

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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PAW PAW, MICH.

"The Miller in his Relation to the Farmer."

(Paper read before the Millers' Convention at Lansing, Mich., by C. J. De Roo, of Holland.)

The miller's vocation is one that brings him in such close relation to the farmer that their mutual obligations and opportunities for mutual advancement, necessarily become and are, well worthy of the closest study, and this applies to every stage of farming and milling, from the sowing of seed to the marketing of the finished product. In this short paper I will not pretend to do more than touch upon a few salient points, trusting to your discussion and criticism to elaborate them, and what I say will have reference particularly to that cereal which is the miller's and farmers' main-stay, viz, wheat.

Beginning with the seed, it should be the miller's aim to procure for the farmers for experiment and trial, varieties of wheat that promise to be adapted to their soil and climatic conditions, and to give satisfactory results in yield and quality, for the latter element as fixing the price, must not be lost sight of or sacrificed entirely to the question of yield. In many instances important benefit is derived merely from a change of the same variety to another kind of soil or to another section of the state, and in enabling the farmer to make such changes and experiments, the miller should volunteer his aid by procuring the seed wheat and selling it at bare cost. His reward will come when the golden grain is poured into his bins in increased quantity and of higher milling value. Our Michigan farmers have at present very generally settled upon the several varieties of white wheat and long-berried red, and these are all well calculated to maintain the present high standard of Michigan flour. Fultz has generally and deservedly fallen into disuse, experience proving it unsatisfactory both to the farmer and miller.

In order to encourage wheat-growing, it must be rendered profitable. Otherwise the farmer will naturally seek more remunerative employment. The miller can aid in this by paying in his own locality the highest price that current market conditions will allow, without the intervention of any middleman to lessen the price to the farmer, but dealing direct with the latter.

As remarked in another connection, the question of price is closely and inseparably connected with that of quality. To any unprejudiced mind, it is plain that a distinction should be made between wheat and wheat; that the careful, pains-taking farmer, who, by judicious selection or cleaning of seed wheat and elimination of the growing crop, of cockle, rye and other foreign seeds, grows clean wheat, or property cleans it before marketing, should receive a higher price than he who brings to the mill a mixture of wheat, rye, cockle and what not, or whose crop has unfortunately failed, from causes

beyond his own control, to develop into a bright, sound, plump berry. Any other course must simply result in a lower average price and rob the producer of choice wheat of a portion of his just reward.

How then shall this question of quality be determined? By the exercise solely of the buyer's judgment in viewing the wheat, or shall he be aided by a grain tester? This innocent little brass bucket has been the target of much abuse, though why this should be so I have never been able to see. The grain-tester is certainly made with the utmost care and precision, and is an unvarying and absolute quantity. It asks not whether the farmer has more wheat to sell, whether he comes from the neighborhood of some other mill or buyer, or whether his wheat is from the same field as a previous lot, but simply passes upon the merits of the particular wheat offered, and treats the big farmer and the little farmer; the rich and the poor, alike, and I believe, justly. It must be regarded as an important aid in properly judging wheat. In some localities mills are using separators to clean the wheat before weighing and return to the farmer the screenings, buying only the cleaned wheat. While I can not speak of this method from personal experience, it certainly seems to be a very fair one, and should find favor, both with the farmer and the miller.

It is unnecessary, I believe, to speak to the members of the association of the necessity and wisdom (setting aside for the moment those higher motives which should actuate every man in dealing with his fellow-men), of treating with exact and even-handed justice every farmer that comes to our mills, but in this connection I wish to allude to and deprecate the practice which prevails in some localities, of paying any bonus or premium to the farmer who has a large lot of wheat to sell. Let there be a price, as high as market conditions will warrant, and let that and no more be paid to the man that has a thousand bushels to sell, as well as to him who has only ten. It is wheat that we are after and the ten bushels are worth as much as the thousand, as far as it goes, and probably the grower of the small lot needs the full price more than his bigger neighbor.

The farmers of our respective neighborhoods are, or should be, among our best flour customers, and in this connection I wish to touch upon a practice once somewhat prevalent, but now, I believe, obsolete, viz, giving the farmers a little lower grade of flour than that put up for the merchant grade. The grower of the wheat should receive in exchange for it the best straight grade of flour that his grain will produce, unless he, from choice and for the sake of quantity at the expense of quality, desires a lower grade. Certainly no man is better entitled to count in his bill of fare the best products of the soil than the tiller of it. As to the quantity of flour and offal that shall be given in exchange for a bushel of wheat, that can safely be left to be fixed by the free and untrammelled competition that exists between the numerous mills found throughout the state in more than sufficient numbers. The farmer should have the benefit of the fact that his flour trade is a strictly cash one, but local conditions must, of necessity, affect some-

what the exchange rates. What might be a fair rate at one mill is not necessarily so at another. The quality and value of the flour may not be the same.

In olden times, when mills were few and far between, there might be some plausible reason for the fixing the miller's profit by legal enactment; but at present there is no more reason or equity in fixing the miller's profit by legal enactment; but at present there is no more reason or equity in fixing the miller's wages than in fixing the price of a heifer, a bushel of wheat or a carpenter's day's work by law. The miller should certainly receive a reasonable compensation for his labor and invested capital. That this has been none too great in recent years, you, gentlemen, and history can testify. The march of modern improvement has compelled us to expend the savings of years in continually remodeling our mills, or fall hopelessly behind and out of the race, and who can say that we have yet reached a resting point? Present indications point to a contrary conclusion.

The present movement among farmers toward mutual association is an excellent one and I venture, to predict will eventually result in much good. The originators of such movements are frequently actuated on, by motives of personal aggrandizement, and seek to appeal to a popular prejudice rather than to the higher instincts, but eventually the better minds and higher motives in such associations gain the ascendancy, the "professional" workman and farmer drops into the background and the actual one takes his place in directing the affairs of the association. No upheaval of society is threatened. The stern common-sense of the farmer can be trusted to demand dollars that are worth one hundred cents in payment for his products and not a debased coin. His integrity rebukes the idea of paying his debts in any other manner. Demagogues will fail in any attempt to make him look upon the miller or merchant as his natural enemy.

The conditions of modern civilization lead to the mutual dependence of different classes upon each other while each class strives to perfect itself in its own particular vocation. "Live and let live" is an adage that does not lose truth and force as time rolls on. The interests of the farmer and miller, being so closely identical, they should work hand in hand to secure relief from onerous and burdensome high tariff legislation on their purchases, while their products are practically on a free trade basis, and will continue to be, so long as this country has a surplus of grain and flour for export.

Reciprocity with countries consuming our agricultural products should be favored and demanded, while the interest of our manufacturing centers that furnish a home market should not be lost sight of. It is an axiom with me that unless I can do business with a man pleasantly and agreeably to both parties, I would much prefer not to do business with him at all. To promote mutually pleasant relations it is necessary that there should be cordiality and frankness. If, therefore, we have any grievance against our farmer neighbor, let us go to him and frankly speak it out, and if he has any grievance, real or imagined, against us, let him not hesitate to call for

an explanation or remedy. Such a course is the only honorable and manly one, while to cherish a grudge or seek to poison the minds of others is cowardly and mean. Such frankness will do much to make the relations of two classes, whose interests are as closely identical as those of the farmer and the miller, as they should be and naturally are, cordial and friendly.

Concerning Clover Tubercles

H. W. Conn has reviewed in the official publication of the office of experiment stations at Washington all the existing literature regarding the nitrogen gathering tubercles of the leguminous plants. Thus far he has not taken up the subject of nitrogen gathering, but will do so later. Meanwhile we give his conclusions as to what has been ascertained about the origin and structure of these mysterious root tubercles as follows: It may seem strange that there should be a difference of opinion on mere matters of fact, but the differences are explained by the difficulties of observation. The tubercles grow naturally underground, Laurent alone having had much success with water culture. They are opaque, and can therefore only be studied by tearing them to pieces or by cutting sections of them. The organisms which produce changes are microscopic, and it is therefore impossible to watch their action on the root cells. The only method of observation is by examining a large number of tubercles in different stages of growth, and in this way important points are sure to be missed. Differences in results of observation as wide as above sketched are, therefore, not surprising. Taking all of these observations together we may conclude that our present knowledge of the nature of these tubercles is somewhat as follows: They are not normal products of the plant, but are in all cases produced by infection from some organisms which exist in the soil and attach themselves to the young root. Their presence in the root tissue stimulates the root cells to active growth and a mass of new tissue is formed around the growing organisms. This tissue forms the tubercle and confines the infectious action within narrow limits. The tubercle is thus a sort of gall. The study of the development of this gall shows three somewhat distinct stages. First there appears a branching filament which grows among the cells of the root and which soon stimulates an active growth of the root cells. A little later, after the tubercle is formed, the central cells become filled with the bodies called bacteroids. Lastly the bacteroids of the central cells are absorbed by the plant and the tubercle becomes empty. These facts are agreed upon by all. In regard to the significance of these facts there are three distinct opinions. The first is that of Hraznowski, who calls the organism which produces the infection a bacterium, and claims that the branching filaments are simply colonies of bacteria inclosed in a membrane of their own manufacture, for their protection against the injurious action of the plant tissue. The filaments swell with the multiplication of the bacteria till they burst. The bacteria then coming into contact with the plant tissue and no longer being able to grow, owing to the injurious influence of the plant plasma

upon them, degenerate into the bacteroids. They are subsequently absorbed by the plant and incorporated into the substance, serving therefor as food. The view held by Frank differs from this essentially in its explanation of the filaments and bacteroids. The filaments are said to be a mixture of the plant protoplasm and bacteria. They are produced by the plant and serve to conduct the infectious matter into the midst of the root. The bacteroids are also products of the plant plasma, and not distinct organisms. Their absorption does not, therefore, especially help the plant. The third view, that of Ward and Laurent, regards the infection organism not as a bacterium, but as a low fungus, somewhat closely related to the yeasts. The filament is really a mycelial growth of the organism, and the bacteria arises from it by budding. The bacteroids are thus distinct organisms—not degenerated forms, but normal growths. None of these views would regard the tubercle organism as true parasites on the plant, since the plant is not injured by them, but is probably directly benefited. The association is rather to be regarded as an instance of symbiosis, an association of two organisms together in such a way that each receives benefit from the other. The plant is probably benefited in gaining nitrogen, and the infecting organism is benefited in gaining a brood pouch for its development.

Making it Rain

The United States Board of Agriculture proposes to make it rain in the arid southwest, and to secure this result have engaged special experts in bombardment. They are to arrange a series of explosions above the earth's surface by means of balloons charged with oxygen and hydrogen, and in all ways an effort will be made to make the conditions such as occur at the time of a severe battle.

The plan of campaign and the apparatus is in the charge of General Drydenforth, who recently explained the plan of campaign in this way: "Going to some accessible point where there is plenty of room, I will endeavor to have a front of from two to three miles in extent and having several lines of fire at a depth of from half a mile to a mile. At intervals corresponding with what would be the positions of artillery or entrenched troops, I will have the balloons, the most expensive element of the outfit.

At proper distances from these, front and rear, I propose to send up the kites, carrying in suitable receptacles such as rubber, oiled silk, or balloon-fabric bags, various explosives, and again in front and rear and laterally I propose to have vessels in the nature of mortars, for firing other explosives. The vessels may be bell shaped and buried in the ground with their mouths out, whereby the earth will supply requisite lateral resistance and obviate the necessity of hooping

I propose to keep up the row for several days. There are about as many as 100 balloons and they will have a diameter of from twelve to twenty feet. Each will produce 600 cubic feet of oxygen in an hour. They are the invention of Prof. Carl E. Myers, the aeronaut. When the bombardment is completed it is confidently expected that there will be copious showers and great good result.

The All-Kind Mother.

Lo, whatever is at hand
Is full meet for the demand;
Nature ofttimes giveth best
When she seemeth charest.
She hath shapen shower and sun
To the need of every one—
Summer bland and winter drear,
Dimpled pool and frozen mere.
All thou lackest she hath still,
Near thy finding and thy fill.
Yield her fullest faith, and she
Will endow thee royally.

Loveless weed and lily fair
She attendeth, here and there—
Kindly to the weed as to
The lorn lily tear'd with dew.
Each to her hath use as dear
As the other; an thou clear
Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see
Haply all the mystery.
Thou shalt see the lily get
Its divinest blossom; yet
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less
With the song-bird's gleefulness.

Thou art poor or thou art rich—
Never lightest matter which,
All the glad gold of the noon,
All the silver of the moon,
She doth lavish on thee, while
Thou withholdest any smile
Of thy gratitude to her,
Baser used than usurer,
Shame be on thee and thou seek
Not her pardon, with hot cheek,
And bowed head, and brimming eyes,
At her merciful "Arise!"
—James Whitcomb Riley, in Century.

A True Dog Story.

In the year of 187—the steamship Swallow left the Cape of Good Hope, bound for England — "for home," the passengers, all English, called it. Among them was a lady with a child two years old and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge handsome Newfoundland dog.

The voyage had lasted six days. No land was visible, and the island of St. Helena would be the nearest point. The day was a beautiful one, with a soft breeze blowing, and the sun shining down brightly on the shining waters. A large and gay company of the passengers were assembled on deck; merry groups of young men and girls had clustered together; now and then a merry laugh rang out, or some one sung a gay little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by the loud and piercing scream of a woman.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the leaping restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea—into the wide Atlantic. The poor woman, in her despair, would have flung herself after her charge had not strong hands held her back. But sooner than it can be written down, something ran swiftly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the waters and then Nero's black head appeared above the waters, holding the child in his mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, the ship's surgeon, taking his place in it, ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the leaping, dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something scarlet in his mouth. The child had on a little jacket of scarlet cloth, and it gleamed like a speck of fire on the dark blue waves.

The mother of the child stands on the deck, her eyes strained anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the little scarlet point. How long the time seems! The boat seems fairly to creep, though it speeds over the waves as it sped never before.

Sometimes a billow higher than its fellows hides for a moment dog and child from the anxious, straining eyes. One can almost hear the watchers' hearts then throb with fear lest the waters may have swallowed them up. But the boat comes nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow of the surgeon's reaching over and lifting the child out of the dog's mouth, then a sailor's strong arm pulls Nero into the boat, and the men row swiftly to the ship.

"Alive?" is shouted from every lip as the boat comes within hail of the steamer; and as the answer comes back, "Alive!" a "thank God!" breaks from every heart. Then the boat comes up to the ship's side. A hundred hands are stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and "Good Nero," "Brave dog," "Good fellow" resound on every side. But Nero ignores the praise showered so

profusely on him; he trots sedately up to the child's mother, and with a wag of his dripping tail, looks up into her face with his big, faithful brown eyes. It was as if he said "It is all right; I have brought her back quite safe."

The mother drops on her knees on the deck, and taking his shaggy head in both hands, kisses his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in a stream. There is indeed not a dry eye on board. One old sailor stands near with tears running down his weather-beaten brown face, all the while unconscious he is weeping.

Well, as one can imagine, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and hero of the whole ship. He bore his honors with quiet, modest dignity. It was curious, however, to see how from that time on he made himself the sentinel and body guard of the child he had saved. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every move she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with Nero only to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the skirt of her frock, promptly drew her back. "It was as though he thought, 'I have been lucky enough, Miss Baby, to save you once from a watery grave, but as I may not be so lucky again, I shall take care you don't take any unnecessary risks in the future.'"

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, "Three cheers for Nero!" and they were given with a will. And "Good by, Nero." "Good by, good dog," resounded from every side. Every one crowded around to give him a pat on the head as he trotted down the plank. To all these demonstrations he could, of course, only reply with his plumed tail and a twinkle of his faithful brown eyes. He kept close to the nurse's side, and anxiously watched his little charge's arrival on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived, loved and honored, until he died of old age, with his shaggy, gray head resting on the knee of the child (a woman now) that he had saved. His grave is in an English church yard, in consecrated ground. He lies in the burial plot of the family to which he belonged. His grave is marked by a fair white stone, on which is engraved:

Sacred to the memory of Nero, faithfullest of dogs.

His portrait hangs over the chimney piece of an English drawing room, beneath which sits, in a low arm chair, a fair-haired girl, who often looks up to Nero's portrait as she tells the tale of how he sprang into the waters of the Atlantic ocean after her, and held her up until help came.—Harper's Young Folks.

Horses that Sell.

We often hear it said that there is a place for every good horse at a fair price, but I find it is much easier to find a place for some good horses than for others. For instance, if one has a good sized, nice looking, sound and safe, gentleman's driver that can trot in three or three and a half minutes, it is not a hard matter to find a place for him at the price generally asked for that kind, say \$250 to \$350. Or if one has a trotter that can go three times in 2:30 and is a sire of race horses, it isn't a hard matter to find a customer for him or her at a good stiff price, say \$1000 to \$2000, according to age, size, soundness, etc. But when one has a horse that can trot about 2:40, and no faster, and is valued at from \$500 to \$700, it is often quite a hard matter to find a place for him at whatever he ought to bring, be he ever so good a horse individually.

When a man buys a horse for speed he wants extreme speed and nothing slower than 2:30 will do. A 2:40 horse is but little better than a three minute horse for the road. When a horse is fit and ready for the market and the owner is ready to sell, then let him sell for what some good customer will give, and then try again on another one. An if

the animal acts particularly well and there is quite a stir about him, and you are offered all you ask, don't get scared and go up so high that no one will buy, but take the offer if it is a fair one. If you don't, ten chances to one the horse gets out of fix in some way before you have another offer, and no one will buy at any price. Unless a horse is something extraordinary in some respects it is no use to put a fancy price on him and expect to sell for cash.—A. T. MAXIM, in Horse and Stable.

Recuperating Horses.

The after-harvest breathing spell will soon be here and many of the farm horses will receive a well-earned rest. While it is undoubtedly best to keep teams busy the year round at moderate work, the rush of cultivation and harvesting of crops in certain seasons makes the labor of horses so hard that a breathing spell is necessary in order to recuperate. This rest should be allowed in a generous way and everything should be done to make the horse as comfortable as possible. The pastures should be bountiful and pure water should be within easy reach. Good shade is another requisite to comfort. Salt should be given at regular intervals or be placed in the shape of rock salt within reach. With all things favorable horses will recuperate in a short time, while under unfavorable circumstances a rest of no matter what length will do but little or no good. Along with the horses the owners should take a breathing spell and enjoy themselves as all honest, hard-working men have a right to do.

More Cows on Less Acres.

As land rises in price in the more thickly settled portions of the country, dairymen have to adopt new methods in keeping cows, or else move on to cheaper land. Most of them do not pasture their cows as formerly but feed them in summer as well as in winter. By soiling cattle, three times as many may be kept on the same number of acres as to let them pasture over it. Rye is good for an early soiling crop, then clover, oats, corn, prickly comfrey and other crops may be used in their season. In early spring, cows may be turned out for awhile while the grass is fresh, but they should be brought up and have additional feed when it gets tough and scarce. Also in the fall, when the rains have started the grass, they should be pastured again for awhile. Cows should not be allowed to shrink any in their milk before beginning to soil them, but the flow should be kept up to the fullest amount as long as possible. The silo comes in here as a great factor, for many crops can be ensilaged and fed at any time of the year.

Strawberries.

In the spring I plant the ground in sweet corn, rows about three feet and nine inches apart. I cultivate the corn thoroughly, so as to have the ground in fine tilth. In August I plant the spaces in the corn rows in strawberries, two plants to a space, each plant nine inches from center of corn hill, which will make the plants eighteen inches apart in the row. The corn shades the plants and helps them to get a start. Cultivate well, keep off the runners and keep them in hills. The first year mulch in winter. The second year they will spread some in rows, but do not let them spread between rows. I do not depend on them for a crop the third year, as I have another patch by that time. But if I do not need the ground I let them stand. Though somewhat matted they will produce a good many berries.

The cheapest and most profitable way that we know to harvest a crop of rye is to turn on it hogs with good bone and muscle—fall pigs that have had the spring and early summer on clover. If grass is plenty in the rye they will do finely. Rye should be straw-broken or mashed down, that the grain may be softened by lying on the ground. This softening assists digestion very much.

Western Farmers Start a Move to Down the Speculators in Grain.

Legislation for the amelioration of the lot of the farmer being too slow, it is proposed to adopt heroic measures for the saving of the \$100,000,000 a year claimed to be wrested from the farmers by speculative manipulation of values. The greatest competitor of the farmer is the speculator, and his competition is not at all fair, because he sells what he has not got and can sell unlimited quantities, while the farmer has no more to offer than nature grants to him.

The farmer is told that it is best for him to sell as quickly as possible, that there is a superabundance of wheat, that Europe will pay no more and that if the United States will not sell it, Europeans will buy it of other countries, who would be glad to have the trade.

Now there comes in the swindle. India is the only country that has any wheat to sell to Europe, namely, about thirty million bushels per year. All that they have to spare is shipped or contracted for long before our crop comes into the market, and supplies only a small portion of the 114,000,000 bushels yearly imported by England alone. People talking about Egypt, Argentine Republic, Australia, etc., as competitors with American wheat are either ignorant or lie, for all these countries together have not enough surplus for export to Europe to feed it for three days.

The European crops are worse than they ever have been, and the reserves are exhausted. The home consumption has increased with the population, and is certainly over 350,000,000 bushels, probably 360,000,000, which leaves us 140,000,000 for export. During the last ten years we exported 127,000,000 yearly, in average, of which Europe received 107,000,000 and the West Indies and South America 20,000,000. This year we may have 13,000,000 more to spare, which, however, will go to South America on account of the reciprocity treaties, and Europe will have the average quantity of about 107,000,000 bushels, and no more, as we have no reserves to draw upon.

This would make both ends meet if Europe had a good average crop, but Europe has not a good average crop, in fact it has the worst crop failure of the century. Yet, in spite of these phenomenally favorable conditions, there is danger; but if our crop rushes into the market right after harvest, there is the danger that most of it will have been sacrificed before the speculation or low prices is broken. It is, however, more than probable that after the bulk of the farmers' harvest is in the elevators, the speculator would come to the conclusion that in view of the situation he would give \$2 a bushel.

Look Out for a Drop.

A great many who have gone into the business of breeding trotters will soon find themselves on the wrong side of the fence, so far financial matters are concerned. Too many people embarked in the business when it was on the boom, just as they did when Jersey cattle were selling for tens of thousands of dollars and everybody thought that all that was necessary to make money was to buy a herd of them, and begin breeding. It will be this way in the trotting horse business, except that a horse cannot produce any commodity as makable as butter, and therefore really a luxury. Of course there will always be a legitimate market for the light-harness horse, but men who think they are going to make money after starting out, by paying thousands of dollars for a stallion, and having broodmares worth from \$1000 to \$5000 are almost certain to be mistaken. A good many men have made money by breeding trotters, but almost without exception they have started in a modest way and developed the colts by their own horses and their own mares. In other words they have made the blood they owned fashionable, or at least helped to do so, and in this way have greatly enhanced

the value of their goods without putting themselves to a great expense in doing so. The market for trotters will always be fairly good, and at reasonable prices for stallions and broodmares, there need be no occasion to conduct trotting-horse farms at a loss, but at the boom prices that have been paid for stallions and mares during the last three or four years, there is certainly no chance to conduct breeding farms, in a legitimate manner and make any considerable amount of money out of them.—The New York Sportsman.

Young Meat the Cheapest.

While 1 lb. of pork may be made with 2½ lbs. of dry food in a pig weighing 160 to 170 lbs. at six months old, four times as much food is needed to produce 1 lb. of beef during the second year of a steer's life. Some of the most successful feeders in the country agree that no profit can be made in beef after a steer is 2½ years old, because the cost of production increases rapidly with the growth of the animal. The food of support is a heavier tax on a feeder 30 months old than on one only 25. Steers that have been well cared for until two years old may weigh 12 to 15 cwt. and the beef carcass seven or nine times the weight of the marketable hog has to be supported. Many farmers feed steers to three years old or over that do not attain to more than 14 to 16 cwt. This shows how great is the loss sustained from the food of support during the third year. The food required to make 1 lb. of beef makes 5 to 6 lbs. of pork if fed during the first six months of the life of the hog.—James Cheesman.

A Hopeful View for Wheat.

In a somewhat lengthy article in another part of this paper, from the Cincinnati Price Current, it will be seen that our well posted and level-headed exchange is rather sanguine concerning the future of the wheat market. It goes over the field most thoroughly, and on apparently good grounds comes to the conclusion that there is nothing in the situation warranting the expectation of serious further reduction in prices; while indications are not wanting that the market of the ensuing year should average at least as strong as the one of the past year, with chances slightly in favor of improvement. We give the opinion of the P. C. for just what it may be worth, remembering at the same time that this country has no higher authority on the subject in question.—Stockman & Farmer.

Probably in no country in the world is there to be found a state of intellectual advancement among the people who cultivate the soil, equal to that which exists among our American farmers. Some causes of this are manifest. The tiller of European soil seldom owns his land, and it requires constant vigilance and unremitting toil on the part of himself and his whole family to pay rents and make both ends meet, leave no time to gratify any but physical appetites. On the other hand, our American farmers are mainly gentlemen of comparative leisure, who till their own land and carry on agricultural industries with as much ease and far less worry of mind than our city men conduct their business. The farmers' sons and daughters have all the educational advantages that are to be had in our entire country, and it is long since a well-established fact that the ablest and most successful business men to be found in our cities are the sons of farmers. Pick out of any city one hundred young people, select an equal number of the same age from among the sons and daughters of our intelligent farmers, and we will guarantee as to the latter, minds better filled with general information. The chief reason of this is that the latter spend their evenings in storing their minds with useful knowledge, while the former waste their time in various fashionable forms of amusement, where the highest intellectual achievement is to be well up in small talk.

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There probably never was a time in the history of our country when the farmers were so deeply stirred up as now. The dissatisfaction which is so apparent everywhere has no doubt sufficient cause. Our farmers are not a fanciful people. They know when they are hurt as well as other men. They are quite as wise in guessing what hurts them as any other class of citizens; though, like others, they are liable to mistake as regards causes, for causes are always less obvious than results. In the midst of all the changes of the current century, social, political, and intellectual, these mutations are inevitable; and farmers must share in them with the rest of our people.

The men who have come naturally to places at the head of what is called the farmers' movement are of two distinct classes—the shrewd, thinking farmer, more or less informed by reading, and the political spirits who are always awake to chances for their own advancement, through the popular favor. The latter, though shrewd in their way, are indifferent to principles, and aim to advocate, simply as advocates, what seems to be the ideas most prevalent among those to whose political favor they aspire. We find men of both these classes among those who come conspicuously to the surface in these uprisings. In the ideas and purposes brought to the front the first named are honest and intelligent, and may be profitably reasoned with. Reason can only be wasted on the others. What are the facts about the American farmer? He has a broad, fertile, well-watered and generally salubrious territory offered to his industry, under the best government and the freest conditions ever offered to humanity in the history of the world. He is himself the most numerous and therefore theoretically the controlling element in constructing and operating the government under which he lives. His country, of which he is so large a part, is and has been so wonderfully prosperous as to draw to it increasing streams of immigration from the other side of the Atlantic—the seat of that civilization of which he himself is a product. At the end of a century of unequalled, of almost unimaginable progress and prosperity, we find these American farmers deeply dissatisfied with their condition relative to men of other occupations, and hear them raise their voices clamorously for relief.

As usual with mankind, they turn their eyes outward, rather than inward, in search of the seat of their troubles, and they find men ready to encourage them in so doing—men who are seeking personal advancement and gain, and whose trade it is to profit by all popular disturbances. By far the most sensible leaders in the present agitation have arisen among the farmers themselves; and these are the men who already are learning the truth of things faster than the rank and file and thus they are in danger of losing their leadership in favor of the mere demagogues, who neither know nor care for anything but office. In this slough many popular movements have been smothered before and may be again.

Now let us coolly consider some leading facts. We farmers have substantially had our own way with the soil of the continent, to get what we could out of it. Millions have practically had their farms given to them, and iron highways built for them, on which to transport their crops and supplies. They might have built the latter, as their common roads are built, by taxation; but they preferred to order encouragements to distant capital to do it for them; and this, even with the opening it gave for abuses, was probably the best under the circumstances.

Now, being so circumstanced and equipped, the farmers find life still hard, and riches yet beyond their immediate reach. They think they can find a remedy in political action; and in wise political action it is quite likely they may succeed. But in seeking their own good they are in imminent danger of being made use of by schemers for the latter's gain, and to their own discomfiture. Strict governmental control of the means of transportation they have a right to demand. All the money that can be coined from the precious metals our hills yield they may rightly ask for. These are the necessary instrumentalities of every industry. Much better roads than they ever possessed they have a right to tax the whole community to build, for their better access to the local markets. But, above all these so needful changes, what is more needed by the American farmer today than better instruction in their own business? They found this great virgin continent manured free by the Almighty, long enough ahead for them to open up homes for themselves and their families upon it. They were led to think this fertility inexhaustible. They now see themselves mistaken. The free cream has been mostly skimmed from American soil. Hereafter successful farming here must have something beside main strength and awkwardness at its disposal. It demands knowledge, and knowledge comes by the study of our surroundings, and out of the experience so gained. The coming generations demand instruction. Look at the average of our crops, as reported in our recent census! They, on this new, fresh continent, average less than half the yield of the old farms of Europe and Asia! Without denying our public grievances, which we may set right at once with our ballots, our greatest trouble arises from ignorance of our trade; and in this direction lies the improvement of the condition of the American farmer. Let us all do our best to learn our trade, and teach it to our children.—T. H. Hoskins, in Stockman and Farmer.

The Grange as an Educator.

The position of the Grange is being better understood than ever before, and conservative farmers and men of other occupations acknowledge its value as an instrument for benefiting the agricultural classes. Farmers have needs that should be attended to, but so long as they themselves fail to look out for their own interests no one else will do it for them, hence, the need of organization. Again, the farmers are not all agreed as to what is best for them, and they only can come to an understanding by discussions and consideration. In a well-regulated organization, such as the Grange, the farmer can discuss the regulation of politics to agriculture, not from a partisan, but from a business standpoint. Such discussion not only enlightens the parties concerned, but shows that all questions have more than one side. That conservatism has been the result is shown by the very general change of views as to the necessity for reform in the tariff, finance, silver money question, railroad tariffs, and other questions of like character of great importance to farmers and laboring classes generally.

These questions are such as of course can be argued at great length, but should be done dispassionately, quietly, and with a desire to find exactly how the question affects those who debate it.

The Grange has shown that such discussion can be carried on without engendering bad blood or ill feeling, and by its instrumentality, the education of the farmer on this and other issues is steadily progressing. It, however, does not advance radi-

cal means or absurd possibilities, but goes on, quietly and steadily, trying to reach its goal in ameliorating the wrongs and oppressions that have been placed upon the farmers by class legislation, in the interest of wealth and monopoly. Let every conservative farmer in America join this grand organization, and aid in its great educational and material work.—Farm and Fireside.

MOLINE, July 13, 1891—Children's Day was observed in Moline Grange hall. A goodly number of the children met with and entertained us with some very good recitations, songs and instrumental music. We think the time was very profitably spent and enjoyed by all.

We also have to report an ice cream social in the place of a feast for 4th degree members which, it is needless to say, was well attended by the members of the order and their children, for when was the invitation for ice cream ever made in vain, not by the patrons of Moline Grange, nay verily.

The motion to adjourn for three weeks was unanimously carried. This has been our custom for the past few years and we find it works well, as after the harvest is gathered in all can meet with renewed zeal and feel that with the rest has come new inspiration and new impulses for work in our order, and hope to do more in the future for the welfare of the toiler.

All are in a good working spirit and the best of feeling prevails. Mrs. E. L. ORTON, Reporter.

Bishop Waterson, in going for the partisan press, strikes right from the shoulder, and inflicts a well-merited castigation. He says:

"One of the pests today is the partisan organ. It defends its party, right or wrong. It suppresses the truth; it misrepresents its opponents—whenever it expects thereby to benefit its own party. It juggles with its own moral sense. It confuses the public conception of rectitude. It does the devil's own work by misleading conscience, by making the worse appear the better reason, by deceiving the simple, by calumniating the good. It prefers to be victorious rather than right. It esteems party success above the public welfare. It puts the triumph of its faction before the prosperity of the nation. It degrades the meaning of patriotism, and trains its followers to be unworthy citizens of the Republic."

Comparative Value of Phosphates.

For many years past the use of commercial fertilizers has been on the increase, notwithstanding the fact that many farmers are aware that they are often misled and induced to use inferior grades highly recommended only by those directly interested. Too much care can not be taken in selecting grades composed principally of raw animal matter, which are adapted to all soils, seasons and crops. Many farmers consult their own interest by forming clubs and buying high grade ammoniated bone phosphates at prices ranging from \$15 to \$20 per ton. All who are interested should address at once (inclosing six cents to cover postage) to C. E. Rick, general agent, Fairview, Pa., who will take pleasure in mailing a valuable treatise on Fertilizers. Wholesale prices to agents. Samples, etc. One general agent wanted in each county. 75

H. C. Payne, special Commissioner to Mexico, says that country will probably appropriate at the start \$750,000 for the representation at the Exposition, and that it will most likely increase the amount to \$2,000,000 later on. Mexico voted \$400,000 at the start for the Paris Exposition, and spent \$1,300,000 before it got through. Great enthusiasm is manifested over the Chicago Exposition, and Mexico will certainly excel all previous efforts.

A \$45 SEWING MACHINE for \$15,

Including One Year's Subscription to this Paper.



We have made such arrangements as enable us to offer the Chicago

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

at the above low rates. This machine is made after the latest models of the Singer machines, and is a perfect fac simile in shape, ornamentation and appearance. All the parts are made to gauge exactly the same as the Singer, and are constructed of precisely the same materials.

The utmost care is exercised in the selection of the metals used, and only the very best quality is purchased. Each machine is thoroughly well made and is fitted with the utmost nicety and exactness, and no machine is permitted by the inspector to go out of the shops until it has been fully tested and proved to do perfect work, and run light and without noise.

The Chicago Singer Machine has a very important improvement in a Loose Balance Wheel, so constructed as to permit winding bobbins without removing the work from the machine.

EACH MACHINE IS FURNISHED WITH THE FOLLOWING ATTACHMENTS:

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

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

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

Price, including one year's subscription, \$15. Sent by freight, receiver to pay charges. Give name of freight station if different from post-office address.

Address, with the money, GRANGE VISITOR, Paw Paw, Mich.

The Cheapest Music House in the World.
For the purpose of introducing our goods throughout the country, and to advertise our store, we will for a limited time send any person one of the following instruments on receipt of cash to pay for Box and Shipping. His expected that every person receiving one of these instruments will show it and inform others where he bought it. We will only send one to each person. We will send a
\$10 Ole Bull Violin for \$2.
Quint consisting of Violin, Italian Strings, Maple Bridge, Ebonyed Pegs and Tail-piece inlaid with Pearl, Snakewood Bow with Ivory Trimmings, Music Book of Instructions, containing over eighty live pieces of Choice and Latest Selections of Music, all packed in a neat strong Case. \$2.
\$10 George Christy Banjo, \$3.
Maple Shell, Sheepskin Head, Silver plated Rim, Metal Head Fastenings, Italian Strings, Book of Instructions. All in neat Case \$3.
\$10 Celebrated Aimee Guitar, \$3.
Maple imitation of Rosewood, Ebony Trimmings, Patent Head, Pearl inlaid, Sound Hole and Edge, Italian Strings, Music Book in strong Case \$3.
Send Money by Postal Note. Send Stamp for Catalogue.
L. W. LINCOLN & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

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Our latest importations give us a large number of imported Stallions and Mares, from which purchasers can select a
PRIZE WINNING COACH HORSE.
We guarantee our stallions to be foal getters, and all are well broken, stylish fellows, with good action and high individual merit. Send for catalogue.
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SAVE HALF OR MORE AS WE SELL AT FACTORY PRICES AND SELECT FROM BEST FACTORIES ONLY. Pretty Patterns with Match Borders. - 3 to 5c. per roll. Beautiful Gilt with Match Borders. - 5 to 25c. per roll. 6 to 18-in. Gilt Borders to Match Papers. - 2 to 5c. per yd. 4 to 8-in. Borders, without Gilt in Papers. 1c. per yd. Agents Wanted. F. H. GARDY, 305 High St., Providence, R. I.

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Only responsible Plow Co. selling direct to Patrons at Wholesale Prices.

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See our Plows Before Buying.

OUR POTATO PLOW is the best hilling plow in the market, worth double any shovel plow in use. Buy no other.

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A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

THE GRANGE NEWS.

(THE ONLY PAPER IN THE WORLD PUBLISHED ON A FARM.)

Was changed from a semi-monthly to a weekly publication, Jan. 1st, 1891.

Its Subscription rates are as follows:

1 copy	1 year	\$ 1.00
2 copies	" "	1.90
3 "	" "	2.70
4 "	" "	3.40
5 "	" "	4.00

It is an 8-page paper and all home print, and the official organ of the Grange in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri.

N. B.—To introduce the GRANGE NEWS to the readers of the VISITOR we will send it a full year to the FIRST HUNDRED sending in their subscriptions for 85 Cents each! Sample copies free.

GRANGE NEWS PUBLISHING CO., OLD HARMONY, ILL.

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You can save the dealer's profit by ordering from me. Circulars free. Address: W. H. SCHMIDLEN, Coldwater, Michigan. Mention this paper.

THE GRANGE VISITOR.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every month.
AT 50 CENTS PER ANNUM.

A. C. GLIDDEN, Editor and Manager,
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Money Order or Draft.

Entered at the Post-Office at Paw Paw, Mich., as
Second Class Matter.

To Subscribers.

Send money when possible by either postal note or money order. We prefer a dollar bill for two subscribers, to 50 cents in stamps for one. The bank will take the dollar, but they refuse the stamps.

We shall send the paper only so long as it is paid for. If you wish it continued, a prompt renewal will keep it constantly coming and save us the trouble of making the changes. If numbers fail to reach you, or your post-office address is changed, notify us at once and we will gladly send another number and make the desired change. Packages of papers will be sent to all who desire them for distribution.

Send the names of your friends on a postal card when you desire to receive sample copies.

A Farmers' Party.

One of the cardinal principles of the Grange is, as an order, to keep aloof from all entangling political alliances. If a new party is formed, the Grange as a Grange is not in it. This is not saying that farmers should have no part in political affairs. There is every reason to urge why they should be interested, and become active as individuals in forming and educating the political sentiment of every community and district in which they are in the majority; but the Grange cannot urge its members to ally themselves with a distinctive political organization. They must be left to the leadings of their own judgment as to what party they offer their allegiance, and in which they will labor for the best good of all.

The new party now seeking the favor of farmers had its inception under conditions quite different from those existing in our state. It could not have enlisted a sufficient number here to have warranted an organization. Some of its tenets are quite too absurd also to command the respect of thinking men. A farmers' party is indeed no more to be commended than a mechanics' or lawyers' party.

This new movement will doubtless enlist and inspire a fervor or zeal for "our side," if it is well nursed, as it probably will be, by its "advocates" who are interested in becoming "the people's defenders." There is a spirit of vandalism existing among a class of men who are anxious to be tearing down structures built by "the other fellows." This manifested itself last fall in the elections, and last winter in the various legislatures. An upheaval in politics is frequently healthful, but it is doubtful if farmers have improved their condition by any of the successes which were attributed to their combinations. There is such a dead weight of floaters that must be carried by every new movement that has an apparent chance of success, that it is foredoomed to failure if not to shame. Already a lot of unused and unappreciated material—a sort of "waste" left out in the distribution of party favors—has turned up to become apparently "the head of the corner" in this new party which is being built.

We believe the independent voter, found in every party, is the most potent factor in the suc-

cess of any reform which is demanded by farmers, and that he can do more as a member in one of the two great political parties than he can by attempting to form a new one. A man of influence who is known to split his ticket on occasion, will be heard and his suggestions be heeded in his own party; but let him step out and join a new one, he has by that much added to the strength of the bad element in the party he has left, and thrown away his own identity and usefulness in the new. The Grange is the Alma Mater of the independent voter. He is bred and educated there, and the influence for good to the farmer coming from it, is more than ever can be expected from this new party. The Grange has something to point to with pride, in the reforms affecting the farmer. Its legislative committee at Washington is consulted on many of the public questions that come up for debate in congress, and their counsel is heeded and their judgment commended. They reflect the sentiment of farmers of all parties upon important measures affecting their interests. The new party's demands, on the contrary, are unreasonable in many particulars, and their advocacy of them can only result in forfeiting the respect of those whose influence would carry weight in an emergency. There is a combined effort evidently being made to "shoo" the whole flock of farmers into the new pasture. It is well to look the fellows over who are doing the whooping, and ask for their credentials.

Holding Wheat for Higher Prices

The commercial papers are very much exercised over the attempt which is being made by western farmers to induce wheat growers to hold their wheat in their own granaries for a time to note its effect on the price.

Speculators have been selling this year's product for future delivery at a price lower than farmers are willing to take. They predicate their expectations of getting the wheat upon the usual course pursued by farmers—that of hauling the grain from the machine to the elevators, where it is "in sight," and practically in speculator's hands. In advocacy of the farmers' side, the Visitor advises farmers to wait and see how these speculators will manage when delivery day approaches and no wheat "in sight." If reports as to the great deficiency of grain in Europe are to be relied upon, our surplus will be needed before the end of the year, and we should be glad for once, to see farmers get the benefit of the advance in price which must come if they keep their wheat in their own hands. Speculators are anxious to have them sell early for obvious reasons. They are able to do almost anything with prices once the wheat is in their hands. They can boom the price or depress it; but if the wheat is kept out of the market they are powerless to influence the current of value, which must be upward until the wheat responds to the call. If 50 per cent of the usual volume of wheat is held on the farms through August and September, farmers will then be "looking backward" toward dollar wheat and forward for still better prices.

Our Advertising Columns.

We are receiving inquiries regarding many of the articles advertised in the VISITOR, showing that farmers are suspicious and wary of schemers who intrude themselves into notice through

the papers. Now the VISITOR is intended to be clean in both its reading and in its advertising columns. No snide catch-penny affair is allowed to beckon to our readers through its columns. The sewing Machines have been sent to all parts of the state with universal satisfaction. Three of the Arthur Wood buggies have been sold, and the purchasers are more than pleased. There is no risk in sending us the money for either of these articles.

The Dowagiac Shoe Drill is another of the excellent implements advertised. We have used one for several years, and know their value as compared to many of the others in constant use. Their sale is constantly increasing through their real merit for Michigan soil. They draw easily, will work well on rough as well as on smooth land, and leave the surface in the proper shape for the growing grain. We advise all of our readers who expect to purchase a drill to send for a Dowagiac Shoe.

Worthy Master Brigham at Island Park.

The Worthy Master of the National Grange is to speak in the great Auditorium at Rome City, on the G. R. & I. R. R., 22 miles south of Sturgis, Mich., on Wednesday, August 12, at 2:30 p. m.

Island Park Assembly has been organized 13 years, and is becoming more and more popular year by year. The opening day this season is on July 29th, and every day on until Farmers' Day, Aug. 12th, there will be lectures, and entertainments of various kinds, to fill the two weeks full of intellectual and physical enjoyment.

Island Park is a beautiful place worth going to see. It is an Island of 15 acres in the widest part of a lake four miles long. It is a summer resort of great beauty, and added to this feature is the fact that the programs include some of the best talent in the lecture field. Among the attractions this year are Bishop I. W. Joyce, Robert McIntyre, Chaplain McCabe, Dr. D. H. Moore, Dr. J. C. Hartzell, Rev. Sam Small, J. DeWitt Miller, Chancellor J. F. Spence, Prof. A. A. Graham, Pres. J. D. P. John, of De Pauw University, and others, with Col. J. H. Brigham to close the two weeks festival.

Farmers, especially in the southern part of the state, ought to arrange to spend a few days at Island Park. It is close at hand, and a first class entertainment is provided for every day of the assembly session.

Round trip tickets, including admission to the grounds, will be sold at the following rates for the places named on the G. R. & I. R. R.: Grand Rapids, \$3.20; Plainwell, \$2.10; Kalamazoo, \$1.75; Mendon, \$1.10, and Sturgis, 90 cents.

Grange Festivals.

During the month of August will occur many of the annual picnic festivals of the order. This is the time to proselyte for new blood that is needed in every Grange. Don't horse-shed or button hole people, as though it were something to be ashamed of; but confront the crowd and ask them why they don't join the Grange. It is an order with something to point to, and something to work for that is tangible. It is the universally conceded force that has set farmers to the fore, and it has not outlived its usefulness in that direction by a century or so. There are neighborhoods and individuals who

need its uplifting, educating influence, where nothing will serve so good a purpose. Other orders of farmers have pandered to the selfishness or the prejudices and passions of the people and have left them more selfish and more clannish than before. The Grange would lift them up above the plane of the mere money-getter or politician, into a realm of good citizenship where the one can minister to the farmer's success and the other to his honor. The Grange would first enlarge the farmer for his position, rather than fit the position to the farmer. It has succeeded grandly in its purpose. Look at some of the men as examples. Compare them with those whose positions have been shrunk on them like the tire to an old wheel; how they rattle and wobble in service. The Grange is a large manufacturing establishment rather than a repair shop. It keeps the market supplied with first-class goods and the quality from deteriorating. Every farmer should be a stock holder in the concern.

Capital Grange of North Lansing has published its list of members with P. O. address, on a neat card-board folder, for the use of its members and for distribution to business men. An advertisement appears on the fourth page which presumably pays for the entire job. The Visitor would like to have pigeon holed in the office a list from every Grange in the state. We frequently desire to send copies of the paper to such members as are not on the list of subscribers. Two thirds of the members will subscribe again when their time expires. We are "going for" that other third. All they want is waking up to their duty and privilege. The Visitor doesn't come with any apology for the intrusion, it is bound to "get there" or know why. We should like to have its friends shove it under the noses of the delinquents and shame them into service for the order to which they belong. If every Grange will furnish us a list, we will get it before the eyes of them all in due time.

Visitor and Weekly Free Press.

We will send the Visitor and Detroit Weekly Free Press for the remainder of the year for 45 cents beginning Aug. 1st. This is five months or 30 papers, for just a cent and a half each. Try this combination on your friend and see if it won't "fetch" him.

In the July 1st number of the Visitor we urged the duty upon farmers of sending to the Chicago News agency an invitation to some of the poor children of Chicago to come to the farms for a few weeks' outing. To-day we saw four of these happy waifs set off from the day express at Decatur. They had captured our end of the car by their happy anticipation long before their station was reached. They were a pair of girls and a pair of boys, bright, eager and, it must be confessed, a little "wild." They had that premature sagacity so common to city-bred children, but there was a wan pallor to their countenances—a lack-luster expression that was almost pathetic. Four weeks of romping in the fields will add freshness to the complexion, tenseness to the flabby muscles, and transform them from weak hot-house plants to rampant running vines.

The phenomenal success of Ayer's Sarsaparilla started into existence a host of competitors. This of course, was to be expected; but the effect has been to demonstrate the superior merits of Dr. Ayer's preparation by a constantly increasing demand for it.

We give below information to our readers which we hope many of them will take advantage of. Send a postal for yourself and not for your neighbor. A personal application for the bulletin is required. Temperature, rainfall and the effect of each on the growing crops are given in the bulletin.

By direction of the chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, this bulletin will be sent to all farmers who desire a copy of the same free. It is the desire of this office to have this bulletin in the hands of every progressive farmer, that its benefits may be more wide spread and the information distributed, better understood, and for that purpose the bulletin will be sent to all who apply for it. All persons who receive the bulletin will please spread the information to all their friends.

Address all applications, to N. B. Conger, Lansing, Mich.

We have just received notice that the annual wheat meeting of the Volinia Farmers' Club will be held at Volinia Town Hall on Wednesday, Aug. 19th. Hon. J. J. Woodman has been invited to address the meeting. These meetings have become an important institution for Southwestern Michigan, and the prominent farmers for miles around make a point of attending them. Samples of grain in the straw as well as clean are shown, prospects for markets considered, and many interesting questions presented for discussion.

Estimating the Crops.

It is not to be wondered at that men have such widely divergent and often distorted views about agricultural crop prospects. It is seldom that two men of even wide observation view this subject from exactly the same standpoint. The vast breadth of the ground to be gone over, and the numberless affecting causes to be taken into consideration, render the work of prognosticating the crop yields one of the most uncertain in which men can engage. This being true, it is almost a wonder that there is even such an approach to uniformity in prediction as there is. It turns out, however, that in the main the partial guess-work which largely marks the work of the Department of Agriculture in this line is verified with sufficient approximation to make it in some sense a reliable guide; and at the same time it will be found, taking one year with another, that government prognostications and those of well-posted private individuals run with wonderful similarity in the same lines. The average man who looks into these matters does so from a neighbor hood, district or state standpoint. Realizing that there is a wonderful yield or failure in his own vicinity, it is hard to realize that this may be so entirely overcome by different conditions elsewhere as to cut no figure whatever in the national yield. It is only by making due allowance for things of this kind that statisticians of the broadest gauge are able to offer figures which are of any use to the public; but that they really do so is evidence that crop-guessing, even in its present undeveloped condition, has been reduced to something of a science.—Stockman and Farmer.

Threshing is in progress in our vicinity, and wheat is yielding fully up to the predictions of farmers. The estimate of the Secretary of State will probably not vary much from the actual output, and will be about 25,000,000 bushels. It must be borne in mind, however, that any variation from the normal, either above or below, is likely to be exaggerated. If crops are good, the estimates will exceed the final figures, and if poor they will go below. Michigan this year has a bountiful wheat crop of excellent quality, and farmers need to be judicious in marketing it to get the benefit which is their due.

Lenawee Co. Grange, Aug. 6, is to be addressed by Jason Woodman. Notice of meeting came at last moment, but place of meeting was omitted.

Chronic Grumblers.

There have been pests from time immemorial—from the locusts of Egypt and the toads and frogs of Erin's green isle down to the potato bug, curculio and wheat midge of to-day, but none of them are more destructive to peace and good will on earth than that human pest, the chronic grumbler. The world is full of them. You will find them everywhere, and you have no redress—you have got to put up with them. You cannot go to work with Paris green to destroy them, as we do with some of the other pests; they have got to be endured. There is one singular feature about the malady: Some have it in the worst form, and are not conscious they have even one symptom. I suppose all professions have their share of these plagues, but it would seem as if the profession of farming had rather more than its share. The farmers seem to have been going through a period of depression, but now prices and prospects have an upward tendency, which should give them a rest from grumbling. But they will not rest. Grumbling is their hobby and they are bound to ride it. The cry now is that frosts and drouth have injured the wheat; which is true in many instances, but what is the use of grumbling? Don't grunt and growl over the things that are immutable. Submit gracefully and quietly. The world has little love for one who is always whining and finding fault with conditions that he cannot change. All such are too eager for wealth, and they cannot brook obstacles with patience.

A man's true wealth is measured by the good he does in this world to his fellow man. If you have nothing else to give, give cheerful words, encouragement and due credit for honest effort. To many, a little praise is a great incentive and aids much in the development of good resolutions. It is sunshine to them; it warms and inspires. Never give adulation to any one because he possesses more of this world's goods than you do.

There seems to be such a spirit of discontent among the farming class, especially the young men. Why is it? The song has been sung for so long that farming don't pay. If it rains the wheat will rust, and if it don't rain there will be no wheat, and in the long run farmers are having a terribly tough time of it, anyway. Hasn't this grumbling something to do with it?

If people would school themselves to submit to the inevitable—to scatter sunshine and exercise patience with the faults of others—it would bring heaven a little nearer to this mundane sphere. Mutual tolerance and forbearance is a secret of happiness, and an unconscious influence emanates from people practicing them, that will encourage and assist many a one who is fast traveling to that land "where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end." Extend to the living the hand of friendship. They can well dispense with your tears at their graves.

But I have digressed. Farmers meet, and by mutual interchange of thought and methods learn much. But how much of this knowledge do they put to practical use? We have heard the benefits of tiling thoroughly discussed, yet comparatively few use it. Many fields in the spring could be cultivated earlier by its use, instead of waiting for the land to become dry enough by the slow process of evaporation to just "mud in" the crop. Of course the mud bakes and the yield is light. Then they grumble and ascribe it to ill luck, when the fault is their own. Had they properly drained the wet places, the condition of the soil would have been favorable to early cultivation and the results would have been better. Too many times this is the way it goes. Slight your part in farming and trust to luck for a bountiful yield, and you will be disappointed every time. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." That which is worth having will cost an effort to secure. For

"Were every hill a precious mine
And golden all the mountains,
Were all the rivers fed with wine
By tireless fountains:

"Life would be ravished of its zest
And shorn of its ambition,
And sink into the dreamless rest
Of inanition.

"Up the broad stairs that valve rears
Stand motives beck'ning earthward,
To summon men to nobler spheres
And lead them worthward."

A good many chronic grumblers will buy everything that comes along, whether they can afford it or not. Always getting things "on time"—never thinking there will come a pay day. I knew one man—of course he lives many miles from here—to buy a fanning mill, when the only thing he ever raised was potatoes, and gave his note for it, never seeming to think it would ever come due. Of course he eventually lost his farm, and all through such unwise transactions. The government is now paying him \$72 per month, and he grumbles because it isn't more. Some grumble about things that when you come to apply the test to themselves they will bolt the track, as was the case with one farmer not a thousand miles from here who joined the Patrons of Industry, and thought it a grand thing because he could buy his goods ten per cent cheaper than those outside the order. But when the subject came up for discussion in one of their meetings to lessen the rate of interest farmers were paying on mortgages, he couldn't endorse that, as he was one of the lucky farmers who were loaning money at a high rate of interest, so he concluded it wasn't such a good thing for the farmer as he was at first led to believe, and he dropped out. The ten per cent discount he got on the goods bought at retail was but a drop in the bucket as compared with the ten per cent he was drawing on mortgages he owned.

There is too much of the spirit of selfishness for the world's own good.

My object is to show that farmers are no better, no worse, than any other class, and that all are after the mighty dollar. A successful farmer's life is not what is called "a soft snap," but hard work and plenty of it; and it sometimes requires eternal vigilance to raise a crop, especially if it is potatoes and the bugs are thick—which is generally the case. But when crops are as bountiful as they were last season and the prospects so good for the present, it makes our hearts bright with hope, and we feel like exclaiming:

"Let the wealthy rejoice—
Roll in splendor and state—
We envy them not, we declare it;
We eat our own lamb,
Our chicken and ham,
We shear our own fleece and we wear it.
We have lawns, we have bowers,
We have fruits, we have flowers,
The lark is our morning alarm;
So jolly boys now,
Here's God speed to the plow,
Long life and success to the farmer."

The Best Farm Crop.

Fathers and mothers, stop grumbling about the miserable lives you lead; teach the boys the beauties surrounding them on every hand and which are inaccessible to the city dweller, says the "Rural New Yorker". Tell the boy that the old hard head buried beneath the surface and which brought his team up standing with the plow handles jamming his own ribs is a stranger in the land, a "lost rock", which has strayed far from its native ledge, perhaps hundreds of miles away; that the cobblestones, bowlders, etc., were all brought by the same mighty glacial force unknown ages since. Show them that the different strata in the familiar gravel bed are as an open book to the geologist, recording the history of their formation long ago. Call their attention to the curious things to be learned about the familiar weeds, the insect pests, the feathered friends and foes, the animals that prey upon the crops; in short, get their eyes open to what is about them. But, you say, you are not capable of doing this? More's the pity. But get them books and encourage them. Don't scold if Johnnie is spending his time in examining a curious stone. He may not do so much work to-day, but, rightly guided, his life may be vastly more successful. The boys and girls are the best farm crop; let every farmer make the most of them.

The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

The Forest Glade.

When the dim evening shades pervade
The tangled copse, the dusky glade,
The voices of the solemn night
Harmonious swell, as falls the light.
The cawing crows, slow-winged home,
Re-echo in the falling gloom.
The cooing of the cushat dove,
With plaintive sound pervades the grove.
The missal thrush its soul of song
Pours from the thicket shrill and long.
The whip-poor-will resumes its hymn,
In wayside hedges, thick and dim.
The fern owl spins its buzzing wheel,
The white moths from their covert steal.
The cricket chirps its little drum,
The beetle sounds its drowsy hum.
The rabbit and the skulking hare,
That love the night, come forth to share
The dewy clover of the ground,
Regardless of the horn and hound.

'Tis a fair spot, a lovely scene,
With a vale and stream and woods between.
Yonder along the upward hill
The sheep flocks browse and roam at will.
The cattle o'er the meadows sweep,
Where grow the grasses, fetlock deep.
The clover fields in swaths are laid
By mower with his swinging blade,
While down the winding, dusty road
Creeps the big wagon with its load,
While mingled notes of toil and play
Rejoice the night and charm the day.
—Isaac McLeellan, in Turf, Field and Farm.

Farmer Jones' Harvesting.

Harvesting to-day is but child's play to what it was twenty-five years ago. What pleasant(?) recollections the harvest days call up of the times when we swung an old cradle for ten hours under a broiling July sun, until every bone and muscle in our body ached with the strain put upon it. We might go back still farther, to the days when the reaping-hook was used, but the cradle is as far back on the road of toil as we care to contemplate.

What old farmer does not grow warm at the thought of harvesting his broad acres of waved grain in the "good old way?" Old ways are very pleasant to look back upon—much pleasanter than to look forward to, in many cases.

In the good old days of the cradle and hand rake, Jones was careful to get every head of grain; and later, when the reaper came into use, the old cradle was still on duty each season to cut a path around the field for the machine, and about trees and stumps, and thus gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

What a change! Now, when Jones' wheat is ripe enough to cut, he usually drives his binder to the field of a neighbor who does not own a machine, but who believes in having his grain cut when it is ripe enough, and the Jones wheat must bide its time.

The cradle is no longer disturbed, but gathers rust unheeded, or is looked upon with contempt, as a thing of the past, and no longer of use. Much like an old farmer, bent and weakened by years of toil, no longer able to keep up with the march of progress, he is thrust aside by the busy, rushing sons of to-day as useless—an incumbrance that cannot be got rid of, hence must be endured. What sad thoughts must be those of an old man who looks upon the cradle he swung in years gone by, and compares it to himself—both old, cast aside forgotten.

The harvest field is no longer the arena for the display of brawn and endurance. The time was when a man gloried in his ability to "bush" his fellows, and many men have kept up as long as they were able to stagger along rather than endure the disgrace of defeat and the ridicule of their fellows. Happily, those days are past. Health is too precious to be trifled with in such a senseless way. Men have grown wiser. It is better to bear contempt that is soon over than to endure life long ills.

Harvesting might be made still easier by a little fore-thought, as can nearly all kinds of labor. The man who puts things off until the last moment is always in a rush—and always behind with his work. It don't pay. That man is most successful and takes life easiest who crowds his work instead of letting it crowd him.

Here is a field of wheat left until it is dead ripe. It must be cut with a rush. The teams are nearly exhausted—no matter, the wheat must be cut, so with a rush they go at it, and get several acres down, then up comes a storm, and before it can be put in the shock it is soaked to the center of the bundles—more work added, and time lost, wheat wet, damaged—farmer convinced that farming don't pay.

Here is another farmer who goes into his field as soon as it is ripe enough to cut. Gets it done and dried before the storm. Thrushes it from the shock, and thus saves one handling, and secures all in good shape. No rush, no vexation, no worn out teams or tempers, and a man convinced that farming does pay. Which way is best? Which rule do you follow?

There are lots of Joneses' who make life a burden to themselves, their families, and the dumb brutes they own, just by the lack of a little foresight. Don't forget that it pays to think, and plan.

A. L.

Eaton Rapids.

Slamming the Door.

A suggestive little squib with a moral is going the rounds of the papers. Bessie and Willie overhear a quarrel between their parents. "Which of them is getting the worst of it?" asks Bessie. "I don't know yet," answers Willie. "I am just waiting to hear which of them will slam the door going out." Willie had found a better and more universal test of human frailty than he knew. The man who gets the worst of it usually slams the door. To "get mad" is not only a sign of weakness, it is a sign of defeat as well. The successful person can afford to keep his temper and wait for time to vindicate his course. Some people slam the door in the newspaper with a vicious, ill-tempered article. It helps our cause not one whit, but indicates that they have had recourse to a defeated man's last resort—an ill-natured fling. Others metaphorically slam the door of the church. They get angry with a brother member, call him names, provoke a quarrel, and perhaps a serious division results. The man who has a good cause can afford to be patient. He can meet his opponent's arguments, if it is worth while, or he can let them go for old Father Time to bury in oblivion. He is not greatly ruffled or annoyed even by slander or abuse, for he knows that a barking dog is estimated accurately at his true value in this practical world, and that the best poultice for wounds caused by hard words is silence. Nothing is gained by slamming the door. The angry man forgets that his opponent's fingers are not in the crack of the door, and that the sound neither hurts him, nor destroys his arguments, nor heals the pain he has inflicted, but only seems to make the slammer ridiculous and indicates that he is worsted in the combat.—Golden rule.

Not Blamable on Any One Thing.

There are two extremes in the positions assumed by farmers respecting the causes of the depression which has given them so much trouble for a number of years past. One class of men would attribute everything to evils which are to be overcome by legislation; the other blames it all upon business methods in vogue among agriculturists, and over-production of crops of many kinds during the period in question. The fact of the case is that neither is altogether right nor altogether wrong. There are mitigating evils against agricultural prosperity which legislation can correct. At the same time there has been over-production in some lines sufficient to render some specialties absolutely unprofitable no matter what laws might be adopted. It is also true that business methods have had much to do with placing many farmers in the unfortunate position they now occupy. Those who recognize that all of these things have operated together to bring about a condition which is somewhat complicated, are on the right track to an adequate and fair solution of the problem which so many are now trying in vain to solve.

North Carolina to South Carolina.

Buncombe County, N. C.,
June 23d, 1891.

I used this paint some years ago, and found it better than any mixed paints I am acquainted with, or any other as for that matter. This concern sells us at full wholesale prices. A word to the wise is sufficient.

T. HALE WEAVER.
See adv. Patrons' Paint Works.

The New Commandment of the State.

The state has already passed its cold, hard, iron-plated arms between the parent and the offspring, and is daily dragging and forcing them asunder. The old moral law may say, "Honor your father and mother," etc., etc., but the state says, on the contrary: "Leave your mother ill and untended whilst you attend to your own education; and summon your father to be fined and imprisoned if he dare lay a hand on you when you disgrace and deride him." The other day a working-man in London was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment with hard labor, because, being justly angry with his little girl for disobeying his orders and staying out at night after dark in the streets, he struck her twice with a leather strap, and she was "slightly bruised." The man asked pertinently what was the world coming to if a parent might not correct his child as he thought fit. What can be the relations of this father and daughter when he leaves the prison to which she sent him? What authority can he have in her sight? What obedience will he be able to exact from her? The bruises from the strap would soon pass away, but the rupture, by the sentence of the tribunal, of parental and filial ties can never be healed. The moral injury done to the girl by this interference of the state is irreparable, ineffaceable. The state has practically told her that disobedience is no offence, and has allowed her to be the accuser and jailer of one who, by another canon of law, is said to be set in authority over her both by God and man.—"The State as an Immoral Teacher," by Ouida, in North American Review for July.

Live Up to the Rules.

A man, who is a Patron and a Grange officer, remarked to me recently that he was becoming tired of the Grange and similar organizations, for there was too much red tape about them. This remark, perhaps, voices the opinion of many. But nothing can be accomplished without system. The laws of God and the laws of nature teach this on every hand. Every organization must have some system, some general laws, which bind the separate parts into one perfect whole. No organization can exist without some constitution or by-laws, be they more or less, as the occasion may demand. By many these same regulations are thought unnecessary red tape. The Patrons of Husbandry is an organization not overburdened with regulations. General principles and laws underlie the organization as a whole and each State and Subordinate Grange is allowed to regulate its specific rules to suit itself, provided only that they are not in opposition to the general declarations of the order. Each individual Grange has its code of by-laws. Look them over and see if they are not all right. Read them carefully to learn if they are in harmony with the principles and laws of the order. When you are satisfied that they are all right, then live up to them. Stand by them to a man. Let none be set aside just to suit the circumstances, for once, for it will be much easier, as time goes on, to ignore them entirely. It is just as easy to do a thing right as wrong—much easier, for then it is done for all time, and we know it takes much longer to right a wrong than to do it right at first. If in your by-laws there is one which is practically a dead letter, have it repealed at once. Let us have no rule we don't try to abide by. Right here let us not make a mistake, and regulate our by-laws down to our standard so we can keep them easily. Rather set a high ideal and live up to it. Be sure you are right and then go ahead.—Mrs. Anna H. Terry, Berkshire county, Mass.

Send for bundles of papers to distribute at your picnic. Blanks for subscriptions will accompany every bundle.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are recommended by the best physicians, because they are free from calomel and other injurious drugs, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients. While thorough in their action, they stimulate and strengthen the bowels and secretory organs.

Ladies' Department.

In An Old Garden.

Weeds run riot where lilies grew,
Stately and lovely and pure as truth,
In the old, dead days when the garden knew
The beauty that blesses the time of youth.
Nettles creep to the crumbling sill,
And briars climb where the rose once bloomed,
But a clump of rue holds its tenure still,
And remembers the beauty that fate has doomed.
Of life and loving gave place to loss?

Moss grows thick on the path where trod
The feet of youth in the days gone by,
And the feet of those who were nearing God,
And the time to lay work down and die.
I wonder if ever, on moonlit nights,
Ghostly footfalls, through mold and moss,
Come and go where the old delights
Of life and loving gave place to loss?

Lovers have walked here, hand in hand,
Here, by this dying tree, was told
A story sweeter to understand
Than the tales of all poets, young or old.
Where is the lover who told his love?
Where is the maiden whose lips he kissed?
Ah! but the grave grass grows above
Those who no longer are mourned or missed.

Poor old garden of dead delights,
Haunted I know you are, night and day,
The gull from the sea, in its landward flights,
Hints of the fleet years that flew away.
Ever and ever while nettles spread
Over the beds where the lilies grew,
You think of the past and long since dead,
And the beauty and brightness that once you
knew.

Your heart is truer than hearts of men,
O poor old garden, for men forget;
They bury their dead and go on again,
And life has room for but brief regret.
But you mourn forever for lost delights,
You grieve for the beauty that could not last,
And I share your sorrow on lonesome nights,
When my heart remembers its happy past.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Have We Lived Before?

One Summer morning I watched the silent mist,
Prismatic dyed by Phoebus' subtle beam
Sweep up the mountain sides until they kissed
The highest peaks; when lo, a transient gleam
Of light, resplendent for a moment, shone
And faded; unearthly, vague, unknown.
And instant, through my erstwhile peaceful soul,
I felt, forsooth, strange fancies throb and roll
Tumultuous, glorious, huge and high and vast,
Was it a glimmer from an unknown past?

Again at high noontide on busy street
Idly I watched the hurrying crowd sweep by,
Careless and happy; heard their heedless feet
And marked indifference each eager eye
Of those who passed; when lo, once more
I heard, as from some far-off, mystic shore,
A voice, a word. Nay, call it what you will,
Yet in its tones I felt again the thrill
Of something past, indefinite and dim.
Was it a reminiscence from the vast Has Been?

And once again, at twilight's witching hour,
In an old temple stained and dark and grim,
I heard the choristers, unseen, outpour,
In sweet and solemn notes the vesper hymn;
When sudden, in the organ's mournful swell,
There throbbed a low, weird strain, a mystic spell
Of sound familiar and yet strange and queer,
Unlike to music of the mundane sphere;
It seemed to speak of ages gone before,
Was it an echo from a forgotten shore?
—E. E. Parker.

Friendship.

Friendship has been called a fine art, but the designation is, I think, most inaccurate. Skill in any art involves labor, study, delicate manipulation, and a special aptitude, without which all labor is in vain. Art does not necessarily demand any moral quality. It is a gift which has been possessed in an exalted degree by men whose characters were far from noble. Friendship, on the other hand, belongs more to the heart than to the intellect, and it may exist between those whose taste and faculties are widely different. Often it is a growth the cause of which is not explicable; at other times the attachment may be sudden, like falling in love; but a sudden friendship, especially among young people, is likely to go down in the storms of life, leaving not a wreck behind.

The love of friends is most secure when it has been cemented by sacrifice, and it is generally warmest on the side of the one who makes the sacrifice. Truly does the son of Sirach say that, "A faithful friend is the medicine of life"; and assuredly there is no more fatal poison than a false one! A young person should be cautioned against a rash friendship; but, when once assured that the choice of a friend is wise, he should adopt the counsel of Polonius, and "grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel."

Innumerable are the wise things that have been said, and may still be said, about friendship; but there is a terrible danger of growing dull and commonplace in sounding its virtues.

Friendship is a topic dear to the schoolboy essayist, and it is one still more beloved by his sister. In the young days of life every David has his Jonathan, every Damon his Pythias. We swear eternal fidelity, and mean to be faithful. There is no sorrow to a warm hearted youth equal to the grief he feels on finding his friend neglectful or insincere.

As we grow older we grow more callous, and dispense our affections more widely. Love steps in to interfere with friendship, and marriage breaks many a tie. The probability is that the boy who was ready to give all he possessed to his friend at sixteen will grudge him a dollar note at twenty-six, while the girl who sheds bitter tears on parting with "the sweetest creature in the world" will find some years later that the dress and manners of her school idol are altogether intolerable.

Friendship is a delicate thing, and has even been known to wither on the appearance of a clumsily cut coat or a tasteless dress. Happily there is a friendship that grows stronger with age, and is fortified by obstacles. Many a beautiful instance of it is recorded in literature, and the poets, true to the noblest instincts of our nature, have crowned it with their praise. The honor we yield to it is evident from the contempt felt for one who has proven a faithless friend. The question has often been raised whether there can be a close friendship between man and woman without love; but surely this depends entirely on the circumstances of the case; men and women who have passed the heyday of youth, and enjoy the familiarity of close acquaintance, will often prove the best of friends. The larger sympathy of the woman corrects the colder judgment of the man. Dr. Johnson, who, by the way, sets a high value upon this kind of friendship, used to say that, considering the uncertainty of life, a man should keep his friendships in repair, which is surely not an easy thing to do. After a certain age it is difficult to gain new friends, and if a feeling of fellowship is contracted there is seldom much warmth in it. Johnson who wrote an ode on friendship calls it—

"The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given."

Keeping Rooms Cool.

Some little ignorance prevails at times, as to the simplest and most practical means of maintaining an atmosphere in our rooms, which, while being fresh and pure, shall also be cool. Many people are too apt to think that the best way to effect their object is to keep doors and windows wide open, and so create a thorough draft through rooms and passages; whereas the very contrary method is the wisest; for it should be remembered that the original rise in the temperature takes place out of doors, not indoors, and that consequently the longer the external air can be excluded; the longer will that in the house remain unchanged.

It is an old axiom, and one founded on fact, that what keeps out cold keeps out heat; and as our houses are mainly constructed with a view to protecting us from that sort of weather of which we have the most—cold, there is no reason why with care, we should not make our thick walls and solid fittings equally available to protect us as effectually from a sirocco as from a cold northeaster.

This, however, can only be done by going upon the same principle with both, namely, by shutting them out. Therefore, before the rays of the mid-summer sun become at all vertical, we should carefully exclude the outer air, and draw down the blinds. Outside blinds are necessary for the perfect accomplishment of our object, for we know that it is a great point to prevent the glass getting hot; indeed when it has once done so it is almost impossible to bring down the temperature of a room as low as would have been the case had the window been protected early in the morning.

Of course I am speaking of that side of the house which faces south or west, the other sides require comparatively little consideration, except the rooms at the top, where the effect of the sun on the roof will always make itself disagreeably felt, and the top story is, therefore, always the most difficult to keep cool.

Whether absolute darkness in itself has any real influence in assisting the maintenance of a low temperature, or whether we only fancy it has, from the pleas-

ant relief it affords after the glare of intense sunlight, does not signify; but certain it is, unless you keep a room dark you cannot keep it cool, although there may be no actual rays of the sun penetrating it; and if the housewife will bear this simple fact in mind, she will have taken the first steps towards keeping her rooms cool. Directly, however, the sun begins to decline, air may be let in on the northern and eastern side of the house, and when the orb of day is once below the horizon, and until it is high again in the heavens, doors and windows should be set freely open. When it is possible they should be kept open all night.

If rooms are properly ventilated at night there can be no reason why they should become unpleasantly stuffy during the day, especially if a little wholesome scent be evaporized in them, and they be decorated with a fair proportion of flowers either growing or cut. Anyway, the great secret of keeping rooms cool when a tropical sun is shining is to do as is done in the tropics; and to do this the housewife must shut up her castle as tightly as if she were besieged by an enemy, and not open her windows until the sun has retired for the night. —STELLA S. in Demorest.

Two Women Journalists.

One of the leading agricultural weeklies of New England is today, as it has been for several years, almost exclusively edited by a woman who commenced her journalistic career by sending items of home news to a local weekly. From this small beginning she imbibed an ambition to succeed in journalism, until today she has attained a success which is a pride to her friends.

On another widely known, popular and successful agricultural weekly in Boston, one of the principle departments is entirely in charge of a woman, who administers its affairs with so great ability that it has contributed very largely to the success achieved by the publication, and given her a most enviable standing in the profession.

And yet, neither of these women has "unsexed herself." They are modest, unassuming women, with strong domestic tastes, to whom home is the dearest and most sacred spot on earth, made even more dear and sacred by the contrast it brings by their contact with the great outside, bustling, bustling world.

Those who for one motive or another are setting their faces against the spirit of the age, which carries with it the advancement of women along the line of an extended and extending area of added responsibility, usefulness and honor, are but waging a useless combat, not to employ a harsher term, against the inevitable. There are certain clearly defined laws which cannot be set aside; and one of these is the law of progression.—Milford, Mass., Journal.

A Pathetic Prayer.

The fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are won't to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide."

How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and evening of our daily life: "Keep me, my God; keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go about my daily duties. My boat is so small—I am so weak, so helpless, so prone to wander, so forgetful of thy loving kindness! I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity and driven before the storms of grief and sorrow. Except thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for Thy ocean is so wide—the journey is so long, and the days and years are so many. In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Deliver me in Thy righteousness."

Most people think that a rumor is like a subscription-list. Every time it comes to them they add something to it and pass it along to the next.

Setting the Table.

(Written for the Rural Press by Carrie E. Robinson.)

The setting of the table seems to follow so naturally after the dish-washing that we shall beg leave to follow after with such hints as may help one inexperienced, as knowledge in this direction does not spring spontaneously when needed. Observation of the tables of others is a good object-lesson, but somehow many are like a lady whom I heard reply to this remark the other day: "Did you notice how prettily Mrs. Lacy's tea-table was set yesterday?" "Not how it was set. I know it looked pretty, but I'm sure I couldn't tell you a thing there was on it, except that there were flowers in the center." Such people as these never learn by observation; they must have rules to go by (and there are many such).

First, you must have a good, firm table, then good, if not so very fine, table linen, well ironed. A soft blanket, made of heavy cotton flannel, to put under the table-cloth, adds greatly to the rich look of the linen, and also serves to protect the table from the hot dishes. If any hot food is to be served by the master of the house, the plates, made warm in the hot closet of the stove, should be placed in a pile directly in front of his place, with the food arranged at the front of these. Lay the proper number of places, and if there are to be guests, arrange for them the most comfortable seats, both in relation to warmth and the legs of the table, which are always in somebody's way. Place the knife, fork and soup spoon, with the drinking-glass, at the right, the napkin at the left, and the butter plate in front of the center of plate, or where it will stand when served. If individual salts are used, these should stand by the tiny butter-plates. The tiny pats of butter, now made for this purpose, should be placed upon the table before the meal is called. That saves one troublesome dishing and passing during the meal; but there should be a dish of butter upon the table from which to replenish these. If the lady of the house is to pour the coffee or tea, the cups and saucers and teapot, with the sugar-bowl, cream-jug and spoon-holder should occupy a tray set in front of her plate. Tea she should pour and pass clear, leaving each person to season his own. Coffee is so much better poured upon the cream and sugar, placed first in each cup, that it seems better to find out each person's taste before pouring it out. At one end of the table should be placed a tray or plate, containing bread or rolls, with perhaps a second plate of brown bread. In the middle of one side, the dish of butter, with one of pickles and a small castor. They have made us put aside our large, handsome castors, to save for our grandchildren, I guess; but Dame Fashion says we musn't use them any more at present, and we have had to obey. If there are side dishes of vegetables to be dished, they should be placed with the small dishes beside the plate of the one who is to dish them, always keeping the balance of the arrangement symmetrical. This is an ordinary dinner-table we are discussing; with elaborate dinners, etc., of course the plans must be studied out on the spot. A pitcher of water with a small number of glasses on a tray may find room on the table, usually at the right of the master of the house, but on a small side table is quite as appropriate. The soup should always be served and removed before the fruit and vegetables are brought on. Hot food should be served very hot, and cold food very cold. In waiting on table, pass the dishes over the right shoulder. After the meats and vegetables are done with, which is properly called the second course, if soup has been served, remove them and brush your table free from crumbs and soil before bringing the dessert or having it brought for the mistress of the house to serve from her place.

The house mistress will likely find it easiest to dish her pie or pudding at the table, and send around the sauce in a boat, or the cheese daintily grated on a pretty

dish, if the pie happens to be mince or apple. At a table of this sort, it is always the proper thing to fold your napkin, and if you found it in a ring, to return it to the same, and to leave your fork or spoon lying on your plate.

A More Simple Diet.

It would be instructive, and perhaps alarming, if one could know how many gems of literature or art, how many great inventions that would have aided the world, and how many beautiful music compositions have been lost to us, because the men and women who could have created them were not in a clear mental condition, in some auspicious hour, because of improper diet. That one can be incapacitated for excellent mental work because of an indigestible breakfast or dinner, must be patent to every brain worker. Thousands of teachers have felt this depressing weight upon their mental powers, while their classes have "dragged" in consequence, when they might have brought vivacity and enthusiasm to their work, and perhaps have dropped an idea into some youthful mind that would have borne rich fruit. Writers, lawyers and preachers all have the same experience.

Passing from the ill effects of improper food on the mental activities of brain workers to the domestic life of the home, it is pertinent to inquire how much of the fault finding, the ill natured criticism, the sharp words and morose looks that are sometimes seen and heard, may not be due to the effect which an overburdened stomach has upon the disposition. It is possible for Satan to enter into the human being in the form of a piece of rich pie, though he is not commonly thought of in this guise. The saying that one should "eat to live" ought to be amended so as to convey the idea that one should not only eat to live, but to think and to be pleasant. It seems to be the custom of those who eat—and this includes quite a large class—to give prominence rather to those things which they specially enjoy than to food that will nourish both brain and brawn. This must be apparent to those who think about it, and I am writing this to get you "to think about it"—not because I think the proposition needs to be proved.

There are numerous examples of clear-brained workers in our day who are living, thinking and pleasing witnesses to the value of simplicity in diet, among whom Oliver Wendell Holmes is a notable example. Simple food will not make poets, orators or great inventors of us, but it will help us to use to the best advantage the abilities which we have.

WEBB DONNELL.

Antiquity of Earrings.

Earrings have been worn from time immemorial. While excavating the ruins of ancient Thebes archeologists brought to light sculptured remains bearing representations of these articles. Ancient writers make frequent mention of these decorations and state that in early days they were worn by both sexes. From the very earliest time the male Asiatics wore them. The Bible tells us that Abraham presented his son's wife with a pair of earrings, and historians relate that Alexander the Great, when he invaded India, found them suspended in the ears of the Babylonians.

Among the ancient oriental nations, with the exception of the Hebrews, men and women wore them, the latter considering that they should be reserved for the sole use of the gentler sex. Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his description of statues representing several of the mythological deities, and the great Juvenal is authority for the statement that they were worn by all the males residing in the Euphrates provinces.—Detroit Free Press.

If a woman was as careful in selecting a husband to match her disposition as she is in selecting a dress to match her complexion, there would be fewer unhappy marriages than there are.

Toothache may be prevented by using for tooth paste simple flour of sulphur. It preserves the gums and prevents decay.

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The Little Bird Tells.

It's strange how little boys' mothers Can find it all out as they do, If a feller does anything naughty, Or says anything that's not true!

Now where the little bird comes from, Or where the little bird goes, If he's covered with beautiful plumage, Or black as the king of the crows;

The moment you think a thing wicked, The moment you do a thing bad, Or angry, or sullen, or hateful, Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,

You may be in the depths of a closet, Where nobody sees but a mouse; You may be all alone in a cellar, You may be on the top of the house;

The little bird tells! The little bird tells! The little bird tells! The little bird tells!

The Little Red Schoolhouse.

How plainly I see through the vista extended, From Manhood's clear heights to the mystical rill, Whence the River of Childhood its channel descended—

Within, the rude desks and the benches still ruder— The platform on which stood the throne of our queen; No view was complete that did not include her—

How she loved us, and how, when she pleased, She taught us arithmetic, reading, and writing, And, hardest of all, tried to teach us to spell;

What "fun" we all had on the cold winter mornings When, booted and muffled, we started for school; And hitched our small sleds, unmindful of warnings,

And how joyous we were when the springtide, returning, Brought the songs of the birds, with the blossoms of May,

O visions of joy unshadowed by sorrow— Of Love, that knew nothing save Love's fair young dream—

Of Hope, that saw only the gladness tomorrow— And Faith, which believed that things are what they seem;

Ye gladden our hearts, the old trusts renewing, As again with the rapture of boyhood they thrill, E'en as when, in Life's morning, our tasks still pursuing,

Friends after a Fight. A fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a fight over a bone, or some other trifling matter. They were fighting on a bridge and, being mad with rage, as is often the case, over they went into the water.

The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland dog; he was as much at home in the water as a seal.

Old Bravo, the Newfoundland, had reached the land and turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was failing and that he was likely to drown.

It was curious to see the dogs look at each other as soon as they shook their wet coats. Their glances said plainly as words, "We will never quarrel any more."

Some boys and girls might learn a very wholesome moral lesson from this story of the two dogs.

The Needs of Country Life.

Practical education is needed in the country as well as in the city, writes Grace Dodge in Lippencott's. There has been too much brain culture in the past with too little sense development and mind training.

Successful experiments in these directions are being made in many country neighborhoods. Groups of ladies are inaugurating cooking, carpentry and clay-modeling classes and sending to the cities for teachers.

Girls are enjoying lessons in hygiene and the chemistry of food, as well as practical demonstrations of cooking. Sewing is also growing more and more interesting,

for example, two neighborhoods on the Hudson, near New York. In one a literary association was started a few years ago by some ladies. There seemed but few people around who could or would utilize a literary or reading room,

A sewing school was started for Saturdays upon strict business principles and within a month was overcrowded. It was hard to tell where the hundred or more girls came from, but they were there, eager to learn.

Monthly entertainments were held, when an admission fee of 10 cents was charged, and the rooms were crowded. In the other neighborhood practical classes have also started and are all crowded.

In this small settlement are now being held three weekly cooking classes for different groups of girls, two large sewing classes, a dressmaking course and boys' carpentry classes.

The Present Use of Aluminum. At present most of our articles, to take the place of German-silver and plated brass for plaques, match-boxes, clock-cases and a thousand-and-one articles of a like nature.

Some of it is also used as receptacles to hold acidulated waters, the metal being entirely unattacked by either nitric or sulphuric acids.

At the last meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers at Washington, the use of Aluminum for household utensils, in place of tinned, copper and granite ware, was discussed, and the general verdict was that Aluminum was by far preferable for this purpose.

For this purpose, for, unlike other metals, it is not attacked by acid and contains no poisonous ingredients deleterious to health.

In fact, several gentlemen stated the interesting fact that many of the ills of the human system that were attributed to other causes were due to nothing more than the poisonous salts of antimony, arsenic, lead and copper, that go into the food from the vessels used in cooking and canning.

The chief hindrance to the use of Aluminum is its cost, which at present is, we believe, about half that of silver by weight; but an ounce of Aluminum will go as far as two or three ounces of silver in the making of domestic ware on account of its lightness and strength.

If made on a larger scale it could probably be produced more cheaply.

First Farmer—"You can take ten pounds for that cow?" Second Farmer—"Can't do it."

"But yesterday you told me you'd sell her for ten pounds." "I know, but I'll have to back out."

"What's the matter?" "You see, the cow belongs to my wife, and she says she will sob herself into hysterics if I sell her. It would break her heart."

"All right; it's no purchase." "I say!" "Well, what is it?" "Make it twelve pound ten and let her sob." —London Dairy.

Why Some Men Do Not Succeed.

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

The other said that the prevalent cause is: "The number of young men who are wanting in decision and fixity of purpose. If they get into a good place at the start they should stick to it, knowing that by perseverance, industry and ability, they win promotion in due course as vacancies occur.

But they see or hear of some one making a fortune in Wall street, or in ranching, or in mining, and away they go to try their luck. When they lose, as they do in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that is the end of them;

they can never settle down to ordinary ways of earning a living after that, and their descent is rapid." This reason hits the nail square on the head. Go where you will, we find men who commenced life under the most favorable circumstances, but who are such complete financial wrecks that there is but little hope for their reformation.

They may be honest and temperate; they may even possess natural ability of a high order, but lacking in steadiness of purpose, they will never succeed. Had they sufficient will force to stick to one thing, no matter how disagreeable it might be at first, were they content to advance slowly, they would have no reason now to talk of the "luck" of those who have pushed forward into the front ranks.

Another cause of poverty is the lack of self-confidence. Many men seem to have no faith in themselves, consequently no assertiveness, no independence, no pluck and no push. They are afraid to stand up and speak for themselves, preferring to lean on others.

They are afraid to make an investment, because of the possibility of failure; they are afraid to tell what they can do, as they might make an error in doing it; they are cowards in every sense of the word. This is often the result of early training.

A boy, naturally timid, is kept in the background so persistently, and his mistakes are so severely criticised, that he grows up into an entirely useless man. Push and fixity of purpose will always bring a measure of success.—St. Louis Miller.

How many errors are safely enounced in epigram! How many inaccuracies, half views, false views and untruths, are accepted by the world as verities solely because they are expressed felicitously!

Some happy aptness of phrase, some dazzling sheen of rhetoric, some magical association, or some trancing charm of full-voiced verbal euphony, swelling and sighing through a sentence to exhale grandly at its close, often secures not only longevity, but credit to a thought, which, if expressed in colorless terms would be scouted as a palpable falsity.

Young men as a rule need discipline, and it is a good thing for a youngster to be "knocked about" in the world, though his soft hearted parents may not think so.

All youths, or, if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplussage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves with wiser, older and more experienced men they discover it is unwarranted and get rid of it gracefully of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable for their own sakes that it be knocked out of them.

A boy whose parents are making a sacrifice to send him to college or technical school takes a long step towards independence, and wins the respect of the community, by doing in vacation whatsoever his hands find to do.

Such boys may be seen in this city every summer, at work on the street cars or in the stores. The invariable comment is "Sensible young man; he will succeed." It is a pitiful day in a boy's career when the fear of aristocratic friends spoil him for honest labor.—Farmers' Friend.

Deathless.

There lies in the center of each man's heart
 A longing and love for the good and pure;
 And if but an atom, or larger part,
 I tell you this shall endure—endure—
 After the body has gone to decay—
 Yea, after the world has passed away.

The longer I live and the more I see
 Of the struggle of souls toward the heights
 above,
 The stronger this truth comes home to me;
 That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love;
 A love so limitless, deep and broad,
 That men have renamed it and called it God.

And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
 Nothing created by light or force,
 But deep in its system there lies dissolved
 A shining drop from the Great Love Source;
 A shining drop that shall live for aye—
 Though kingdoms may perish and stars decay.
 Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A New Grange.
 COREY, July 27.

ED. VISITOR:
 As I have not seen any correspondence from Corey Grange for some time, I write to say that No. 291 still lives, moves and has a being at Corey.

We purchase salt, plaster, oil-meal, binder twine and other supplies through the Order, and are well satisfied with the result.

Newberg Center Grange No. 695 has just been organized with a membership of 31, and others are knocking for admission. The new Grange is well officered and bids fair to become a flourishing organization. I have recently secured seven subscribers for the Visitor from the membership.
 D. H. POUND, Deputy.

ED. VISITOR. Once again the time has come for the report of our Grange, and it has fallen to me to prepare the statement. The members are working faithfully for the good of the Order. The farmers are reaping the reward of their care in the harvest fields. Although busy times, degree work still continues. A harvest festival was enjoyed by many last Saturday evening. The poem "Brain and Breeches" was sent by request for publication. Wishing the Grange success in all their undertakings, I will close. Ceres. Lawrence, July 23.

How One Farmer Makes Money.

Do you belong to that class who had as soon sell a man a poor cow for a good one, or a rouge for an orderly one, as not? Bah! You ought to outgrow this. Could not you respect yourself more and would you not be better respected by your neighbors if you were never guilty of such an irregularity? A friend of mine invariably sells an animal on its merits when he sells (everything else, in fact, also). He will not even wait to be asked. Is this cow breachy? or, can you warrant the horse sound? He will say, My price is so much. I put it at this low figure because the cow will take down fences. If you want the horse at such a price take him along. You will find he has the heaves. Of course you don't expect to buy a sound horse as fine as this one for any such money. And he never has difficulty in disposing of anything. People know him as an upright man and always find things as he represents them. He says, "I made up my mind as a young man that I could not afford to equivocate, and this even when I left out the question of morals. Jockeying is not my business. I make my money by farming." Would there were more like him.

The Common House Fly.

The common house fly does not, in the ordinary sense of the word, migrate, though, of course, individuals of the species frequently travel long distances. The remarkable fecundity of the fly is quite sufficient to account for its numbers during the early summer. A few individuals, in the torpid state, survive even the coldest winter, and with the first warm days of summer lay their eggs. When deposited under favorable conditions these are hatched in from 12 to 24 hours and in 12 days the worm changes into a nymph and in 10 days more into a perfect fly. A fly will lay four times during the summer, about 80 eggs each time, and careful calculations have demonstrated that the descendants of a single insect may, from the 1st of June to the end of September, exceed 2,000,000. Were it not for bats, insect-eating birds and the innumerable microscopic parasites with which the fly is particularly afflicted there would be no worse pest than the fly.

Notices of Meetings.

Berrien Co. Pomona Grange will hold its next meeting with Mt. Tabor Grange, August 18th. This will be strictly a Patrons' meeting, and the members of the Order are invited to be present. Remember, Mt. Tabor bids you all welcome.

Valuable papers will be presented by Mrs. J. H. Royce and Miss Florence Hartwell, of Mt. Hope Grange, Mr. W. L. Kane of Benton Harbor, and Geo. F. Cunningham of Pearl. Our milling interests will be discussed, led by Hon. Levi Sparks; and our fish and game laws, led by Eljen Clark. The cause and prevention of smut in wheat will be discussed as a general topic.

In view of recent developments in the milling industry, the general interest manifested in our fish and game laws, and the hustling among farmers on account of the appearance of smut in the wheat crop, we anticipate a very interesting meeting.

There will be no public session. Good music. Come.
 R. V. CLARK, Lecturer.

Hillsdale County Grange will hold its next meeting with Fayette Grange, August 13th. A good program can be expected. Tea and coffee will be furnished. Music by Fayette Grange. All fourth degree members are especially invited to attend.
 R. W. FREEMAN, Master.

The Van Buren Co. Pomona Grange will hold its next meeting at Keeler Center Thursday, Aug. 13, with the following program:

10 a. m.—Reports from subordinate Granges and suggestions for the good of the order.
 12 m.—Picnic dinner.
 1:30—Recitation by Mrs. A. W. Hayden, Hamilton. Paper, Ed. A. Wildey, Paw Paw. Paper—"Home and its Surroundings"—H. Place, Lawrence. Recitation, Mrs. M. D. Buskirk, Paw Paw. Paper—"Sheep Husbandry"—C. B. Charles, Bangor. Recitation, Mrs. C. H. Kemp, Hartford.

Subject for discussion: "The Organization of Farmers." Discussion to be opened by Oscar McGowan, of Hamilton.

Music will be furnished by Mrs. M. D. Buskirk and Mrs. C. H. Butler, of Paw Paw.

All fourth degree members are cordially invited to be present.
 Mrs. J. M. Fisk, Lecturer.

Died—At his home in Plymouth on Friday, July 17, Ruel Durfee, a worthy member of Livonia Grange No. 268. He was a kind husband, a loving father, an obliging neighbor and worthy citizen, respected by all.

There is no place in this world for malcontents. If they make their way at all, it is by pushing and elbowing their fellows. But the world opens its arms to the cheerful man. He receives a cordial welcome wherever he goes. Good nature and moroseness are both infectious, and this is the reason why people court the one and avoid the other. In the society of a cheerful person we become unconsciously elevated in spirits, whereas a brief association with a gloomy man overpowers us with depression.—Am. Storekeeper.

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