

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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

An English Farmer.

Read before the Farmers' Association of Antwerp and Paw Paw, Dec. 5th, 1890, by G. E. Breck.

The subject of my paper is a reality. I have in mind a definite person. He is not an average English farmer. He is one of the very best, most practical, most successful, most brainy farmers in the world. The son of a tenant farmer, he never dreamed of owning the land, but generation after generation of his family have occupied the farm he now tills; have built, at their own expense, stone buildings which, for economy and comfort, surround a little court or barn yard, but the buildings are commodious and neatly kept. His ancestors set the hedges which now form a cheap and permanent fence, dividing the whole farm into small fields of irregular shape and size, but this very irregularity adds a beauty which straight fences and square fields do not possess. Adornment has not been forgotten, and flowers and shrubs give an air of age, permanence and refinement most admirable.

The house is large, well kept, and furnished and how far hospitality is stimulated by a commercial spirit, of course we may never know, but we are sure that the whole of the generosity has not sprung from a mere desire for trade. The wife is given all the servants she can manage, for help is abundant and cheap, and anxious to answer every beck and nod that their places may be retained, for they know that once out of a situation another is not easily obtained.

The farm consists of 200 acres of the best farming land in the world, made rich by careful cultivation, manuring and fertilizing, and the growth of all kinds of vegetable life is promoted by daily showers the entire year. The English farmer's grass is never dry, and always forms a thick, green mat under your feet, and springs under the step like the best Wilton carpet. No small yards or pens surround his house, but instead, ten acres of lawn laid out with graveled, serpentine walks and drives kept clean and free from grass and dirt, dotted here and there with mountain ash, the different varieties of evergreen, the English oak and chestnut; rose shrubs have an important place—I call them rose shrubs because they are too large for bushes and not quite large enough for trees. The stock often measures three inches in diameter, the shrubs are about five feet high, with only a few small branches kept constantly trimmed, and these are filled with the largest and hand somest of roses. The outer walls of his house and buildings are covered with climbing roses and English ivy. In short, this English farmer, like many of his class, has a beautiful home, surrounded by all the comforts and beauties of farm life. His gardener keeps the lawn, shrubs, flowers and fruit trees in perfect order, supplies the family with their fruits, flowers and vegetables, and is expected to sell enough to

pay his own salary, (which is that of a skilled laborer and amounts to about \$200 per annum,) and bring the master a profit. This he must do or lose his job, but he does nothing else, summer or winter. The other skilled laborers upon the farm consist of a herdsman, groom and shepherd, three distinct heads of departments, each with an annual salary of about \$200. Under each of these is one or more common laborers, hired by the day at about sixty cents, or by the year at about \$150 and board themselves. Each chief knows his own department thoroughly, and is given general directions only, by the "master," (as the farmer is called by his help) and carries out, in all the details, his general orders. Each is made to feel the responsibility of his important position and is held responsible at all times for the condition and appearance of his stock; especially must he be skilled in the art of exhibiting or showing stock when at the shows or to prospective purchasers. An American is forcibly impressed with the number of really excellent English laborers who are able to fill these positions, and is led to reflect that, because such men in our country have their own farms and their own stock, it is almost impossible to secure that class of help. It seems to me that one of the great difficulties in breeding good stock in our country is the impossibility of securing and keeping men who are competent to take care of it. It is safe to say that good stock, prize winning stock, pedigree of the different breeds and kind, is the foundation of a successful English farmer's prosperity; but the foundation of his stock business is the splendid pasturage afforded by the climate and soil, which combine to make it abundant and of excellent quality. From time out of mind the English pastures have been protected and kept permanent by the terms of an arbitrary lease, the farmer being compelled to use \$2.50 worth of fertilizers upon every acre each year; the fertilizers may be either in the form of guano, commercial fertilizers, or stable manure which is shipped from the large cities close at hand in every direction, shipped by freight and hauled by team from the nearest station. On grass thus made abundant, the farmer's stock may graze with scarce an interruption from birth to death. A ration of hay is fed to all the stock in winter, whether absolutely necessary or not. Of the green crops used, roots form the principal food and are fed in abundance. On this farm, twenty acres of roots and cabbage are raised each year and no doubt produce more animal food than any other crop could. All kinds of stock are fed with green roots and they relish them, grow fat and thrive upon them as upon nothing else. For the cattle and horses, they are fed in the stable; for the sheep, temporary fences divide off small patches, upon which they dig their own roots. Success cannot be obtained upon an English farm without the root crop. They are their best substitute for the American corn and clover. With the roots, more of bran, oil meal, peas, beans, oats and corn may be fed than without them, making a profit for the farmer whether the animals are sold to the butcher or for the more important purposes of breeding. From skillful feeding his profit is expected, and our English farmer is far in advance

of us in this, enabling him with good stock to pay his rent of from ten to twenty dollars per acre, and his taxes, poor rates and tithes, of one-fourth as much more, or \$2,500 for rent and taxes on a farm of 200 acres. In the breeding of good stock he is in advance of the rest of the world, and from his stud, herd and flock animals are sold at large profit as foundation stock, to go to every part of the world.

For years, the English farmer has appreciated, as no others have, the value of an animal's pedigree, or ancestral chain, showing by what steps or degrees an animal has come in an unbroken line through several generations. An animal whose progeny will make a difference, at maturity, of a few pounds of beef or mutton per head more than another animal's, will sell for several times as much. For example, spring lambs at this time of year are worth from twelve to sixteen cents per pound on foot; ten pounds of lamb is nearly \$1.50, this difference on 100 lambs is nearly \$150, and this to the credit of the sire in one year. The best English beef is now worth about thirteen cents on foot, and the difference of 100 pounds on a matured steer is \$13, and that \$13 on the steer and the \$1.50 on the lamb will make the difference between profit and no profit. Illustrations like this might be heaped to the end of the paper.

Another fact that is fully appreciated by the English farmer, arising from the necessities of his position, is that good mutton and good beef bring more a pound than cheaper grades. The butcher claims that he can tell by simply placing his hands on an animal what kind of food they have had, and whether or not they have been constantly housed. To leave any profit, every pound of meat must command the highest price. They are not in competition with the large cattle and sheep ranches of America and the rest of the world. They seek to supply the best for the highest prices. Hence, I say that my English farmer believes in pedigrees; he believes with Dr. Darwin, and all the great scientists of our day, that heredity, environment and necessities make the difference between different species of animals and that these combined make as great a difference between individuals of the same species. This heredity or the characteristics transmitted by progenitors to their offspring is so certain in results, that it lies at the very foundation of stock breeding. Given an animal of merit, an animal who marks his offspring after himself and you will find a meritorious ancestor not far remote. I know many farmers believe that it is not heredity, as the scientists call it, but surroundings, or shed and feed that make stock. Still, even the scrub breeder will admit that a strain of good blood makes the horse faster, the steer fatter easier, and the sheep larger and wool better. My English friend has learned from experience that animals with good pedigrees sell for three times as much as those without. My friend of the scrub says, "Here is a full blooded animal but he cannot be recorded, as no definite records have been kept, or a link is missing, but I know he is full blooded, for he is from an animal that a man in this neighborhood bought at the fair." How much is such an animal worth? At most, not more than one-third

the price of a registered animal. The average price of an unregistered horse in England is said to be about \$250, and the average price of a registered horse is about \$700; the average price of an unregistered sheep, (including the mountain sheep) is about \$7; the registered sheep, (but here the comparison is hardly fair because it excludes the mountain sheep) is about \$40. The one horse or sheep eats as much and occupies as much room and requires as much time as the other; then, too, the better animal stimulates better care, the cost of which is trifling compared with results and gives larger profits. More careful and better judgment is used in the breeding of good animals, which stimulates the activity and raises the ambition of the farmer, giving greater value to his animals, indeed, it makes the difference between profit and no profit. If a pure bred animal suits our English farmer, the first question he asks is about his ancestors. Are his ancestors such that the good qualities of this animal will be sure to appear in his progeny? Next, he asks, who bred this animal? And here is where the reputation of the breeder brings money to his purse. The breeder who is known as an expert in his kind of stock, and who is known to carefully keep a record that shows, how and when the breeding was done, is liberally rewarded. The skilled breeder would not buy his stock of the man who carried his pedigrees in his head, nor of the man who has no reputation for making judicious crosses. He buys of successful and accurate breeders only. He seeks new blood from his strongest competitors. Enough has been said to show that the biography of the kind of a farmer spoken of would be but the history of an eminent stock breeder.

His stock is all sold at auction, whether to the butcher or to the breeder. The market days which prevail throughout England afford him a congregation of buyers ready to pay the highest market price for any kind of meat.

His stock intended for breeders is sold at an annual auction sale, the reputation of which is world wide; there are congregated breeders and representatives of breeders from all Europe—and sometimes a few from America. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that a large per cent of the breeding animals from the best breeders come to America. The fact is, American importers cannot afford to pay the high prices paid by English breeders for many kinds of stock animals. They must sell them at cost. This is especially true of registered horses and sheep. This year we saw Shropshire rams sold at the great auction sales of eminent breeders at an average of over \$100 per ram, and many sold above \$400 each to English tenant farmers.

In conclusion I must add that the English farmer is a bread-eater and a brain-worker; his hands are seldom turned to labor. He spends his time in visiting the various shows and sales of blooded stock, in reading and studying his business as closely as a professional man. His hands are gloved, his face is cleanly shaven, his boots always blacked, (by his domestics) he always has a bank account with a balance in his favor, the husband and wife and children are the picture of health and refinement.

The English farmer has the advantage of his American brother in the price of labor, and absence of droughts. His pastures are skillfully improved year by year, as ours are capable of being; and we have our corn and clover crops, which he cannot raise, which are the best foreign crops known to agriculture. He is nearer market, which is a great advantage with perishable products, but his rent is large, his taxes many times the amount of ours and his rent must be paid, in all of which we are more fortunate. His greatest advantage comes from his skill in a specialty which has raised him above strong competition, with those who follow the routine of common farmers.

Township Unit System.

In reply to Mr. Hodgman's article in the last VISITOR I simply say, look at the bill. This bill was prepared not by the enemies, but by the friends of this system. It was to be enacted solely for the benefit of the rural districts. Under its provisions, if fully carried out, at least \$800,000 would be paid by the farmers to village districts on their school property. This is a part of the bill urged solely for the benefit of the people of the rural districts. Would the forced payment of this \$800,000 benefit the people of such districts? If so, how? If not, then it would be obtaining money under false pretenses. A "confidence game."

We would also be compelled to pay not less than \$120,000 added school tax, every penny of which would go to support other peoples' schools in which we have no interest. Would it benefit us? If not, this, also, is obtaining money under false pretenses. How about that "unmitigated slander?"

But Mr. Hodgman says provision is made in the bill allowing any district containing 150 or more pupils to become an independent district if it wishes to.

The bill reads: "Any sub-district containing not less than 300 children between the ages of five and twenty years, may, by a two thirds vote *** determine to organize a special district" and withdraw from the township unit district. I thank Mr. Hodgman for calling my attention to this section. What is it there for? I can see but one reason. It enables such village to get away from the rest of the township at any time if they get tired of this law, but no provision is made for refunding the money "whacked up" by the farmers on the school houses of such villages. They would appropriate our property to their own use without our consent, a sort of legal embezzlement. Is this section also solely for the benefit of the country people? Why was not the privilege of getting outside given to the country districts as well as to these village districts? The reader will note the fact that this provision, in common with those criticised in my previous article, was deliberately put in the bill by those who were and are pushing this "precious scheme."

Mr. Hodgman says he would change this by not allowing village districts to become a part of the township unit without the consent of the rest of the township. I thank Mr. Hodgman for this statement, for in it he concedes my argument, but Mr. Hodgman probably will not draft the bill introduced this winter and it is

Continued on 5th page.

Don't Lose Your Grip.

Don't tell the world when your pocket is empty.
If you its favor would hold;
'Tis sad to admit, but every one knows it,
We're measured to-day by our gold.
No, tell not the world, though hunger oppress you,
But keep a stiff upper lip;
If it's known you are down, 'twill ring through the town,
"That chap is losing his grip."
Then keep a stiff upper lip, my boy;
Yes, keep a stiff upper lip;
For men with a frown, will say when you're down,
"Why didn't he hold his grip?"

Though work be scarce and the hearthstone cold,
Don't tell the world your sorrow;
But heat your own iron and strike it when hot—
It may mould into gold on the morrow.
No, tell not the world, though the adverse stream
Threatens to wreck your ship;
If men know you are down 'twill ring through the town,
"That chap is losing his grip."

Each man you will find has his burden and cross,
Each home its sorrow and care;
Then what good to tell your troubles, my friend,
When all have their own ills to bear?
Then tell not the world though its storm beat upon you,
And breakers threaten your ship;
But sail your own craft, and none will dare say,
"That chap is losing his grip."
Then keep a stiff upper lip, my boy;
Yes, keep a stiff upper lip;
For men with a frown, will say when you're down,
"Why didn't he hold his grip?"

Change of Base in Farm Calculations.

No other man so frequently finds himself under the necessity of remodeling his business calculations as does the farmer. In the forecasts of every man more or less "depends;" but with the farmer this element of uncertainty probably reaches its limit, as far as uncertainties attend legitimate business. He never knows what he may with absolute confidence depend upon. Crop prospects may be splendid, and may be ruined by an adverse change of season. They may be unpromising, creating a hope in the breasts of those in favored districts that high price will certainly follow; while seasoned possibilities may so increase the average yield as to bring about an entirely different result. Everything may point to high prices for this or that kind of stock, while some unforeseen home development, or the shutting out of a foreign market, or unexpected supplies in other exported countries, may defeat all expectations based upon such an outlook. Or, on the other hand, everything may conspire to bring good results from an unpromising season.

At least, then, the farmer's knowledge of his immediate business future can be only contingent. He therefore, of all men, needs to avail himself of every means of adding to this knowledge and securing aids in the exercise of judgment. He needs to be such a good farmer that his crops will suffer the least possible from inopportune changes of season; for it is well known that some men suffer much less than others do from troubles of this kind—because their work is so thorough that they are in some degree prepared to meet and defeat them. He needs to be an observer, turning to the best possible account all that he sees, as well as all that is shown in his own experience. He needs to be posted, making liberal use not only of the agricultural press, but of every other available source of information. His paper cannot tell him absolutely what will happen, but can tell him what is happening, and what those in the best position to observe reasonably expect. The farmer who makes intelligent use of all these aids, and has the nerve to be always ready for the markets with the most and the best which he can prepare, will reduce the contingencies affecting his business to a minimum.—*Stockman and Farmer.*

"Burning the candle at both ends," was an old-time proverbial illustration of wastefulness. Many do the same now by over-feeding fuel into their stoves, and by neglecting to moderate the draft, so that after the first roaring fire it is often needlessly necessary to make up another to get the cooking done, and before the provider has much more than turned around there is a call for "more wood," "more coal." This is a kind of improvidence injurious alike to health, temper, comfort, food and fortune. After we succeed, through the schools, in making good citizens of the young people of the nation, there is need of practical education in household economy, and in many branches of it.—*New York Tribune.*

Absorbents for Liquid Manure.

Most farmers know that urine or liquid manure is a valuable fertilizer for the soil, but only a few take sufficient pains to secure it by the use of absorbents, allowing it to run to waste or soak into the ground under the stables. If they bed their horses with straw they have performed their whole duty, and it is done more for the comfort of the horse than for the object of making a larger quantity of better manure. If their cattle stand on an elevated floor with a gutter behind them, the probability is that they are never bedded at all, although the owners have plenty of dry straw handy, or might have it if they would pitch their stack back into the barn after threshing. Mr. Stahl truly says that cut straw is better than long for an absorbent, because it becomes thoroughly saturated and is more retentive of the liquids.

Sawdust is a good absorbent, and where it can be obtained from the mills free of charge would pay for drawing; but the difficulty is that water mills allow it to fall into the wheel pit and drift down the creek, and steam mills all use part of it for fuel, and some of them charge one dollar for a two-horse load. Mr. Stahl thinks it rots quickly; but according to my experience it rots more slowly than straw. All kinds of wood rot very slowly when kept wet and secluded from the air. I have found sawdust in the ground undecayed three years after it was drawn out and plowed under. Applied to a sandy soil in a dry season it is a positive damage to the crop. It would be better to compost it and let it rot before drawing to the field. Forest leaves are an excellent absorbent and make a valuable fertilizer. They are extensively used in the Old World; but labor is so dear in this country that they would hardly pay for the cost of gathering. In the vicinity of tanneries any amount of spent tanbark could be obtained without buying, and I am quite sure it would rot sooner than sawdust. Of course it would have to be dried, for it is very wet when thrown from the vats.

Throughout the buckwheat region a vast amount of buckwheat hulls is wasted that ought to be saved and used for an absorbent. The water mills blow them into the tail-race and they float away down stream with the water. An arrangement could be made with the millers and have them blown out on the ground, from where farmers could draw them to their barns. All the farmers in the neighborhood could be supplied at no expense but for the drawing. The time has arrived in this country when farmers on old farms must make every exertion to preserve the remaining fertility of the soil and, if possible, restore that which is lost. But little effort is now made by the majority of farmers to save the liquid manure, and even the solid portions are often depreciated in value by being exposed in the yard to soaking rains which leach out and carry off the richest portions.—*J. W. Ingham, in Stockman and Farmer.*

Using the Mails.

As a rule we don't use the mails as much as we ought to in our business. I'll venture there isn't a man engaged in any other business of equal magnitude of that of the average farmer who doesn't make twice as much use of his opportunities in this line. The reason is perhaps that farmers haven't realized by trial the advantages of commercial correspondence sufficiently to make a general practice of it for both buying and selling. It pays and pays well to make a liberal use of postage stamps in running a farmer's business. It is often the case that we can, through correspondence with those in surplus-producing districts, buy their products at a great reduction over retail prices at home, and still benefit those of our own craft. To illustrate: In western Pennsylvania very little clover seed is raised, and a farmer there needing some wrote to another living in another State, where he had heard there was a heavy crop, for prices on that article. The result was that the first got an excellent lot of seed at a heavy reduction over retail prices

at home, after paying freight, while the seller was well paid for his product. Another result was that the buyer's neighbors "caught on," and other shipments were made to the good of all concerned. The man who had first ordered said that in addition to getting his clover seed for less money he felt more certain that he was getting a good article when dealing with the grower of it.

Looking at the other side, a lady who had a surplus of maple molasses decided to drop a note to persons in her county town whom she thought would likely want it. She sold all her surplus that year in this way and besides has had a market for it every year since, just from a little judicious business correspondence. A little observation and study will show some means by which the mails can be used to advantage in buying and selling, dealing with wholesalers, etc.—*S. in Stockman and Farmer.*

Buying and Building

Did you ever have occasion to notice the big cry raised by merchants when a few neighbors unite for the purpose of ordering supplies direct from wholesale dealers? And when some organization of farmers decide to dispense largely with the services of the middlemen the indignation is still greater. "You must patronize home trade," is the cry, "or our town will be ruined." But did you ever know of a merchant paying the farmer more for any article of production than it would cost him were he to send away for it? When he can buy of me as cheaply as elsewhere (and pay me in trade) he is ready for the deal; otherwise he stands ready to buy elsewhere. In many places farmers' organizations are taking hold of this matter and saving many dollars to their members in both buying and selling. Where they are not doing this a few neighbors can club together to nearly as good purpose. The retail merchant is necessary for convenience and prosperity of every town and village, but we do not care to support many of them with luxuries we are compelled to do without.

And the more merchants in for a share of the trade the higher go the prices—the limit depending on the people they have to deal with and the amount of pressure they will stand without spurring. Just compare the merchants of your acquaintance with the farmers. Do not the former dress a little better, drive finer carriages, have more costly residences and buy more costly furniture? Do they not in their social life consider their set a little above the brethren of the "hayseed" family? And if so, might not a few lessons from the farmers in the direction indicated have a wholesale effect? A large grocery store in our trading town, owned by a company of stockholders, recently declared a dividend of 30 per cent as the net profit for the year after paying all expenses, including fat salaries for the officers of the concern. Most of this money came from farmers of this county, who during this year of depression had a hard struggle to pay expenses. They have been placing their patronage where they thought it might keep money at home and build up the town, but there is a moral in that 30 per cent which they are beginning to read.—*Florida Dispatch.*

An Immense Meat Output.

As showing the immense business of a single firm engaged in killing and shipping meats from Chicago, for the year ending Oct. 1, we publish the figures regarding the business of Armour & Co. Hogs killed, 1,850,000; cattle killed 650,000; sheep killed, 350,000; number of employees, 7,000; equipment of refrigerator cars, 1,800; total ground covered by buildings, 50 acres; total floor area in buildings, 140 acres; chill room and cold storage area, 40 acres; storage capacity of buildings, 130,000 tons; total distributive sales, \$65,000,000; aggregate wages, \$3,500,000. Of by-products manufactured there were: Made glue, all kinds, 6,250,000 lbs; fertilizers, grease, etc., 9,000 tons; area covered by buildings, 15 acres; number employees, 560.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Reliable Young Men.

I am well pleased with H. S. Baker's criticism of Galen Wilson's article upon "Reliable Young Men." Doubtless Mr. W. had a different thought in mind when he wrote the sentiment criticized. It reminds me of a nice, polite young man who always received the highest wages paid for farm work. He dressed nicely and always made a fine impression. After "doing for himself" for ten years he married an excellent farm girl. After the fashion of Mr. Wilson's young man, he borrowed money to take a wedding trip. It soon transpired he had not saved any money. He was temperate and moral—hence not profligate in the ordinary way. But his financial management was based upon the plan of "stopping at the best hotel"—that is, he knew nothing of economy, but was a slave to prodigality—the fault lying in his education. In eight years he squandered his wife's patrimony, and that of her relatives to the amount of thousands of dollars.

There are circumstances which a young man should "stop at the best hotel." He may have some direct object in view, to get acquainted with different manners and customs or with a view of changing his avocation, etc. But the intelligent and prudent father will explain to his son that he can get a clean, good "square meal" for twenty-five cents and as a rule he should seek such a place when compelled to buy a meal; and that where a dollar is charged, seventy-five cents is for style, and farmers are not expected, nor can they afford to pay so large a per cent. very often for that commodity.

On this very line great extravagance has crept in, greatly to the detriment of the agricultural class. The farmer's son goes to town on Saturday for recreation. He buys a cigar, pays for hair cutting, pays for a mug and has his name painted on the mug and cup retained at the barber shop for his own special use. This paves the way for other useless expenditures and a life of extravagance begins. In a lifetime what a tax has been wantonly imposed! Who is to blame? It lies in the education or lack of education. Who is supposed to be the educator in all these little things which go to make up the sum total of life?

Farmers meet at Alliance or other meetings in a nice, cosy school house. Listen at the squirting of amber on a clean floor! Next day they send their children to sit and inhale the unwholesome odor. Here farmers get up and discuss hard times while they are giving a public exhibition of a wilful loss for tobacco of \$25 to \$50 a year! And the boys taking in the lesson! And do the wives get a like sum to spend foolishly? But I will quit right here lest somebody gets mad, for you may call a man a liar or knock him down and he will get over it quicker than he will if you speak of a small vice or useless habit. Singular, but true.—*D. L. Thomas, in Stockman and Farmer.*

A Horse's Sense of Smell.

Did you ever watch a horse feeding at pasture? How he works his lips, like deft fingers, picking a tuft here and there and leaving others. He does this by scent, which in the horse is most exquisite. My riding horse one day suddenly shied and jumped to the other side of the road. On looking about I saw a rattlesnake sleeping on the bank fifteen feet away. It was quickly killed, but the horse passed the place with suspicion for weeks afterward. A horse will smell a snake a long distance. The acute scent serves him in all his feeding. He picks over the hay and rejects any not pleasing to his sense of smell, and rejects water from a bucket in which milk has been carried. He finds his way in darkness by the same sense, and so acute is this that he can recognize his companion by the odor of the tracks along a road or a pasture. For these reasons we should be most careful not to foul hay in the making or gathering, but to keep it as clean as one would keep his own food. Thus to squirt filthy tobacco juice over the hay is an insult to the more civilized animal.—*Exchange.*

The Gentle Colts.

The colt is naturally a pet and on our farm it is kept so. Last winter I had nine of different ages loose in the stable, and I was never afraid among them, nor they of my presence. I have raised from one to a half dozen colts a year, for a score of years, and never had any trouble with but two of them. It was hardly any more trouble to "break" them than to work an old horse. Never spent more than half a day after the harness was put on until they were ready for a load. One had run with its dam away from home on the range, and it was allowed to grow up wild until it was four years old, and then it was high-mettled and some extra care and time were necessary, but nothing of the supposed necessary breaking was needed. Another was nearly spoiled for trusty service by a neighbor, who took her as a three-year-old to work and failed. The colts are petted and handled kindly, though no special time is taken for it, but just as it comes in the way. We never keep them tied, but loose in the stable, going among them as needed to feed and curry.

At any time when they are from two to five years old we put on a halter, accustom them to it a little, then lead them about the yard with a quiet horse, then put on a bridle, being careful in putting on, then drive with the lines, having the halter strap tied to the horse. The harness can now be put on. Have as little rattle as possible, and with an hour's driving about the yard and field they will be ready to hitch to wagon or sled. We prefer to drive over the fields, and if it is plowed ground all the better. A light load can soon be added. I never ride a colt until after it has been worked several days. Then some day, say when it is somewhat tired after work, I mount its back and ride to the stable, and the "breaking" is over.—*J. M. Rice, in Stockman and Farmer.*

In a recent bulletin from the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, in which are the details of some experiments conducted by farmers. The following results are stated regarding the tests made: "Soils vary greatly in their capability for supplying food to crops. Different ingredients are deficient in different soils. The best way to learn what materials are proper in any case is by observation and experiment. The rational method for determining what ingredients of plant food a soil fails to furnish in abundance, and how these unfurnished materials can be most profitably supplied, is to put the question to the soil with different fertilizing materials and get the reply in the crops produced. The chief use of fertilizers is to supply plant food. It is good farming to make use of the natural resources of the soil, and of the manures produced on the farm, and to depend on artificial fertilizers only to furnish what more is needed. It is not good economy to pay high prices for materials which the soil itself may yield, but it is good economy to supply the lacking ones in the cheapest way. A most gratifying outcome of these experiments is the demonstration they give of the capacity of our intelligent farmers for experimenting. Not only do many of them work with true scientific spirit, commendable accuracy and marked success, but the results they obtain are of the greatest value to their communities, as well as to themselves. It would be easy to cite a large number of cases in point. In the carrying of science to the farm and combining it advantageously with practice, in the developing of talent for experimenting among farmers, and in thus making the experimenters teachers in their communities, are to be found some of the most satisfactory of the many encouraging features of the experiment station movement in the United States.

Hello, there! Score one more new breed of sheep. It hails from Oregon and is dubbed with the euphonious name of "National Dickinson Mutton Wood Merino." Ten to one the name is larger than the individual sheep—and he is a muley. Next.—*Iowa Homestead.*

PATRON'S PAINT WORKS.

MANUFACTURER OF
INGERSOLL'S LIQUID RUBBER PAINT.
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For the Visitor.

Booming Batavia Grange.

Two weeks passed by and we were gathered at Grange Hall to witness the ceremony of the marriage between Mr. Howard Freeman and Miss Betsey Dumond. There was apparently quite a difference of opinion as to how the hall should be arranged for the wedding, but these differences proved to be very trifling after the committee of arrangements had an opportunity to talk the situation over calmly. The decorations were modest and simple, with no attempt at display. Our hall bears an inviting appearance at all times. A few simple adornments added to its natural attraction, was sufficient. A wreath of evergreens decorated the portrait of Washington. The Grange Charter was overhung with a wreath made of branches bearing autumnal leaves inwoven with ripened grain and fruits. Branches of evergreen hung here and there. Growing plants and flowers were brought in by the young people and placed on the altar before which they were to give their marriage vows. I had expressed a desire to be relieved of the labor of caring for guests as they arrived, I felt more like sitting down and looking on, and as there were many ready to take my place I gratified my desire. I was thoroughly intimate with Betsey, and I knew there was a dark cloud resting over this, her wedding day, which would never banish away. Recollection called me back to the days when Howard Freeman was a type of manly excellence and beauty. He found in Betsey an equal and he could not give up till the last hope faded. Appeal followed appeal; in love and singed with disappointment; no one stood in his way; Betsey manifested the same indifference to all the world; again he plead, only again to be refused; no word had ever escaped his lips that would betray his passion for Retsey; an evil genius had been watching their movements and planning their downfall; a letter comes to his hand, it is apparently from Betsey; she makes sport of his passion; an answer is immediately sent demanding an interview and an explanation; then two fiery natures are ablaze; long years have passed; the light of their eyes is fading; how often they have repented they only know. To-night they are to stand before the marriage altar and pledge to each other what yet remains of life. And thus my thoughts carried me along nearly unconscious of what was going on around me. The guests mingled freely, each one interesting his neighbor in his own way. The mingling of their many voices was music to my reflective mind. Parson Bonner arrived sometime in advance of the wedding party, and improved the time in social converse. It is nearly eight o'clock, repeated a lady at my right. The wedding party will soon be here, repeated the second. The time was fast arriving and it made an impress on the gathering. Conversation was held in subdued tones; guests were looking for favorable seats; the Parson seated himself behind the altar, and as the hour approached the gathering quieted down to a death-like silence. The great clock on the wall, with its massive pendulum swinging to and fro tallied the seconds as they went by. Not an audible sound except the ticking of the clock. A tableau thought I, the parson with his clean shaven face and spotless cravat. The organist, the choir, noiseless and motionless, their faces all expectation and just ready to break forth with music and song. The guests with their earnest faces waiting for the clock to announce the hour. We are assured that the wedding will take place at precisely eight o'clock, and we are now ready and waiting. As the door swings open there is a stir in the audience, as each one is anxious to get the first glimpse at the bride

and groom. Their escort of young people leave them at the door and they are conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Bower to the altar where the Parson rises to receive them, and there, with joined hands they give their vows and are pronounced husband and wife. The Parson offers an earnest prayer, asking Divine blessings on the future of the newly wedded pair, and the ceremony closes. Mr. Freeman turned immediately and embraced his wife with a kiss. "There," said he, "I am the first person who ever kissed my wife." With such a jolly beginning all solemnity vanished. Congratulations followed congratulations, parties strove to be just in paying their respects to the bride and groom. I turned to look for Mr. Brown, he was standing by my side, and we joined with the rest in giving a word of encouragement to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. The presents were not costly, they were evidently designed for tokens of remembrance simply. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the Grange, and the balance of the evening was passed in social converse. The choir rendered its selections on all proper occasion, and long shall we remember the first wedding held in Batavia Grange hall.

O. A. V.

[To be Continued.]

Agricultural Press and Political Science.

In the advancing progress of the age the number of agricultural papers that give attention to the elements of political science is increasing and soon it will be impossible to find any agricultural paper which has not taken this forward step. The *Farm, Field and Stockman* has just introduced a department called "Farm Politics" which is edited by Mr. H. H. Haaff. In his salutatory he asks "Why is it that thousands of elegant mansions line the streets of our cities while very few new barns and houses are erected on our farms?" Without answering the question, he indicates the line of his thoughts and convictions by saying that he proposes to work to reduce taxes to a minimum, to find the hidden property of "sneaks" and properly assess it for taxation, to legislate so that the rich and poor may be both protected alike and alike spared the infliction of boodles and combines, to have the government regulate the mineral supplies of the country, and to put all such monopolies as gas, street car lines, etc., in the hands of a strict civil service commission. The field is ample and needs workers, but Brother Haaff has taken upon himself an immense job in righting all of those wrongs.

The Farmers' Education.

We have heard fathers, who were farmers, complain that college education unfitted their boys to be farmers, that mental training engendered a distaste for manual labor and a longing for so-called genteel employment. If this is really the case, it shows that there is something radically wrong either in our system of agriculture or in our system of education.

Surely there is no broader field for the exercise of an active and thoroughly disciplined brain than the management of a farm, be it small or large, affords, and considering the inborn love of country life which nine out of every ten boys born on a farm possess, we are inclined to believe that the fathers are more in fault than the sons do not grow up with a love for agriculture as a pursuit.

Of course it is to be granted that if boys can do something else which is more remunerative than agriculture, it is folly in them to remain on the farm. At present, circumstances are against the farmer, but when the readjustment of conditions comes, agriculture must resume its rank as an industry of sure gains when intelligently conducted. In these trying times the father

should be all the more diligent in instructing his children and taking them into his confidence. If he can teach them how to succeed when the possible margin of profit is at its narrowest, they will be ready to make the most of their knowledge when the "good times" come again.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The meeting of Pomona Grange held here this week has been one of much interest as well as of much social enjoyment. A large number of grangers with their wives and daughters took dinner and supper at the hall on Wednesday, and breakfast and dinner on Thursday. The long tables fairly groaned with good things to eat. The pitchers of solid cream, rolls of sweet golden butter, pumpkin pies and cakes that told of fresh eggs without stint, would have made the good housewives of the village pale with envy, while we will not tantalize them with itemizing the scores of other good things which abounded without measure. The *Herald* is glad to note that this organization is in a most prosperous condition in Grand Traverse county and constantly increasing in numbers, which is as it should be.—*Traverse City Herald*.

BUCHANAN, MICH., Dec. 4th, 1890. ED. VISITOR:—I write to inquire of the cost of packages of the *VISITOR* for free distribution in localities where new granges may be organized. I should like at least a fair proportion of the Nov. 15th and Dec. 1st issues, on account of the discussion of the school question, also oldest issues would be valuable for our purpose. We propose to open the winter campaign for organization in the southern part of our county as soon as the State Grange reports on the "fees" question.

To-day, Mt. Hope and Buchanan Granges met at Mt. Tabor Grange hall and with Mt. Tabor Grange celebrated the 23d anniversary of the organization of the P. of H. Bro. Freeman Franklin, of Buchanan Grange, delivered an address historical and laudatory of the organization, Sister J. H. Royce, of Mt. Hope, a paper, (A Nickel in the Slot) illustrating the eternal fitness of persons and projects. Sister W. M. Tabor, of Mt. Tabor, a paper, "Recollections of 10 years in the Grange," all grand and superb productions. At the close of the meeting a union of the three granges was voted for the purpose of annually celebrating this anniversary at Mt. Tabor Grange hall.

OBSERVER

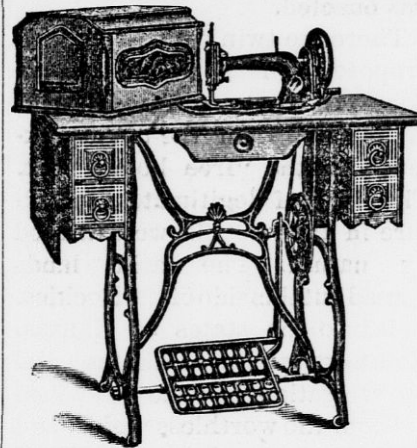
We shall be pleased to furnish packages of the *VISITOR* free to all inquirers, for such purposes, and hope the action of their grange will be imitated in many places throughout the State. ED.

Though the English magnates of fashion decree feather-trimming for dresses this winter, the Princess of Wales has given out that nothing need be submitted for her or her daughters' inspection on which birds are used for ornamentation. Which right course leads "The Christian Inquirer" to observe that as royalty ranges itself on the side of humanity, perhaps some American Christian ladies may decide to discountenance the same barbarity.

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

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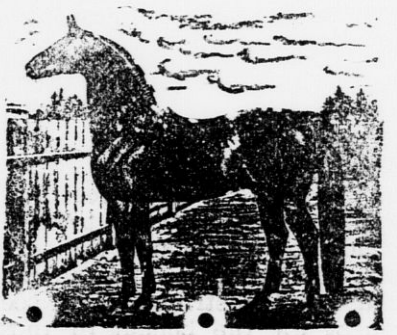
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The Way It Works.

A few years ago the Government and the railroads owned the whole of the treeless tract of land drained by the Missouri river, and its branches, with quite a large area this side of it. Along the railroads for from ten to twelve miles on either side, the two owners were in cahoots regarding the ownership of the land and particularly in its sale. The railroads furnished the trumpet and the wind, and sounded the praises of the joint possession toward every point of the compass far and near. Every loose man in every state, and many who broke loose, fled toward the "Promised Land." This was only six to eight years ago. To-day we read the following in the daily press dispatches:

SEED WHEAT FOR NORTH DAKOTA.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—Representatives Hansbrough of North Dakota to-day introduced in the house a joint resolution appropriating \$500,000 to be expended by direction of the secretary of agriculture in the purchase and distribution of seed wheat for the benefit of those residents of the state of North Dakota who lost their crops by reason of the drought of 1890.

South Dakota is in a worse condition if possible than North Dakota. We are reliably informed by those who have returned, that whole townships, where every section had been located by homestead or pre-emption, are now practically abandoned—less than a dozen voters are left in them. In two townships in Hyde County, South Dakota, there are but 12 voters left. In a letter from that vicinity lately, it is reported that 50 families have departed for the east since election, and the remainder would go if they could get away.

Here are the head lines of an article in the same paper and same date as the above item quoted. "Many Nebraskans destitute. Ten thousand families in the state are reported starving—All crops short."

In this article the Governor discourages appeal to outside states "lest it injure their credit." "Wheat only yielded one, or at most two bushels to the acre." "All the saleable stock has been disposed of, and that remaining is being killed." The committee who make this report say that "the destitution is greater than that caused by the Johnstown flood, or Chicago fire."

This is the result a whole-sale government folly—a free gift changed to a grievous burden. Here was a demand for the government to help the landless to homes, and the government yielded to the clamor. The argument was good, the paternal sentiment was excited and the law was enacted.

There are twin expedients now proposed for consideration in Congress, that are fraught with greater evil than the bounty extended in the "free homes" act. The limit of legitimate agriculture in the west, is well defined by nature. The arid lands spread out this side of the Rockies, well into the states of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas, and the irrigation scheme is evoked to boom the worthless plains, and to give speculators another chance to fleece the immigrants. But the most gigantic bubble that even glittered in the sight of restless humanity, is the two per cent government loan bill. Think of every mortgaged hand in the Republic reaching after a thousand dollar loan. Not only every mortgaged individual, but every speculative farmer who wants cheap money to operate with, will want a loan from the government, and will get it if the bill becomes a law: for the law must be universal in its application. A hundred million, multiplied by ten would not suffice to supply the need, and appease the greed that would seek aid under such a legislative monstrosity. The South Sea Island scheme, added to the loss from frontier projecting, would be a mild reverse, compared with the universal bankruptcy that would prevail when pay day came around, if this ill advised scheme should get votes enough to enact it into law.

We have very little faith in legislation to lift every man into prosperity; the plan proposed is too much like the expedient of the individual who took up an old note by giving a new one and then thanked God that the matter was settled. Those who now are so clamorous for governmental aid, would be among the first to form a party to repudiate the claims and to cancel all government mortgages. The sons whom their fathers have constantly aided, are not the ones who own the paternal acres. They are the rustlers who have "paddled their own canoe."

The men who are pushing this precious scheme, are pandering to the prejudices of a restless population for the purpose of becoming leaders in a popular movement. They pine for "a little brief authority, and expect some new movement to foist them into positions where they can exercise it.

Michigan has an occasional bad season, but not enough of them to hatch out a discontent that will affiliate with or have sympathy for such foul brood.

A Legal Question.

We have been asked to answer the following:

I would like an answer to a legal question: A man has lands with a ridge running across it, and on both sides of said ridge he had been assessed for drainage purposes. Could he be held for damage if he should dig through said ridge, so as to change either course of water.

He could not, if changing the course of either stream did not effect his neighbors interest. If the owner of adjoining lands was depending on the water in any way for his use and our correspondent should cut off the usual and natural supply, then a demand for damages would hold.

But if on the other hand no damage to the neighbors, interest could be proved, he would be at liberty to serve his own purpose in any way he chose on his own land, but could not escape taxation by this expedient, after the tax was levied. The case may be a different one than we have assumed from the statement, and the answer of no value.

State Grange Items.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

As usual on such occasions there was no lack of candidates. The qualifications of each were discussed privately and some speech making indulged in before the vote, which turned the sentiment in favor of Thos. Mars, the former incumbent. This occasioned just enough flurry of excitement to make the occasion of interest, but the turbulent waves soon settled into the usual placid condition, to be stirred again by the succeeding ballots for the remaining officers.

The following is the correct list:

W. M.—Thomas Mars.
Overseer—M. T. Cole.
Lecturer—A. J. Crosby.
Treasurer—E. A. Strong.
Secretary—Jennie Buell.
Chaplain—John Passmore.
Steward—A. P. Gray.
Ass't Steward—W. E. Stocking.
Gate Keeper—George Carlisle.
Ceres—Mrs. W. E. Wright.
Pomona—Mrs. W. C. Stewart.
Flora—Mrs. C. C. Poorman.
Lady Ass't—Mrs. W. E. Stocking.

A long and earnest discussion ensued upon the report of the Committee on By-Laws, of State Grange, regarding the reduction of fees to subordinate Granges. The report recommended that fees for men be fixed at \$1.50, and 75 cents for women. An amendment was carried changing the figures to \$1.00 and 50 cents respectively, on a close vote. The final action on the amendment to the By-Laws, which required a two-thirds majority, had not been called up at the hour at which we were compelled to leave. We learn at the last moment that the matter stands as reported by the committee.

We wish to urge upon the several Granges of the State the importance of sending the VISITOR to every family represented by the membership. The offer is still open to furnish the VISITOR for 40 cents each where the Grange takes the money from the treasury for that purpose. The inducement offered by the Grange to its members, is in lieu of a years dues paid in advance. This stimulates advance payments, and the VISITOR gets the names all in a bunch, and the renewals come regularly, and we can afford the reduction if the names all come at one time, but we cannot send single numbers at that rate.

The entertainment given by the singers from Paw Paw at the State Grange meeting was unanimously pronounced to be the best ever furnished. They were prompt at all calls for music, and seemed to meet the case with appropriate songs—serious and sentimental, or comic, without coarseness—every occasion had a fit ending.

Mrs. G. E. Gilman recited "Justice," or Miss Columbia's Spelling Class, where the farmer was represented at the foot, with Banker, Lawyer, Middleman and Railroad King ranging above him. They each gave the definition of the word "Justice," but

Frank Farmer defined it so accurately that Miss Columbia gave the order to "March up head."

President Clute, of the Agricultural College, was present at several of the sessions of the State Grange, and took part in the discussions. He also took the 6th degree.

The memorial service in honor of Bro. Chas. E. Mickley, deceased, on Wednesday evening, was very impressive. G. B. Horton presented the resolution of respect and honor, and responses were heard from J. J. Woodman, Mrs. Mayo, Gov. Luce, Judge Ramsdell and M. T. Cole. The resolution was adopted by a rising vote. The solemnity of the occasion seemed to pervade the after business of the meeting, and all felt that a good and wise man had departed and that the tribute was well deserved.

Gov. Luce gave a reception on Thursday at the Executive parlors at the capitol, and greeted his many friends with a hearty hand-shake. He presented each with a copy of Michigan Biographies, as a souvenir of the occasion.

Hudson House and the Van Dyne seem to be favorite quarters for members of the order when in Lansing, and the proprietors of each appreciate such guests, as they are always good natured, and not easily disturbed by any seeming lack of attention in a crowded house.

Parson's Business College.

We stopped an hour at Kalamazoo on our return from the State Grange and looked over the very complete equipment of Parson's business college in the rooms of the Chase block built for the Masonic Temple. Some hitch in the agreement between the builder and the society, dissolved the contract, and thus left model rooms for the accommodation of this admirably managed school. Here all the practical forms of business are conducted, legislative assemblies are organized, township meetings illustrated and all forms of business attended to in a practical manner.

The rooms were filled with young ladies and gentlemen, learning type-writing, short-hand reporting, telegraphy and the germane branches of education necessary for rounding out the practical business of life. It would seem that this would be a very proper place for acquiring practical knowledge, and putting in the winter months to good advantage.

Woman's Work in the Grange.

In this line of work, recently instituted by our order, there seems to be a lack of conception as to what is expected on the part of the rank and file of the members. We can not lay down a line of work that shall be closely adhered to by all for various reasons. All Granges have not the same needs, neither have all the same talents. What may be perfectly practicable and commendable in one Grange may not be in others. Patrons, you know your needs and capacity a great deal better than any one can tell you. And the best advice we can give you is to know yourselves, what you need and then do it. Let the masters appoint three good, sharp women to constitute his committee on woman's work, women who possess that heavenly gift of tact; who have executive ability and who will work. They must determine upon the most prominent needs of their Grange and then with all their ability, all their tact and all their force let them labor for the

promotion of their object.

A few suggestions as to what other Granges have done may be of help to some to know what they can do. Where the treasury of the Grange has been low, the committee on woman's work has, through the means of socials, added a nice little sum that has materially aided the whole. All have been benefitted, both by the social features and the result in dollars and cents. Others have pieced handsome quilts and so disposed of them as to add to their treasury. When cultivation in the line of literary work has been needed, the sisters have united their efforts in that direction, and many an evening has been made pleasant and profitable by this proceeding. When Grange halls lacked adornment the sisters have expended time, energy and some money, and the effect has been most satisfactory. Others have gone outside the order into needy homes, into hospitals for the sick and infirm, and truly, into the by-ways and hedges of life. Fruits, flowers and delicacies have been carried with loving tenderness to the destitute sick, and no one can tell with what gratitude they have been received. Pain, suffering and loneliness have been mitigated and the thought that some one cared for them has made sick beds less painful, and even dying beds less lonely and sad. Who can estimate the worth of such work as this?

Letters have been received from friends who are interested in children's homes and orphan asylums in some of the cities asking if some provision could not be made among the farmers so that an "outing" into the country could be given some of these little ones who have never played upon God's green grass, or plucked a growing flower; never sat at a well-spread table, or lived a single day in the country. We would urge that every Grange in the State provide next summer for the caring for of at least one child for a month, and give it such a good time on the farm as shall always be a bright spot in the memory of its life. Yours for the work,

MARY A. MAYO.

"A Merry Christmas!" is the cherry greeting shining from every page of that ideal monthly, Demorest's Family Magazine, the December number of which—a genuine holiday number—is just at hand. What one will not know about preparing for Christmas, about trimming the tree and suitable gifts and good cheer and how to heartily enjoy the merry Christmas-tide, after reading this charming Magazine, is not worth knowing. "Lighting the Way for Santa Claus" is the very appropriate introductory water-color, the rich humor of which will be highly appreciated by the little ones and "children of a larger growth" as well; and the page engraving that follows, "Raphael Painting the Virgin and Child," is from a noted painting, and will be appreciated for its historic value as well as its beauty. Besides these, there are at least two hundred and fifty other handsome illustrations, for this representative Family Magazine is noted for the quantity and good quality of its pictures.

"In the Streets of Paris" is a profusely illustrated article, in reading which one is in fancy transported to that charming city; and if one prefers to visit nearer home, the description and exquisite pictures of the Washington residence of Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin, afford a revelation of beauty. There are splendid stories and poems, and every Department is brim full of just what you want to know in its special line. "Sanitarian" treats of that sad affliction "Obesity," and the common-sense treatment recommended is bound to be efficacious; and "Our Girls" will be delighted with the comedietta in their special department. But our advice is, subscribe for this splendid Magazine, and you can have a rare treat each month. It is only \$2 a year, and is published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street New York.

From 1st page.

possible that those who do draft it will not agree with him on this point. Will Mr. Hodgman guarantee that the measure shall be changed in the line he suggests when it is introduced this winter? But suppose it is changed; then what if the measure is passed? Is there a single agricultural township in this state that will adopt the system? I ask Mr. Hodgman to name a township that would try the system. I say it would be a dead letter on the statute books. Who would advocate the passage of such a law?

If the country districts of any township desire to try this plan let them ask for the passage of an act allowing them to do so. Alpena township in this state did this very thing a few years ago and adopted the unit plan, got sick of it, had the law repealed and went back to the old district system. Any township desiring the same experience can do likewise. What specific advantages can we enjoy under this new law that we cannot have under the present one? This question has not yet been answered. Finding fault with the present plan does not prove the new one to be better.

Mr. Hodgman says it has worked well in other states. Perhaps he has not seen all the evidence on that subject. Let him present the evidence on his side and that on the other will follow and the readers of the VISITOR may judge for themselves. JASON WOODMAN.

ED. VISITOR:—I have no desire to enter into an extended discussion of this school question, but I wish to call your attention to two statements near the close of brother H's long article: He says, "We are told by the official authorities in those states (where it has been tried) that it does work well," etc. These officials sitting in their offices at the Capitol of the State and forming their opinions from the reports as sent in, are no doubt well pleased, for nicer reports could be made up under such a law than under our system, but there is a large margin between the school itself and the appearance of a report. A little further on he says: "No system will secure good schools where the people themselves are indifferent and not in earnest to have them." Now, the point we claim is, that the farther the school government is from the people, the more indifferent they will be. Will Bro. H. please give the salient points of such a law as would suit him, and the advantages thereof to the people, not the officials. I. P. BATES.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been a much interested reader of the articles in the VISITOR in which the Township Unit School System is being discussed. Now if this discussion should arouse more interest among farmers and patrons of the rural districts in the common schools, I believe that there would soon be a radical change in our present school system.

The public school of to day is a public school in an entirely different sense from what it was one hundred or even fifty years ago. Then it was maintained for the well being of the child, now for the safety of the State. Then it was supported by private contributions, its advantages were bought and paid for like any marketable commodities, or it was maintained as a public charity for the help of the poor. Now it is supported in a different manner, and upon the ground that it is a thing essential to the promotion of good citizenship, to the protection of property, to the safety and preservation of the State.

The educational systems of to day are the results of long years of growth, having passed through many changes in reaching their present state of completeness and efficiency. Although in every way more perfect and efficient than those of any preceding age, still the systems of to day have not reached their highest degree of efficiency nor are they to be considered as a finished product.

In obedience to the great law of progress, they must continue

the work of change and improvement to meet the demands of the onward march of civilization. Marvelous as has been the growth of popular education, the public school system is, comparatively speaking, yet in its first stage of development and usefulness. It must go forward with the work of improvement as public sentiment becomes more liberal, stronger, and enlightened. Many obstacles that now clog the wheel of progress must be removed, some by the force of public sentiment and some by legislation. The educational interests of a people are matters of the first and highest consideration.

The public school system was established because it is necessary to the public welfare, and any failure, therefore, to provide for its highest efficiency, is a failure thus far to provide for the public welfare. Through the agency of the public school every child is expected to receive that elementary training which forms the necessary qualification for future citizenship and usefulness, and the people should see that every child receives the advantage of training, and in order that the child may receive the best of training, it is evident that it should have the best school to be trained in, and good schools are brought about only by having a good system.

By some it is said, "The present system is good enough." Proverbially this is an admission that it can be bettered, and we believe so; and we also believe that the agencies for the improvement of our schools are found in the township system, and we do not feel alone in this belief, for we find the plan of township districts highly recommended by the following State Superintendents of Public Instruction: John W. Dickinson, of Mass., S. B. Morgan, of West Va., C. D. Hine, of Conn., F. H. Smith, of Tenn., S. Palmer, Ala., T. B. Stockwell, of R. I., J. B. Thayer, of Wis., J. Dratt, of Vt., J. Q. Stewart, of Penn., N. A. Luce, of Me., J. W. Patterson, of N. H., J. W. Akers, of Iowa, Holcombe, of Indiana, and many other people who are closely connected with our public schools. Now, if I were unable to form an opinion from my own knowledge as to which of the two systems would be more beneficial, I surely would be more willing to base a decision upon the judgment of the above named gentlemen, than upon the judgment of the "good enough" farmer who never visits his school and only attends school meetings, when he learns there is money to be raised to build a wood-shed, to vote in the negative. W. S. WOTRING.

LANSING, Dec. 3, 1890, ED. VISITOR: Outside of Ingham County one might suppose that our Pomona Grange was defunct, but they who attended the last meeting at Alaiedon, Nov. 28 and 29, certainly had no difficulty in learning the contrary. Our sessions opened Friday evening with an address by our honored friend and brother J. H. Forster in which he discussed and finally presented the following questions in the form of two resolutions.

Resolved, that the Ingham County Pomona Grange is strenuously opposed to Governmental aid in behalf of any and all schemes looking to the irrigation of the arid lands of the West under the plea of "development" or any other plea.

Resolved, that we call for the immediate repeal of the Bill, approved Aug. 3, 1890, which appropriates \$325,000 for irrigation surveys.

After the address the officers for 1891 were elected. The Master, Treasurer and Secretary were re-elected, and Brother J. H. F. Mullett was chosen Lecturer. Following election the fifth degree was conferred on five candidates, and at one o'clock in the night we reached the homes of our genial hosts where we were entertained in a most hospitable manner until time for the morning session to begin.

Mr. J. W. Toumey opened the Saturday's meeting with an interesting paper on some of the possibilities of Agriculture. He spoke of the growing interest in Agriculture manifest in experimental stations and the attention paid to its promotion by the

scientist and inventor. A few interesting statistics were presented to prove that we were rapidly nearing the time when our own continent would use all our farm produce, that we have already passed the greatest limit of wheat export and as the market garden is taking the place of the wheatfield the line of import is moving westward.

The great increase of population will soon take up all of the cheap lands and the period of Agricultural depression be a thing of the past.

Miss Carrie Havens followed with a very complete direction for "What to Read," in which she evinced a familiarity with authors and books that a professor of literature would be proud to possess.

The recitation by Miss Maude Stevens was of much interest particularly to farmers.

Pro. Taft's sixty minute talk on orchards was complete instructions for selecting, planting, and caring for an orchard. It would be impossible to give a synopsis of it without presenting the whole lecture. Its value and the attention it attracted was plainly manifest in the perfect silence which prevailed during the entire hour and the many remarks of gratitude for the lessons which followed.

The government control of railroads was first discussed by Brother Lawrence, and afterwards by several members, both sides of the question being very ably presented. At the conclusion a vote was taken which resulted 55 per cent in favor and 45 per cent opposed to the Government control of the railroads.

The meeting upon the whole was a very successful one and showed that there were still some good Granges in Ingham County. J. D. TOWAR.

Address of Welcome read before Decatur Grange by Henry Brown to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Hall, after they had taken the 4th degree.

BROTHER AND SISTER:—Welcome to our order. We feel as though every new acquisition was another strand in the great cable of human rights; another hand in the army of co-operation to protect our rights and our liberties from the drones of earth that have so long fed and subsisted upon the products of the laborer. Agriculture is the foundation of the great Temple of Human Industry; on it rests the life and destinies of our manufactures and our commerce. Without it man would be a savage, and our flocks be running wild in the mountains and forests. Thousands of years has agriculture been struggling to supply the necessities of life for man and beast, only to be oppressed and ground down by those who subsist upon its bounties.

Not until the old Grange ship made her appearance on the great sea of life, battling with the briny waves of oppression, did the farmer know his strength, or the power resting in his own hands to make agriculture respectable, and to be respected in the great transactions of the world.

The Grange has the honor of pioneering in the great movement in organizing for the protection of the farmer and instituting a school in the greatest and most important business of the world. Numerous other organizations are awakening to the dangers that are surrounding their homes and are starting out, shoulder to shoulder, for the same great purpose—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Already their united effort is shaking the rotten timbers of the old castle of Party. Shylocks are watching the coming storm; millionaires and bankers are watching still closer their bags of gold, and office-seekers are brooding over their lost prospects; but the people are awakening and the right is bound to triumph.

Life is a wonderful problem to solve. All our acts here are woven into the web of life. Nature has furnished the warp, with its silken threads, for man to fill in, with good or ill. As we fill in with love and charity, good will and kindness, so in proportion will life's fabric sparkle with the threads of silver and gold, and when we have finished our work and are called to the Evergreen Shore, we shall find our garments, made from Earth's fabric, waiting and reflecting the good or bad deeds of Life. Then, let not our hands slacken in the good work, for our help is wanted in the great field of reform and the up-building of a better world.

Children in our cities, clothed in rags, are obliged to work from early morn until the advancing hours of night bring rest. Thus life goes on, without schools, without the blessings of life to turn away the wolf of hunger. Life becomes almost a blank to satisfy the greed of an unfeeling world. O, that Bellamy's dream might become a reality! When charity and brotherly kindness would spread their white wings over the toiling world of humanity. Slowly, but surely, is that day advancing. Step by step, up through the fogs and heterogeneous conditions of life, from the early days of man's existence, when agriculture slumbered in the future for the advancing man to develop. From that rude state it has advanced to the high standard of the present day.

Not only the great improvement in labor-saving machinery is adding new life to the world, but its social, political and religious departments are stirring up the muddy waters of the ignorant and bigoted past, and it becomes us to be on the watch-tower as these great questions come to the front for our consideration. Action is the legitimate outcome of organization; progress the legitimate outcome of life, and in the silent rocks of earth we see her tracks, as they wend their way to the higher conditions of life. So with man, we leave our footprints as we advance in life's pathway.

The great departments of life are all aglow with the light of the coming morn. If we would have real reform, if we would snatch our children from ignorance, if we would have homes where comfort and happiness dwell, we must have financial reform and labor reform. Prohibition, Sunday laws, jails and prisons never will accomplish the great work of reform; never will keep our children from ignorance, our brothers from crime, our sisters from poverty. When poverty and riches ran side by side, kings and nobles luxuriated in purple and gold, while poverty, rags and filth patrolled their streets till they could withstand the heavy hand of the oppressor no longer, then were wrongs righted. In this age of the world, the ballot is the arbiter between man and the implements of blood. Let us be wise and use it for that purpose, instead of putting it into the hands of designing demagogues to oppress us.

The "Talleyrand Memoirs" in the Century.

The Century magazine is running a fast press day and night in order to print the first instalment of the delayed "Talleyrand Memoirs" in the January number. This same magazine was the first to print, before its appearance in France, the life of the great French artist, Jean Francois Millet, and now the Century is to bring to light before they appear in any other country the long-hidden memoirs of the most famous of French diplomats. This first article will be preceded by what is said to be a brilliant pen portrait of Talleyrand, by Minister Whitelaw Reid, who has made the selections from the most interesting chapters of the first volume.

The first instalment of selections from the "Memoirs of Talleyrand," which is to appear in the January Century, will contain a sketch of the author's strange and lonely childhood, an account of his entry into Parisian society, his estimate of La Fayette, some account of the beginnings of the French Revolution, a striking passage concerning the Duke of Orleans; an account of Talleyrand's residence in England and America, and of a most interesting conversation between Talleyrand and Hamilton on the subject of free trade and protection.

The members of Flushing Grange will hold a social and Christmas festival at their hall on Christmas eve, eat chicken pie and be becomingly astonished with presents coming from the family.

\$30,000,000.

Jay Gould made \$30,000,000 the other day. It is spoken of by the press in about the same way as we would speak of a man selling a house and making five hundred. Jay Gould made thirty millions of dollars the other day. How? While making it, did he contribute anything to the wealth and happiness of the people? If the farmer succeeds in making any profit at all, he at the same time does something that is valuable to the community. If the manufacturer makes even an unreasonable profit he helps to make others rich and more comfortable. But is there a man, woman or child on the face of the earth—outside the Gould family—who has been benefited one iota by Mr. Gould's accumulation of another \$30,000,000? Mr. Gould made \$30,000,000 the other day! What did he do that was so immensely profitable? Well, he did this: Concluding that he would like to possess himself of certain railroad properties, he went into Wall street with his peculiar methods and ran down the price of stocks, which in many cases were held by men and women who believed that they were good investments, because the roads in question were doing a good business, and because there was no good reason why they should not continue to do a good business. They had invested their money in these stocks as a legitimate business transaction. Gould wanted the stock; he wanted it at a low figure, and so with the power of his immense fortune he began to depress the price. In plain, unvarnished language Jay Gould sought to possess himself of property to which he had no more moral right than the pick-pocket has to the pocketbook and its contents which he takes from the pocket of his victim. When he had succeeded in getting the price down as low as he wanted it, he bought the stock. Jay Gould made \$30,000,000 the other day; and that is the way he made it. It is not so very difficult to make money by such a method. It principally requires gall and an easy conscience. Other men have made a good deal of money from time to time. A New York bank cashier made a few hundred thousand dollars the other day. It was easy. He simply took the money belonging to other people and went to Canada. Young Ward, of Grant & Ward notoriety, made a large sum of money "the other day." He robbed Gen Grant and everybody he came in contact with. Harper made a big profit "the other day," but every cent he made was a forced loan from somebody else.

Old Shylock is regarded with contempt simply because he wanted his pound of flesh. But the bond gave it to him. His debtor made a contract. There is no contract to warrant Jay Gould in whetting his knife for the purpose of carving his victim. He simply strolls forth and lays his hand on what he wants; and this sleek, cunning, audacious plunderer has been permitted to go unwhipped of justice all these years. It seems almost incredible; it would appear to be unimpeachable evidence of the utter stupidity and idiocy of this American people; and it is unquestionably evidence of the fact that well-clothed, brazen dishonesty passes as the spirit of enterprise in this country. And now it is further announced that the dark conspirator against the people means to form a railroad trust, through which to rob the people perpetually. He means, if possible, to do with the railroad as he has done with the telegraph, make it a weapon for the brigand to use. Will the people stand it? We do not believe it, and if the government permits this man to go on with the accomplishment of his designs, it will find that there will be a much larger political rumpus in this country than the McKinley bill is supposed to have caused.—Western Rural.

Ladies' Department.

December.

Briskly he treads the frosted earth,
In haste to bring the days of mirth,
The joyous time of holy cheer;
He leaves behind the autumn dearth,
With moaning winds and falling tear.

A sunny face is his, though cold
May seem his heart, and he so old,
The bearded monarch, white with snows
Of winter, as he walks the world,
Or tries the life the city knows.

His is the sway of right goodwill
Divinely bidden hearts to fill;
And his the gift of peace to men
From One whose birth may well instill
Such blessings for our practice, then.

While twining boughs of evergreen
To grace the sanctuaries seen
By throngs of people met for praise,
Tis meet to knot quite fast, I ween,
Kind thought and deed, that love upraise.

December is the time to bring
Our deeds to light with numbering
Of merries had from heaven's store;
So we may to the sweetness cling
That teaches how to gather more.
—Hazel Wilde.

The Pale Cast of Thought.

There was a task for me, and I arose
To meet it, for it stood before me clear;
In the night watches I had heard it close
Beside the pillow, whispering in my ear.
But in the morning other whispers came,
Blowing this way and that, until I grew
Full of all doubt, and nothing seemed the same;
So I lost sight of that I had to do;
Light reasonings decoyed me, one by one,
And then the sun set, with my task not done.
Then did I know how I had lived in vain,
And clearly see my steps had turned astray;
For there be paths that in the dark lie plain,
Yet grow invisible when shines the day.
—Owen Wister, in *Lippincott*.

Looking Pretty.

Do I like to see people look pretty? Of course I do. The favored few whom nature has blessed with perfect features and a spotless complexion have the advantage over their plainer sisters. The talisman is always within their reach. But yet in my opinion many a plainer face and less perfect form have really looked pretty. Let me tell you wherein I think lies the secret of looking pretty: "Good taste." The man or woman that is blessed with a keen sense of the appropriateness of things pertaining to dress, may look well. They must understand the blending of colors, and that a stout figure cannot be clothed in the garb of a thinner one. Also that one fashion of arranging the hair and making the dress will not do for all. In short, we must all understand our own making, study it if you please, so that we may know just what is becoming to us. This is soon acquired; we do not need to spend much of our time to know this. The trouble is, we do not heed that which we know. Have we not all met people that have really made us uncomfortable and nervous just from the incongruity of their dress, ill fitted and unbecoming in every way. The fault was not in the material, that was rich and expensive, but in the make, color and style, not one bit of taste displayed in either. There has been untold unhappiness in many a home just from the slovenly habits and appearance of one party or the other. You may think it a matter of little importance, but to a sensitive mind these things grate terribly; very many times it is the little things that aggravate the most. In times gone by it was thought very much out of place for an elderly lady to dress at all like the younger ones; at forty or thereabouts, she must don her lace cap, dress her hair in the plainest possible way; not a loop or ruffle must adorn her dress; in fact, none of the bright, pretty things were for her. But now how changed; and to my mind never did the old ladies look so nice. I do not wish to be understood that I like to see an old lady dressed like a girl of sixteen, not by any means; but there are very many pretty things that are appropriate for elderly ladies, and I for one like to see them wear them. I think we have acquired that dread of growing old, partially from the idea that we must necessarily look so terribly. Gray hairs lose their dread when dressed tastefully. Many a mother has tried to crush out this God-given instinct from her daughter's mind, as sinful and wrong. This love for the beautiful, this desire to robe herself in the beautiful things she finds all about her, is just as natural as the air she breathes and all perfectly right, when toned down by good sense and a mature judgment.

Sisters, make yourselves attractive: your children will love you better. Have you not noticed the proud look of son or daughter when mother looked pretty. It is a terrible thing for a child to be ashamed of its mother, but many times it is her fault, I suppose. Husbands like to see their wives look pretty but they don't very often say anything about it; it's merely a supposition on our part; least the gentlemen think this wholly one-sided, a word to them. No gentlemen! we don't want to see you look pretty; I prefer the word nice. You know there is just a little conceit in your makeup, and when one of your sex has gotten into the way of thinking he is pretty he has outlived his usefulness. But this is not all one-sided by any means. It does not clear you from any responsibility in the matter. It is just as essential that you look nice as that a woman should look pretty. Some men seem to think that it is not at all necessary that they should have any care about their dress; it is all right for the woman but too much of an effort for them. Many a woman has lost what pride she had and fallen into ways of carelessness just because her husband never would take any pains with his personal appearance. It is just as easy when you buy a suit of clothes to get something becoming in style and color as to do any other way. Do not get something outlandish just because it's a little cheaper. It is just as easy for a farmer to look nice as any other class of men. Yet I do believe they are the most careless as to their appearance. They can at least look tidy, neat and clean. I am sure wives will appreciate all such effects. I think I hear some one say: "handsome is that handsome does." I certainly admire beautiful characters, and there are cases when the beauty of the soul shines out so brilliantly that the dress is not thought of, but in the majority of cases, dress has its influence. I don't wish to be understood that people are to be estimated by their dress alone by any means, but it has its weight, and is an index to certain traits of character every time. Nor that to look pretty should be a woman's chief aim in life, but that it is our duty, at all times, to look as well as possible.

MRS. M. L. VAHUE

Household Economy.

This subject has been handled so ably by so many others, and worn so threadbare by practical experience that I do not expect to present any new thoughts to my readers.

According to Webster's definition, economy means the careful use of money—judicious management of a house. Now, what would be economy for one family might not be practised with beneficial results by another, as we are largely governed by circumstances. But we all agree that true economy is the avoidance of all waste, and use of our money to the best advantage. A household, I understand, does not only mean the wife and mother, but the husband and children also, in fact, all the inmates of the home circle. But as the wife is the one expected to manage the house, on her shoulders seems to rest the blame if things go wrong, even as in days of yore did our respected father Adam lay all the fault to Eve for committing the deed that he had not the courage to do.

I sometimes think farmers as a class understand practical economy in its fullest sense better than any other class of people. The majority of them commence life with small beginnings. A few acres are bought, a small payment made and the husband and wife understand intuitively what that means to them if they would be successful in making a home. And we can look all over this fair land and see what perseverance and economy has done and will do to the end of time. Those who are engaged in professional pursuits and the common day laborers have more of the comforts and even luxuries of life from day to day than does the farmer and his family. Why? Because for his labor he receives his pay as he goes along and does not have to depend on a wheat or bean crop which is to

be held for the highest market price, and in the meantime the housewife is scrimping and calculating in every way to make the family decently comfortable until better prices are realized, when, really, the waste of the crop thus held would have clothed the family well and saved all this mental strain.

Economy does not consist in starving either mind or body.

As much of our comfort and health depends upon the table and manner in which it is supplied, it is well to study to make up by cunning skill in preparation of food which shall be both healthful and appetizing. Good food makes good blood and good blood good brain, says somebody, and so say we. There is no excuse for bad cooking. Every housekeeper can by a little pains taking become a good cook and not be extravagant—I do not advocate cakes made without eggs, and cookies and pies with only half the required amount of sugar, even if eggs are 20 cents per dozen and no matter what you pay for sugar. Better have less and have that little good.

A young school girl who lived near the school house remarked that she wished she lived far enough away so that she could carry her dinner and she would have pie and cake all the time. Too much scrimping at the table is not good economy.

I would have plenty of good reading matter in the home. As we judge a person by the company he keeps, so by the books and papers we find in a home do we judge the character of its inmates.

It seems to me that our farmers' clubs have been great educators in the way of introducing good literature into our country homes, and there seems to be a more lively interest than formerly in both the social and political problems of the day, and money spent in buying books or music for our children that will cultivate the intellect and refine the mind surely must be a wise investment.

There is one more point I will touch lightly upon. It is that the farmer's wife should not only care prudently for her family, but she should not neglect to care for herself. It is a duty she owes to herself, her family and to society that she should be careful of her strength, be tidy and neat about the house, that she may set a good example before her children, and read sufficiently that she may be companionable for her husband, provided he be of a literary turn of mind.

Buy all the latest improvements for doing housework, even to the patent dish washer, and your husband will vote you a jewel of rare value, and a great economist. MRS. C. O. NASH.

A Feminine Failing.

"It's a queer thing to me that you women can't get together for ten minutes without gossiping about somebody," said Bixby, in a tone of disgust to his wife, after a lady caller had left his house the other day. "I believe that if there were but three women on the face of the earth two of them would get together and gossip about the other one. It's born in you women to gossip. Thank Heaven it isn't a masculine failing. Whatever our faults may be we don't gossip!"

And, half an hour later, Mr. Bixby and an acquaintance of his were carrying on the following conversation while being shaved in neighboring chairs at the barber's. Bixby began it by saying:

"Wonder if that story about Jenkins and his wife is true?"

"What story?"

"Why, haven't you heard it? It's town talk!"

"I haven't heard any thing. Let's have it?"

"Why, they say his wife thinks of leaving him."

"No?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if it was true, from certain little things I happen to know."

"What do you know?"

"Oh, I don't believe I care to say any thing at present. It isn't always best to tell all a fellow knows. But, to tell the truth, somehow I never did think much of Jenkins. Did you?"

"Oh, I don't know. He always

seemed a pretty decent sort of a fellow to me."

"Well, I always had my own private opinion of him. I hear he owes bills all over town."

"That so?"

"Yes, I know of three or four myself. I guess he's a fellow who likes to fly pretty high; and they say his wife's fearfully extravagant."

"She is?"

"Yes and I guess they have some pretty high old times when the bills come in. Say, did you ever see Jenkins with too much fire-water on board?"

"No; don't know as I ever did."

"Well, I have; and more than once, too. I've an idea that's had a good deal to do with the trouble between him and his wife."

"Perhaps so."

"I'm pretty sure of it. May be I can tell you more the next time I see you."

"Do."

"All right."—*Drake's Magazine*.

Waiting.

Few words in the English language have so great significance as the word waiting, and few whose significance is so universally felt. It touches the loftiest intellect, and is felt no less by the humblest. Life is made up of waiting. We wait with tired brain and weary body for the falling of the shades of night which shut out the turmoil of day, and wrap the world in peaceful slumbers. Watching by the sick bed of a friend, or racked by suffering, we wait for the rosy dawn which shall dispel the shadows, that grow more weird as the night wanes. We wait for tidings from our absent ones; we wait for their return, sending far out our anxious gaze to catch the first glimpse of their families forms. We wait for the development of infancy into intelligent childhood, and we wait for the fruition of our hopes in the perfect manhood or womanhood of those we nurtured in our bosom. We wait for success in our undertakings; we wait while the wheel of time, slowly and surely turning, brings us the good we desire or crushes plans long and fondly cherished. But this need be no idle cheerless waiting. Not idle, for there is a work for us to do in the furtherance of the desired development; in the realization of the cherished plans. Not cheerless, for there is an angel ever by our side whose name is Hope, at all times ready to send, through the open doorway of our heart, her sweet influence to brighten the way and cheer us with sweet visions of the future.

Famous Yet Unknown.

The wife of a famous man will oftentimes be completely hidden by the dazzle of her husband's fame, and it is astonishing how little is known of those women whose husband's names are household words throughout the country. While the newspapers teem with the name of Thomas A. Edison, nothing is comparatively known or heard of Mrs. Edison. Every newspaper reader knows the name of Chauncey M. Depew, but of Mrs. Depew only the most casual reference is made. Even in England, no one ever hears of Lady Tennyson, or of Mrs. Gladstone. And the same is true of the wives of such men as P. T. Barnum, Will Carleton, John Wanamaker, Spurgeon, W. D. Howells, Dr. Talmage, "Mark Twain," and James G. Blaine. Often these very wives have been the makers of their husbands' careers. Their portraits are even less known than their lives. In a splendid series to be called "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men," *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, will, during next year, sketch all these women and others, presenting their portraits, in many cases, for the first time to the public.

Those Two-Dollar Bills.

A young man named Johnson, in Chicago, who was drawing a liberal salary: told his wife that every \$2 bill that came to him should be hers for pin money. Gradually Mr. Johnson's friends learned of the promise, and began to conspire to help out the popular young lady. If they owed their friend anything they invariably paid him in two dollar bills. Finally

they got to borrowing from him on purpose to liquidate in this way, and, still unsuspecting, Mr. Johnson continued to allow the bills to flow into the willing lap of his better half. Finally the cashier of the firm that employed him learned of the generous promise, and he too, entered the conspiracy, and the next pay day handed Mr. Johnson a roll that staggered him. Every dollar of it was in the denomination of "two." Sweating under the burden, the repentent husband wended his way homeward. "Mary," he said, as he met her at the door, "I've got to break my promise with you, for the government at Washington has ceased to print any money except in \$2 bills. Gold and silver have gone out of circulation entirely. Nothing left, if you will believe me, but copper and \$2 bills. I'm sorry, but I must break my promise, or else go into bankruptcy. Can't we compromise the matter in some way, as, for instance, my giving you regularly \$50 a week?" They compromised.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Hair-Pin a Handy Thing.

What the jack-knife is to the average school-boy, the hair-pin is to the school-girl. She does not use it to whittle with, since girls usually have a horror of that boyish accomplishment; but she has duties which are just as imperative, and the hair-pin is her ever-ready implement. She has no pocket suitable for carrying a jack-knife, but her braids or twists furnish abundant room for stowing away a few extra hair-pins, and it is the handiest thing in the world to take them out, use them, and return them. What does she do with them? mayhap our bachelor friend will ask. Button her shoes and her gloves, use them for hooks, safety-pins and ordinary pins, if the original articles are not at hand; fastens her pictures to the walls, secures her bric-a-brac, adjusts her curtains, fastens her window in whatever position she wishes, renders the lock of her door burglar-proof by thrusting a hair-pin into it, or if she has lost her key or lent it, picks locks, mends broken hinges, repairs her parasol, secures an awkward bundle, and by bending and twisting them makes more handy things than a carpenter could get into a tool-chest in the ordinary line.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Mince Pie Recipe.

The following is a recipe for mince pie mixture, made after the fashion of the dames of old New England: Get six pounds of juicy beef, boil and chop fine. It must be borne in mind that the meat in boiling loses about half its weight, so for three pounds after it is chopped fine and cleared of gristle double the quantity must be boiled, the liquor making good stock. Chop fine two pounds of beef suet, six pounds of tart apples, peeled and cored, seed two pounds of raisins and wash thoroughly two pounds of currants, cut one-half pound of citron in thin strips and mix all these ingredients together with one teaspoonful of salt, ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon each one ounce. Put three quarts of cider over the fire with three pounds of C sugar; skim and pour boiling hot through a fine strainer over the mixed material; add one large cup of New Orleans molasses and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Stir well and pack in air-tight jars.

In our reach after something beyond, and our struggle for the better things we desire, there is danger of overlooking the blessings lying all about our pathway, which make life a daily comfort and joy. These common blessings of life, the comforts we share with the world at large, we do not realize their value unless we are in some way deprived of them. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the home and friends that have been ours since childhood days, we think of them as a part of life, and because of their very commonness, we fail to remember them as blessings, and give that name only to something unusual, or out of the common course of events.—*M. W. R. in Michigan Farmer Household*.

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June 22, 1890.--Central Standard Time.

GOING SOUTH.		No. 2	No. 6	No. 8	No. 4
		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Mackinaw City	lv	9 20	9 00	2 00	
Potoskey	lv	10 40	10 13	3 20	
Traverse City	lv	11 25	5 15	4 00	
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Walton	lv	1 16	12 40	6 00	5 50
Cadillac	lv	2 20	2 05	7 05	7 05
Reed City	lv	3 22	3 05	8 05	8 05
Grand Rapids	lv	4 30	4 00	11 25	11 30
Kalamazoo	lv	8 20	8 05	2 05 P.	1 35 A.
Port Wayne	lv	12 15	12 10	6 30	5 45
Cin. C. S. T. L. & P. Dpt ar		6 15	7 00		12 30 P.
GOING NORTH.		No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7
		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Cin. C. S. T. L. & P. Dpt lv		7 55	8 50		
		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Fort Wayne	ar	6 10	2 40	2 25	8 05
Kalamazoo	lv	7 20	7 05	5 20	12 20 P.
Grand Rapids	lv	11 30	10 30	7 25	4 10 P.
		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Reed City	lv	2 40	1 03	9 45	7 35
Cadillac	lv	4 15	1 15	10 45	9 05
Walton	lv	5 05	3 00	11 25	9 45
Traverse City	ar	6 40		12 25 P.	10 35 P.
Potoskey	ar	7 50	5 25	1 50	
Mackinaw	ar	9 15	6 45	3 10	

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Jan. 19, 1890.--Central Meridian Time.

TRAINS WESTWARD.		No. 2	No. 18	No. 4
		Exp.	Exp.	Exp.
Port Huron lv		7 16am	5 59am	7 24pm
Lapeer		8 31	7 28	8 55
Flint		9 05	8 05	9 45
Durand		9 35	8 40	10 00
Lansing		9 55	9 00	11 30
Charlotte		11 00	10 37	12 05am
Battle Creek ar			11 30	12 50
" " lv			1 00pm	1 00
Vicksburg		12 50	1 00	1 58
Schoolcraft		1 00	1 58	2 17
Marcellus		1 22	2 20	2 45
Cassopolis		1 50	2 53	3 45
South Bend		2 35	3 40	4 35
Valparaiso		3 45	4 50	5 40
Chicago		6 25	10 10	7 30

TRAINS EASTWARD.

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

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Hereafter.

When we are dead, when you and I are dead,
Have rent and tossed aside each earthly fetter,
And wiped the grave-dust from our wondering eyes
And stand together, fronting the sunrise.
I think that we shall know each other better.

Puzzle and pain will lie behind us then;
All will be known and all will be forgiven.
We shall be glad of every hardness past,
And not one earthly shadow shall be cast
To dim the brightness of the bright, new heaven.

And I shall know, and you as well as I,
What was the hindering thing our whole lives
through,

Which kept me always shy, constrained, distressed;
Why I, to whom you were the first and best,
Could never, never be my best with you.

Why, loving you as dearly as I did,
And prizing you above all earthly good,
I yet was cold and dull when you were by,
And faltered in my speech or shunned your eye,
Unable quite to say the thing I would;

Could never front you with the happy ease
Of those whose perfect trust has cast out fear,
Or take, content, from Love his daily dote;
But longed to grasp and be and have the whole,
As blind men long to see, the deaf to hear.

My dear love, when I forward look and think
Of all these baffling barriers swept away,
Against which I have beat so long and strained,
Of all the puzzles of the past explained,
I almost wish that we could die to-day.

—Susan Coolidge.

The Gulf Stream--Does it issue from a Submarine Cavern?

Has it ever occurred to the reader that the earth is not "solid," as we commonly say, but "honeycombed" with enormous cavities or caverns of all dimensions? If so, why should these caverns not be numerous everywhere in the crust of the earth, some easily discovered, as the great Mammoth cave of Kentucky, and others never yet seen by mortal eye? These huge cavities, originally formed when those portions of the earth's crust were in a melted state, and results of the unequal cooling of different materials of the composition and of other causes, if so situated may form the basis of very interesting theories. For instance, they may be generally filled with water, and there may exist great underground inland seas. The source of the gulf stream has always been a disputed question. This great body of warm water is nothing more nor less than a stream or river in the ocean, flowing through the colder water. It was formerly thought that this stream was formed in the equatorial regions, where the surface water of the ocean was heated by the sun, and then began to flow northward. But of late a theory has been advanced that this stream, which is just as well defined off the Florida coast as off the Grand Banks, is a stream of hot water which issues from an orifice at the bottom of the sea somewhere among the Florida reefs. Recently the hydrographic office of the navy department has been endeavoring to determine if it is so, and efforts have been made to find this orifice by the use of the sounding line. But if a stream of hot water of the proportions of the Gulf stream does issue from an orifice in the bed of the sea, then what a mighty boiler there must be somewhere in the bowels of the earth, and whenever these enormous fires burn through the rocky walls of the boiler, and the water rushed in is instantly converted into steam, no wonder if explosions ensue that cause the overlying waters and the earth's crust to vibrate in great waves, which we call earthquakes. Very probably this is the case, for abundant evidence of these explosions caused by the contact of fire and water when the earth's crust was first commencing to form is everywhere apparent. Only the effect of atmospheric changes has covered the hardness of the face of the earth with a kindly soil, and vegetation has clothed this soil with the smile of life. But wherever the mountains are we see the evidences of these steam explosions. There is one great rock in the Yosemite valley several thousands of feet high, standing alone, from which some great convulsion of nature has split off a huge fragment and hurled it no one knows whither. But in the course of time the earth's crust has grown thicker, and we at present know little of these subterranean explosions, except when the solid earth trembles in an earthquake. Or perhaps it is the formation of steam that raises the lava to the mouth of the volcano and forces it out upon the plain, until another wall has been built between the fire and water in the depths of the

earth. Then, too, the hot springs may show the existence of subterranean waters. There are numerous other peculiar circumstances which seem to be explained by this theory. For instance, it is said that a great storm on the Atlantic coast of the United States is accompanied by action of the geysers of the Yellowstone valley, and this might be explained if it could be proved that a subterranean water way from ocean to springs existed. It may be that this sub-water protects the surface of the earth from a great heat. However, if the earth be not "solid," as we generally suppose, but penetrated with seas, channels and passage ways of various kinds, it gives a reasonable basis for some of Jules Verne's stories, and probably explains many occurrences that at present are only mysteries. It remains for the future submarine vessel to solve this problem.—*Boston Journal.*

Tornadoes and Violent Storms.

A special investigation of the subject of tornadoes has been carried on by Prof. H. A. Hazen, of the Government Signal Service, during the past year. Prof. Hazen divided the tornadoes into three classes. First, violent storms causing destruction; third, the most severe tornadoes; and placed in the second class all other known violent storms. While there were about 1,000 tornadoes each in classes one and two, causing the death of 1,071 people, an average of one person to two storms, and a loss of about \$23,000,000 in property, yet there were but 58 tornadoes of a very violent character, killing 755 people, and destroying property to the amount of \$11,894,700, an average loss of 13 lives and over \$200,000 of property to each storm of class three. It appears that in no State may a destructive tornado be expected oftener, on an average, than once in two years, and that the area over which the total destruction can be expected is exceedingly small. In the last eighteen years the death casualties from tornadoes averaged 182 annually. While this is a large number, it does not appear to be as great as the death casualty from lightning. It may be safely assumed that, dangerous as are tornadoes, they are not so destructive to life as thunderstorms.—*Scientific American.*

The Electric Motor's Work.

The New York *Sun* thus speaks of electric power, in which the work of the motor is summed up as follows:

In some cities, so far has the use of electric motors gone, that it is possible for a man to-day to drink at breakfast coffee ground, and eat fruit evaporated by electric power. During the morning he will conduct his business with electrically-made pens and paper ruled by electricity, and make his records in electrically-bound books, his seventh-story office, in all probability, being reached by an electric motor elevator. At lunch he will be able to discuss sausages, butter and bread and at night eat ice cream and drink iced water due to the same electrical energy. He will ride all about the place in electrically driven cars, wear shirts and collars mangled and ironed by electric motors, sport a suit of clothes sewn and a hat blocked by the same means; on holidays ride a merry-go-round propelled by an electric motor, or have his toboggan hauled up the slide with equal facility; be called to church by an electrically-tapped bell, sing hymns to the accompaniment of an electrically-blown organ, be buried in a coffin of electric make, and, last of all, have his name carved on his tombstone by the same subtle, mysterious, all pervading and indefatigable agency. This may sound like a wild and exuberant flight of fancy, but it is simply a faithful statement of the manner in which electricity is being supplied to every one of the necessities and luxuries of life in America.—*Scientific American.*

A Lasting Charm.

Whether it is the climate so soft and balmy, the wealth of fruit and flower, the thousand and one lovely resorts, or all these combined it is hard to tell, but

California, her climate, products and people seem to have a charm which lingers. We go elsewhere and are content with our visit and the satisfaction of saying "we have been there," but one turns again and again to the beautiful golden state as toward the face of an old friend. The arrangements for this winter's travel to the Pacific coast are absolutely perfect. The unrivalled facilities of the Union Pacific, the old original overland route, are generously supplemented by the Southern Pacific Company in improving their line via Ogden so that the whole distance to San Francisco is now the most luxurious trip on this continent, without the delay incident to winter travel.

It is hardly true, as the proverb says, that misfortunes never come singly. It is only when they come tumbling over each other's heels in their anxiety to get at some poor fellow that we notice the fact and make the exception into a proverb. But sometimes undoubtedly they do pursue a man like the gangs of wolves in Russia. Though one of them killed a dozen come to the front to take its place. Sometimes they come in the shape of tragic misfortunes, oftener as great and harrowing annoyances. Last spring a family in this city, whose house had been put in the finest order from top to bottom, had it set on fire by a neighboring conflagration and be deluged with water. It was again put into shape and was almost as good as new, when some of the workmen engaged in repairing former damages, again flooded it through defective plumbing. This was followed by other mishaps, of which there seemed absolutely no end. A month ago Donald G. Mitchell, the well-known author of "The Reveries of a Bachelor," fell and broke his arm. He was just fairly getting over this, when in order to complete his cure, he has been taking rides in the country. The other day his daughter got out of the carriage to close a gate, when the horse started suddenly, throwing Mr. Mitchell out and severely injured his head. One at a time is all that most people care to stand.—*Detroit Journal.*

There are a good many people of our acquaintance who have the notion that they can be just as good staying away from church services as if they were regular attendants, and they do not hesitate to say so. But a little reflection may open their eyes. Suppose you take a hot coal off the fire and lay it on the hearth. It will begin to cool off and lose its glow till at last the fire all goes out of it. So is the Christian man who neglects God's house and God's service. He has so arranged it that our sensibilities are quickened and fanned into a constant flame by association with His people in worship and service. There is a benefit to the religious life of a man gotten in the public worship that cannot be gotten anywhere else.—*Ex.*

General Walker, president of the Institute of Technology, told me a while ago that he had just come home from California, and while there he saw perhaps the most valuable lot of horses in the United States. They all belonged to Ex-Governor and United States Senator Leland Stanford, and were all so gentle they would come up and put their noses on his shoulder and in his face, and he said to the governor: "How do you contrive to have your horses so gentle?" The governor said: "I never allow a man to speak unkindly to one of my horses, and if a man swears at one of them I discharge him on the spot."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Grange No. 729 to the Front.

KOSCIUSKO Co., Ind. Mr. O. W. INGERSOLL, Dear Sir: Some years ago while at Warsaw we bought and used your paint, and will say that it gave entire satisfaction. I can certainly recommend the Ingersoll paint as the best and cheapest.

Fraternally,
O. P. STONER.

[See adv. Patrons' Paint Works.]

Communications.

Clinton Co. Pomona Grange No. 25.

Those Patrons who failed to take advantage of the good roads and fine weather and meet with DeWitt Grange at their hall in the village of DeWitt, November 26, when they entertained Pomona, missed a rare treat.

The choir are all young gentlemen and ladies, and they gave us good music and plenty of it.

Dr. Topping had an excellent essay, and we hope it will be published for we cannot do it justice in a report.

Bro. Bronson had a paper on Farmer's Gardens, and thinks a variety of fresh vegetables are nearly half a living for a family. Bro. Holt thought that farmers had no time for gardening; others did not think the subject of importance enough to waste this oratory upon; and others thought if there must be a garden let the women make and tend it.

The school question was discussed by Bro's Holt, Gunnison, Topping, DeWitt and others, until the Worthy Master declared it time to close the afternoon session. But they were not satisfied and would like the same question at another meeting.

DeWitt Grange had secured room in the new Masonic hall for their evening entertainment which was made public. The Masons kindly adjourned their meeting to give the public the use of their large lower hall, which was filled to overflowing, and for two hours they listened to singing, recitations, dramas, tableaux, etc. The DeWitt orchestra band furnished music. The best of order prevailed and every one pronounced it a grand entertainment.

FOREST GROVE, Nov. 26, 1890.

ED. VISITOR: Last evening there was a large gathering at this place, at which time the Farmers and Fruit Growers' association of South Ottawa was organized. Dr. B. B. Godfrey, of Hudsonville, Ottawa county, was elected president; S. M. Sage, sec'y; E. Vander Wall, treas. A very suggestive paper was read by Gardner Avery, Esq., in which he said: "We are told that farming is depressed." If so, we should organize and find out the cause, and with the help of wife, sons and daughters, seek a remedy. We must find out how much skill is worth, and if it is worth ten cents a pound in butter, put it in. Dr. Godfrey followed with a spirited off-hand speech in which he advised the association to steer clear of politics in their deliberations, but to take steady aim when they cast their votes at the polls; to make our country homes so pleasant that the boys and girls will not leave them for a hut in town fronting on some back alley. Mr. Vander Wall spoke at some length on the necessity of such organizations throughout the state. The next meeting will be held Dec. 2, 1891, at Forest Grove. The program calls for an address by the president, Dr. Godfrey. Invitation extended to all.

S. M. SAGE, Sec'y.

Dear old Grange friends: No doubt you have either forgotten me or given up all idea of ever hearing from me again, for I have not made any appearance among you since the VISITOR changed editors. Even now you will be surprised to learn that instead of living in frosty and ice bound Michigan (my old home) I am "away down south" in the land of alligators and oranges. I have been here nearly a year and like it very much; and today, while listening to the varied notes of a mocking-bird, perched in an orange tree loaded with golden fruit, that sways to and fro on the branches in front of my window, my thoughts flew to my dear friends and readers of the VISITOR, and I wished you could have just a little of our Florida sunshine for your merry Christmas. Then another thought came to me (second thoughts, it is said, are best), that if I could not box up and send you our sunshine, I could send you some of our beautiful silvery gray Spanish moss for Christmas decorations. I can send you holly leaves if you wish them. Send six stamps for postage and I will send you a nice roll; or if any

one wishes a 4-pound package, send 64c. in stamps for postage and I will mail it to you. Of course I do not want you to repay me at all, so please do not mention it or I will be indignant. But just remember me, and write once in a while. I nearly forgot to tell you about the moss, which is properly an air plant. It grows on the limbs of the trees and droops down yards in length, swaying to and fro its lovely pendants, with every breeze. A bit broken off will grow anywhere, if kept moist. It is very beautiful for decorating, for which purpose much of it is sent north. I will send it to anyone who asks for it.

MRS. F. A. WARNER.
St. Nicholas, Florida.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 8, 1890.—ED. VISITOR:—The question of price for land plaster is so often brought before us, and as it has been claimed that \$3.00 a ton is too high, for the coming season we will give the following a trial. The price of land plaster in car lots will be \$2.50 per ton, f. o. b. at mills, and for all land plaster shipped out and paid for by March 1st, 1891, a discount of ten per cent. will be allowed, \$2.25 per ton.

Yours truly,
WESTERN PLASTER AGENCY.

WASHINGTON, D. C. ED. VISITOR:—Your neatly printed and ably edited paper comes regularly and is duly appreciated. You are doing a good work and I am glad to learn that your intelligent circle of readers is growing larger each issue. There is a whole sermon in the excellent matter which appears on the first page of the VISITOR.

WM. M. KING.

A short time since it was decreed by Watson Grange No. 154 that the young people of said Grange should alone furnish an entertainment. Accordingly the evening of November 29 was chosen for that purpose. Harriet Beecher Stowe once said, "If a person has performed a good act, for Heaven's sake tell them so," so we wish to say through the columns of the VISITOR that our young people acquitted themselves nobly on this occasion. The Grange orchestra was brought into full requisition, which, with violins and organ, discoursed sweet music, and another feature of the affair, which was very praiseworthy we must note, and that was we did not hear any one ask to be excused from any part assigned them by the mistress of exercises. The recitations were well rendered, the dialogues good, and there was nothing lacking which could assist in making the entertainment complete. Our young people and the Grange are to be congratulated that we have so much "backbone" among our younger members. Some of us older ones must step down and out before many years elapse, and if they will only continue to improve on the lessons we have commenced, what proficiency they may arrive at and what blessings they may receive in the future, can hardly be foretold at the present time.

We can say with truth that our Grange is in a prosperous condition. There was a lull through haying and harvest, as it will be remembered that those products last season were crowded along so fast by the dry, hot weather that we had little time to think of anything else till they were secured. Since then we have taken hold with renewed vigor. On Nov. 8th we had a general meeting at the hall to fix up things for winter. The ladies supervised interior arrangements and the men repaired the horse sheds, wood house, etc., and as almost every class of tradesman is associated with us, we are prepared among ourselves for any kind of work that may be required of us, and it is one of the cardinal principles of the Grange to keep everything in proper repair.

The last program is only a foretaste of what we expect to enjoy the coming winter, as we have adopted excelsior as our future watchword.

HENRY D. EDGERTON,
Grange Reporter.

Notices of Meetings.

Hillsdale County Grange will hold its next meeting at the Grand Army hall, Hillsdale, Jan. 8th, commencing at 10 a. m. The forenoon will be devoted to the business of the order and the milling question. The afternoon work will be the installation of officers by Bro. H. H. Dresser, after which the 5th degree will be conferred on all who are ready to receive it. Patrons, all come, and come early.

J. E. WAGNER,
Lecturer.

St. Joseph County Grange will meet with Centreville Grange, Jan. 1st, 1891. Menu, oysters. The following officers for the ensuing year will be installed: M. D. B. Purdy; O. L. Thurer; L. D. Handshaw; S. M. A. Dexter; Ass't S. M. S. Langley; C. D. Hazzard; T. C. Walters; Sec'y, Mrs. D. B. Purdy; G. K. E. Snyder; P. Mrs. M. A. Dexter; F. Mrs. D. Handshaw; C. Mrs. D. Hazzard; L. A. S. Mrs. Geo. Rich. All are cordially invited.

MRS. D. B. PURDY, Sec'y.

At a regular meeting of Farmington Grange No. 207, held at their hall Nov. 29, 1890, it was decided to have a Christmas tree with appropriate exercises, Christmas eve., for the benefit of the members and their families, in said hall.

The annual meeting of Calhoun County Pomona Grange will be held at Pennfield Grange hall on Thursday, Dec. 18. The election of officers and the transaction of other business that may properly come before the body will receive attention. Every officer is expected to present a written report.

MARY A. MAYO.

The annual meeting of Kent County Grange will be held at Grand Rapids in Whitworth's Hall, on Bridge St., Dec. 24, at 10 o'clock a. m. Officers will be elected and other business transacted.

GEO. A. DOCKERAY,
Lecturer.

The Atlantic for 1891 will contain "The House of Martha," Frank R. Stockton's serial, contributions from Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Whittier. Some heretofore unpublished letters by Charles and Mary Lamb. Mr. Percival Lowell will write a narrative of his adventures under the title of Noto: an unexplored corner of Japan. The capture of Louisbourg will be treated in a series of papers by Francis Parkman. There will also be short stories and sketches by Rudyard Kipling, Henry James, Sarah Orme Jewett, Octave Thanet and others. Un-technical papers on questions in modern science will be contributed by Prof. Osborn, of Princeton, and others; topics in university, secondary and primary education will be a feature. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Parsons, Mrs. Fields, Graham R. Tomson and others will be among the contributors of poetry. The Atlantic is \$4 a year in advance, postage free; 35 cents a number. With new life-size portrait of Lowell, and also portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier or Holmes, \$5; each additional portrait, \$1. The November and December numbers sent free to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1891 are received before December 20th. Postal notes and money are at the risk of sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft or registered letter to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park street, Boston, Mass.

One naturally would like to leave his children in a better world than he found, but how many go to work to improve the world instead of accumulating money?—Orange County Farmer.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels visit us and we only know them when they are gone.

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