

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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THE GRANGE VISITOR.

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

Fruit Culture.

Fruit culture is undoubtedly the oldest occupation of mankind. It began with Adam and Eve and up to the present time is one of the most interesting subjects we have to study, with seemingly just as much to learn now as there was in the beginning, thousands of years ago.

Every one has his own theory in regard to its culture, and they all differ. From the fruit specialist to the man who will not "putter" with such work, they are all here to-day. I do not propose to take up the history of fruit culture, but rather to take up practical points.

A friend suggested that I describe a farmer's fruit garden, taking his farm as an average location. This I will do briefly. It is a subject which will bear free discussion with more benefit to all concerned than a lengthy paper.

Location is very important, but cannot be made, we must take it as we find it, avoiding low ground. Plow and harrow thoroughly when the soil has become settled in spring, usually about the middle of April, then mark off as if to plant corn 4x4 feet, making the marks straight as possible. You can plan the location of varieties to suit yourself, but strawberries should be set 4x4 ft.; raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries 4x8 ft.; plums and peaches 16x16 ft. These fruits should all come into bearing from one to five years, and stock never should be permitted to pasture where they grow.

Pears and cherries should be set 16x20 ft. and apples 16x16 ft. to be cut out eventually to 32x32 ft. These should be well cultivated annually for eight or ten years, after which the orchard may be seeded and even pastured lightly. After the fruit has been all set, fill out the spaces between with corn. The balance of the season the plot can be cultivated as easily as a field of corn. If weeds cannot be kept out with the cultivator, the hoe and hand weeding must follow.

In regard to varieties, don't get too many. Avoid new and fancy varieties, unless you want to experiment and four times out of five be disappointed. Don't believe what an agent tells you or look at the highly colored pictures. They will merely bring disappointment. Get standard varieties.

A list of my own choosing would be, for strawberries—Wilson, Sharpless and Manchester; raspberries—Souhegan, for early, Gregg, Shaffer and Cuthbert; blackberries spread so from suckers that many farmers object to them. The Lucretia Dewberry is a very fine, early berry and is not open to this objection; currants—Red Dutch is standard; grapes—Moore's Early for early, Worden, Concord and Wilder for black in succession, Delaware and Brighton red, Martha and Niagara white. Remem-

ber in setting grapes that no variety has yet been discovered to supercede the Concord, as an all purpose grape, and choose accordingly. The Wilder, if you can grow them, will keep all winter without any especial attention. We have had them up to the 1st of May in good eating condition, although slightly shrivelled.

Peaches are uncertain, still the Early Rivers, ripening in August, and Hills Chili, in September, are two varieties that will succeed if anything will.

For plums I have three American varieties which, if planted together, I think would give satisfaction on any farm. Wild Goose, ripening the 1st of August, DeSoto, last of August, and Miner, middle of September. If planted separately they seldom bear fruit, but planted in a group the young fruit sets so thick that even the curculio has been known to give up in despair. The cooking plums, the Lumbard and the Shopshire Dawson, are as reliable as any, with Imperial Gage for a plum of best quality, but not as reliable.

Pears—Madeline for early, Bartlett, Flemish Beauty and Seckel for autumn, with Vicar for a winter pear of rather poor quality. Keiffer is a new pear which will outgrow and outbear any other, but is very coarse grained and late in bearing.

Apples, last but not least, Red Astrachan, Primate and Sweet Bough are the earliest and represent three distinct flavors, viz., acid, sub-acid and sweet. No farmer's garden is complete without two trees of each and I guarantee that once in bearing, \$25 would not induce the farmer to part with these six trees if he is a lover of apples. Maiden Blush and Fall Pippin are good enough fall apples. For winter I would set Baldwin, Greening, Hubbardston and Spy 32 feet apart with Wealthy and Wagner 16 feet apart between. The latter will begin to bear in four or five years and if left alone will probably bear themselves to death by the time the former are ready to occupy the ground.

In regard to cultivation after the first year, small fruits should have the entire ground thoroughly cultivated, but with tree fruits the ground may be planted to corn three or four years, or until the branches shade the ground. Small fruits should be cultivated early in the spring as soon as the ground is well settled, before the weeds get a foothold, and keep the cultivator running as often as you would in your corn field.

In the orchard I plow two furrows toward the trees with one horse, using a 16 inch whiffletree to avoid barking the trees. The two-horse plow follows completing the work. The following spring the plowing is reversed, turning the furrows from the trees. Dr. Harrison has a way which he claims is an improvement on this. Plow two furrows from the trees on one side then two furrows toward them on the other side with one-horse, finishing with a two-horse plow. This he claims leaves the ground more nearly level, but the only difference I can see it leaves the back furrow two feet to one side, instead of directly in the row of trees.

All cultivation of fruit should cease by the first of August, and weeds or no weeds, let the ground lie still until the following spring.

In the case of strawberries I cultivate both ways, until late in

the season then leave the runners to form one continuous row which, after the ground has become frozen in the fall, should be covered up with coarse manure quite deep over the rows, but thin over the plants.

Your bed is now in condition to bear three or four crops of berries without any further care except to pull out big weeds which may come through the mulch.

Raspberries should bear a small crop the second year and to obtain the best results, the canes should be pinched off two feet from the ground. This will make a well branched bush which can be pruned to stand alone and avoid dirty berries, the result of too long pruning. With this treatment stakes are unnecessary.

There are as many ways of pruning grapes as there are fingers and toes on the entire membership of this Club. Some may prune high, others low, some short, others long, some say to train to stakes, others to posts and wires, some leave old wood, others cut off to the ground every year, and each one is positive that his way, and no other, is right. The vine needs no pruning the first year; the second year it should be trimmed to one or two canes and tied to a stake; the third year one of these canes can be left and will bear a few grapes; the fourth year the vine should be well established.

The plan I follow now is to set posts 48 feet apart with stakes between every other vine to support the wires. Stretch two No. 11 wires, one three feet and the other five feet from the ground. The point in pruning each year is to leave four canes to each vine, two on a level with the top wire and two on a level with the bottom one. Tie them along the wires securely, but not tight enough to prevent the circulation of sap. If the location is frosty, leave two or three extra canes to be cut away, provided the frost does not do it for you.

In pruning an orchard prune as little as you can after the tree is once established. While young it takes some attention to form a well balanced top. Most fruit trees require plenty of room to be productive, but I believe pear trees do better if somewhat crowded. Plums will also bear crowding, but require rich soil.

Manure the fruit garden liberally in the spring, but never late in the season. Remember it takes good cultivation this year to produce a crop of fruit next and then good cultivation and fertilizers next year to perfect that crop.

A word to those who do not like to "putter" with fruit. When you are in town some day drive around until you find some neatly kept garden with its variety of vines and trees, then if you can, prevail upon the cultivator of that garden to accompany you home, tell him what you want and set him to work. Feed him well and if he charges you more than you have been in the habit of paying hired help, don't grumble but remember that he is doing work that you cannot do at any price.

Last spring my wife and I had a little dispute as to the amount of fruit we consumed. I ventured the assertion that \$10 would cover the bill while she declared it would cost double that if we had it to buy. To settle the matter we agreed to keep an accurate account of fruit used during the

season, beginning with the earliest strawberries.

Before the season was half over she reported that we had made way with \$20 worth and I came to the conclusion that a woman knows more about such things than a man. Our family is small, but we use from forty to fifty dollars worth of fruit every year. We have it in season if it is to be had, when if we depended on buying it we would frequently have to go without. The free use of ripe fruit, both raw and cooked, should be indulged in the year round. Not spiced or seasoned, but with the addition of only enough sugar to make it palatable. Each fruit has a distinctive flavor all its own which the addition of any foreign element destroys.

Fruit culture creates refinement—an eye for the beautiful and a taste for the ornamental.

A. H. SMITH, Paw Paw.

ED. VISITOR—Permit me to make a brief reply, through your columns, to the criticisms of I. P. Bates to my article in your paper of the 15th of May last.

First I wish to tender him my hearty thanks for his commendation of my paper.

His first criticism is that I have overlooked the right of the state to educate its youths in any grade for the purpose of lessening the number of criminals and paupers. Is there any foundation for the assumption that education of any kind or grade will lessen the number of either of these classes?

The census of 1880 affords us no light upon this point. Its classification of them refers to sex, nativity and color.

If we attempt to draw the inference that it was illiteracy in the colored race which caused them to furnish a large per cent. of the prisoners of the country we might by parity of reasoning claim that the female sex of this country must be much better educated than the males thereof, since they furnish but a small percentage of the prisoners of the country. The census only speaks of prisoners, not of criminals.

In any deductions made respecting the number of criminals among the colored race, we must take into consideration the degrading influence of many generations of slavery, with all its degradation and immoralities.

In reference to pauperism the census of 1880 places the colored race in better position than the white, since the colored race furnishes only 6 1/2 per cent. of the country's paupers, while they make up fully 11 per cent. of our population.

I think it will be conceded that the census does not show that education lessens pauperism and crime. A priori reasoning can have but little weight here.

In reference to his second point "The state's claim upon us in time of war." I reply that it has a sufficient basis in the undertaking of the state "to establish justice, secure domestic tranquility, etc.," as stated in the preamble of the constitution of the United States of America.

I do not understand Mr. Bates' meaning when he says, "If the state can do nothing after the service is rendered, as seems likely to be the decision, etc." Surely the state (general government) is doing much for the services rendered by the old soldiers, as the \$106,000,000 paid last year for pensions will sufficiently attest.

The literate and illiterate have

responded to their country's call for defenders with equal alacrity, and the government has shown an impartial gratitude to each.

G. W. TOPPING.

DeWitt, Mich., June 6, 1891.

Cutting Clover Early.

Some fifteen years ago, while visiting an uncle, I went to the barn with him to prepare the feed for the horses when they were brought from the fields at noon. I noticed that while the hay was brought from the mow, it was not put in the mangers. Asking the reason for this, I was told that the horses preferred the hay to oats or corn, and that it was necessary to withhold the hay to get them to eat their grain ration. After the feed-boxes were emptied the mangers were filled. The hay, I found upon examination, was practically pure red clover. Apparently it had been cut quite early, and the heads were yet red and the foliage a dull green. My uncle explained that he had never had such hay before; that extra operations (building, etc.) had made it necessary for him to cut the clover a week earlier than was his rule, and to put it in mow when it had cured less than he liked, and when he stored it he feared it would not keep well; but that he had never before had hay that animals so much relished, or on which they had done so well. At that time, the rule among farmers was to cut grass somewhat later than now. We have improved our practice, but the majority of farmers would do well to go farther in the same direction.

This experience of my uncle led him to cut earlier, and induced us to try early cutting. It is hardly necessary for me to say that the results were such that we continued to cut early. It has been our practice to cut grass and clover a little before the height of bloom—that is, when the most forward blossoms begin to turn, although the most backward had not yet colored. I would rather cut red clover, for example, while some blossoms are yet green, than to wait until some blossoms are brown.

The men who experiment in the laboratories tell us that grass and clover should be cut for hay at the height of bloom or just before, and that is supported generally by the scientifically conducted feeding experiments. The results obtained in the laboratory are not entitled to a great deal of consideration, for frequently the steer gives a result different from that predicted by the chemist; but in the matter of the time of cutting grass or clover, the chemist and the steer agree. To the results obtained by such men as Profs. Henry and Sanborn, I would give much consideration; and yet more satisfactory to me is the experience, running through fifteen or twenty-five years, of men who are large feeders and determine closely what feed gives the best results. When all agree that we should cut at the height of bloom or a little before, there cannot be room for doubt.

When we delay cutting, the foliage becomes, in curing, so dry and brittle that the most valuable part of the grass or clover is lost bodily. This is true also of the chaff. Frequently when clover or grass is quite heavy it will lodge, then cutting is delayed, and the parts near the ground are lost.—John M. Stahl, in Country Gentleman.

Grand'ma and Little Child.

"What am I thinking about," did you ask?
Well, a body old as I be
Does get kind of lonesome sitting so still,
And likes to speak things out, you see.
So child, sit right down. I'm glad you've come in,
Yes, take the old cat in your lap.
My glasses—well there, of course I might know
I'd shoved them up over my cap.

I was just wondering, when you come in,
What could have possessed me that day,
When Parson West called to catechise us,
To hide in the hay-mow, away!
You may think you wouldn't have done so, my dear,
But young folks were sort of afraid
Of preachers then, and the questions were hard—
Though I've often wished since that I'd stayed.

Poor Julia Jones! I was thinking of her,
How she laughed in meeting one time,
The tithing man called her name out so loud,
It woke up old deaf Deacon Prime.
He used to grind all our grists. Oh, 'twas fun
To go with my father to mill,
Or ride on the sled when he drew the wood
From the north lot, over the hill.

Light up for me, child? Well, not just yet, please,
These winter days are "but a blink,"
But this was my father's milking time, and
I love in the twilight to think
Just how he looked when he brought in the pails,
Singing his favorite old hymn—
"The day is past and done"—mother joined, too,
And Ruth, who sang alto, and Jim.

"Are they all dead now?" No, my dear, not dead,
They've only passed into the skies;
Into that everlasting life, which God,
In love, for His children supplies,
I'll see them all soon. Must you go now, child?
Well, it's lots of good you've done me,
Few young folks would think it worth while to call
On a body, old as I be.
—Susan Teall Perry, in Good Housekeeping.

The Needs of the Farmer.

Some months since the Cosmopolitan magazine offered a prize for the best article by a farmer on "The needs of the farmer." The essay which took the first prize was published in the June number. The author is Abner L. Frazer, of Milford, Ohio. In his introduction he takes a very fair and reasonable view of the situation and says that while agriculture generally has sent up a wail of depression, there are farmers who prosper—thrifty, enterprising men who have undertaken new modes and objects of farming, or who have had sufficient money to conduct their business advantageously, or who have accumulated money by excessive toil and the foregoing of home comforts. He thinks that the present trouble is the natural result of a derangement, caused by growing population and weakened soils. Agriculture suffers because it is in excess. Ultimately manufacturing and agriculture will be combined in equitable proportion and when that adjustment is naturally established, manufacturing, he thinks, will be less profitable than at present while farming will be more so. But although such improved conditions come of steady growth and are not made to order, several conditions of success and needs at the present time can be enumerated. Those which he names are briefly as follows:

Contentment with the business, its environments and results.

Intelligent and judicious farming is perhaps the greatest need of the times. The productive power of most lands can be increased from 25 to 50 per cent. There must be skillful and intelligent use of implements based upon special knowledge of the requirements of the business. It is lamentable that the sons and daughters of the farmers have not taken more advantage of the opportunities offered by the agricultural colleges. Farmers' clubs, institutes, granges, alliances and fairs have been found to be excellent educators, and some of these societies should be organized in every neighborhood.

Capital is needed in farming as in other business.

A comfortable house surrounded with a well-kept lawn, shrubs and flowers, and a kitchen garden with an abundance of small fruits and vegetables.

Good schools. A teacher whose greatest recommendation is small pay is the most extravagant thing in a township.

Farmers ought not to be compelled to work more hours than other bread winners.

Farmers have hitherto voted their party ticket as it was given them by the party managers, but now they propose to assert themselves and demand that the percentage of farmers in national and state legislatures shall be increased in ratio with their numbers; that there shall be timely legislation to control monopolies and trusts before they become too many and too strong; that there shall not be the amassing

of great bodies of land by a few owners; that the holding of large tracts of land, especially by foreigners, shall be prohibited; that there shall be stringent legislation against adulterated and spurious butter, cheese, lard and food generally; that gambling in grain and other products through futures and options be abolished; that tax laws be readjusted so that all property shall be honestly returned and fairly taxed. If the nation is to continue its protective tariff system, the farmers should see that they share the protective benefits equally with other classes.

Farmers are demanded in legislation as a conservative influence in the coming revolution, forced upon the public by monopolists and extortionate combinations.

"Finally," says the author, "looking forward, the prospect for farmers is hopeful. Relief may not be immediate. Some may even have to succumb to circumstances. The entire transformation may require more than a generation, but the conditions of prosperity are so great and so manifold that it will be impossible for an interest as important as agriculture not to share in the general prosperity."

Improvement of Stock by Selection.

Much time and labor may be wasted by farmers who attempt to improve their stock by selection, but without recourse to well-known breeds. Farmers are not averse to improving stock. Like all other classes they prefer the best, but they do not take the easiest and quickest way to gain their objects. By selection of the best breeding purposes, every year, any stock can be made better, but some rule must govern the process of improvement by selection, as the first requisite is to fix certain characteristics in order that they may be transmitted to the progeny. Unless the stock becomes better with each succeeding generation the process will be slow, and but little will be gained. In the past the founding of a breed has required the efforts of fathers, sons and grandsons, while skill and patience are necessary in order to avoid mistakes.

The farmer of the present day enjoys a great advantage. He is not dependent upon selection in order to grade up his stock. The work has been done for him, centuries of patient labor having given him breeds that are well adapted for every purpose for which stock is required on a farm. To attempt to improve a flock or herd by ignoring the breeds already established is but to engage in a laborious undertaking that is more costly and irksome than the ordinary farmer will attempt. It is but right and proper for the farmer to select the best of his animals for breeding purposes, but to improve them in the shortest time he has the pure breeds to aid him, thus taking advantage of the work done before he existed. There is but one way to improve, and that is to grade up the stock with pure bred males, as any attempt to improve by selection of the ordinary stock on the farm will only lead to endless disappointments.

There is no breed that will satisfy all. The breed for the farmer depends upon his method of farming. If he ships milk or produces butter he must use the breeds specially adapted to those objects. If he depends largely on the production of beef and wool he will find certain breeds to excel in those directions. With the pure breeds within his reach he has but to plan his work and arrange the details, and, to succeed, his stock must be just what he requires according to his climate, soil and other conditions pertaining to his object.—Philadelphia Record.

The Fault is Yours.

The failure of an animal to come up to all that you expect may be a fault of your own. Some little thing may be lacking, or there may be too much economy practiced at a time when more liberality is an advantage. A dairyman found he had a valuable cow by mistake, as is mentioned below by the Indiana Farmer:

"There are doubtless many cows in all herds, about which for capacity to yield milk very little is really known, and if the plan of the Western dairyman was adopted more generally, the eyes of owners would be opened and things would be different. This dairyman thinking his cow did not pay for the food she ate, began feeding her for the butcher, but continued to milk her because he wanted what little milk she gave. Very soon this increased and she was supplied with more food, and he found in proportion as the rations were increased the milk flow became greater. The cow continued to gain flesh under high feeding, which was continued until she was fat enough for the butcher, but before that stage was reached her product had more butter than her meat would have sold for. The fault in this case was with the owner not with the cow. He had failed to furnish material to produce the best results, and so it is often. The only way to make dairying pay with certainty is to study the individual capacity of the cows for consuming food with profit, and treat them accordingly."

In the above is shown the fact that the cow was capable of doing more than she was performing, and was not given an opportunity. With the increased feed came more milk. Any animal that is a producer of an article should be fed with a view of deriving from it as much as possible.

Veterinary Dentistry.

Within comparatively few years a new profession has sprung into existence—that of veterinary dentistry. Until a few years ago all the dental work deemed necessary was to take a hammer and ten-penny nail and knock off "wolf teeth" to keep the horse from going blind, but now teeth are extracted, not to keep the horse from going blind because they do not affect the animal's eyes more than does any other tooth, but to keep a bit from pulling and loosening them, causing the horse to have a sore mouth. As far as similarity of structure and kind of food extend, horses' teeth are subject to the same deteriorating influences as the teeth of man. They may decay and expose the nerve enough to cause toothache, as is sometimes seen when a horse takes a drink of cold water, causing him to throw up his head or hold it sideways until the pain is over. Sometimes a tooth becomes ulcerated, the accumulated pus often causing the jaw bone to bulge out, or it may break and discharge either through the nostril or upon the outside, forming a disagreeable running sore.

A horse's tooth is not covered on the outside with enamel like a man's tooth, but the enamel is folded through the substance (dentine) of the tooth. The enamel, being harder than dentine, is not worn away as rapidly and presents a roughened, grinding surface necessary to properly masticate coarse food. These roughened surfaces should not be filed off unless upon the edge of the tooth when liable to cut the tongue or cheek.

As horses' teeth are worn away by contact with opposite teeth, they gradually grow out of the jaw bone until, in old horses, the teeth may simply rest upon the jaw, being held in place by the gums. If one tooth should be broken out, the opposite tooth is liable to grow until it becomes long enough to strike the jaw opposite and produce a very sore mouth, making it difficult to eat.

The results of diseased teeth are often serious and always important. They are sometimes the cause of indigestion and colic because the food is not properly masticated. Sometimes mastication is so painful that a horse will scarcely eat at all, and become gradually emaciated. When the teeth are diseased the saliva usually has a disagreeable odor. Diseased or abnormal teeth are often the cause of the horses pulling on the bit, or upon one line, or carrying the head sideways, and of other faults which can be remedied or removed by a good veterinary dentist.

Dentist work, properly done, does not deceive any one regarding a horse's age, "bishopsing"

work done by unprincipled men with a view to deceive, being easily detected.

Colts, under five years old, should have their teeth examined quite often. After their teeth are all shed at five years, every year or two, is usually sufficient.

After a nice job of dental work that adds to the health, comfort and usefulness of the animal, it would seem permissible, or be gratifying, at least, to "look a gift horse in the mouth."—Dr. N. S. Mayo, in Industrialist.

Picking Potato Bugs.

Should potato bugs be picked off the plants and destroyed? This is a question about which there is a great diversity of opinion. Some say "pick" others say "poison." "The New Potato Culture," takes a strong stand against potato bug picking, and characterizes the practice as useless and foolish. Perhaps it may be correct to regard the practice as non-profitable on an extensive scale as would be necessary where large areas are planted with potatoes; but we feel convinced that picking pays well on small plots. Our reasons for so thinking may be stated in a few words. Picking prevents egg-laying to some degree, and when practiced gives the grower a chance of also destroying any egg bunches that may be discovered. When picking is not done, much damage is caused by the bugs eating the leaves. If poison is applied, they eat the leaves all the same before they are killed; in fact, they must eat the leaves if the poison is to act successfully. When the Paris green is applied along with water from a sprinkling can, the water evaporates or runs off rapidly; leaving the poison to precipitate upon the ribs of the leaves. This being the case the bug destroys the soft leaf unharmed, and does not suffer from the poison until the ribs have been eaten for lack of other more palatable food. If picking is thoroughly done in the garden or on small field plots, there will, we think, be less work for the poison to do later on. The Paris green should be mixed with a large bulk of land plaster or powdered lime and sifted wood ashes. Such a mixture gives the best results and is the most economical. The poisoned plaster may be applied to the vines by means of a sieve-bottomed can. The application should be made when the dew is on the vines in the morning.—Farmers Review.

Eating Fruits—Shall Cream be Used With Them?

The late Mr. Downing, one of the foremost horticulturists of America, always claimed that no ripe fruits should be eaten with cream or milk, nor with sugar except when a little is needed to make up for any chance natural deficiency through the absence of sunlight in the final ripening, or by too early picking. He said there was a native and peculiar aroma with each kind of fruit, which is very grateful to the human taste when unperverted, and that this taste may be cultivated to give very great pleasure, but it is weakened and largely smothered by cream. Also that the native fruit acids are valuable assistants to digestion and assimilation of food, but that this action is interfered with by the curdling of the milk in the cream taken into the stomach with the fruits. One will be surprised at the increased deliciousness of fruits after following Mr. Downing's advice for a while and using barely sugar enough to restore unnatural deficiency.

A Dog Trap.

In a recent issue of the Farmers' Review we published an article discussing the sheep-worrying dog question. We now see from the Southern Planter that a farmer down in that part of the country has lost \$250 worth of fine sheep by dogs and is harassed by legal proceedings for shooting the latter. A correspondent of the Journal mentioned says: "Until sheep raisers are protected by law, they must devise all sorts of plans to protect themselves. I will give you a plan I have found effectual. Make a pen of any kind of rough cheap poles, about six feet square at the bottom and about three

feet at the top, and about five feet or more high. Put in the pen meat, bones and a small piece of fried meat, touching with the meat the outside poles (broiled meat is best). The dog smells the meat and goes up on the outside of the pen, and jumps down into it through the top. I have caught over twelve dogs in this way, some of them coming five miles distance, most of them half-starved, worthless dogs. I sometimes catch dogs belonging to my near neighbors, then I inform the owners and request them to keep the dogs at home. If caught the second time, they must be killed. I have lost none of my sheep lately (but my nearest neighbor has lost seven). A good many dogs have of late years prowled about my yard at night, and eaten up young poultry, but now, not one that comes about my premises escapes."—Farmers' Review.

Poverty.

Although it is one of the mysteries unsolved, nevertheless it is true that genius, the one great and noble gift to man, is nourished by poverty. The greatest works of art or machinery have been and are still being achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world, oftentimes in tears and despair. If you desire to find the birthplace of the true genius, you need not go in the brilliant saloon furnished with every comfort and elegance, nor in the library well fitted and stored with books, softly carpeted and looking out on a green lawn of broad expanse of scenery; you need not look among those who are born or live in easy affluence, to find the birthplace of genius, but you will find it more frequently in adversity and destitution, amid the harassing cares of a straightened household; in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contentions, and in the deep gloom of uncheered despair. Such is its birthplace; and amid scenes like these, unpropitious, repulsive, wretched men have labored, studied and trained themselves, until at last they have come out of the gloom of obscurity as the shining lights of their days, become the sought companions of the nobility, the guides and teachers of their kind, and have in many cases exercised an influence upon the thoughts of the world, amounting as it were to a specie of intellectual legislation. Such are what we call self-made men of the day, and they pride themselves upon having been reared in the depths of poverty.

It is a reprehensible practice for the driver to jerk on the reins to make a horse increase his speed, yet three-fourths of the men and nine-tenths of the women do it. A well regulated horse, with a decent mouth, would resent such treatment in a way that would put such a driver in a flutter. The practice must inevitably create a bad mouth, or make a bad one worse, and no man with any pretensions to horsemanship would drive in such a fashion. The animal should be trained to drive up in his bit, and his pace be accelerated by a word of mouth, or failing that, the whip is the proper instrument to be applied. But "clucking" and jerking on the reins in conjunction is the common custom, and a very poor one it is. The good driving qualities of a horse are spoiled in this way, and he is soon denominated a "plug" by those who know how to drive.—Farmers' Record.

No matter how much merit a thing may possess, it has to be "pushed" before the eyes of the people. Even the Christian religion would make little progress if it were not for the earnest band of men and women continually carrying it to "all the people." So of the Grange. Its good principles are well enough, but there must be more willing workers to carry these principles to all worthy farmers. It is much easier to take a portion of the mountain to Mohammed, overcome his prejudice, and tempt him to come after the rest than to take him to the mountain and expect him to swallow it at a gulp before he has inspected a sample of it.—Grange News.

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A Fish Hook Story.

For the Grange Visitor.

A company of ladies were one day, not long since, discussing the laws of heredity and various other subjects in regard to the natural bad propensities that some children seem to develop. One woman, of kindly face and gentle manner, expressed so much sympathy for the children and thought the parents much more to blame than the children themselves, and said that frequently the propensity of children to lie, cheat and steal, though laid to heredity, could be traced to a gradual educating in the way of evil, and if parents would be very watchful for the first appearance of these evil ways, and would in all kindness and gentleness point out to the child the wrong, and explain why it was wrong, using every endeavor to stimulate and cultivate in the child principles of honesty and truthfulness, so many might be saved from lives of shame and crime, and instead of being a trouble and shame to their friends, they might be, and should be, a joy and comfort. "When my children were little," she went on to say "I knew what they had as to playthings, toys and the nameless articles that children delight in, I knew how they came by them and, I knew what they had in their pockets. Many a time have I found little articles, valueless in themselves, that I never saw before and upon questioning the child kindly, so kindly that the little one knew that mother could have only the tenderest love for them, and only the desire to have them do right, have I found they had been traded for at school. And if I discovered that the child had the least idea that they had the better of the bargain, I tried to show them wherein they had done wrong, and how, and I always insisted, kindly but firmly, that nothing must be left undone to right the wrong. The rule called Golden was explained and the idea inculcated and fostered, that right was the true principle of life and always brought happiness, and that wrong was wrong and never could be made anything else, no matter who committed it, and that it always brought sadness and sorrow."

Another lady of the party who is wonderfully blest in her family of seven bright boys and girls and who bears a face beaming with a beauty that is not all of feature, said: "One of my little ones had a lesson the other day that I think and hope he will never forget."

One day last week he wanted to go fishing, but after a most diligent search, no hook could be found. The wind was right, the sky cloudy, and he knew the fish were anxious to be caught, if he only had something to catch them with. Three miles and a half to town, no use to think of that, it would be night before he could get back. Again search was made, boxes and drawers were rumaged, but no hook. He knew a woman, a kindly woman who usually had fish hooks, and to her he went and borrowed one, promising faithfully to return it. He proved a good angler for before it was time to bring home the cows, which was the limit of his pastime, he had a nice string of speckled, shining fish. One throw more and then for home. Somehow the hook caught something that was not a fish and he lost it.

With a brave face, but a sad heart, he went directly to the woman and told her he had lost the hook. He was truly sorry, but it was lost. "Never mind, my boy, it was only a fish hook and I do not care for it," were the kind words she gave him to quiet his sorrow for the lost fish hook. The fish were sent home by his sister while he went across the field to bring home the cows.

On his coming home all were congratulating him on his success when his mother kindly inquired as to where he found the fish hook. "Mrs. K— lent me one, and, mother, I lost it. I went

and told her how sorry I was, but she said she didn't care, it was only a fish hook; wasn't she good, mother?" "Yes, my boy, she was good, and now you want to be good. You did right to go and tell her, but you borrowed it and promised to return it. You cannot return it, so you must replace it. Your honor as an honest boy is at stake, it is a debt as much as though you had borrowed ten dollars and you must make it good with another hook." "But mother, she said she did not care for it." "She may not care," replied the mother, "but you must care. It is a debt, an honest debt, that I think my honest boy wants to pay, and if I were in your place I would pay it just as soon as I could."

Here the matter dropped, the mother wisely leaving it to the boy to think over and decide for himself.

The next morning our little man announced to the other children that he was going to town. Going to town, how can you go? Every horse is at work, the corn ground is being fitted and even mother can't have a horse and we guess if she can't you can't; that was what the children said.

"But I must go to town." They would like to know what for. "I want to buy a fish hook." Then they laughed, but the boy, sensitive as any child could be, bore the laugh bravely, for the blessed mother smiled, and when mother smiled like that he could bear anything. The mother wanted to go to the city, and together, mother and son, walked three miles and a half so that the boy might buy a fish hook to pay an honest debt. It must have been a delightful walk. How proudly she must have looked upon her boy, and what a holy reverence that boy has, and always will have, for such a mother.

A little thing, you say, a trifle. It was a stupendous thing and a wonderful epoch in that boy's life. God bless the boys and give them such wise parents as this.
M. A. MAYO.

The Farmers' Alliance in New York.

We are often asked for an opinion regarding the Farmers' Alliance, which appears to be rapidly increasing in membership in the State of New York. If our reply was to be of the briefest we would say it is a good movement and calculated to be of great benefit to farmers throughout the county, but at this stage we must be permitted to place ourselves on record for future defense as saying that its platform of principles contains some things that would not receive our endorsement.

Like all new enterprises it attempts too much, and by attacking the enemy in mass risks the victories that might be attained in detail. When the banner of reform is raised dissatisfied elements from all parties flock to its standard with the hope that their special grievance or wrong may be righted.

This inevitably leads to the adoption of a great variety of "principles" none of which command unanimous support, but are for the time accepted from motives of policy with the hope, as success crowns their efforts, they may be able to reform and thus achieve what the wise teachers of a new movement may desire. Then again, another element of discord, disgrace and defeat with barnacle fastness attaches itself to the would be Ship of State and impedes progress. This element or class are comprehensively known as political soldiers of fortune, camp followers, disappointed office seekers, and what is worse than all, the political bummers. No possible harm can ever come from a fair discussion of even wrong propositions, as public sentiment when left to itself, in the end levels all things to the platform of the "greatest good to the greatest number."

The result of a crowd trying to

pass a turn stile all at once, is that none get through. We think that it is more sure of success to attack the manifest wrongs from which the farmers are suffering, singly, bringing our entire force, if need be, to bear upon and carrying the particular outpost of the enemy so overwhelmingly that through the moral effect of our victory, the enemy would be demoralized and less capable of resistance at the next attack, and thus victoriously approach the citadel. This is our criticism of methods which is no reflection on the grand work which the Alliance has undertaken. There are so many bonds of interest and sympathy between the Grange the Farmers' Leagues and the Alliance that, although we may not in some particulars cordially co-operate, we cannot afford to work against each other. We, as a Grange, have been too successful in our efforts in behalf of the agricultural class to let a petty feeling of jealousy show itself in the slightest degree.

So we say God speed the Alliance and at the same time success to the Farmers' Leagues.
—Husbandman.

A Word for the Grange.

It is not always easy to impress the mind of the farmer who lives in a section where the Grange is unknown, with a fair idea of the value of this most excellent institution. While needing as no other class needs, the advantages of co-operation and the social features of the Grange, he has lived so long without them that he does not, as a rule, regard them as necessary—in many cases not even desirable. When this influence is once overcome and the Grange established, he wonders that he so long deprived himself and his family of this valuable aid in making life pleasant to all concerned.

His regular visits to the Grange, accompanied by his wife and part of his family, brighten up his intellectual faculties. Mental attrition—rubbing together of minds always results in a brighter mind. Old prejudices are thus worn away and the ground is made ready for the reception of new ideas. To his wife on the farm, the Grange is a gift to which it would be hard to do justice. If the farmer be isolated, how much more isolation is there in the life of his wife, and how much more does she need the pleasant break in life's monotony which the Grange so effectually supplies?

The young folks of the farm, so fast as they reach the proper age, are also taken into this beneficent organization. They learn the rules of deliberative bodies, readily acquire skill as debaters and are so fitted to become better citizens.

The wonder is, not that the Grange is prosperous, but that it is not infinitely more so, when we reflect upon its real value.

The English Sparrow.

Years ago we had both a house for blue birds and another for wrens, which were regularly occupied by these favorites. When they migrated later in the season, the sparrows took possession, but the blue birds and wrens both drove out the sparrows. This they did for several years, after which they grew tired of the struggle and left never to return.

A large colony of martens in a neighboring town were served the same way. Year after year they drove out the sparrows when the spring came, but they too got weary in well doing and gave up the task.

We would rather have one pair of wrens or martens about the house than all the sparrows of England. The latter are not entirely granivorous, they do eat some worms and insects. They are a calamity in that they drive the wrens, martens, blue birds and others away.—Husbandman.

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The Lansing Legislature.

It is a sad commentary on a representative form of government, when ideas and ideals formulated in the public mind, cannot be expressed through representatives elected for that especial purpose; when a state which has a reputation for conserving and fostering the virtues which adorn an enlightened people is shamed and humiliated by debauchery, bribery and other immoralities; when shyster practices assume the guise of wisdom; when bigotry and ignorance become formidable factors to oppose legitimate and necessary appropriations; when buncombe and brass squelches modest merit and relegates business alacrity into innocuous desuetude.

We shall tread on no political corns by fitly characterizing and exposing that mockery of dignity which is illustrated frequently at our State Capitol. All parties are in it, even to the farmers' party, yet we would not be understood as criticising all the members. There are farmers in both houses who are a credit to any constituency; there are lawyers of probity, who are strong for the right; there are business men whose voices are heard always on the side of equal privileges for all. All honor to these. We run over the list (much smaller than it should be) with pride. They deserve well of their districts in future, to aid them in washing themselves clean of the tarring which must attach to members of this session, from rubbing against those who have made it odious.

The reports of bribery which have got into the papers are only supplementary to those which are heard on the street. The published accounts of midnight revelries, with pugilistic accompaniments, have addenda, and revisions which, for very good reasons, have a restricted circulation. A little coterie of congenial spirits are said to go regularly every Saturday down to Detroit to remain at one of the swell hostleries over Sunday, to gamble and get boozey under slight restraint—hiding from their constituents their misdemeanors, who would be horrified at a revelation of the facts. These are samples of the stories afloat to the further discredit of our legislature, whose standing is low enough, in all conscience, by its public manifestations of incapacity. Never was there such a heterogeneous collection of

characters as are there represented. The ward pettifogger, who airs his knowledge on all occasions; whose argument is an array of words, and whose reasoning is bluster. Opposed, and in contrast to him is the modest man from the farm, who refrains from sounding his little bugle, which is really in accord with public harmony, for fear of the fog horn at his elbow. There is the composite what-is-it part politician, preacher and pettifogger, hoisted at last upon his long sought pedestal, to win fame by his wit. The agitator is there, of course, several times over. It is a very light substance which came to the surface in the ebullition of last year. It is lucky for the personators that this material can be used now, for it will never be wanted again. Good level headed, hard sense is there, but in the minority. It is found in all the parties represented. If a character is ever needed to illustrate a travesty of legislation the imagination need not be drawn upon to furnish one. It is an illustration of an attempt to accomplish the impossible through impossible means.

The present legislature ought to be example enough to last for many years, of the folly of sending men up to Lansing who are self constituted statesmen—men with a "mission," or with a political "bee in their bonnet." Every one of them will be wedded to his specialty and other needed legislation will languish.

Farmers' Association.

This meeting of farmers held its 12th annual festival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Buell, on Little Prairie Ronde, on the 4th of the present month. The fourteen miles' drive between Paw Paw and Mr. Buell's farm was a pleasant feature of the occasion, giving an opportunity to see the condition of crops and to test the mettle of the teams over the fine roads along the route. Twenty-eight persons went thus from Paw Paw to attend this meeting, arriving before the dinner hour. The seating at the tables was arranged after a very unique fashion. Hand-painted cards, bearing the name of the guest, and on the reverse a sentiment or quotation, was placed upon each plate. The list for each table was read off, and each person was to find his or her seat by the record of the name on the cards. When all were seated they found themselves arranged in congenial pairs—Cass county gentlemen doing honors to Van Buren county ladies, and vice versa. Our readers in this state will be interested to know that this pleasant episode was due to the skill and ingenuity of the Secretary of the Michigan State Grange, Miss Jennie Buell, daughter of the host. The cards were preserved as souvenirs of the occasion, and the sentiment read by each guest in turn served to spice the occasion with a literary flavor.

The farm inspection revealed every crop in good order, with excellent promise of a good yield. There are 135 acres of wheat on the ground, 60 acres of which followed oats last year and was put in with a pulverizer without plowing—going over the ground twice, the first time with four horses abreast and the second with six horses, having the seeder in front and a smoother in the rear, thus finishing up at the rate of 20 acres per day. From stubble to sowing occupied only six days, with one man, to sow the field. At the rate of \$5 per day for man and teams, the crop was

put in for 50 cents per acre, and the wheat is good for 20 bushels or more per acre. Here is an illustration of growing wheat cheaply that is worth considering. A car-load of steers were found grazing in a 60-acre field of clover with a large stock of hogs and a fine bunch of likely colts.

The farm of 400 acres is one of the best on the prairie, is well arranged for convenient working and its fine trees surrounding the buildings make it one of the pleasantest farms in Southern Michigan.

The first paper on the program—"Society" was read by Mrs. D. Woodman. It will appear in a future number of the VISITOR and no abstract will be attempted.

Mr. G. E. Breck believed that the best part of us is cultivated by good society. The best is none too good. He believed in getting into the select 400, wherever that is found. Some of us are apt to ignore the rules which govern society, but we should try to fit ourselves into the grooves which have been worn by custom, so as not to appear singular. He was pleased with the sentiment of the paper, that good homes and good society go hand in hand.

Jason Woodman: Society is the great civilizer and educator of the race. There is a difference between urban and suburban people, which is not so apparent in a seated company as in their mingling together and in conversation. The singularity which is noted in the farmers bearing, comes from his isolation. Society removes the rusticity which sometimes adheres to country people. It is the contact of mind with mind that polishes the lives of men. An agreeable presence has an influence even upon dumb animals. The kind of society one comes in contact with is shown in our manners and in a way that cannot be misinterpreted.

J. J. Woodman: Society is the very life of civilization; it is the outgrowth of a system of mental culture that marks the progress of a people. If you wish to discover the effect of mingling together, look around you. The last few years have brought a great social revolution. It is our duty to help make society useful and pleasant. Mr. W— believed that he also was a benefactor who made two laughs come where but one came before.

E. P. Mills believed music to be one of the aids in the improvements of society and that it was especially helpful in farmers' homes.

Mrs. Buell would make punctuality one of the virtues of life. The pleasures of society as well as some of the other essentials, are greatly aided by being punctual.

E. L. Warner said that a person may be educated intellectually and still if they are not in harmony with the spirit of society, their knowledge is of no avail.

Mrs. A. M. Bangs read a paper on "Ill Temper," which will also soon appear in the "ladies' column;" not that it is more appropriate there, but that Mrs. Gould was present and appropriated it as an attractive feature for her page.

E. P. Mills quoted the following aphorism as voicing his sentiment:

"A hasty temper will divide
The choicest knot that may be tied
By ceaseless, sharp corrosion.
A temper, passionate and fierce,
Will suddenly your joys disperse,
At one immense explosion."

He added that he had little charity for the man who does not

control both his temper and his habits.

J. J. Woodman: Temper is the real man; the trouble is that it is not governed. But as we succeed in subordinating it, we become more and more agreeable to each other, and approximate the perfect type of humanity.

B. Hathaway: The paper touches our temperaments so nearly, that we feel delicate about talking upon it. Temper is the basis of all the powers of good we possess. It is frequently only an excess of virtue; when good and evil balance each other we have perfect types of humanity.

A. C. Glidden: Temper can be toned down by the action of the will. If we simulate good temper, even when in a rage, we are very likely to become good tempered.

Mrs. Buell: The control of our evil natures is what distinguishes us from brutes.

Mrs. B. Hathaway believed that it required more strength to overcome ill temper than almost any other evil. It comes upon us at unguarded moments, and works its evil before we gather strength to combat it. However much we may strive against its power, we shall probably always have sufficient to balance the better virtues.

Jason Woodman stated that it was the peppery man who always had his right respected. No one liked to tread on his toes, and so the line fences next his fields were usually well looked after.

Nothing is quite so bad to foster a bad temper, as a constant nagging and recounting petty disturbances in the family. Small annoyances can be magnified into calamities, and keep one in a constant worry.

Mrs. C. W. Young gave a fine recitation, which was followed by a paper upon "Fruit Culture" which appears on the first page of this issue.

The discussion of the last paper was cut short by the necessity some were under of leaving early, which was regretted, for no pleasanter company have been gathered together for a long time than were the farmers and their wives of these two localities.

The September meeting will be held at the fruit farm and home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Smith, of Paw Paw, who promised to regale the Association with peaches, if the present promise for fruit did not fail.

Marketing Wool.

It is evident from the indications that this is to be a fight-dog-fight-bear market with manufacturers and dealers lying low to scalp the farmers. The wool-growers on their part feel that their product should bring more money than it did last year, and they will demur at prices which are now talked of. It is probable that dealers have not made much money from last years' clip, and this fact makes them wary, and they hope by nagging the market, to induce the belief among farmers that prices will permanently lower and thus scare the crop into market early.

Our belief is that domestic wool is good property to hold at 25c—the price which it is sought to establish for average wool.

There is more effort than usual being made to induce growers to consign wool to commission men both in eastern and in western markets. Chicago wool houses are sending out men to scour the country for this purpose. It is an indication that there is an undercurrent of belief and faith that prices will be higher further along. If wool is to be held, the

farmers store room is the best place for it. It is a well established conviction that commission men do not depend upon their commissions entirely for their profits. Fruit men have reason to be quite skeptical on this point. There are methods of sorting wool and making returns that are open to the criticism if not the charge of dishonesty.

When wool is shipped to Boston or to any eastern market, the wool is first "graded", and then offered for sale. All may be sold but one grade in the first 30 days and this grade remain for 90 days. Returns will not be forwarded until the last pound is sold. But this is not the worst feature. The commission men say the wool is sold on 60 days time, that is, the farmer's wool is huddled over to the manufacturer to be made up into cloth, and he is given time to sell it before he pays for the wool. If the farmer gets any money, six per cent is charged for it for the time until returns are made, but the manufacturer gets the wool for the time for nothing. Our belief is that this per cent gets into the pockets of the commission men in some way. Manufacturers are certainly able to pay for wool when they purchase it, or else be carried by the banks instead of by farmers.

There can be a good deal of ledgerdmain practiced in sorting wool. A fleece that would grade delaine in one instance will go in the X pile at another, and knock off three to five cents per pound. The grading is seldom up to samples sent. Our belief is that a lot of chicanery is practiced here as there certainly is all along the line. The dealer maligns the farmer for cheating in questionable practices, and still holds out the bribe for it by paying the same price for dirty and undesirable wool as for that which is clean and respectable.

Wool that has been soaked a certain length of time on the sheep in the water sells for six to ten cents more per lb. than that shorn early, which is cleaner and will shrink less. Farmers are quite as sharp as dealers, and so long as this kind of tactics is kept up, so long will manufacturers find dirty wool and untidiness in the fleeces.

In the interest of humane treatment and clean wool, sheep should be shorn before turning on pastures. Then nature declares the fleece superfluous and turns it out in the best possible shape for manufacturing. But the edict of one-third off for such wool compels the grower to practice the multiplied cruelties of dragging the sheep into the water, exposing it to flies and maggots and filthiness and the sweltering of hot days, to answer the demand for "clean wool." It is all an outrage and reflects upon the judgment of the manufacturer, who is responsible for it.

Our advice to farmers is to hold the wool as long as possible, but sell rather than to borrow at the bank to meet maturing obligations. Don't put too much faith in what buyers say. They are all coached to say certain things which are supposed to influence the holder to sell. Keep a stiff upper lip and one eye on the sorter.

ED. VISITOR: Butler Grange is still alive with a membership of 58 in good standing. We hold our meetings every two weeks, with a full attendance. Those owning binders are much interested just now in securing binder twine at 8½ cents against 13c. last year. Long live the VISITOR.

M. L. EVENS, Sec'y.

Hall's Hair Renewer is free from alcohol and dyes that injure the skin. It is scientifically prepared, and will restore gray hair to its original color and vigor.

The Old Apple Tree.

Here's the old apple tree, where in boyhood I sported,
When my heart was as light as the blossoms it bore;
Where my old maiden aunt by the parson was courted,
In her prim cap and gown such as ladies then wore.
On this rude oaken bench, 'neath bending boughs seated,
While the wild bee was humming its song in the tree,
There we children oft-times by our elders were treated
To share with their gossip some cakes and weak tea.
Look! here are the names of the many now sleeping,
Of dear parents and kindred long gone to the tomb;
The old apple tree, like a true friend, is heaping
The oak bench they sat on, with beauty and bloom.
In the glad days of spring, when the spirit rejoices,
When the old apple tree looks as gay as a bride,
I could dream that I heard every one of the voices
Of the friends who sat here on the bench at my side.
Every rudely carved name has a story to tell me—
And that true lover's knot, I remember it well;
It was carved on the day when my first grief befel me,
The day of my parting from sweet Isabel.
Oh! the old apple tree, where in boyhood I sported,
And the rude oaken bench, they are still in their place;
But the dear household faces whose welcome I courted,
They have vanished and left me the last in the race.
—H. Coyle, in *Vick's Magazine* for May.

The Grange against a Powerful Transportation Corporation.

To some of us who have been working in the Grange cause for many years good progress is plainly to be seen.

THE FIRST STEP.

We remember the time years ago when it was first talked in Grange meetings and papers that the railroad corporations should be checked in their exactions and discriminations. How the city press and the railroad lawyers said it must not be, "these farmers have no right to pass such laws," "it is interfering with private property and vested rights," "it is a violation of agreements, contracts and chartered privileges." But upon test cases carried to the United States supreme court the farmers of the Grange were sustained. Chief Justice Waite using the famous words, "it is a principle too long forgotten and never again to be lost sight of, that the creature must be subject to the Creator." The people in granting the charters became the creators, and "the power to control a charter exists among the people granting it, even to its absolute destruction." It was a great victory.

ANOTHER FORWARD STEP.

Then came the long years of battle with congress, and especially with the United States senate, which ended in the passage of the inter-state commerce law, preventing discriminating charges, pooling of earnings and requiring all rates to be publicly posted in railroad stations. A number of notable cases have been tried before the interstate commerce commission and the side of the people generally wins. But it has remained for the Patrons in the state of Delaware to win the most noted battle of all.

The Delaware farmers years ago helped with their money and the right of way to build a railroad through their state so that they might reach the great markets of the country with their farm products. The road was in time gobbled up by the great Pennsylvania road with its upward of one hundred millions of dollars of capital. It extended its system further south, tapping the great Norfolk, Va., truck farming and fruit district, and because of the competition they found at Norfolk in the steamers, they fixed rates of freight on an average of thirty-three per cent. lower than they charged the farmers of Delaware who were 150 to 200 miles nearer the same markets.

AND NOW A VICTORY.

Delaware has for long years had in each of her three counties many good, active Granges. Four years ago, with A. N. Brown as Master of the State Grange at the front, in the name of the State Grange of Delaware a case was brought before the interstate commerce commission. Then came "hearings" with all the delays and postponements that the great corporation with its

array of lawyers could secure. The members of the Grange made many long trips, and paid full car fare and other expenses, while the crowd of railroad witnesses came on free passes. But "right is might, and right the day must win."

The commission decided the case in favor of the complainants. The points decided are briefly as follows: For a special service, such as the transportation of perishable freight, requiring quick movement, prompt delivery at destination, special fitting up of cars, their return empty on fast time, a higher rate than for the carriage of ordinary freight is warranted by the conditions of the service and is reasonable and just.

But the higher rate for a special service should bear a just relation to the value of the service to the traffic. While a carrier should be fully compensated the public interest require that the traffic should not be rendered valueless to the producer, if the charges of the carrier have such an effect and can be reasonably reduced.

It was found that the charges on certain articles specified were excessive and a reduction of 20 and 25 per cent. was ordered. The reduced rates are still in many cases considerably above the rates on the same articles from Norfolk; the showing not being sufficient to enable the commission to determine satisfactorily how far the lower Norfolk rates were justified by the difference in the conditions and circumstances, that subject was left for future consideration.

THE RESULTS.

The benefits of this righteous judgment can hardly be estimated at this time. It means peace and prosperity for thousands of homes. It proves that the power of the people to right a wrong is not yet all gone. It shows once more the great work the Grange is doing. It is estimated that the reduction will save the farmers upward of one million of dollars. Blind indeed must be the farmer who can say "The Grange is doing nothing." Blind indeed is he to his own interests if he does not, with all his family, join the nearest Grange, or if none is near help to start one.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD,
Lecturer National Grange.

Agricultural College Notes.

According to present symptoms, two other assistants at the college will soon receive find at offers to go west.

Lightning ran wild at the college last night, during the thunder storm. A cow was killed in a field, Sanford terrace was slightly damaged by a bolt, and some damage was done to the telephone at the president's office.

J. W. Toumey has been one of the assistants in botany about fifteen months, during which time he has made rapid improvement. He graduated here in 1889. Yesterday he was surprised at receiving notice of his appointment as professor of botany and entomology at Tucson, Arizona, in the state college and experiment station. Salary for first year, \$1,200; second year, \$1,500, and then \$2,000. He left a salary of \$60 a month to accept one here of \$25 per month, but this is another evidence that for the right kind of a fellow the post-graduate study is pretty sure to pay compound interest at a high rate. He will leave this week and spend some time with a government exploring party in the study of grasses of the State. The director of the station is Prof. F. A. Gulley, another former assistant of Dr. Beal, now receiving \$3,200 a year. The professor of chemistry there is C. B. Collingwood, also one of our graduates.—Lansing Republican.

Silos and ensilage are engaging the attention of our most prominent and progressive farmers, and are acknowledged by all to be very profitable. The Appleton Mfg. Co., whose attractive advertisement appears in our paper, are headquarters for Ensilage Cutters and Carriers, Tread Sweep and Tread Powers for running them.

Michigan Crop Report, June 1, 1891.

For this report returns have been received from 831 correspondents representing 635 townships. Five hundred and fifty-nine of these reports are from 390 townships in the southern four tiers of counties, and 147 reports are from 125 townships in the central counties.

The drouth that was prevailing at the time the May report was issued was not broken until about the 20th of that month, when rain fell quite generally throughout the State. The period of the drouth was one month, or from April 21. The total rainfall during the month was about two inches below the normal. The mean daily temperature was also below the normal. Hard freezing weather occurred on the morning of the 5th when ice was formed in most parts of the State. Light frosts occurred on the 12th and 13th, and heavy frosts on the 17th, on this date the thermometer marked 20° F. at points in Mason and Oceana counties. Frosts occurred again in all portions of the State, May 27.

The long and severe drouth retarded the growth of wheat, and in many localities it has been more or less injured by the hard frosts. The condition in the southern counties is reported at 96, in the central 76 and in the northern 71 per cent, the average for the State being 89 per cent. Comparison is with vitality and growth of average years. The following table shows the average condition of wheat June 1, in each of the three sections of the State in the years 1885-1891 inclusive. It will be noticed that the condition in the southern counties was better June 1, of this year than in any previous year since 1885.

Years.	Southern Counties.	Central Counties.	Northern Counties.
1885.....	102	100	..
1886.....	84	92	89
1887.....	79	90	86
1888.....	92	56	86
1889.....	87	92	96
1890.....	76	76	94
1891.....	96	76	71

The Hessian fly is reported in the wheat by a number of correspondents. One in Kalamazoo county, writing June 6, reports that a storm on the preceding Wednesday broke wheat down badly, the break occurring at the second joint. On examination he found the fly at this point. He states that "some pieces look as though a flock of sheep had been driven through them." An Ingham county correspondent called to-day (June 9) and reports wheat loaded with the fly in the flax seed state. The presence of the pest was discovered only a few days ago, when the weather changed from cold to warm. Our correspondent believes the crop will be greatly damaged.

The area planted to corn is nearly to the area planted in average years. Owing to the cold, dry weather corn was slow in coming up. The cut worm is reported from nearly every locality, and is certainly much more numerous, and is doing far more damage than usual.

The acreage in oats this year is nearly a full average, and the acreage in barley is about five per cent below the average. In condition both crops in the southern counties, are 83 per cent, and in the central 79 per cent of an average. One year ago the condition in the southern counties was 95, and in the central 93 per cent.

Meadows and pastures in the southern counties are 88 per cent, and in the central counties 68 per cent, and clover sowed this year in the southern counties is 85 per cent, and in the central 69 per cent, comparison in each case being with average years.

Apples in the southern counties promise only six-tenths of an average crop. One year ago the promise was far more than nine-tenths of an average. The early and fall varieties will yield much better than the winter apples. Peaches, where there are trees, promise from two-thirds to three-fourths of an average crop.

The farm statistics of about 700 townships, collected by supervisors, have been received at this office, and the sheep and wool columns footed. The footings indicate that the number of sheep now on hand is slightly in excess of the number sheared in 1890.

DANIEL E. SOPER,
Secretary of State.

Farmer Jones Repairs the Family Clock.

For the VISITOR.

The Jones Clock is an old heirloom in the family and is more ornamental than useful—as a great many old things are. This particular clock may have been a good one several generations ago, but at present, it needs regulating about twice a day, and even then its a good plan to take a peep at the sun to verify the tale the clock tells. The striking spring in the clock broke several years ago, and as that did not stop its running, it was neglected, for one of Jones' faults is procrastination—a good many other very worthy people are similarly afflicted.)

At the beginning of the new year, Jones decided that the music of the gong every hour, to remind him of the flight of time, was desirable, so he called at the jeweler's and purchased a coiled spring, neatly clamped down, ready to insert. Jones decided that he was jeweler enough to put that spring in the clock, so he began operations by taking the clamp off and allowing the spring to expand till there was scarcely room for it in the case, with the works removed. The numerous wheels, that look so much alike to inexperienced eyes were then removed and carefully cleaned with a stove brush, and oiled with linsed oil that Jones had left when he painted his house about ten years ago.

For some unexplained reason, Jones could not get the spring in place with the tools he possessed, hence a spirit of invention was aroused—some one has well said that "necessity is the mother of invention," and they might have added the father too.

Jones tried in the order named: a riveting hammer, large screw-driver, 12-inch mill file, a stick of wood, wire-cutters, piece of whalebone, two or three punches, tweezers, piece of rail-road iron, cold-chisel, fruit can opener and a section of tin eave trough. While Jones was perambulating about the farm in search of more tools, Miss Jones tried a hair pin, but, though that very needful article in the hands of a woman may be used successfully for a variety of purposes, yet for getting an obstinate clock spring in place it proved a downright failure, so Jones continued to contrive, whistling softly to himself to keep his courage up. At the end of two hours and a half, by the sun, with the help of the two Misses Jones, he succeeded and placed the clock in triumph in its place, but alas for human hopes the clock refused to go. How often it is thus in life, when we and think we are about to triumph become a shining example to the present and future generations, we discover to our dismay that our plans went go. In this case, Jones was determined they should go however, so he explored the interior arrangements again for the cause and again placed it in position, singing a psalm of triumph, as the steady tick, tock continued. Jones was happy—for about fifteen minutes, then the clock sent forth its ding, dong, at a most uncalled for time, and Jones was once more obliged to explore the internal affairs of that clock, to make it strike on the hour, but to this day the family has to guess at the number of strokes it gives, so swiftly does the gong, get its hourly punishment. Its difficult to tell whether its five or seven, hence the hired man gives himself the benefit of the doubt in the morning, and Jones' triumph is not un-mixed with alloy. A. L.

Eaton Rapids, Mich.

The report of the 23d annual meeting of the Michigan Press Association is out in book form. The story of the meeting, held at Saginaw, and the long trip through the Rocky Mountains and Yellow Stone Park, is told by the editors themselves in extracts taken from their several papers. Pictures of many of the party, and of members throughout the state are found scattered on its pages, as well as many Kodak views of important places visited. It is a child of which Secretary Fred Slocum may well be proud. Seeman & Peters, publishers, Saginaw, Mich.

No Longer an Organ.

Without any preliminary notice or warning. The Western Farm and Home has been discontinued as the official organ of the Supreme Association Patrons of Industry. The letter from Supreme Secretary Smith ordering such discontinuance says:

"The receipts of this office will not warrant the expense of publication, let alone the running expenses. The revenue of the Supreme has been cut down so fine that we cannot publish a paper. Have done this upon consultation with each member of the executive board by letter, stating cause. It is not caused by any personal feeling, only lack of funds."

The publication of The Western Farm and Home will be continued as heretofore, except that it will not hereafter, represent directly the Patrons of Industry; and all subscribers who have paid in advance will receive it regularly.

Several of our readers have responded to the invitation in the last number to send four names for the remainder of the year, with \$1.00 enclosed, but the necessary one-fourth to double our list are still to hear from. Every one who has attempted has succeeded so far as heard from and we shall expect a large addition to our force of solicitors. We will send June 1st as long as the supply lasts. The remainder of the year for 25 cents.

Albion College commencement occurs on the 25 inst. The year has been the most prosperous in its history. A faculty of twenty-five teachers and an enrollment of five hundred and twenty-nine pupils with a Freshman class of sixty eight show this institution to be not only in a flourishing condition but entitled to rank among the promising schools of the West.

Market Report and Indications.

The receipts of live stock at the Union Stock Yards show but few changes as compared with same period in May: The total receipts at Chicago for four days of the week ending with Thursday in each month are as follows:

	Cattle	Hogs	Sheep
Thursday, May 7.....	39113	93544	39498
June 4.....	46697	106280	32850
Total week ending June 6, 1891.....	48130	154979	42480
Same week, 1890.....	66291	152173	51429

The current prices for the same date for five consecutive years are given below:

Year.	CATTLE.			HOGS.			SHEEP.		
	12000 lbs.	1350 lbs.	1500 lbs.	13500 lbs.	15000 lbs.	15000 lbs.	14000 lbs.	14000 lbs.	14000 lbs.
June 3, '91	\$4 80	\$4 10	\$5 10	\$5 10	\$5 10	\$5 10	\$4 00	\$4 00	\$4 00
.. '90	3 95	5 00	4 35	5 00	5 00	5 00	4 00	4 00	4 00
.. '89	3 55	4 30	3 75	4 35	4 35	4 35	3 50	3 50	3 50
.. '88	4 20	4 80	4 35	5 25	5 25	5 25	4 00	4 00	4 00
.. '87	3 80	4 50	4 05	4 65	4 65	4 65	3 25	3 25	3 25

Year.	Extreme prices.		Bulk		Texas and Westerns	
	1700 lbs.	2000 lbs.	2500 lbs.	3000 lbs.	3500 lbs.	4000 lbs.
June 3, '91	\$4 20	\$4 60	\$4 20	\$4 20	\$4 20	\$4 20
.. '90	3 60	4 10	3 60	4 10	4 10	4 10
.. '89	4 20	4 65	4 15	4 65	4 65	4 65
.. '88	5 35	5 70	5 50	5 80	5 80	5 80
.. '87	4 70	5 25	4 90	5 40	5 40	5 40

The above figures are taken from the Drover's Journal, and based upon actual sales. Below are the average prices and yield of corn for corresponding years, as given by the Department of Agriculture:

Year	Total product	Average price
1890.....	1,489,970,000	50.6cts.
1889.....	2,112,892,000	28.3
1888.....	1,987,790,000	34.1
1887.....	1,436,161,000	44.4

A comparison of these figures will show that while cheap corn makes cheap pork, it does not have the same effect upon cattle and sheep.

The outlook is for fair prices for some time yet for all classes of stock. Cattle bid fair to bring good prices, but it is the likely and well bred cattle that have the finish, that will continue to pay the feeder the greatest profit, as there is nearly \$2.00 per cwt. difference in price between cattle of nearly the same weight at present.

The continued heavy run of hogs has had the effect of lowering prices 40c. per cwt. but still they are bringing 50c. per cwt. more than last year the same date. Heavy sheep are not wanted, other kinds are 50c. per cwt. higher than two weeks ago with the prospect of good prices for some time to come.

E. A. WILDEY.

"My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color." P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

Roses in June.

Red as the wine of forgotten ages,
Yellow as gold of the sunbeams spun,
Pink as the gowns of Aurora's pages,
White as the robe of a sinless one,
Sweeter than Araby's winds that blow—
Roses, roses, I love you so!

Crowning the altar where vows are spoken,
Cradling the form that is still and cold,
Symbol of joy, and love's last token,
Telling the story that never grows old:
Spirits of beauty, whom none debar,
Know ye, I wonder, how fair ye are?

Glory of monarch, in palace royal,
Queenliest charmers of all the place;
Blooming for yeomen, tender and loyal,
Bending to kiss his toil stained face,
Roses, roses, born but to bless,
Yield me your secret of loveliness!

—Emma C. Down in Ladies' Home Journal.

Nature's Lessons.

O birds that sing such thankful psalms,
Rebuking human fretting,
Teach us your secret of content,
Your science of forgetting,
For every life must have its ills,
You, too, have hours of sorrow;
Teach us, like you, to lay them by,
And sing again to-morrow,
For gems of darkest jet may lie
Within a golden setting,
And he is wise who understands
The science of forgetting.

O palms that bow before the gale
Until its peaceful ending,
Teach us your yielding linked with strength,
Your graceful art of bending;
For every tree must meet the gale,
Each heart encounters sorrow;
Teach us, like you, to bow, that we
May stand erect to-morrow,
For there is strength in humble grace,
Its wise disciples shielding;
And he is wise who understands
The happy art of yielding.

O brooks which laugh all night, all day,
With voice of sweet seduction,
Teach us your art of laughing still
At every new obstruction;
For every life has eddies deep
And rapids fiercely dashing,
Sometimes through gloomy caverns forced;
Sometimes in sunlight flashing;
Yet there is wisdom in your way,
Your laughing waves and wimples;
Teach us your gospel of content
The secret of your dimples.

O trees that stand in forest ranks,
Tall, strong, erect and slightly,
Your branches arched in noble grace,
Your leaflets laughing lightly;
Teach us your firm and quiet strength,
Your secret of extraction
From slimy darkness in the soil
The grace of life and action;
For they are rich who understand
The secret of combining
The good that's hidden deep in earth
With that where stars are shining.

O myriad forms of earth and air,
Of lake, and sea, and river,
Which make our landscapes glad and fair
To glorify the Giver,
Teach us to learn the lessons hid
In each familiar feature,
The mystery which still perfects
Each low or lofty creature;
For God is good, and life is sweet,
And suns are brightly shining
To glad the gloom and thus rebuke
The folly of repining.

Each night is followed by the day,
Each storm by fairer weather,
While all the works of nature sing
Their songs of joy together;
Then learn, O heart, the song of hope:
Cease, soul, thy thankless sorrow;
For through the clouds be dark to-day,
The sun shall shine to-morrow.

Learn well from bird, and tree, and rill,
The sin of dark resentment,
And know the greatest gift of God
Is faith and sweet contentment.

—L. Edgar Jones in Brooklyn Eagle.

Paper read at Allegan County Pomona Grange
by Mrs. S. Felton.

If by government in the home
was meant simply the process of
controlling and directing the intricate
machinery of housekeeping,
the wheels within wheels
whose harmonious revolutions
alone can bring about the desired
result, how glibly I could talk;
for you know we may all have
theories, although in attainment
we unhappily fall a long ways
short of them.

I could describe the model
housekeeper to you and assure
you that

"I can tell her by her celler,
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall;
I can guess her by her dresser,
And the back stair-case and hall;
And with pleasure take her measure,
By the way she keeps her brooms,
And the peeping at the keeping,
Of her back and unseen rooms,
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms."

I could quote these lines, feeling
sure at the time, that only
those who had learned it in the
school of experience can under-
stand how much of care, anxiety
and labor are represented in the
keeping of a house.

But while good government in
the home means all of this, it
means, alas, much more. We
make jokes at the expense of the
thrifty housewife who "Riseth
while it is yet night and giveth
meat to her household." We
ridicule the industry that maketh
her to work diligently with her
hands long after the partner of

her joys and sorrows has "wrap-
ped the drapery of his couch
around him and lain down to
pleasant dreams." And we set
over against her at times, that
other woman in whose disorderly
house good nature reigned, and
whose husband boasted that

"Though he flung his boots upon a chair,
She laughed and showed she didn't care."

But when we talk of the gov-
ernment of the home, our minds
instantly turn to the governed,
and we no longer have a matter
for jest but the most important
question that can be put con-
fronts us.

"O little feet! that all these years
Must wander on, through hopes and fears,
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil must cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road."

If we could always remember
that in a few brief years all the
cares and burdens of life will fall
upon our children, that they must
struggle as we struggle, that de-
feat and sorrow will meet them
as it has met us, it should cause
every heart to thrill with a de-
termination to help arm and
strengthen these little ones so
that they may fight life's battle
bravely, wisely and well.

And this, I think, should be
the aim of all training in our
homes, to help them attain just
as honorable and pure a manhood,
just as sweet and patient a wom-
anhood as it is possible for them
to attain.

Childhood is too important a
period in the human life to be
wasted and we know too well
that habits and modes of thought
then formed have an almost in-
eradicable influence on the whole
after life. Indeed, we shall all
agree that our children are due
our best thought, our most earn-
est effort, our unflinching devotion.

"The home that love built"
will send glad souls out into the
world with brave hearts and will-
ing hands, while from the "home
that hate built," come the dwarf-
ed natures that so easily fall a
prey to evil.

"We have pleasant words for the stranger
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

If these sad lines are true, how
much we have to correct in our
home life. Children are sensi-
tive and far more observing than
they get credit for being, and
are entitled to be treated with
respect and courtesy.

The recommendation of the
"rod" has come down to us
through the ages, but if Solomon
made a mistake it was in that, or
his meaning was different from
our interpretation. I like far
better the admonition of St. Paul
"Parents, provoke not your
children to wrath." Happy is
the parent who has been able to
inspire his children with a genu-
ine esteem and admiration, for
to him the battle is easily won.
Disobedience and impertinence
are unknown under that roof.
Carlyle gives us a thought in
this sentence, "The poorest edu-
cation with self-denial, is better
than the best without it."

A host of writers might be
cited, who are ready with advice
on the guiding of the untaught
feet, and much of it is excellent,
so easy is it to mark a course for
others to pursue, but no one has
said more in a few words than
quaint Josh Billings: "To bring
up a child in the way he should
go, you must walk that way
yourself." And verily, an ounce
of example is worth a pound of
precept.

And when the wisest, most
conscientious parent has done
all in his power to prepare his
child for the road that stretches
away before him, the journey of
life, when he has fortified him with
all the virtues, and every obsta-
cle that a loving hand could re-
move has been rolled aside.

"Ah! who may read the future?
For our darlings we crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens,
Will guide their precious feet."

Yesterday.

How soon it passed. We
scarcely noted its departure and
yet it has gone with its mater
to swell the tide of years, as it
rolls away into the dim past;
and how have we improved it?
It carried away its record. Was
the page bright with sunshine,
kind words and deeds, pure
thoughts and actions, or did it
bear a burden of grief, unkind-
ness, selfishness and wrangling?
As we look back over the yester-
days of life, how many of them

would we recall that we might
blot out some fault, some unkind
word or some neglected duty!
Possibly we may remember one
who needed a helping hand and
we failed to extend it, or one
whom an encouraging word or
timely bit of praise would have
helped to raise to a higher plane
and we carelessly neglected to
say it.

We do not always have the
courage to stand firmly for what
we know to be right and the
thought of error mars to-day.

But the glad and happy yester-
days. How our memory loves
to dwell on them. In our school-
life what real pleasure we enjoy-
ed, with what zest we entered in-
to our sports. Oh, what fun!
We seem to hear the merry
laughter, shouts and bantering
jests of the boys and girls. What
pleasant memories cling round
the old school house. We boys
and girls of yesterday did not
lose our ambition when the bell
rang, but rushing in with bright
eyes and rosy cheeks, pursued
our studies with equal zest for
who of us was willing to stand
at the foot of the class or be called
a dullard then? Yes, those
were pleasant yesterdays, and
when our hair becomes silvered,
and the sands of life are running
low, we can but look back with
pleasure upon those happy
times.

There come some days in life,
calm, mild days when all nature
is clothed in beauty and seems
inviting us to loiter and drink in
the loveliness all about us, and
we lay our burdens down to sit
and rest beneath some welcome
shade and calmly view the past
and look with hopeful eyes to-
wards the future.

True we miss familiar faces
and sweet voices, but we would
not wish them back for the way
is short from here to there, and
when our spirits have passed in
to the great unknown to-morrow
may our Heavenly Father look
with leniency upon our "yester-
days." MRS. ANNA WILDEY,
Paw Paw.

"Kissing Mother."

A father, talking to his care-
less daughter, said:

"I want to speak to you of
your mother. It may be you
have noticed the careworn look
on her face lately. Of course it
has not been brought there by
any act of yours, still it is your
duty to chase it away. I want
you to get up tomorrow morning
and prepare breakfast, and when
your mother comes and begins
to express her surprise, go right
up to her and kiss her on the
mouth. You can't imagine how
it will brighten her dear face."

Besides, you owe her a kiss
or two. Away back, when you
were a little girl, she kissed you
when no one else was tempted
by your fever-tainted breath and
swollen face. You were not as
attractive then as you are now.
And through those years of
childish sunshine and shadows
she was always ready to cure,
by the magic of a mother's kiss,
the little, dirty chubby hands
whenever they were injured in
those first skirmishes with the
rough, old world.

And then the midnight kisses
with which she routed so many
bad dreams, as she leaned above
your restless pillow, have all
been on interest these long, long
years.

Of course she is not so pretty
and kissable as you are, but if
you had done your share of work
during the past ten years, the
contrast would not be so marked.

Her face has more wrinkles
than yours, and yet, if you were
sick, that face would appear far
more beautiful than an angel's
as it hovered over you, watching
every opportunity to minister to
your comfort; and every one of
these wrinklelets would seem to be
bright wavelets of sunshine chas-
ing each other over the dear
face.

She will leave you one of
these days. These burdens, if
not lifted from her shoulders,
will break her down. Those
rough, hard hands, that have
done so many necessary things
for you, will be crossed upon a
lifeless breast.

Those neglected lips that
gave you your first baby kiss
will be forever closed, and those
sad, tired eyes will have opened
in eternity, and then you will ap-

preciate your mother; but it will
be too late. Before this takes
place do what you can to lighten
her burdens, and don't forget,
above all, to kiss her dear face
whenever you can."

The Past and the Future.

The past—of our own lives and
the world—seems fair and sacred
to us, because we forget and lose
the reality of the roughness and
difficulties. Just as one on a
mountain summit sees not the ir-
regularities of the way, that with
unspeakable toil and difficulty
led him there. It looks a smooth,
winding sweep of path, even as a
river. Or, things past become
good, because one likes to re-
member difficulties and dangers
when they are over; as a storm
at sea, in which life itself was
periled, lives only as a pleasant
excitement in the memory; and
there is a sort of self-heroism
produced by the thought of dan-
gers gone through and overcome.

But, for whatever motives, let
those who will, sigh over, long
after, and worship the "days of
yore." Put me down in the fore-
front of radical progress. I care
for what has been only as it can
serve me as a schoolmaster. Give
me the rock of fundamental
principles to build on, in rearing
the walls of a better future. Of
all the years, the days, the hours,
since the animal climbed up into
man, give me this year, this day,
this hour, and a wise foresight,
and a fearless strength to grapple
with the issues of to-morrow's
dawn, and shape them to the lift-
ing up of man, and the glory of
Him who has led us on our way.
The van of the nineteenth cen-
tury is the noblest place of the
time. Humanity is a giant just
waking from an age-long sleep.
When he learns the use of hand
and brain, we may expect to see
the city of earth-wide civilization
built as fair as that which John
saw coming down from God out
of Heaven.

Instead then of reversing the
engine of progress and going
back to some former station, I
would keep up steam, and have
an engineer with an outlook to-
ward the future. I cannot be-
lieve that God is suffering the
Universe to grow to worse; and
if to better, then let us not cling
so close to the past as to have
no hand with which to grasp the
coming.

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into
the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay.

Not in vain the distant beckons; forward, forward
let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change."

It sails onward, in the stream
of God's wise and loving provid-
ence, toward the great ocean of
a pacific and blessed future. It
swings and rolls upward, at-
tracted by the "Sun of Right-
eousness," the sun of the time to
be, into a higher air, a clearer
light of intelligence, and a warmer
atmosphere of love and human
brotherhood.—Rev. Minot J.
Savage, in Arena.

Hulled Wheat.

Do not many of the readers of
the Farmer remember among the
good things of childhood that
old-fashioned dish, hulled corn?
But how many of those who re-
member how good it was, as their
grandmothers made it, know that
hulled wheat is far superior?
Indeed, it is so much better that
we have given up the corn entire-
ly and when we want a dish of
that sort we use the wheat. As
the process of preparing it may
be new to some of your readers
I will give it.

Take two or three quarts of
sound wheat and pick it over
thoroughly. We run ours through
the fanning mill twice and then
had to pick out many odds and
ends. Put it in a porcelain ket-
tle and with it a pint of clean
wood ashes tied in a coarse cloth.
Cover with water and set on the
fire and let it boil from one to
two hours. Drain the water off,
put the wheat into a large pan,
or pail, pour on cold water and
wash it, rubbing it between the
hands to get the hulls off. If
these come off right they will
leave each a kernel as white, and
about the size of a kernel of rice.
But if they do not all come off it
will do no especial harm, as the
bran is so softened by the alkali
that the wheat will cook with it
on. Now the wheat must be

washed over and over, then put
on the fire and boiled, then wash-
ed again. This must be done
until all the hulls that will come
off are removed and it is entirely
free from the lye formed by the
ashes. We put ours over and
scalded it twice and washed it in
ten waters. Then put it over
with hot water enough to cover,
salt it well and boil four or five
hours. The two quarts of wheat
will make from eight to ten
quarts when it is done.

For those who like a pure
cereal food nothing can be better
than this. After you have the pre-
pared foods from the market—
cereal flakes, rolled avena, etc.,
and even oatmeal will be set
aside when you have this. It is
as good steamed over two or
three days after it is made as
when fresh.—Kate in Ohio Farm-
er.

Uses of Hot Water.

Hot water is one of the best
among simple remedies, says the
Ladies' Home Journal. For in-
stance, headache almost always
yields to the simultaneous appli-
cation of hot water to the feet
and back of the neck.

A towel folded several times,
and dipped in hot water, and
quickly wrung out and applied
over the toothache or neuralgia,
will generally afford prompt re-
lief.

A strip of flannel, or napkin
folded lengthwise, and dipped in
hot water and wrung out, and
then applied around the neck of
a child that has the croup, will
sometimes bring relief in ten
minutes.

Hot water taken freely half an
hour before bedtime, is helpful
in the case of constipation and
has a most soothing effect upon
the stomach.

A goblet of hot water taken
just after rising, before break-
fast, has cured thousands of indig-
estion, and no simple remedy is
more widely recommended by
physicians to dyspeptics.

DRY WALKS.—Much dirt
would be saved from the floors,
and much consequent work of
cleaning, if dry walks were
made around the house. A door
mat and a scraper should be at
the kitchen door as a further
safe-guard. Any man can make
a scraper in a few minutes by
setting an old hoe, or even a
piece of hoop iron, upright in a
block of wood. This, with a
good husk mat, will save the
housewife many a sweeping and
scrubbing.

The popular notion has been
that there is no middle ground
between the washtub or the oven,
and the acquisition of languages
or the playing of the piano. But
there is just as much a science of
housekeeping, as of railroad con-
struction, of metallurgy, of medi-
cine, pharmacy and other prac-
tical branches of scientific educa-
tion. It has, of course been over-
looked thus far because of its
humble sphere; but there is no
doubt that if it should become as
much a part of woman's educa-
tion as the ordinary catalogue of
of studies now pursued, its bene-
ficial effects upon the comfort
and health of the race could
not be easily overrated.—De-
troit Journal.

That which you claim another
might do for you that do for some
one else. Where your heart is
interested let your life take part;
where your life takes part, let
your heart glow. Human beings
are not your rivals, for in God's
human kingdom there is room.
No human being was made to
live without love; no human love
was meant for naught. Where
you love serve, and where you
serve love.—H. S. Carpenter.

Though everything is not right
and perfect in the world, we can-
not help thinking that if we took
half the pleasure in seeking out
good things, that we do in search
of evil, we should find ourselves
better men and discover many
hidden treasures which we tread
daily under foot.

The more we know, the better
we forgive; who'er feels deeply,
feels for all who live.—Mme. de
Staël.

Circumstances are beyond the
control of man; but his conduct
is in his own power.—Disraeli.

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If I Should Die To-morrow.

If I should die to-morrow, would I feel This need of human love? Or would the transit of my soul reveal A wealth I know not of? If I should die to-morrow would I see That all the tears I wept Were heavenly prisms that reflect for me The glory God has kept? If I should die to-morrow, would I know That faith and love are one More surely than on earth I feel it so, Where life has but begun? If I should die to-morrow, could it be That thought and growth would cease, And all the struggles of a tempted soul Secure eternal peace? If I should die to-morrow, I might find Upon the farther shore A great work waiting for the active mind, Some need of love's grand store. And, turning backward toward my earthly course, See many a conquest where I thought to find the tear-stains of remorse, The black clouds of despair.—Christain Register.

Making a Start.

"What are you going to make of your boy?" may be a very exasperating question to the man whose theories have settled it that boys must make themselves. He will tell you that a vocation cannot be forced upon a person; that every boy knows best what he wants to do; and that work of any high order will come to nothing unless it is taken up under the pressure of a strong personal conviction of its necessity. Very true; but when a boy grows up without finding, either in himself or out of himself, any definite purpose—when the only thing that he is sure of regarding his future is that he is sure he does not know anything about it—what shall the father do with him?

There are too many such boys. The schools and colleges are filled with them. Their education, often an expensive one, is provided by parents who assume, somewhat doubtfully, that they will have the best possible preparation for "business"—that American synonym for all the weighty interests of life. But many of these boys are not seeking to prepare themselves for anything. They do not take a very keen interest in their studies, or in anything else, unless it be some transient fun or excitement. They manifest no strong attraction toward any noble pursuit, urgent sense of powers unused, or pressing work waiting to be done. Yet it is with instruments like these that much of the world's work must be accomplished. How shall the work and the workers be put in fruitful relation?

Is there anything more helpless than a young man, old enough for independent responsibility, and thrown upon his own resources with just enough education to unfit him for manual labor, without having learned to do anything that the world wants done? But this is precisely the situation in which many of our young people are placed, through the mistaken kindness of their elders. Fathers and mothers, too, who do not look for any higher life than one of material prosperity, but whose incomes are large enough to protect their sons from that education of earning their own living, which was their own lot, postpone any serious consideration of employment through a feeling of tenderness for the boy. There is a vague notion that "he may as well go to school a little longer." That father considers, with comfortable complaisance, that he doesn't need to take life as hard as I did." He is himself a shrewd business man. At the age of that lad he was fighting pluckily for the possession of the first steps on that ladder of success, which led to his present easy position. But the shrewdness which served him so well is not brought to bear upon the boy's education. He encourages habits of ease and self-indulgence, he carries for him all the practical burdens of life; yet when personal responsibility can no longer be evaded, he will expect him to take his place promptly in a world of whose realities he knows nothing. Too often hopeless failure results. The untrained boy becomes one of the "unclassed men" who are left helplessly swirling in every eddying bay along the stream of progress. A boy brought up in this way is physically and mentally unfit for the life of a workingman, useful and self-respecting as that life may be.

Unless he has a remarkable natural aptitude for business, he is more likely to devote himself to spending money than to making it. Of the broader usefulness and higher aims of a life of culture, he has, too often, no conception. Whose fault is it, and how are these boys to be helped to a better start in life?

A strong intellectual bent is often its own protection. It urges on its possessor to that development and activity of the powers which supply its own object in life and furnish both stimulus and reward. It is the boys of moderate endowments, of merely average talents, who are in the greatest danger. They are boys who might do their fair share of the inevitable tasks of their generation, but who are without striking force to mark out a path for themselves. They are by nature private soldiers and not leaders.

With the advance of civilization and the greater complexity of modern life, this making a start in the busy world becomes every year a more difficult matter. Competition grows keener and keener; more and more the weaker, and those who are easily discouraged are crowded out. More thorough preparation is demanded for the professions, and all the avenues of commerce are thronged with applicants. It seems more and more as if this question of placing boys in a favorable opening for a life-work would become as much a matter of fore-cast and serious thought with American parents as it already is in other countries.

No one would wish the boy's enjoyment of his present freedom to be too much over-shadowed by the thought of future uncertainties. But there are some certainties which he can hardly accept too early. The sense of individual responsibility is one that must grow with the growth. If the force of moral obligation, the sense of duty as governing daily conduct, is less strong in public life or in private enterprise than formerly, why is it? Is it not because boys are left to form their own ideas of what is honorable and manly, without a faithful grounding in the true principles of right living? A faithful, trustworthy boy makes a reliable man. Character is a slow growth, but there is nothing surer than its gains; the boy himself is the only security for his future.

Making a start, then, should always begin now, for true wisdom teaches to improve the present moment. It is always worth while to give our very best work to the thing that has to be done; this is accepting reality, and it is the only way to convert the best possible into the best actual. Circumstances prove pliant when the germ is strong enough to force its way; it is the kernel that shapes the shell. So a strong life molds its own envelop. The habit of making the most of every day will make the youth ready to seize the moment of opportunity when it comes. We are not all sure of our own aptitudes or possibilities; very many only find out what they can do by trying, but every young person should be taught to look upon life as a field of labor.

"It is a world of mediocrity," says the wearied and disappointed man. "Let's try to make it a little bit better," is the brave reply of youth.—D. H. R. Goodale, in Country Gentleman.

World's Fair Visitors Will not Miss It.

The exhibit which the South American Republic of Columbia will make at the World's Fair will be a very notable and interesting one. A communication received at Exposition headquarters describes its character in part as follows:

"Columbia's World's Fair building will be modeled after her capitol at Bogota. The exterior will be in imitation of sandstone, of which it is built, while the interior will be partitioned and ceiled throughout with the precious hard woods of the country, comprising more than a hundred varieties, both rough and polished; an exhibition in wood alone, a parallel to which has never been presented by any other country in the world. The interior will be filled with the products of the country—coffee,

cocoa, rubber, ivory, nuts, wax, gums, fibers, etc.—while the material exhibit will doubtless be the richest ever seen in the United States.

"Within the building Indian women will be seen weaving the much appreciated Panama hat from fiber prepared on the spot, all hand work, yet stripping and weaving the fiber into threads as fine as linen. An 'Alpargate' (manufacture of hemp sandals) will be seen in full operation, while the 'petate' (a fine palm fiber mat) will be turned out by the native hand loom manipulated by skillful workmen of the country. Hammock-makers will braid the beautiful grasses of Columbia into artistic work, all of which cannot fail to find appreciative purchasers, thus leading to a commerce in these useful and valuable articles. These latter exhibits will be made by private parties but will have a place within the Columbian building, because they present an interesting and important feature of her industries so exclusively Columbian that her exhibit would not be complete without them.

"Other exhibits by private parties will be made, the principal of which and probably the most valuable and interesting will be the recently discovered antiquities in solid gold, weighing an aggregate of forty-eight pounds, consisting of helmets, idols, birds, animals, ornaments, etc., valued at more than \$30,000. These objects are all curiously and delicately hand wrought, the work of people who lived ages ago, but whose history is lost to the world. These antiquities were discovered buried in vaults or tombs deep in the ground, supposed to have been the burial place of a king or cacique. This will be under the direction of Lieut. Lemly, of the United States army to whom great credit is due for his successful efforts in having diverted it to the United States, where it is hoped, it may find a prominent place in the national museum."

A Literary Sensation.

Since the departure of Amelie Rives-Chanler from this country almost immediately after her marriage, we have had only brief newspaper paragraphs concerning her life and literary intentions. Not a little curiosity has been displayed as to the possibility of her complete withdrawal from the field of letters. It is now nearly three years since anything of importance has appeared from her pen, but no one has believed that the exceptionally brilliant author of "A Brother to Dragons" had finished her career as a writer. A recent paragraph in the daily papers announced the fact that Mrs. Rives-Chanler was hard at work upon a new novel destined to arouse the entire literary world by its artistic merit and bold originality. There have been many conjectures advanced as to the probable source through which the new novel would be given to the public. Notwithstanding the high prices which Mrs. Chanler demands for her manuscripts, it was known that many publishers were in the field in competition for her latest work. While many rumors were afloat, the Cosmopolitan has quietly secured it and placed it in the hands of a famous artist in Paris for illustration. It is announced now that the first chapters will appear in the August number of the Cosmopolitan, and that, in the estimation of critics who are most competent to judge, this last story will be the most finished, as well as interesting, product of this versatile Southern pen. The story is likely to be the literary sensation of the year. Its publication in the Cosmopolitan is a guarantee that it will contain nothing of the kind that excited criticism in Amelie Rives Chanler's earlier productions.

The Same Old Story.

GALLIA, CO., O. May 20, 1891. Mr. O. W. Ingersoll, Dear Sir:—Your Paint has been recommended by L. P. Thompson. We used the Ingersoll Paint fifteen years ago, if you are the same firm we need no other recommendation, as it has proved itself to be the best. Respectfully, M. R. MATTHEWS. See adv. Patrons' Paint Works.

Notices of Meetings.

VICTOR, Mich., June 5.
ED. VISITOR:
Please give notice that Clinton County Pomona Grange will hold its next meeting with Victor Grange on June 24th. Worthy Master Thos. Mars will give us a lecture in the evening.
J. C. BURNSEN, Sec'y.

COLDWATER, June 9.
ED. VISITOR:
The next meeting of Branch County Pomona Grange will be held with Union Grange, Thursday, June 18th. The papers left over from the last meeting will be called first; then papers by J. D. W. Fisk, E. A. Greenamyer, and others. Plenty of good music by Union Grange, and recitations and declamations by the young people, will help to make a pleasant and profitable meeting.
Fraternally,
WALLACE E. WRIGHT,
Lecturer.

Wheat will be Higher.

The fact that wheat is certain to sell at a higher price next fall than for several seasons past, will not make the present unsurpassed prospects for a full crop any the less attractive to Michigan farmers. While something may happen to make it otherwise, there seems to be nothing likely to influence to that end—nothing to overcome the shortage of the European crop. This is the view of the Scottish Leader of Edinburgh, which in its issue dated April 8 had this to say: The causes of this persistent and uniform rise are far-reaching, consisting as they do in a reduction through unfortunate climatic conditions of the stock of almost the whole of the wheat producing countries. No possible increase in the American crop over the produce of last year can, it is believed, make good the expected deficiency in Europe. On a careful computation, it is regarded as a certainty that the world's wheat production will for the third year in succession be less than a year's consumption, thereby reducing reserve stocks in all countries to a minimum not reached during a very long period. Reports from all the great wheat growing districts in Europe make it clear that the yield will be less than that of last year; and a deficiency of twenty million quarters in France is regarded as probable. To a country like ours, where the production of wheat can not be reckoned as more than a third of the consumption, the prospect is not exhilarating. It means that before many months are over, consumers of the "staff of life" will have to pay an increased price on the most necessary of daily commodities."

Olive Center Grange No. 652, alive and well, holding meetings every Saturday evening, discussing the different kinds of farm work as they come in their season. Co-operation is now being agitated to quite an extent. The need of members reading the VISITOR was brought up at last meeting and four subscribers obtained. This will be repeated until the majority of families are supplied. Truly Yours,
A. R. R.

(To other Granges. "Go and do thou likewise."—Ed.)

ED. VISITOR:—Rollin Grange, No. 383, will observe Children's Day by meeting at its Hall to have a picnic dinner, after which a fine program will be given, consisting of Speaking Essays and Dialogues from the little folks, and short addresses from the older members, interspersed with fine music. The affair is to be public. Yours Fraternaly,
MRS. H. L. DAYTON, Sec'y.

To stop the bleeding of a horse or other stock from a snag or wound, says a horse man, make an application of dry manure and it will stop the bleeding of a wound every time. This information may be worth a good deal to many. While away from home recently a weanling colt of mine broke through a barbed wire fence and cut his fore leg badly. It had been bleeding for eight hours when I got home. I took dry horse manure and held it on the wound for one minute and the blood stopped flowing at once.

The National Editorial Association meets in St. Paul, Minnesota, on July 14th-17th, 1891. The capitol of the North Star state is a delightful place for a summer meeting, and the fraternity has the promise of being handsomely cared for. St. Paul and its neighbor, Minneapolis, are wonderful outgrowths of the marvelous development of the northwest. There are many pretty resorts around these twin giants. The most attractive perhaps, is Lake Minnetonka, reached via the great Northern Railway, which has four tracks between the two cities, crossing the Mississippi river at Minneapolis on a half million dollar stone arch bridge in full sight of the Falls of St. Anthony and the largest flouring mills in the world, and thence through beautiful suburban places to Minnetonka Beach and Hotel Lafayette, the largest and finest summer resort hostelry in the northwest. The hotel building is over a fifth of a mile in length, and contains nearly five acres of floor surface. Every window faces the lake. All the comforts and accessories known to good living and modern life are provided. It is under the management, for the ninth year, of Eugene Mehl, of the Ryan, of St. Paul.

"Can the character be read from the handwriting?" Most assuredly it can. Everyone can remember being influenced favorably or unfavorably by the penmanship of some unknown person, and has been astonished to find how true the conclusions were; and some of the world's foremost thinkers have maintained that the handwriting furnishes a more exact key to the character than the head, face or form. Character-reading from handwriting is a fascinating study; and if you wish to learn all about it you must read the excellent and profusely illustrated article, "How to Read Character by Handwriting," by Prof. Nelson Thorpe, published in the July number of Demorest's Family Magazine, and you will be still more interested in the subject. In the same number is a splendid article on "Chili," which is particularly apropos at present. Besides, there are stories and poems, and over 200 illustrations. Briefly, this number fully maintains the justly earned prestige of being the model family magazine, and it is published for \$2 per year by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., N. Y.

Died, May 16, 1891, Cyrus P. Jordan, a member of Butler Grange, in Branch county, in his 33d year.

At Rest:—Emma, wife of Alvin Morley, died at her home, near Glendora, Mich., May 3d, 1891.

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

JOHN T. BAILEY & CO.,
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Extra Russian Hemp.—This twine is without doubt the best in the market, being more uniform in strength and evenness than pure manilla. Most people prefer the Russian, the great number of testimonials we have received being the best proof of its value. Length, 535 feet to 1 lb. Breaking strain 90 to 100 pounds.
Russian Hemp "Mixed."—Made to meet the demand for a cheap yet strong, even twine. Possessing all the characteristics of the extra Russian, and being far superior to any Standard Mixed, Sisal, or any similar twine in the market, including most of the so-called manilla. Length, 525 feet to 1 lb. Breaking strain, 80 to 100 pounds.
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For the past two years our Binder Twines have been used almost exclusively by Granges in this and adjoining States, the many testimonials we have received being the best proof of their value. Write for prices and samples.
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It will relieve and cure dyspepsia, nervous debility, and that tired feeling.

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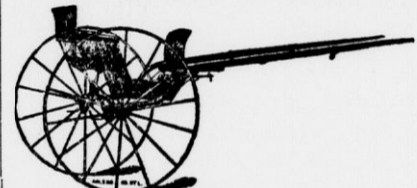
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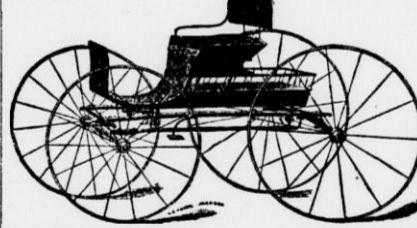
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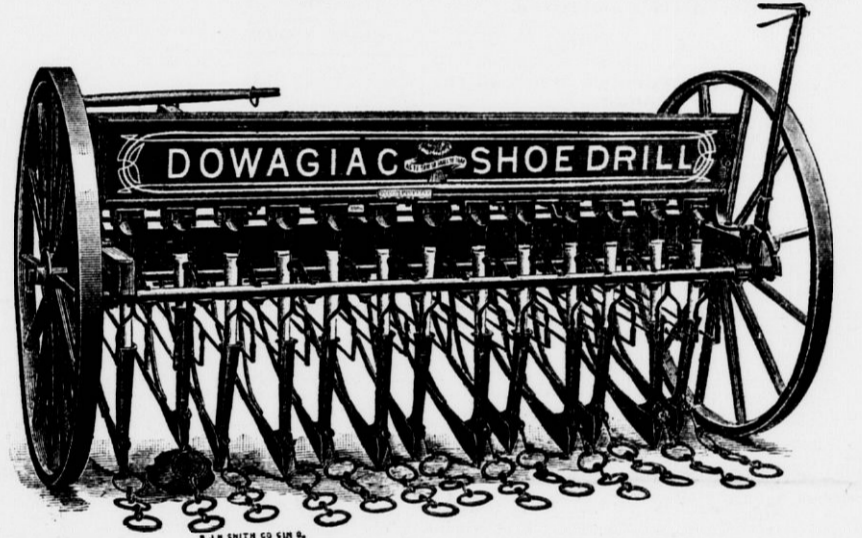
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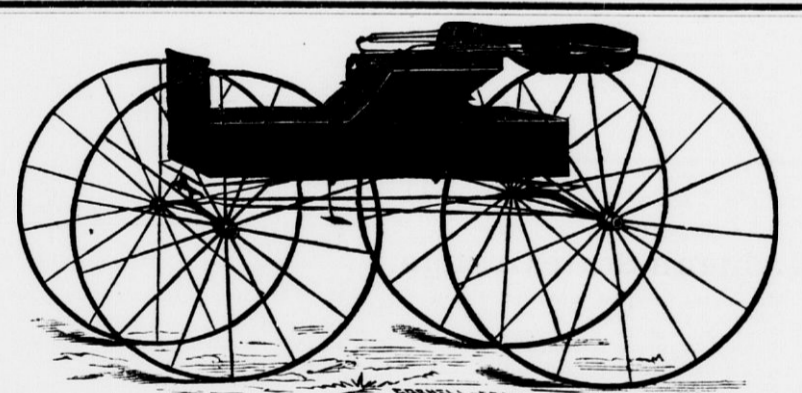


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The Lightest Draft Drill,
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A \$90 BUGGY FOR \$70!

Here is the opportunity you have been looking for. A stylish, durable top buggy, painted in lead and oil, no dip finish. The buggy has been thoroughly tested for over ten years on all kinds of roads and in all kinds of service. Its easy riding qualities and adaptability to roads has been fully demonstrated.

The demand for a good side-spring buggy has been gradually growing for several years, and there have been several new springs put on the market in consequence. The most of these have proved failures, the construction being such that there was no chance for the side-spring to lengthen when loaded, hence the motion was short and sharp, or the gear was thrown out of "track." In the "Wolverine" these objections are avoided. There are four springs which are put together in such manner that each is allowed full play without straining any part of the gear. It has a wrought iron fifth wheel, clip kingbolt, and a double reach. Every buggy should have a well braced reach to make it keep in "track."

The GRANGE VISITOR has made arrangements with the manufacturer, Arthur Wood, of Grand Rapids, to sell to subscribers to this paper the above buggy at a price within the reach of every farmer who needs a buggy. We have examined every part of the works, and stake the reputation of the VISITOR on the good qualities of every job. A two-horse two-seated wagon with three springs, just right to take the family to church, for \$55.00.

Hear what those say who have used them:

After using one two years, Dr. H. H. Power, of Saranac, writes as follows: "There is nothing to compare with the 'Wolverine' for ease, comfort and durability."
COLDWATER, Mich., April 24th, 1891—Some years ago I purchased two single buggies of Arthur Wood, of Grand Rapids, and found them to be strong and durable. They have been in use eight or ten years, and have proved to be satisfactory in all respects.
CYRUS G. LUCE.

Paw Paw, May 1st, 1891—In 1875 I purchased an open buggy of Arthur Wood. It has been in constant use since and promises several years service. I have now ordered one of the Wolverine top buggies on the reputation they sustain for excellence, workmanship and durability. J. C. GOULD.

Send the money to the editor of this paper, and the buggy will be sent direct from the factory.