, oven, bake-oven and bake-kettle, was a round, flat-bottomed, cast-iron vessel, having short legs and an iron top, with a handle in the centre, and was used in this wise:

The loaves of bread, northern "Johnny-cake," or southern "corn-pone," were put into the oven, the top was put on and covered with coals, and the whole set over coals pulled out on the hearth. There it stood until the bread was presumably done. Whether the cook's judgment as to the time of taking it up was unerring, or what was done in the event of its not being so, are questions that an older head than mine must answer.

The tin reflector was a contrivance for baking by reflection. It consisted of two sheets of tin, the lower one slanting upward toward the fire. Two short legs in the front and two long legs in the back kept it in place. The ends were closed, and a grate coming out from the point of convergence made a resting place for the pan of biscuits. The open side was placed in front of the glowing fire, and the biscuits, enveloped in the reflected heat, were in time cooked.

I recall the appearance of a pair of waffle irons used under the old dispensation. They looked much like a pair of indented shovels, the long handles enabling the cook to stand at a safe distance from the fire while turning them from side to side.

Meats or fowls to be cooked were fastened to a hook from the center of the fire-place, and turned from time to time until done, or roasted on a spit. A lady, speaking of the old-time roasting, said: "We boiled more than we roasted," and who can wonder?

Now compare all of this with the modern range—the Riverside for instance—with its large ovens, warming closet and reservoir all adjusted to a woman's

height, and furnished with broilers, steamers, toasters, waffle-irons, muffin-pans, croquet-baskets and the numberless contrivances for the convenience of the cook, and tell me, do you sigh when you are cooking, for the "good old times?"

The cook stove and range should unquestionably be ranked first in the list of household improvements, if not, indeed, when we consider the number benefited, first in the inventions of the age.

No, the world moves—for the housekeeper as well as the scientist. It is a good age in which to live; a good age in which to keep house. Domestic science has taken wonderful strides in the last half century. It may take greater strides in the next.

May we all be there to see!—
Caroline H. Stanley, in *May Home Maker*.

Her Shoes and Stockings.

That dear, old English poet, Sir John Suckling, never would have written about the famous feet that, like little mice, peeped in and out from under a petticoat, unless those same little feet had been neatly clad. Whenever the shoes or stockings of a character in a romance are mentioned, it is always in a most picturesque way, and one always thinks of that willful coquette, Beatrix Esmond, with her high-heeled, red slippers and clocked stockings; of Mary Stuart, with her black satin slippers and black silk stockings, and of Anne of Austria, with her gold-embroidered shoes and lace stockings, rich in the same bright thread.

Down South, the darkey mammy quickly tells the little maid whom she has in charge, that "a really lady never lets her stockings crinkle, or her shoes look rusty;" and, after all, the old darkey believes in the same rule—that of being *bien chaussée*—that the French consider the requisite to good dressing. No nice girl ever went with a hole in her stocking; but sometimes one will grow a little careless, and the stockings will be allowed to wrinkle and look untidy; growing more careless, the buttons will be left off the shoes, it will be counted a great trouble to keep them bright and glossy, and a pretty woman will be, like a peacock, very lovely until the feet are seen. Now most of us have to take care of our own shoes, but there is always an easy way of doing even an unpleasant thing. This is it: No matter whether your shoe is kid or patent leather, do not attempt to get the dust or mud off with water; instead, for cleaning implements, have a soft rag and a jar of vaseline; don't be afraid of soiling your hands; for while you are using the vaseline it is really protecting them and a hot water bath afterwards will make them as smooth and white as usual.

Just put your finger in the jar and daub a little here and there and everywhere over the boots; then take your cloth and rub it in well; it will remove every vestige of dirt and dust, and your shoe will come out shining like new and as soft as possible. Give the buttons the same treatment and do not trust to anybody noticing that one button is off. Don't let your shoes get run down at the heel; the very minute they begin to show it march them off to the cobbler, who for a few pennies will make them stand square and straight on the world again. The feeling that comes when the feet are properly dressed gives a curious sense of being costumed properly; and I know a bright little girl who declared that after she had freshened up her boots and sewed on three buttons, she always went out feeling like new. Just remember that it is as easy in the end to be neat, as it is to be slovenly, and that nothing so entirely betrays the lack of thought or the lack of refinement in a woman as the sad and solemn sight of stockings drooping from very shame, shoes dull and dusty, and buttons that, to commit an Irish bull, attest their presence by their absence.

Hints for Health.

Study physiology and get acquainted with each member of that most wonderful of created

things—the human body. Know the office of every organ, and what helps and what hinders its proper performance. Eat plain, simple food, well cooked; eat slow; chew thoroughly; don't eat more than you can digest and assimilate; let meals be at least six hours apart. Exercise three or four hours every day in the open air. Wash or brush your whole body every day. Don't stay in a swampy, malarious country; keep away from stagnant water; drink no unboiled water that you don't know to be free from drainage of barnyard, cesspool, privy and swamp. Don't work beyond your strength; put your coat on when you get through; avoid draughts, especially when warm. Whatever you omit, attend regularly to the wants of nature; if you become constipated, eat less; eat more ripe fruit, whole wheat flour, corn meal, bran porridge and figs. Avoid stimulants of every kind—go very light on tea and coffee, if you can't give them up entirely. Work hard if necessary, but don't worry.—Hugh T. Brooks, in *N. Y. Tribune*.

Recipes.

Potato Puffs.—Shape hot mashed potatoes into balls about the size of an egg. Have a tin sheet well buttered, and place the balls on it. As soon as all are done, brush over with beaten egg. Brown in the oven, and serve on a hot platter, garnished with parsley.

Cheese Omelet.—Four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of milk, one table-spoonful of butter. Beat the eggs, and add salt, and milk, and three table-spoonfuls of grated cheese.

Apple Snowballs.—Cook rice about three-fourths done. Pare and core apples and cover with rice (after putting in the center a little sugar, nutmeg, and butter) and wrap in a cloth and boil one-half an hour. Remove cloths and serve.

Cheap Pound Cake.—One scant cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, and one cup of flour; flavor to suit taste.

Raisin Puffs.—Two eggs, one-half cup of butter, three teaspoonfuls baking power, two teaspoonfuls sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of milk, one cup of raisins chopped fine. Steam one-half hour in small cups. Will be eaten with sauce.

Custard a Substitute for Cream.—Beat up the yolks of two eggs with half a pint of milk, sweeten and flavor very slightly, then pour into a jug; place this latter in boiling water and stir till quite hot. Allow the preparation to become quite cold, then serve it as cream for puddings, fruit pies, preserved fruits, etc.

Dainty Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, one cup cold water, pinch of soda dissolved in water, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Roll thin as possible.

Lemon Pie.—One teacupful of powdered sugar, one table-spoonful of butter, one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one teacupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of corn starch, mix a little cold water, cream, butter and sugar together and pour the hot mixture over them, and when cold add the lemon and beaten egg. Bake with two crusts.

It is the petty details of life that prove tiresome and wear us out, rather than the larger. It is the little affairs that worry and work mischief in the nervous system. Lives of simplicity will secure the most freedom from these details, with consequent ease of mind that is conducive to health and long life. "Keeping up with the times" is what makes a good many of the details of these modern days.

Is not the average farmer's wife earning money all the time? Does the farmer work any harder than his wife, and is not her work just as necessary for the profitable carrying on of the business as his? Then why should she not have an equal interest with him in the disposal of the income?—*Mrs. Allen Dunn*.

Never light a sick room by means of a gas jet or a kerosene lamp burning low. Nothing impoverishes the air sooner. Use sperm candles or tapers which burn sperm oil.

Do you want the BUYERS GUIDE?

Most people say that it is worth \$ to them as a Reference Book, as it enables them to make a comparative estimate of the Value of everything they buy.

MONTGOMERY WARD & Co., 111 to 116 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES

Michigan State Grange

Table listing various supplies and their prices, including blank books, ledger rules, and various forms.

GERMAN HORSE AND COW POWDER

Is of the highest value of horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry. It assists digestion and assimilation...

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD

Says: "German Horse and Cow Powder pays many times its cost in keeping all kinds of farm stock in good health..."

Wholesale Prices--viz:

Table showing prices for barrels and boxes of powder.

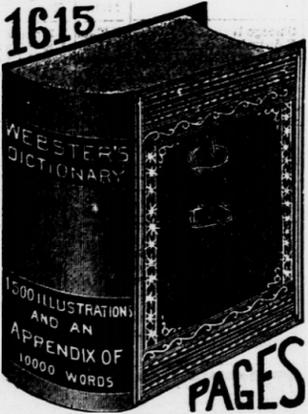
By ALBERT STEGEMAN, Allegan, Mich. THORNTON BARNES, No. 241 North Water St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. NEW YORK WEEKLY. The publishers of the well-known and popular story paper.



make an offer that is unparalleled in the history of premiums. They will send to any address, post-paid, their paper for three months and a handsome edition of Webster's Dictionary...



for the low price of \$4, exclusive of express charges on dictionary. The ordinary price of Webster's Dictionary is \$12.

We have decided to add this paper to the above offer at \$4.35.

TO THE DEAF--A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy...

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Table listing officers and members of various Grange chapters, including National Grange and Michigan State Grange.

Committee on Woman's Work in the Grange.

Table listing members of the committee on woman's work.

Michigan Grange Stores.

Table listing grange stores and their managers.

LOOK AT THIS COMBINATION!

THE TRUE NORTHERNER GRANGE VISITOR

FOR \$1.50.

To all who pay for the same in advance, THE TRUE NORTHERNER and GRANGE VISITOR will be furnished for one year at one dollar and fifty cents.

THE TRUE NORTHERNER is the leading and official paper of Van Buren county, is located in the finest office, and has larger facilities for all kinds of newspaper work than any other paper in Western Michigan.

The GRANGE VISITOR is published by the proprietors of THE TRUE NORTHERNER, and has the largest circulation in this State, of any farm paper west of Detroit.

The TRUE NORTHERNER alone, \$1.50 The GRANGE VISITOR alone, .50 Remember that by paying one year in advance, you secure both of these publications for the regular price of THE NORTHERNER--\$1.50.

FOR SALE.

12,000 ACRES GOOD FARMING LANDS, On Michigan Central, Detroit & Alpena and Loon Lake Railroads.

Glubbing List with The Visitor.

Table listing various newspapers and their prices.

DEAFNESS, ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured...

Where She Comes.

With heavy elders overhung; Half hid in clover masses, An old fence rambles on, among The tangled meadow-grasses.

And so, while chipmunks run a match To tell the wrens who's coming, And all cross the brier patch

Progress of American Steel.

An interesting feature of the recently published statistical report for the American Iron and Steel Association is the increasing percentage of steel in the total production.

John Ruskin.

Noble old John Ruskin, one of the cleanest, loftiest and most useful men who ever wrote in the English tongue, is dying, like Dean Swift's tree, at the top.

Progressive Knowledge.

Some one says: At ten years of age a boy thinks his father knows a great deal; at fifteen he knows as much as his father; at twenty he knows twice as much;

Why some Men do not Succeed.

Two of the most successful men on the North American continent were recently asked the question, "What are the causes of poverty?" One replied, "Ignorance and incapacity."

Agricultural College Men in Demand.

The progress of scientific investigation and the multiplication of experiment stations are beginning to demand men qualified to do original work in various lines of science, especially in agricultural science.

AMATEUR POLITICIANS.

"Reformers" are always sneered at by the professional politicians and their friends (and sometimes by people who would not like to be classed among the "friends" of the Boys) as nothing but "amateurs"; somewhat as if an honest citizen called upon to defend his house against a burglar should be gibed at by the burglar as nothing but an "amateur" who ought to be sleeping quietly in his bed...

Prof. Charles E. Bessey writes in the interest of the country boys, that while most occupations are confined to the handling and observation of some special line of objects, the farmer comes in contact with "everything."

During the progress of the meetings, M. A. C. professors were consulted by men from other colleges relative to recommending graduates of this col-

lege for various positions. Calls thus came from Arizona experimental station for two men, and for one each from Virginia, Tennessee and Mississippi.—Ex.

From Steel to Aluminum.

In all probability the day of steel is almost over. Aluminum will soon take its place. A metal as little liable to tarnish in air or water, as little or less affected by acids than gold, twice as strong as steel and one-third the weight and as ductile as gold, aluminum offers advantages to the ship-builder, as it does to the bridge-builder, to the machinist and to all engaged in mechanic arts in which any metal is employed, that can not be ignored, and the only thing that stands in the way of its substitution for steel and iron, and perhaps for copper, tin, lead and every other metal except zinc, which has uses peculiar to itself, is the cost of production from the ore.

Another cause of poverty is a lack of self-confidence.

Many men seem to have no faith in themselves, consequently no assertiveness, no independence, no pluck, and no push. They are afraid to stand up and speak for themselves, preferring to lean on others. They are afraid to make an investment, because of the possibility of failure; they are afraid to tell what they can do, as they might make an error in doing it; they are cowards in every sense of the word.

AMATEUR POLITICIANS.

"Reformers" are always sneered at by the professional politicians and their friends (and sometimes by people who would not like to be classed among the "friends" of the Boys) as nothing but "amateurs"; somewhat as if an honest citizen called upon to defend his house against a burglar should be gibed at by the burglar as nothing but an "amateur" who ought to be sleeping quietly in his bed, and not thus clumsily interfering with the accomplished industry of "professionals."

Prof. Charles E. Bessey writes in the interest of the country boys, that while most occupations are confined to the handling and observation of some special line of objects, the farmer comes in contact with "everything."

He asks whether the common school is doing its whole duty when teaching, ever so well how to read, to write, to use the language, to know the "lay of the land" in our own and other countries, and to count, if it does not also convey something fundamental about the soil, the plants, the animals, the air, the clouds.

Political.

The wily politician Is in prime condition For tooting his horn, And this great Yankee Nation Might owe its salvation To the day he was born.

It may be luck at laying pipes and pulling wires, or peradventure it is the finger of destiny pointing him out as the coming man; anyhow, as the party nominee, he must needs tell of the extreme peril of the republic, and give them several broad hints about the best and only way to save it.

With a smile for the lady, With a kiss for the baby, And a grip of your hand; With blarney and with coaxing, And so craftily hoaxing He will canvass the land.

Of course, fellow citizens, the noble nominee must be a simon-pure patriot, with the true-blue love of North America packed away in his heart, or he could not be coaxed off from home to worry through the wear and tear of Congress.

If you bolt with your ballot, Why, the great party mallet Will hit you a thump; And the papers will snicker At the rascally kicker— At the old Mugwump.

However, it is a crumb of comfort to know that the party machine has no right to murder a man for an independent way of bossing his own ballot, and that, although missing Congress must make the poor nominee feel sick enough to die, yet the republic is not likely to totter off its base, and the country may even jog along as though nothing woful had happened.

Report of Pomona Grange No. 25. The meeting of the Clinton County Pomona Grange, held at the farm home of J. F. Clemens, Bath, was a success. The forenoon was spent in viewing the stock and farm, and in visiting. The sisters helped to prepare dinner, and from their well filled baskets and Sister Clemens' chicken pies, 56 hungry grangers were fed.

The meeting was interesting and the speakers earnest, and the W. M. had to call a halt, for some were getting uneasy thinking of their long ride. After a hearty vote of thanks to Bro. Clemens and wife for their hospitable entertainment, a day of pleasure ended.

The Chautauqua Circle.

This is the month in which to organize a Chautauqua Circle. If you will send to J. M. Hall, Flint, Mich., he will send you circulars telling all about this famous organization, its course of reading, and how to begin it.

Give us more good cooks and there will be fewer children with stomach aches, fewer people with torpid livers, less demand for bitters to tone up the stomach, fewer men seeking saloons to down their dyspepsia and doctors and undertakers will grow poor.

Notices of Meetings.

Kalamazoo County Pomona Grange will meet with Portage Grange at 10 o'clock a. m. Thursday, the 23d of October. A good programme will be provided by the lecturer and a delegate to the State Grange elected.

Hillsdale County Grange will hold its next meeting at Acme Grange Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 5. The forenoon will be devoted to business and the good of the Order. Afternoon devoted to literary work. A good program will be prepared for the afternoon.

The next meeting of Kent County Grange will be held with Cascade Grange on Wednesday, Oct. 22d, at 10 a. m., sharp.

The following subjects for discussion will comprise a part of the work of the day: Lessons of the past year—W. T. Adams. Growling and grumbling farmers—Mrs. J. R. Edison.

The October meeting of Berrien County Pomona Grange will be held in Pipestone Grange Hall Oct. 21st and 22d. Business session at 10 a. m. on the 21st.

The following resolutions were passed by Silver Lake, Grange No. 624: Whereas, Death has entered our Grange and taken from our midst our beloved Sister Lottie Monroe. Therefore,

Obituaries.

LAWRENCE.

WHEREAS, our Divine Master has removed by death our worthy brother, Stillman Lawrence, therefore,

Resolved, That by the death of Brother Lawrence, Girard Grange No. 136 has lost an esteemed member and the community a kind-hearted neighbor.

Resolved, That the Grange, in sympathy with the bereaved family, drape its charter for thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication, and that the secretary furnish the family with a copy.

The following resolutions were passed by Silver Lake, Grange No. 624: Whereas, Death has entered our Grange and taken from our midst our beloved Sister Lottie Monroe. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Monroe our order has lost a true member and faithful officer. That all with whom she has associated in the work of our order, will mourn her loss and cherish her memory.

Resolved, That we show our respect for our deceased Sister, and our sympathy for her bereaved family in her sorrow, by draping our charter in mourning for thirty days.

Inscribing these resolutions on our record, and by sending a copy to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

LILLIE M. HORTON, LIBBIE WIGHTMAN, WILLIS WIGHTMAN, Committee.

QUACKENBUSH. Superior Grange No. 68, has been called to mourn the death of a highly esteemed Sister, Mrs. Rosa J. Quackenbush, who died at her home in Superior township Sept. 9th, 1890. Aged 47 years.

She was married to T. V. Quackenbush, May 9th, 1865. Shortly after they moved to Superior and the remainder of her life was spent among us. Her death occurred four months following the celebration of her twenty-fifth anniversary.

She was a Charter member of this Grange, and her death has caused great sadness among us. She was an earnest and consistent member, sincerely striving in all things, and in every relation to do what was right.

She was a loving wife and a devoted mother, and in self-sacrificing toils and cares, she spent the best of her years for the welfare of her family, and the remembrance of this will cause tenderest sorrow to those who mourn in bereavement her departure from them.

She leaves a sorrowing husband and two sons who will deeply feel the loss of a dear wife and kind mother.

Resolved, That the afflicted family has our sympathy in their bereavement and may they know that she held a warm place in the hearts of the members of this Grange as Sister and friend.

Resolved, That the Charter be draped in mourning sixty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

Resolved, That the afflicted family has our sympathy in their bereavement and may they know that she held a warm place in the hearts of the members of this Grange as Sister and friend.

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THE CHANCE OF A LIFE TIME.

FOR THE FARMER, HOME-SEEKER AND BUSINESS MAN. To those contemplating moving west, a grand opportunity to visit the vast territory west of the Missouri River will be given on September 23d and October 14th, 1890, via the Union Pacific, "The Overland route."

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.

Shropshire Sheep Sale.

Following the custom of the best breeders, we have decided to offer for sale at

AUCTION Our 25 Yearling Rams and 40 choice Ewes

purchased this year at the great annual sales of the best breeders in Europe, and ALL REGISTERED in England and America, on

Thursday, Oct. 30, '90,

immediately after a FREE LUNCH at 12 o'clock. A reserve of \$50 will be put upon the rams, and of \$30 on the ewes, the highest bidder above those figures becoming the bona fide purchaser without other reservation.

If desired, we will contract with purchasers of ewes to breed those not already bred and to buy their lambs Oct. 1, 1891, at \$15 each. One year's time will be given on notes at 7 per cent. Catalogues on application.

The Willows Stock Farm, PAW PAW, MICH.

HORSES

French Coach AND Black Percheron STALLIONS.

Our last importation of PERCHERON and FRENCH COACH HORSES is the finest imported lot that have reached the States. We can buy and sell better horses than any one in America, and defy competition.

We are the only importers having a resident partner abroad, who never lets a chance go by of selecting the best that money can procure. Fifty head are now offered for sale, and will be sold at very little above cost price.

The Evergreen Horse Importing Co., BANGOR, MICH.

Harvest Excursion Tickets TO THE WEST, SOUTHWEST AND NORTHWEST, WILL BE SOLD BY THE Chicago & Grand Trunk R'y. AND Grand Trunk R'y (M. A. L. & Det. Div) Sept. 9, 23d, and October 14th. Half Rates. For Particulars apply to Station Agent.

ROOFING! GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING FELT costs only \$2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and anyone can put it on. Send stamp for sample and full particulars. GUM ELASTIC ROOFING CO., 39 & 41 WEST BROADWAY, New York. Local Agents Wanted.

FOR LADIES ONLY. I will send any Secret, that cost me \$500, & a Rubber Shield, for 20 cents. Mrs. J. A. Kinsman & Co., 89 Aberdeen St., Chicago, Ill.

Shropshire Sheep.

Our 1890 importation arrived Sept. 19, in good condition, and consists of 75 ewes and 35 shearling rams. These sheep are all registered and were purchased at the great annual sales of such old and noted breeders as Messrs. Beach, Evans, Minton, Jones, Graham, Thomas and Thonger. Every sheep for sale at reasonable terms. Address, The Willows Stock Farm, Paw Paw, Mich.

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.

CURE FITS!

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

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G. R. & I. RAIL ROAD. June 22, 1890.—Central Standard Time.

Table with columns: GOING SOUTH, No. 2, No. 6, No. 8, No. 4. Rows: Mackinaw City, Petoskey, Traverse City, Walton, Cadillac, Reed City, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Fort Wayne, Cin. C. S. T. & P. Dpt ar.

Table with columns: GOING NORTH, No. 1, No. 3, No. 5, No. 7. Rows: Cin. C. S. T. & P. Dpt lv, Fort Wayne, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Reed City, Cadillac, Walton, Traverse City, Petoskey, Mackinaw.

C. & G. T. RAILWAY. Jan. 19, 1890.—Central Meridian Time. TRAINS WESTWARD.

Table with columns: No. 2 Exp., No. 18 Exp., No. 4 Exp. Rows: Port Huron lv, Lapeer, Flint, Durand, Lansing, Charlotte, Battle Creek ar, Vicksburg, Schoolcraft, Marcellus, Cassopolis, South Bend, Valparaiso, Chicago.

TRAINS EASTWARD. Chicago lv, Valparaiso, South Bend, Cassopolis, Marcellus, Schoolcraft, Vicksburg, Battle Creek ar, Charlotte, Lansing, Durand, Lapeer, Port Huron.

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