

GRANGE VISITOR

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

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WHOLE NO. 477.

Northern Michigan.

As per announcement of last issue, we continue the articles from the counties of northern Michigan. The counties represented in this issue are Menominee and Iron. We already have articles at hand from Emmet, Otsego, Kalkaska, Grand Traverse, Lelanaw, and Benzie. We have articles promised from Dickinson, Charlevoix, Antrim, Alpena, Alcona, Oscoda, Crawford, Wexford, Missaukee, Roscommon, Iosco, Gladwin, Osceola, Lake, Manistee, Marquette, and Chippewa. We also expect responses from Cheboygan, Ogemaw, Arenac and a few others.

Menominee County.

BY NORWOOD BOWERS.

You wrote me that you wished facts, and not a boom. Not being a boom man, I am obliged to write facts, and if your readers require, will furnish proofs.

To begin with, our country is a new country. Although I have lived here fifteen years, and there are others in the vicinity who have been here a longer time. Several years ago my father visited me from southern Wisconsin, and said he knew that the soil here is fertile, for such thrifty maple, beach, basswood, and ironwood could not grow on poor land. But we who have lived here these many years have learned that hard work is required to clear off these broad acres, and put them into shape for farming purposes. But when that work is once done the sweat of the whole body is abundantly rewarded by the fruitful harvests that the land will produce.

The county is well watered by numerous spring brooks of excellent water, and we have learned that clover, timothy, and many kinds of grasses do exceedingly well, some pieces of low ground producing as high as four tons per acre. Such yields are not common. Still a ton and a half and two tons of hay to the acre are quite frequently realized. Cattle thrive well, and I think that we can raise as many cattle to the acre here as can be raised on the same number of acres anywhere. While we may have a little more work to do to care for our stock in winter than in a warmer climate, we are so close to the lumber and mining regions that we have a much better market and therefore we get pay for our labor at a good price. I know of a number of instances where fifty bushels of wheat have been raised from two and a half bushels of seed. Our millers here say that the quality of wheat raised here is equal to the very best grades of Minnesota wheat for flour.

Corn has been raised of late years to some extent. The red glaze and one or two other kinds of flint corn do well, yielding as high as one hundred bushels per acre, and the corn crop has not been a failure here yet. Oats, peas, and rye are also staple crops here, and yield excellently. Cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses are all profitably raised here. At the present time cattle are the most profitable stock on the farms. Cheese making has not been engaged in to any great extent, but butter is receiving attention and a number of creameries have been doing a good business.

Good dairy butter readily sells at twenty-five cents per pound in the summer and at a higher price in the winter months. Potatoes and all kinds of root crops do exceedingly well. In fact, the potato crop has never been known to be a failure, and with proper care 250 bushels is not considered a large yield per acre.

Land can be had very cheap because there is so much that is untilled, and so many people that have been raised to handle timber, that desire to sell out and move on to where the work exists that they have been used to doing. The people who are here to stay are enterprising and thrifty, the township of Stephenson alone supporting twelve schools and fifteen teachers. Other localities are doing as well; and our schools have already produced many fine and competent teachers, and young, but competent business men. People who have engaged in fruit raising find that many kinds of apples do well, while small fruits grow in abundance. As for religion, there are all denominations,

and many and well supported churches. *Stephenson.*

Iron County.

BY A. B. MACKINNON.

In reply to your recent request, will give the following facts and figures of Iron county's agricultural resources and possibilities:

I came here in 1880, under a 60 pound pack, before a tree was cut down within a radius of 30 miles of Iron River and have lived here ever since. I have been on every section of land in Iron county. The wilderness I went through then with the aid of a compass, is now traversed by good roads and interspersed with improved farms and prosperous farmers. The county is settled chiefly by miners, who, when the Iron county mines shut down under the pressure of hard times, settled down to farming. This leaves us with a class of farmers, though industrious and energetic, not up in the science of agriculture, and yet all of them make a good living and are to all intents and purposes independent. It is a well known fact that whilst other mining districts were forced to seek relief in charity soup houses, Iron county was self-sustaining because of the productiveness of its soil. There are 806,460 acres in the county, of which about 100,000 acres are settled upon.

The soil is a clay loam, and from 2 to 2½ feet in depth, covered with a thick growth of maple, birch, elm, hemlock, basswood, etc., all of which are valuable for lumber, and are being manufactured at Iron River.

Spring and winter wheat, oats, barley, peas, rye, flax, corn, hops, in fact everything that can be raised in Wisconsin or southern Michigan, unless it be peaches and grapes, are grown here with marked success. There is no better soil under the sun for grass, roots, and vegetables. Potatoes yield about 200 bushels per acre—stump land; wheat, 20 bushels; oats, 45. Beets, carrots, parsnips, cabbage, onions, lettuce, tomatoes, in fact all manner of garden stuff is raised in great abundance.

W. H. Webb, who owns and runs a steam thrasher on the west side of the county, says the wheat invariably weighs 64 pounds to the bushel measure, and oats 40 pounds. He has threshed up to date, of oats 30,000 bushels, wheat 5000, barley 500, in the townships of Iron River and Bates. One farmer has threshed 3,000 bushels of oats, 250 of wheat, and has raised a proportionate amount of other farm products. Wheat growing, so far, is chiefly experimental, and it has proved a grand success both for winter and spring wheat. When a flour mill is put in here, which is likely to be done next summer, farmers will grow wheat more extensively.

Iron county has a good agricultural future and it is being rapidly developed. The products of the farms here will not supply the home market when the mines are working, except in potatoes, which at a conservative estimate will exceed 200,000 bushels this year. There is no better market in the country when the mines are working.

Iron River.

The Social Advantages of the Grange.

Farmers, from the very nature of their occupation, are inclined to lead lives more or less secluded. During the busy seasons of the year they have but little opportunity to mingle with the bustling world about them. Weekly or semi-weekly drives to town for mail and business purposes and attendance at church, or perhaps some society meeting, largely includes their association with their fellow-beings.

In most instances these conditions and not the personal desires and tastes of the farmers themselves constrain them to forego to some extent the pleasures and benefits of society, and to deprive their family of the same, but the results of such unnatural seclusion are plainly manifest in their lives and habits, and their families also. In former years many farmers realized the disadvantages of their environments so far as their social relations were concerned, but with the limited opportunities at hand in this direction, they were unable to overcome these hindrances, to some of the rarest and best enjoyments of farm life.

But after the Grange was organized with its social and educational features, this difficulty was removed and the means of social enjoyment and intellectual improvement are now within easy reach of the farmer, and if he is not happier, and does not grow wiser, and become possessed of broader views of life and its manifold duties and responsibilities, the fault is his own. The Grange opens wide the door and invites every farmer and his family to enter, and enjoy all the advantages that spring from the association of those who are actuated by a common desire for social culture and improvement. Any organization or association needs the help of its humblest members. The meeting and comparison of ideas, friendly criticism, and seeking for the reasons of things, all help to strengthen the individual powers of each.

The Grange, creates and maintains a feeling of fraternal relation and common pride in the profession of agriculture, that cannot be brought about in any other way, and membership should be sought in the organization for the personal as well as for the general benefits which can be secured. Every farmer owes it to himself and his family, and to the pursuit in which he is engaged, to identify himself with this great farmers' movement, which is so well adapted to better the condition, lighten the burdens and increase the blessings of those whose industry is the foundation of all true national prosperity.

The social features of the Grange constitute its crowning glory, and are among its strongest claims for recognition and popular favor among our rural population; for without the opportunities which are now presented for the cultivation of that sociability which adds new charms to our existence, the Order could not attain to the full measure of its usefulness and power.

It is universally conceded that farmers need to become more intimately acquainted with each other, and to enter into closer and more friendly and fraternal relationship. By cultivating this most desirable element in human nature, selfishness and jealousy are made subordinate to higher and nobler thoughts, which greatly enlarge the sphere of usefulness among the membership, and thus places the Order in a most favorable light for recognition among all classes in society. Those who would presume to measure the work and influence of the Grange by a money standard alone, utterly fail to have any adequate conception of its principles, and are not in sympathy with its grand and lofty mission, nor in harmony with its noble Declaration of Purposes which teach that its leading objects are, "to develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among its members," to elevate the farming population in its scale of intelligence, to cultivate more intimate social relations, to instill into the minds of the young more correct ideas of morality, to impart instruction and develop esthetic tastes among the membership, and to cement in one common fraternal brotherhood and sisterhood all that are engaged in agricultural pursuits. One of the most distinguishing and ennobling features of the Grange, is that it accords to woman her true position, enlarges the sphere of usefulness, and gives her an opportunity for the exercises of those noble qualities of mind and heart which reflect her womanly nature, and give an added charm and pleasure to every position and condition in life which admits her presence.

In the Grange every position of honor and trust is open to her ambition, and she takes her place by the side of husband and brother as an active participant of all that transpires. As this is the first and only fraternal order which grants to woman her inalienable rights, and recognizes her proper and legitimate sphere of duty, she is peculiarly interested in the success of the Grange, and we are glad that she fully realizes the measure of the work the Order is doing to relieve her from the restrictions of law and usage, which have been handed down from past ages.

The Grange is doing more in its silent way to secure woman her just rights, than all the noisy conventions that have ever been held, and the realization of her fondest hopes in this respect may be in the near future.—*Alpha Messer.*

Prepare for the State Grange.

All delegates to the coming State Grange, except some who go as representatives of county Granges, have been elected, and doubtless are preparing to perform the important duties of the session satisfactorily to the Patrons of their respective counties and with credit to themselves. As the Grange adds years to its existence, its lines of work become more clearly defined and greater responsibilities are attached to the work of delegates. The Grange was wisely planned wherein it brings together annually in a legislative capacity the best and most progressive of its members. It is not only expected to plan and act wisely for the well being and growth of the Order in the state through its Subordinate Granges, but other equally great responsibilities are resting upon it. The farmers' well being and true prosperity like all other interests largely depends upon equitable and just legislation, and now that the Grange is recognized as a fair representative of the farmers as a class on public questions, because of its superior facilities to discuss matters and concentrate thought, wise conclusions are demanded. It is said that the farmer constitutes a great conservative arbiter of all public questions, but he has been in the habit of putting in his work after the things are done, and oppressive influences have done their worst. How much wiser and more business like it would be to be on hand at the beginning with well defined opinions as to the end that matters in general may come about more to his liking. Herein comes one of the greatest responsibilities of the Grange from the position it occupies. It must be a leader in anticipating the legitimate needs of the state and its best interests, and to discuss, crystalize, and concentrate thought, and to so present to the legislature our wishes, that more nearly the right things may be done. Thus when we say "Prepare for the State Grange," it means much more than a casual notice conveys. Prepare your resolutions early and give them due consideration. Let them be along practical lines and do not neglect questions regarding which the Grange has taken a stand, for it is by "repeated blows" that we expect to succeed.

ALL PATRONS INVITED.

It always stimulates and adds strength to the work of the State Grange to have large numbers of members of the Order in attendance, and especially all of the familiar faces that in years past have taken active part. We want the presence of all who have the best interests of the Order at heart, to assist in arriving at wise conclusions on the questions presented. Special rates will be secured at hotels and railroads will doubtless carry passengers at excursion rates on the certificate plan.

FIFTH AND SIXTH DEGREES.

The lessons of these degrees will be exemplified in full form probably on Thursday evening. Every fourth degree member who is in good standing in a Subordinate Grange is eligible to the fifth and then to the sixth degree. A beautiful steel engraved certificate is given free to each person who is instructed in the sixth. Patrons should avail themselves of this opportunity to witness these higher degrees in the best form the State Grange can command. Application can be made for either or both degrees with Jennie Buell, Secretary of State Grange at Ann Arbor, Mich., before, and at the State Grange meeting. We hope for the most enjoyable and profitable meeting in the history of the Order in Michigan. GEO. B. HORTON, Master State Grange.

No Other.

Suffolk Co., N. Y., Sept. 21, '95.

Mr. O. W. Ingersoll,
Dear Sir: Enclosed please find another order for your best grade of paint. I have used your liquid rubber paints and find them durable and glossy. I certainly would use no other while yours are to be purchased. Respectfully Yours,

CHAS. O. SMITH.
See Adv. Ingersoll's liquid rubber paint.

A paper for all—the GRANGE VISITOR.

Field and Stock.

Weeds.

The following letters have been received in reply to questions, sent out to a number of farmers, regarding the prevalence, etc., of weeds. These are not all the replies we have—others will follow later.

Yours asking about weeds came to hand in due season. Farmers as a rule say very little about weeds, unless they become exceedingly troublesome, which they do not on our soil in this township, except in wet seasons, which we have not had in several years. The soil here is not as favorable for either their development or rapidity of growth as clay, or timber lands. While we have some prairie, also some beech and maple, commonly called timbered lands, in this county, yet the most of our soil is classed as sandy loam—oak openings—and ranges through all grades of this kind of soil. On such soil it is a very easy matter to keep weeds in check, especially in as dry a season as this has been. On the prairie pigeon grass has sprung up quite thickly in cornfields, after farmers had quit working the same, and after the rains came. We think from observation and in talking with different men on this subject who live on prairie land, that what is known as pigeon grass is as troublesome as anything they have to contend with, and yet this is not a weed.

Most farmers have a rotation system, or try to have; but this requires a certain amount of land on each farm to be "seeded down" to clover each year, and good catches of clover have been few and far between for several years now, and this season the worst of all. Hundreds of dollars in this township expended for clover seed, and sown on wheat in February and March, and on oats and barley later on, were practically thrown away; for while it came up and grew for a time, the long continued drouth swept it away, and I do not know of a single field that was seeded to clover last spring that has any amount growing now or since August—all swept away by the drouth.

As regards enforcement of the law in regard to the cutting of weeds in the highway: All through this portion of our county we see no dock, Canada thistles or other noxious weeds going to seed in our highways.

As to what weeds are the most troublesome and occasion the most loss. These vary on account of different conditions and different soils. I am compelled to state that there is a class that farm on a portion of our timbered lands that let the Canada thistle have full sway; but while it thrives better in this kind of soil, the occupants won't admit that it shortens their crops, or as they say "I can't see that they do."

On our oak openings, sorrel is the worst weeds we have to fight. Still, it is easily kept within bounds by a good husbandman. There is no particular weed that has been at all troublesome this season, on our sandy loam, for as before stated, the drouth has been too much for even the weeds. We have what is commonly known as "horse-tail" that grows more or less in wheat and oat stubble after these crops are harvested. How much these take out of the soil we are unable to state. As all such take some goodness out of the soil, no one will question, but this particular weed seems to be indigenous to our oak opening lands and it is a question of just how to dispose of it.

As to any method among farmers of obtaining grass and clover seed free from weed seeds, there is none; everyone seems to rely on his own judgment in the matter.

GEO. T. HALL.

Portage, Kalamazoo County

As to the feeling amongst the farmers in this locality in regard to the losses occasioned by weeds, I should say from the way that weeds are being destroyed by almost all farmers in this locality that they, like myself, think weeds are a great enemy to the farmer. No doubt serious losses do occur from weeds, after all said and done towards destroying them. So far as system is concerned, it would apply to Greeley's saying about pruning trees, "prune while the knife is sharp." So apparently with the weeds, cut at any and all times, for weeds are to be found every day from May to December. A very good system, I should say.

As to laws relating to the cutting of weeds in highways, I would say that there was no need of enforcement. Highways are clean.

The prickly lettuce has been the most troublesome weed this season, also last season. There is one annoying feature about this weed, it seems to grow along the rivers where it is not noticed so much, not even by men whose farms run up to the streams. I exterminate them along the river just the same as on my farm or along the roadside. I notice some do not pay any attention to them along streams. The weed that has been especially bad this season is a weed called by some as buttonweed, and by others mallet. I find it the most troublesome weed to exterminate that ever struck my farm. It does not spread fast.

As to getting seeds which are free from weed seeds, some talk of having seedsmen under bonds and have them guarantee their seeds pure and free from weeds, and some of having an inspector of seeds supported by the state. I for one have bought cloverseed which had bad weed seed in it. One is a wild strawberry, so called; also Canada thistle.

DAVID HANDSHAW.
Mendon, St. Joseph County.

In reply to the question regarding weeds, I would say first, as regards the losses occasioned by weeds, they are a great damage to most of our farmers in the way they are generally managed. I know of a number of farmers in this locality that are overrun with weeds just because their owners are careless about exterminating them. If the farmers in every neighborhood would join together and make it a point to keep all weeds from going to seed for two or three years, we would almost exterminate them; but if one farmer neglects to keep them down he will seed his own farm and his neighbors for a mile or two around him, for there are a great many weed seeds that the wind will carry a great ways. For instance, the wild lettuce or prickly lettuce as it is called, is very bad with us here. It will blow a great ways because the seed is so light, and it is hard to exterminate, for when it is cut off close to the ground it will send up a dozen shoots that will go to seed. The most troublesome weeds that we have had to contend with this season have been the prickly lettuce, purslane, and common pigweed. I consider purslane as bad to get rid of as any weed we have, for it is hard to kill after it is hoed out, if the ground is a little wet or damp.

The cutting of weeds in highways is looked after pretty well in this locality.

I have not heard any talk of getting seeds free from weed seeds, but I think the only way to accomplish that is for farmers to join together and help one another in keeping them down, which means a great deal of work, but which will pay in the end. We are getting Canada thistles pretty plenty around here and would like to know through the VISITOR of some way to get rid of them. I have tried to keep them down by cutting them as soon as they appear through the ground, but it seemed to make them grow all the faster.

M. H. FOSTER.

Cascade.

Is It True?

The GRANGE VISITOR for September 19 contained an article clipped from the Detroit Journal in which it was claimed that the day for small farms had passed. The small farmer, the writer claimed, was being crushed out by forces beyond his control, and the time had come for tenant farming, and large capital with large farms. The agricultural laborer has no chance of becoming an independent farmer, unless he be endowed by nature with some rare qualities that make him a genius.

With the casual reader these statements might pass undisputed, yet a little reflection will disclose two facts; first, things are not always what they seem at first sight; second, there are a few things which a city journalist does not know, strange as it may seem and hard as it may be to convince him of it. One of these subjects is farming, though according to his own estimation, he understands the subject from A to Z.

There is a tendency in agriculture, as in all branches of industry, toward a concentration of capital, but it does not follow that the small farmer is entirely crowded out, or that he is of so little importance as the Journal would have it inferred. Specialized labor is the distinguishing feature of the age, but there is still room for individual energy. Civilization is constantly creating new wants, and while these are for the most part supplied by many men working together under one head, there is still much which can be done best by one man working alone. In agriculture this is at present true to a greater extent than in the majority of industries.

In nearly every community men can be found who are doing well on a few acres, merely by giving attention to the features of the business which are neglected by the large farmers. In one instance a few years ago a man purchased ten acres of land of average fertility and set it out to small fruit. The neighbors laughed at his folly, but so long as they purchased all the strawberries he could raise he did not mind. In a few years the farm was doubled in size. Now the man is in a fair way to grow from a small to a large farmer soon. Another case is that of a young man who gave up a professional career to begin gardening on a place of twenty-five acres. The first year was rather discouraging, as he was several miles from a town, but he soon had a market at home among the larger farmers which paid him handsomely. Another young man started a few years ago with no capital except a liberal education and a faculty for making the most of things. Last year he sold from his farm of less than fifty acres more than

\$1,000 worth of dairy and poultry products, pork and vegetables. These cases may be multiplied many times by those people who will take the trouble to look around. If as the Journal asserts, "Only now and then a man of superior brains and energy can succeed in pure agriculture, in a small way," then these qualities are far from rare in the rural population of Michigan.

Butter, eggs, milk, fruit, and all farm products are produced cheapest on a large scale, but the highest in quality is that produced by the individual. The number of consumers who see this is rapidly increasing. They desire something better than the general market affords, and are willing to pay an extra price for it. At present the demand is greater than the supply, and is likely to be for some time.

The number of large farms as compared to small is undoubtedly on the increase, and this condition of affairs will go on so long as the greater part of the population has a preference for industrial independence. But that the small farmer is crowded out or likely to be for some time to come may be doubted.

F. D. W.

The Farmer's Risk.

An old man who had been both farmer and merchant once said to us, "I have tried both, and I had rather take my chances for success depending on the dealings of Providence than upon the dealings of men." Our acquaintance with farmers would not lead us to think they felt that way; too many of them seem to think that they have both Providence and man to contend with; that the elements are against them, and the hand of every man raised to strike them down.

Notwithstanding this the principles set forth by the old man above referred to is undoubtedly true. Expressed differently, he might have said: "Farming is the most independent and reliable pursuit men engage in."

When agriculture in any community fails to give an adequate reward to those engaged in it, all other pursuits, all other business, suffer. When crops fail over any large extent of country, persons engaged in other occupations other than farming fail; proving conclusively that these depend upon farming for their success. If these depend upon farming or agriculture for their success, farming is the most independent of them all.

That's the rosy way of putting it. The events in certain portions of the west last year, and those that occurred over a vast portion of the country last month, show that the farmer in several branches of agriculture has risks that the best of forethought or judgment cannot remove. The "it" is there in full force to effect expected success. In that farming that requires fall seeding to have success, the conditions must be of a certain kind if the farmer is to start his crop in anything like fair shape. Then follows the hazards of freezing, thawing, and storm brought by winter. After this the too wet or too dry spring, the drouth of summer, the fight with insects, or the wet of harvest time may be a factor to destroy the result of hard labor.

Where spring seeding is followed, the risks of fall sowing and winter killing are removed, but seed time may be poor, or a belated frost may make untold havoc with the grain that was gotten in in fine shape because "it is such a forward spring."

The fruit grower and gardener risks his berry or truck farm to the sweep of frost or blighting wind or scorching sun. All these risks, and many more, must be taken by those who pursue agriculture as a means of livelihood.

But are there no mitigating circumstances in all this array of dark possibilities? Is there nothing forethought or judgment can do to reduce the risk—lessen the hazard? Is there no play for business sagacity, or executive ability—no wrestling of success from defeat in an emergency when one of these "risks" becomes a condition, not a theory?

The market gardener and berry grower may greatly reduce, if not entirely overcome, the damage of a killing frost by means of mulching or covering with hay before the frost strikes. The use of smudges will prove a vast protection to the cornfield. The beans, squashes, melons, and other tender vines just peeping through the soil may be lightly covered with soil, and their safety secured for a few days. The onward march of the chinch bug may be stayed by inoculation, kerosene emulsion, or furrows plowed about the fields. Drouth may be overcome by irrigation, and with no reservoir than a deep well and a good wind engine irrigation is an accomplished fact on more than one farm. Thus in various ways, different risks to which agriculture is exposed, and which cannot be removed as an element to be considered in the success or failure of farming, may be reduced in their hazard to crops.

But all precautions coming to naught, shall the farmer give up the fight for success? Far from it. Get in an emergency crop, if too late for replanting the one destroyed by frost or drouth. Take in the situation, and act promptly. No idle re-

pinning will bring bread or meat, or hay or grain for stock. Master the situation and wrest success out of seeming failure. Lost hope, and all the man of a man is gone. Keep a brave heart, a clear head, and an earnest hand, and thus reduce the risks of farming to the minimum.—Farm, Field, and Fireside.

A Nation of Tenant Farmers.

Once the glory of New England was that every man owned his own farm, and from his broad acres could defy the world, but between 1880 and 1890 in the six New England states the owning farmers diminished 24,117, and the tenant farmers increased 7,248. The number of tenant farmers in Massachusetts was in 1890 nearly double what it was in 1880, and the percentage of farmers in Vermont and Connecticut at the time was over 17, and 25 per cent of the farmers of Rhode Island were then tenants, not land owners. This change, if confined to New England, would be startling, but in the south in 1890 there was increase of 13,915 owning farmers and 275,785 tenant farmers. In Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, there was a gain between 1880 and 1890 of 47,882 owning farmers and 114,510 tenant farmers. A large proportion of these are persons who were formerly slaves, and now are tenants. In the middle states during this interval, the owners have decreased 24,304, and the tenants have increased 24,075. In eight states of the northwest the number of owning farmers was 129,322, and the number of tenant farmers 108,507. In Iowa the number of tenant farmers increased 16,563, in Kansas 30,463. In forty-seven states and territories the number of owning farmers had in 1890 become 158,951, and the number of tenant farmers had grown to 599,337. These figures, which might be greatly extended, show that all over the country the number of the farmers who own their land is decreasing, while the number of those who are tenants at will is rapidly increasing. The land, also, in many parts of the country is advancing in value. In Nebraska it has risen during the last twenty years from \$4 an acre for rough land to \$25 an acre with improvements. At the same time the profits of the farmer have been decreasing. Most of these tenant farmers pay a heavy rental for the use of the land, and a large proportion of those who own their farms are paying a heavy rate of interest on their mortgages. It is only a question of time when they must give up and become tenant farmers.

This brief statement of the general situation shows that all over the country the land is more and more in the hands of landlords, who rent it out to tenants on such terms that whenever a bad season comes, or the crops cannot be sold at a high figure, it means disaster to the farmer. He cannot pay his debts, and is at the mercy of the owner of the land. More and more, these owners are non residents, living in the east or a foreign country. For a long time the average size of the farms had been decreasing, but in 1890 the census showed an advance over all the northern states. The increase was most notable in farms from 500 to 1,000 acres, which showed the presence of the landlords and of hired hands. The evidence obtained from every quarter goes to show that the creation of landlord and tenant classes is going on everywhere at a rapid rate. In New England the cheaper farms have been given up to the Irish and the French-Canadians, who can make a living where a native American would starve; but it means the subordination of intelligence and education to toil, and the bringing forward of a class of people who are illiterate, and in no sense the successors of the sturdy yeomanry who founded New England and the far west. Everything goes to show that the same process is taking place in this country which has gradually become fixed in Great Britain. The small landholders are slowly giving up their properties because they are too deeply in debt to hold them, and the increase of the tenant class means a lower public spirit, inferior living, and a falling short in whatever goes to make strength of character. The facts are well brought out in the last census, and one who studies them carefully will be profoundly impressed that our farms are passing into the hands of tenants and of farm laborers.

What this means it is not difficult to discover. It is forcing the agriculturists of the country gradually into a position of dependence, placing them largely under the control of wealthy landlords, who have no interest in them except to collect their rents, and causing them to struggle so hard for a bare existence that they have no time for anything else. The soil is more and more cultivated by those who are deprived of an opportunity to educate their children; and the scanty returns which the tenant-farmers can obtain for their work is insufficient to enable them ever to rise above their condition. The soil of the United States is passing into the hands of landlords who care nothing for the people except to keep them in a dependent position, and we are beginning to repeat the situation as it exists to-day in Great Britain. The tenants are becoming a peasant class,

and they are so limited in their opportunity that they must always remain such. There is no escape from this, as things go. At the south the negro tenant-farmer, who lives on a small holding, for which he has to pay an extravagant rent, is so placed that only by the best of luck can he meet the demands laid upon him; and every advantage is in favor of the landlord, who has the right to put him out for non-payment of his debts whenever he chooses. The situation is becoming more and more difficult for men who have been educated to believe in liberty, and unless the native Americans can rise above the primary conditions of labor and to some extent can control circumstances in his favor, he is in a position of increasing difficulty. He pays a rate of interest which is ruinous in itself, and with the variation of his crops, he is almost sure to be thrown out of his holding because he cannot pay his debts. With the increase of this tenant-class there must be an increase of the drawbacks which go with it, and institutions which were framed for a vigorous and independent democracy need a great deal of adaptation to meet the exigencies of a needy, despondent, and dispirited people. The situation is serious, and the silent revolution has nothing to restrain it. In the large cities most people must be tenants, but when in the rural districts they are also mainly tenants, the situation is to be deplored.—*Boston Herald.*

WOMAN'S WORK.

Cuba.

Is it naught? Is it naught
That the South-wind brings her wail to our shore.
That the spoilers compass our desolate sister?
Is it naught? Must we say to her, "Strive no more,"
With the lips wherewith we loved her and kissed her?
With the mocking lips wherewith we said,
"Thou art the dearest and fairest to us
Of all the daughters the sea hath bred,
Of all green girdled isles that woo us!"
Is it naught?
Must ye wait? Must ye wait
Till they ravage her gardens of orange and palm.
Till her heart is dust, till her strength is water
Must ye see them trample her, and be calm
As priests when a virgin is led to slaughter?
Shall they smite the marvel of all lands—
The nation's longing, the earth's completeness—
On her red mouth drooping mayrth, her hands
Filled with fruitage and spice and sweetness?
Must ye wait?
In the day, in the night,
In the burning day, in the dolorous night,
Her sunbrowned cheeks are stained with weeping.
Her watch-fires beacon the misty height,
Why are her friends and lovers sleeping?
"Ye, at whose ear the flatterer bends,
Who were my kindred before all others,
Hath ye set your hearts afar, my friends?
Hath he made ye alien, my brothers,
Day and night?"
Hear ye not? Hear ye not
From the hollow sea the sound of her voice;
The passionate, far-off tone, which sayeth:
"Alas, my brothers! alas, what choice,
The lust that shameth, the sword that slayeth?
They bind me! they rend my delicate locks;
They shred the beautiful robes I won me!
My round limbs bleed on the mountain rocks:
Save me, ere they have quite undone me!"
Hear ye not?
Speak at last! Speak at last!
In the might your strength, in the strength
of your right,
Speak out at last to the treacherous spoiler!
Say: "Will ye harry her in our sight?
Ye shall not trample her down, nor soil her!
Loose her bonds! Let her rise in her love-
liness—
Our virginal sister; or, if ye shame her,
Dark Ammon shall rue for her sore distress,
And her sure revenge shall be that of Tamar!"
Speak at last!

—Edmund Clarence Steadman
[The above was written in 1870, but is very pertinent to current historical events. Ed.]

A Story of a Scottish Halloween.

CHAPTER I.

She was a bonnie lassie and many an admiring glance fell upon her as she stood on the broomieclaw that beautiful June morning, with the sunlight falling around her and lighting up her golden hair. The scene was one of bustle and activity. Enormous vessels, countless in number, and from nearly every nation under the sun, were busy loading or unloading. The great quay was crowded with pleasure seekers going "down the water," and the Clyde steamers—the finest fleet in the world—were pulling out from their docks thronged with Glasgow citizens bound for the many delightful resorts of which the Clyde alone can boast. The subject of my sketch stood apart from the surging crowd and was looking wistfully into the dark eyes of a young sailor who had just sprung ashore to bid her a last good bye. The great ship in which he was about to sail lay tugging at her moorings. She was the Royal Mail Steamer Britannia, of Glasgow, bound for Sydney, and the usual excitement at the going out of such a vessel prevails. Young Colin Campbell was one of the quarter masters on this magnificent

steamer and he would not disgrace the hour.

How handsome and brave he looked as he stood beside the fair young girl who had come to see him sail that memorable morning. His dark blue, neatly fitting sailor suit set off his fine figure to advantage; the deep sailor collar rolled away from the bronzed neck, the dark curls clustered thickly round his shapely head, where rested the jaunty sailor cap with the name of the vessel inscribed in gilt letters around the band. He was indeed the typical Scotch sailor, in all the glory of young manhood.

Janet loved him in her shy, self-contained, Scottish fashion, and Colin understood her. The look on her flower-like face and in her beautiful blue eyes, where the shadows were lurking at present, expressed what the red lips faintly uttered.

"Wish me God speed, Janet," said Colin, as he took her white, dimpled hands in his strong, warm grasp. "If we have fair weather and a prosperous voyage I will return by Halloween and we will keep the happy time together." "Aye! Colin!" sobbed the girl, "but something tells me you will never come back; the voyage is long, and the sea is treacherous and deep, and I feel as if I would never look into your dear face again." "Keep up a brave heart, Janet, and never fear. God guides the mariner into ports of peace in time of danger, and when I am pacing the lonely deck with the stars for my companions, my thoughts will be of you. When the storm is at its height and the waves lash about in their fury, thoughts of you will comfort me, and your presence will never forsake me."

"All hands on duty!" shouted the captain. A hurried kiss, a last good bye, and he was gone. Janet stood alone, weeping silently. Sweethearts and wives are waving a tearful good bye as the gallant ship is cleared from her moorings and swings slowly round, the great anchor is lifted to its place at last, and she is steaming slowly down the beautiful river. Husbands and lovers are waving caps as long as they can see a loved form; and the shores of bonnie Scotland are receding fast from view, perhaps forever.

The loved ones on the shore gaze tearfully after the departing vessel until nothing but a long line of smoke is left. Sadly they disperse to their homes to watch and pray for the loved ones' return.

CHAPTER II.

Donald Cameron was a retired sea captain who lived in a beautiful villa in Dunbarton on the banks of the Clyde. For years he had followed the sea and many an interesting yarn he could spin of shipwreck and adventure and of the different countries he had seen. He had grown tired of "knocking about," as he termed it, and believed in "reefing his own topsails," let the wind blow high or low.

Janet was his only child and his idol. Her mother had died when she was a wee bit lassie, but a kind aunt had taken the mitherless bairn and given her a careful bringing up, and now the three lived happily together in the beautiful villa overlooking the Clyde.

Captain Cameron could not have chosen a fairer spot for a residence. A few miles above them was prosperous, energetic Glasgow, with its miles and miles of shipping from all over the world. The fine fleet of Clyde steamers daily went by, thronged with tourists in search of scenes of beauty, and "caller" air, (fresh air.) All this Donald Cameron could see, while he sat on the pebbly beach in the summer months, smoking his pipe and watching vessels coming and going to and from distant lands. His own town was full of historical interest to vessels. There stood the rock of Dunbarton, rugged and grand, upholding its formidable fortress. In the keep of the castle may be seen the sword of the dauntless Wallace. This is where Wallace struck the first blow for injured, unhappy Scotland, and from the summit of this stupendous rock he tore down the dragon of England and planted the lion of Scotland in its stead. Below is the peaceful valley, and a splendid panorama is here spread before you, of beautiful pastoral scenes, encircling hills, dotted here and there with white villa, and bonnie green woods, with misty mountain tops away in the background. This is where Donald Cameron had chosen to live the remainder of his days with his lovely daughter Janet, the pride of Dunbarton.

Janet was the village belle and none could compare with her in beauty and goodness. She was sought by many a "braw wooer," but Colin had her heart in his keeping. She could not remember the time when she did not love him, for they had grown up together—the handsome, sturdy lad and the winsome, blue eyed lass. Colin loved the sea and early chose it for his occupation. It was natural for Janet to love it also, and as she could not be a sailor she would be a sailor's wife as soon as she was twenty-one. And she was waiting contentedly until that time. The days flew rapidly by. Colin had been gone since June. It was drawing near to the end of

October and he had promised to be home for the Halloween, a festival that is observed throughout all Scotland. This is the night when the fairies come and dance on the greensward and the lads and lassies pry into the future. Poor Janet, she was doomed to disappointment and grief. Halloween came, with its games and charms, and the merry children marching through the streets with their candles and custocs, but Colin did not come, nor could any tidings be learned of the vessel long past due.

CHAPTER III.

"Halloween, a nicht o' teen,
A candle and a custoc;
Doon ducks has gotten a wife,
And they call her Jennie Lastock."

This was the shrill cry that ushered in all Halloween, or the Festival of All Saints, on this thirty-first day of October, and the merry children went trooping through the streets, singing gaily with candles and custocs over their shoulders. And truly, the fairies were not more sprightly than these happy children in their innocent glee, keeping their Halloween.

Bright lights shone from the windows of Captain Cameron's villa. Twice had the purple bloom been on the heather; twice had the daisies blossomed on the lea, but no tidings had ever been heard of Colin. Janet had mourned him in secret. The roses in her cheeks had faded. Her step was not sprightly as it was of yore, and her happy songs had ceased.

Her father had asked in her young companions and a few of his own cronies for this night of all nights—he wanted to see his lass, (as he fondly called her,) happy; she was too young to give way to sorrow. And Janet tried her best to please him.

The large kitchen was brilliantly lighted. In one end was the large fireplace in which was burning a cheerful fire, and the kettle was singing a merry tune as it hung on its hook suspended from the chimney. In one corner of the kitchen was a hamper full of red cheeked apples. In the middle of the floor stood a large wash tub, filled nearly to the brim with clear cold water. Aunt Jean brought a bag full of nuts and a great scabble ensued to see who should burn them first. On the white table were the bowls for the steaming toddy—no wonder the kettle sang! For the old folks, the currant loaf was brought out and a big "whang" cut from the new Dunbarton cheese.

The merry making now began in earnest, the lasses "dooked" for apples, and the lads in high glee held their heads under the water. Jock and Jean burned nuts together, but Jean's jumped away in high dudgeon and Jock had a sore heart that night. The old folks drank their toddy, and smoked their pipes and related their pranks when they were young.

Janet tried to be happy with the rest but loving thoughts of Colin would come into her mind; if she only knew whether he were still in the land of the living or rolling at the bottom of the sea.

"Let us try some charms," said a young lad. "Come on, Janet, and help us pau the stocks!" Away they scatter to the kitchen garden with shout and laughter. Some get straight stocks and some are crooked, some are sweet and some sour, but nevertheless they have lots of fun. Some wander off alone to try some special charms, some go to the glass to eat apples, but stand back in fear. "Let us sow the hemp seed," cried Willie. "Ye daurna," said Tom. The bag of hemp seed is brought out and each one takes a handful and goes to some lonely spot to sow it.

A little bit of the Scotch superstition clings to Janet. She had the hemp seed in her mind and resolved to try it to see what would become of it.

She has no fear as she goes into the garden and rakes the ground. The moon is shining brightly on the rushing river as it hastens on to join the sea; softly the gentle moonbeams steal through the towers of Dunbarton castle and clothe them in splendor. She scatters the seed, and as it falls to the ground she repeats to herself—

"Hemp seed, I saw thee
Hemp seed, I saw thee
The one that is to be my lad
Come after me and pau' thee."

She looked toward the end of the garden and someone was leaning against the wall. Janet uttered one long scream which brought the old folks running out of the house with their drawn glasses still in their hands, to find Janet in the arms of a man.

"Losh pity me!" said the captain, "What's this?" "Guid preserve us a', its Colin Campbell or his ghost!" said Aunt Jean. It was indeed Colin in the flesh, with the same love light dancin' in his ee.

What a welcome he received! They dragged him into the bright kitchen where he must relate to them why he did not come back and why he had made them believe he was dead.

Colin had arrived in Sydney all safe. They had shipped their cargo and were homeward bound. When nearing the cape of Good Hope one of the storms peculiar to that latitude suddenly came down upon them, sweeping everything from the deck. She shipped sea after sea, so terrible and

sudden was it all that they barely had time to lower the life boats and jump in when she whirled and sank before them.

The boats drifted away from each other, and when the storm ceased Colin and his mates were alone on a trackless sea. They drifted about until a passing vessel spied them and picked them up. The vessel was bound for Geelong, and hither our hero had to go. The wind being against them it was many days ere they arrived in port. Poor Colin! he was in a strange land without money, clothes, or shelter,—rather hard lines for a young man. He met a party going from Geelong to the gold diggings and was invited to share their fortune with them; so borrowing some money from a shipmate he bought a few necessary articles and started at once for the region of gold.

After days of travel through the brush they reached the place in safety, staked out their claims, and proceeded to business. Fortune did not smile on them at first, but they worked patiently, thinking that their diligence would at last be rewarded. They had laid up a few ounces of the precious dust, when they had resolved to throw up their claim and start for home. Colin was picking away one day when he struck something which he thought was a stone. He picked it out and there before him was a great, glittering nugget of gold. Their fortunes were instantly made, and as soon as convenient they started for Sydney, where they disposed of their gold, divided the proceeds, and with joyful hearts sailed for home. And there he was, stalwart in form and bronzed in feature, but the same brave, true hearted lad.

He had seen Janet go into the garden, and guessing what she was about to do resolved at once to be the apparition. The Halloween ended happily for Janet and with the thought that ere another Halloween rolled around Colin would be all her own. But she will never repeat the sowing of the hemp seed to learn what the future has in store for her, but will always cherish and celebrate in loving remembrance the night that brought Colin back to love and happiness.

MARJORIE.

* pull
Never before were men and women studying as now the questions of what, and when, and how, in the public schools.—*John B. Gifford.*

The Juveniles.

Miss Fret and Miss Laugh.

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet;
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan.
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
And cul pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen in the sweet-smelling hay."

Two Little Indians.

Carl and Phillip were at the sea shore. They lived in a pretty cottage and had very merry times. One day they came to their mamma and wanted a tent. They wished to have it put on the rocks close by the sea. When their papa came home he made a tent for them.

It stood below the cottage, where you could hear the water splash on some large rocks. Carl and Phillip were little fellows, only six and seven years old. They wanted to be Indians and sleep in a tent.

Some real Indians had a camp on the shore not far away. They made baskets and sold them to the ladies and children. Phillip and Carl visited them and went home much pleased.

"You will get tired of your tent when it grows cold," said their mamma.

"You will come creeping into the house as soon as it is dark," said the nurse.

The boys opened their large eyes, but did not answer. When the stars came out they went into their tent.

"Can we leave the door open so we can see the water?" asked Phillip.

"Yes," said mamma.

So the door was left open, and all was still inside the tent. The door was only a bit of canvas. When bedtime came, papa and mamma walked down to see how the little ones were. There they were, fast asleep, with a smile on each little brown face. Without pillow or bed, they were as happy as two kings.

"Only a blanket just like the Indians," was their wish, and they have one about them," said papa.

"They may take cold here," said the tender-hearted mamma; so they were carried into the house and put to bed.

How grieved they were in the morning! how sorry because they were not really, truly Indians! But someone said, "They are brave little fellows, and will make fine, fearless men some day."

Brave, good men are needed in our large world.—*Kate Tunnatt Woods.*

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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NEXT ISSUE, NOVEMBER 21

OUR WORK.

The following has been approved by the State Grange as a fair statement of the objects of the Grange of Michigan has in view, and the special lines along which it proposes to work. We hope every Grange in the state will work earnestly in all these departments, so that by a more united effort we shall rapidly increase our numbers, extend our influence, and attain more and more completely those ends which we seek.

OUR OBJECT

is the Organization of the Farmers for their own Improvement, Financially, Socially, Mentally, Morally. We believe that this improvement can in large measure be brought about:

1. (a) By wider individual study and general discussion of the business side of farming and home keeping.
- (b) By co-operation for financial advantage.
2. (a) By frequent social gatherings, and the mingling together of farmers with farmers, and of farmers with people of other occupations.
- (b) By striving for a purer manhood, a nobler womanhood, and a universal brotherhood.
3. (a) By studying and promoting the improvement of our district schools.
- (b) By patronizing and aiding the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations in their legitimate work of scientific investigation, practical experiment, and education for rural pursuits.
- (c) By maintaining and attending farmers' institutes; reading in the Reading Circle; establishing and using circulating libraries; buying more and better magazines and papers for the home.
4. (a) By diffusing a knowledge of our civil institutions, and teaching the high duties of citizenship.
- (b) By demanding the enforcement of existing statutes and by discussing, advocating, and trying to secure such other state and national laws as shall tend to the general justice, progress and morality.

If any of our readers have copies of Oct. 3 of the VISITOR to spare, we would be greatly pleased if they would enclose to our Lansing address. Our supply is exhausted, and we have important use for a few copies.

Bro. J. J. Woodman, Secretary of the executive committee of the National Grange, announces that a rate of one and one-third fare has been secured to those attending the session of the National Grange at Worcester, Massachusetts. The Michigan Central Company will furnish a special car, if desired, for all coming via Chicago, which will leave that city at 10:30 a. m., Monday, Nov. 11, and arrive in Worcester at 1:47 the following day. If you go, secure certificate from agent that you have paid full fare to Worcester.

A PLAN TO AID NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

We surmise that the chief reason why northern Michigan has been so slow in developing agriculturally is the lack of information possessed by people who have never visited that portion of the state. A great many have seen the undesirable lands of northern Michigan, but comparatively few have seen the valuable agricultural lands there. We therefore believe that any measure or device which will aid in giving the people of this state and country, or of other countries, absolutely truthful information about this portion of Michigan will tend to aid in its agricultural development, and will therefore be of great benefit to the entire state and to all the citizens thereof. We have in mind a plan which, it would seem, ought to be of service in bringing about the result mentioned. The plan is as follows:

Have a law passed by the next legislature, allowing any county to apply for and secure an agricultural survey of its territory. The survey should be made by some sort of a commission, consisting of a practical farmer, a scientific agriculturist, and a surveyor. This party should inspect carefully every section of every township in the county not now under cultivation, with a view to establishing its value for farming purposes. The character of the soil, the temperature, the geology, the plant growth, the number and directions of streams, the climate, the rainfall, the frosts, the products, the markets, the roads and railroads, and any other information that would help them in deciding upon the value of the country should be worked out by this surveying party. All this material should be published in a form which would be readable by the average home-seeker.

The surveyors should be, of course, of such character that there would be no question about the accuracy and value of their report. The law should be optional, and the county should bear a goodly share of the expense.

We believe that this plan of an agricultural survey would be of great value in developing the northern counties of our state, which, as we have before asserted in these columns, contain many thousands of acres of land which will one day be some of the most valuable land in Michigan. We should like the opinion of residents of these counties as to the value of such a plan.

TO LECTURERS OF POMONA GRANGES.

Worthy Lecturer: We send you a VISITOR containing a marked copy of this paragraph. Please consider it a personal letter. The special request we have to make is this: That you send us a brief notice of each meeting of your Pomona Grange in time for publication in the VISITOR. The VISITOR is published the first and third Thursdays of each month, and notices should be mailed not later than the Saturday preceding issue. Please boil these notices down to the smallest possible limits.

The other request is this: Will you, or some one appointed by Pomona Grange, send us a brief report of each meeting of Pomona Grange for publication in the VISITOR? What we want is a report of not over 300 words, giving a brief outline of the meeting, with some of the points brought out, and omitting everything that is not necessary. This report should be written very soon after the meeting so as to be fresh news when it appears in the paper. Sometimes we get a long report of Pomona just as we are going to press, and we either have to cut it down to almost nothing or leave it until the next issue, when it is too old. Our idea in making these requests is simply to give more prominence to Pomona Granges, and to make our news columns more valuable and interesting.

THE GRANGE AND NATIONAL LEGISLATION.

Some time ago we had an editorial in our columns on this topic. We invited comment from several State Masters, but only one responded, Brother T. R. Smith of Ohio; he agreed with us in the main, but said he thought the Grange should push along all lines and not restrict itself to two or three.

We wish to reiterate our position on this subject. We have no motive except that of aid to the Order in the work that it may do, and the question involved seems to us so important that we take the liberty of again defining our views. Our chief argument is that of concentration. We do not care particularly what measures the National Grange may see fit to champion. We care very little about the particular methods that are used, whether they be personal letters, or telegrams, or written petitions, or "petitions in boots," or what not. The great thing is concentration, the picking out of one or two or three measures of great importance and pushing on them until substantial legislation is secured. This does not mean to neglect other important measures. The Grange can well express its views on any public question. But if the Grange, as an organization, desires to make itself felt as an instrument for securing legislation of benefit to the farmers of this country, it seems to us of vital importance that this principle of concentration be recognized and acted upon.

We believe that if the next National Grange should choose the questions of popular election of senators and of free mail delivery as the topics upon which its efforts should be concentrated, the State Grange of Michigan could, without the least difficulty, persuade four or five of our Michigan congressmen to take active steps at Washington in behalf of these measures; and we have even faith enough to believe that the greater part of our congressional delegation could be induced to vote favorably if not to act energetically upon these questions. But the State Grange of Michigan has other matters to attend to besides this and is not likely to take the initiative, especially if there is not any guarantee that other states will co-operate. If the legislative committee of the National Grange

should organize this work and call upon the Michigan State Grange to see that the Michigan delegation in congress is properly urged to vote and labor for these measures, we believe that the request would be acted upon, and that sure results would follow.

We are very earnest about this matter, not because the plan is anything new, nor because the National Grange has not done remarkable and efficient work in legislation, nor because we have a desire to force any of our views upon that body, but simply because the situation, as we see it, calls for just this sort of concentration. We earnestly hope that the National Grange, at its next meeting, will see fit to take some such position, and we take the liberty of pledging to that body the earnest support of Michigan Patrons in such an undertaking.

LIQUOR LORE.

Some of our friends in favor of temperance seem to feel there is no need of any investigation into the statistics of the liquor traffic. They say the injury done by King Alcohol is only too apparent; that what we need is not statistics but action. We partly agree with our friends in the latter statement, but our point is that a thorough mastery of the situation, brought about by careful investigation, will assist in securing desirable action. Of course everybody knows that the liquor traffic does an immense amount of harm. Any temperance man will tell you that. Go to the temperance meeting and listen to the temperance orator, and he will depict in a most vivid way the evils of this traffic.

But visit the state library, as we did last winter, and endeavor to find some material which will show up in black and white the work of the liquor traffic. You cannot find it; you can discover the number of saloons in the state, the amount of tax they pay, and from the revenue reports, approximately, the amount of liquor consumed, and that is all you can find. The librarian will tell you that there is nothing else there. We did find one or two books which were alleged to contain statistics of the liquor business, but they were all guesses. Now, we believe most firmly, that if there were material at hand showing the actual results, as near as could be obtained, of the consumption of liquor, it would not only incite the people to greater efforts for temperance, but that it would render such efforts much more intelligent from the fact that the points where damage is greatest could be first attacked. At present each man has his own view regarding the best points of attack.

As regards the social effects of the liquor traffic, the same thing is true. Temperance people assert, and we have asserted recently in these columns, that our prisons, asylums, poor-houses, jails, and hospitals are largely filled by the victims, directly, or indirectly, of the liquor traffic, but they do not know what the real proportion is, for no thorough attempts have been made to establish that fact. We all know that the liquor traffic injures the capacity of the working man, but we do not know how much, nor do we believe that the working people realize how much they are, as a class, injured by this terrible habit.

So we are very firm in the conviction that an investigation, such as is proposed in the Redfern Liquor Commission Bill, would be of benefit, not only in getting together some interesting statistics, but in inciting the people to immediate efforts for beating the saloon, and in aiding them to know where to strike. What do Patrons think of it?

ORGANIZED EFFORT.

Generalship means planning. What characterizes great generals almost more than anything else is the gift for shrewd planning. Napoleon said that Austerlitz was won before the battle began; by keen manipulation he had placed his foes in such a position that their defeat was inevitable. The general must be a fighter, but he must first be an organizer. There are hundreds of other illustrations of the same truth that organization and planning are what count. Someone has remarked that if you have ten minutes in which to do a piece of work,

take the first nine for planning it. This is an exaggerated application of a principle that is true and undeniable.

Apply this principle to Grange work. Wherever we are weak, there are we unorganized or poorly organized. Wherever the Order is strong you will see thorough organization and systematic work. Therefore we want to make an appeal for more thorough planning of Grange work. We do not mean that the Grange should so organize itself that the work will be purely machine work, but that in each phase of the work there shall be some plan, some object to work for, something in view. Take it in the literary work; there ought to be discussions on general farm topics. Why not, instead of scattering, discuss half a dozen of the most important topics, getting all possible light upon them? Take weeds, for instance, and have the subject pretty well exhausted, and do thorough work so that real good will come from it to the members of the Grange and to the farmers of the neighborhood. Of course it is more popular and much easier to discuss this and that topic casually, but we believe that the real good comes from a thorough going over of fewer topics. There are general topics; every-day topics, such as the Cuban situation, and things of that sort, with which it would be really better to deal systematically. Of course the same is true in regard to legislative questions. A thorough discussion of a few topics, getting all the information possible upon them, and studying them, and talking about them until some real, genuine, well based conclusion is reached would be very much better than to wander over the field of reform.

In a less degree, this principle could be applied to social work. We believe, even here, where amusement and recreation are the chief aims, that if some systematic plan were followed, greater good would ensue. In woman's work the same thing holds good. Give the woman's work committee two or three definite lines for the winter, something that they shall work for, and in which as they work they can see that they make progress.

We have urged this matter of organized effort many times, but we do not believe that we have put the matter too strongly; for as said before, the stronger Granges are the well organized ones. Let us get to work this winter with several definite objects in view, and work towards them all the winter long. We believe that results will justify the added labor.

Notice.

In accord with Article V, Section 1, of State Grange by-laws, the Michigan State Grange will be called in twenty-third annual session, in representative hall, Lansing, Tuesday, December 10, at 10 a. m. A rate of one and one-third fare will be granted by the railroads on the certificate plan, and reduced terms are offered by the Lansing hotels to all who attend State Grange. Further notices, with instructions as to how to secure these rates, will appear in the next two issues of the VISITOR. We wish, also, to print in those papers a complete list of representatives elected to attend State Grange. *Not nearly all are as yet reported.* Will not secretaries of county conventions please attend to this? Report to the Secretary of State Grange.

JENNIE BUELL, Secretary, GEO. B. HORTON, Master.

Woman's Work Committee.

Will the chairmen of the various local committees on woman's work report to me within the next two weeks on the work done by their committee this past year? Whatever the work may have been, whether entirely confined to your own Granges in furnishing or repairing of halls, socials, concerts, aid societies, school work, or the Grange fresh air work, let me hear from you please as soon as you can report. Any criticisms on the work of the past year, or suggestions for future work will be kindly and gratefully received. Will ALL the persons who have received into their homes any of the fresh air folk also report to me either by letter or postal card giving opinions as to helpfulness to those who were ministered to and to those who ministered? We must soon present our annual report to the State Grange and cannot report correctly and faithfully unless we hear from you.

MARY A. MAYO.

Farming is seeing how much labor and capital you can put into the business at a profit.—Z. A. Gilbert.

Some Important Questions for Discussion in Subordinate Granges.

1. Do our state tax laws need reforming?
2. Do our highways need improving, and how can they be improved?
3. How can the farmer best aid in solving the temperance question? Would a state liquor commission be likely to help in a satisfactory solution?
4. Should public business be conducted on the same basis as private business? Should appointments be for political service or for merit?
5. Shall we have stronger laws against food adulterations?
6. Can public expenditures, both state and local, be wisely reduced? If so, at what points?
7. How much money are the people of this state willing to expend for the support of the University?
8. Shall we have more complete home rule for cities and counties?

We invite, also, discussion of these topics in the columns of the VISITOR. Can we not have some sharp, lively debates on these questions this winter?

The Campaign.

The fall and winter campaign is now fairly on. What are the deputies doing in their respective counties? The following have reported:

Deputy W. H. Bovee of Gratiot county has reorganized Monitor Grange, No. 553. This Grange has been dormant for several years. It is now mostly made up of new timber and of the best kind.

Deputy James D. Studley of St. Joseph county, with the assistance of Bros. C. G. Luce and D. D. Buell of Branch, has reorganized Grange No. 86, long since dormant. Nearly all new members of the progressive sort.

Deputy E. B. Ward of Charlevoix county has recently had charters sent to two bran new Granges.

Who next to report? Now is the time to locate fields for labor. Every deputy in Michigan can do even better than these brothers if they immediately commence the work. It is systematic work and personal solicitation that will count.

GEO. B. HORTON.

Trade Contracts.

How are you Getting Along with Them.

How many Granges in the state are studying the contents of the trade circular that is in the possession of the secretary, so the contract firms will be patronized when buying very many needed articles? How many are making up orders for boots and shoes, groceries, fruit trees, etc.? Remember that these contracts are like the Grange itself—you must make the effort or you get no benefit. Instruct your secretary to secure order blanks, price lists, etc., that are not already in the possession of the Grange and go into it for business. It will certainly pay you well. Get familiar with details of all contracts and make inquiries of the firms for any information needed. The contract firms want to hear from you and will answer you promptly. This is a new deal so far as it goes, and you must use it to get familiar with details. The arrangement of a new house seems awkward at first, but we like it better day by day and work becomes easier. So with these contracts. We have so long been accustomed to getting each article the day we needed it that to anticipate our wants and order accordingly even with a great saving in cost is going to be a matter of education. The contract system is in the right direction. What we need to do is to prove our trade worth something, and by experience make more perfect the details.

GEO. B. HORTON.

An Invitation.

BY ORDER LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

To Whom it may concern:

At the twenty-eighth annual session of the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, held at Springfield, Ill., November 14th to 22d, 1894, inclusive, the following resolution was adopted:

8th. "And as a further means of obtaining the desired result, viz: Of securing to American agriculture its just rights, as compared to other industries, we recommend that the Legislative Committee of the National Grange be, and hereby is, instructed to issue an invitation to all organizations representing the various business interests of the United States, irrespective of political associations, to meet at a time and place to be designated by said committee, to confer on the monetary and tariff questions now agitating the minds of the people, to the end that some recommendation looking to an equitable adjustment of these questions, which shall have a united effort sufficient to insure success, may be submitted to the Congress of the United States."

In obedience to the instructions of the National Grange, the Legislative Committee extends a cordial invitation to the members of all organizations representing the great business industries of the United States of America to send a committee from each Association, National in its character, to a conference, for the purpose named in such resolution, to be held

in the city of Worcester, Mass., Thursday, November 14, 1895, and to continue from day to day until deemed advisable to close the conference.

J. H. BRIGHAM,
JOHN TRIMBLE,
LEONARD RHONE.

Legislative Committee of the National Grange.

For Increased Membership.

If Masters and Secretaries of Subordinate Granges do their duty, 15,000 farmers and their families will be personally solicited to become members of the Granges in their respective neighborhoods. The following circulars have been mailed to every Subordinate Grange in Michigan. No. 1 is an explanatory solicitation to each local Grange, and No. 2 is sent in quantities to each Grange to be remailed with blank applications out to the farmers of the vicinity:

Circular No. 1.

A PLAN TO ADD MEMBERS TO YOUR GRANGE.

MASTERS OFFICE.

Fruit Ridge, Mich., Oct. 29, 1895.

To the Officers and Members of.....Grange.

The growth and perpetuity of our Order and the final success of its undertakings depends upon the activity of every Subordinate Grange, not only in holding regular and successful meetings, but continual effort should be made to bring into membership all of the farmers within reasonable distance, and especially the most intelligent and progressive. A campaign for increase of membership should always be on, but at this season of the year success is most liable to result from your efforts. The work needs to be deliberately planned and tenaciously followed. We must all remember that "Success in a good cause is gained only through perseverance." The State Grange is desirous of establishing a uniform, systematic movement all along the line, and for this object an *Appeal Leaflet* has been published and a quantity sent to each local Grange in the state under separate cover from this letter.

THE FOLLOWING PLAN OF PROCEDURE IS RECOMMENDED.

At the next meeting of the Grange, resolve to establish a campaign for new members.

Instruct the Secretary to mail a copy of the *Appeal Leaflet* to every farmer within three or four miles of your Grange hall who is not already a member.

Enclose blank applications with each. Divide the territory into districts and assign each portion to the care of certain ones of the Grange members, who will personally visit each family and further urge the desire of the Grange to have them enrolled as members. Designate a Grange meeting in the near future, to be known as "application night," at which time each member will work to present as many applications as possible. If thought best the Grange should give a prize to the most successful member.

Report successes to the *Visitor*, to stimulate other Granges.

Prepare to illustrate the lessons of the degrees in the best possible form. To this end, the officers should confer and know that each detail of paraphernalia is in order and readiness, music and singing, thorough commitment of work by all officers included.

To give this plan a thorough trial and to repay the expense now incurred you are especially urged.

For the good of the Order,

GEO. B. HORTON.

P. S. Any knowledge of localities in your county where there is a working chance of success in organizing or reorganizing Granges will be thankfully received if communicated to me.

Would your Grange like to have a Grange lecture some time during the early winter, under the County System, at an expense to your Grange of \$2.50, with entertainment and transportation of the lecturer to the next appointment in your county?

Please write me as soon as you are informed. Let us make an earnest, strong pull all together.

G. B. H.

Circular No. 2.

ORGANIZATION NEEDED.

GREETING: As farmers and residents of one common community, we ask of you a thoughtful reading of the following statements and solicitations:

This is a day and age of progress. Old methods give way to new. For the promotion of all good works, individual effort is merged into organized, concentrated action. Organization and unison of effort are essential in sustaining such comparative standing between interests as their relative importance naturally give them. The classes of people having similar and identical interests, if unorganized, are at the mercy of the organized. The farming interest is the greatest and most important of all, and on account of the many complex conditions and demands that surround it and the aggressive movements of other interests, aided by thorough organization, needs most the benefits that can come only from a more united action. All farmers seem willing to admit that some kind of organization of their class is desirable and

essential if we expect to maintain our rightful position socially, intellectually, and financially, and consequently influentially on such legislation and affairs of the state and nation as directly affect us. Every farm community needs some permanent place where the farmer, his wife, his sons and daughters, can meet at least semi-monthly for social and mental improvement, and at the same time have the organization of such a nature that it can cooperate with other local communities in all the lines of work above mentioned.

A few farmers, even through organization, cannot answer the demands in a satisfactory manner for support, improvement and protection to their class and its general interests. The co-operation and assistance of all are needed. Each and every farmer has a duty to perform.

THE GRANGE WORTHY OF SUPPORT.

In this connection and for the purposes named, we most respectfully, yet seriously, call your attention to the merits of the Grange. It has lived, where most other farmers' organizations have died. It is fully equipped, from the Subordinate to the County, State, and National Grange. It has passed over the years of experiment and is now a live reality, doing a good work all along the line, yet not so effective as if you and all your farm neighbors were helpers. The conservative course the Grange has taken gains the respect of all classes, so that it was recognized by those high in authority in the state and nation as the real representative of all the farmers' wants and ideas.

WHY NOT YOU HELP TO MAKE THE GRANGE STRONGER.

Our members unite in an invitation to you to join us. In so doing we feel that we can conscientiously urge you to accept. We want your presence, your influence, and your assistance in maintaining its work. It will not interfere with your associations in other ways. The work of the Grange is distinct from that of all other organizations. It pertains to every day life and welfare. It invites and receives the whole family, and thus in a union of all these as one great family, its work and influence can be no other than proper and beneficial. We want every farmer to come in and help to make the Grange the most useful and effective educational force in the township.

The expense of membership is so small that it is easily within the reach of all. Its co-operative purchases from time to time, of such things as are used on and about the farm many times over-compensate for all compulsory expenses. Fees for joining are \$1.60 for men and boys, and \$1.10 for women and girls. All over 14 years of age are eligible to full membership. In the payment of the above fee each new member is credited with six months advance dues. Regular annual dues for all members are \$1.20. No organization so broad and useful is so cheap.

GEO. B. HORTON.

Comment on the Liquor Commission.

EDITOR GRANGE VISITOR: You ask the readers of the VISITOR to give their views on a bill which you print in full, said bill being designed to provide for the collection of statistics with regard to the liquor traffic in this state. No man can determine what effect the knowledge gained from such statistics would have on the morals of the people. It would certainly keep up the agitation on the temperance question. I believe we should continue the agitation. Some careless boy may get a favorable impression sometime when we least expect it, and be saved from a drunkard's career, and a drunkard's grave. If I were to make any criticisms on the bill I should say that the commissioners should have power to enforce the liquor laws. It should be their duty to commence proceedings at law against any of the violators of the liquor laws in any county in this state. Our county authorities are practically powerless. When they enforce liquor laws they oppose the very men on whom they depend for re-election. It looks to me as though the state has got to take hold of this matter before much is accomplished.

A resolution was introduced into Branch county Pomona Grange two years ago, and there discussed, asking for the appointment of a state commissioner whose duty it should be to enforce the liquor laws of the state. It was discussed by the best talent in Pomona Grange and was afterwards introduced into the State Grange. I believed then, and I believe now, that it was a move in the right direction. Temperance men should not be too particular as to methods. They should unite on some general plan which promises success and give it their best efforts. I am encouraged to believe that the saloon must go. The corporations of the country are coming to our aid. They are weeding out intemperate employees and filling their places with sober men. Corporations are generally made up of sober men and they prefer to have sober men in their employ, and if the people will stand by them they will work a lasting temperance reform. Corpora-

tions are fast filling up the country and I look upon them as the greatest enemy which the saloon has yet encountered. Even the farmer no longer is willing to trust his expensive farm machinery to the management of intemperate men. There is no demand for saloon-educated men. The business of the country as now conducted, calls for men with clear heads and steady hands.

O. A. VANDERBILT.

Batavia.

Agricultural Depression in England.

We lately noticed the address of the President, Sir Douglas Galton, in opening the British Association at Ipswich. We desire now to call attention to addresses made there by Lord Walsingham and by Professor Warrington, which are also of importance. The first reviews the causes which have led to the present agricultural depression in England, declaring them to be partly economic, partly social, and partly radical. The Englishman has permitted himself to be outstripped both by our own farmers and by those of the continent of Europe. While he remained at a comparative standstill we adopted mechanical experiments; and the farmers of the continent have always been far more economical in expenditures than those in England. These things continued until, though the English farmers could produce more wheat per acre than foreign farmers, they could not do it at a profit. At first this did not trouble the latter very much, and in their obstinate way they went on growing wheat at a loss. Nor did the presumably more intelligent landlord grasp the situation; believing that rents must ultimately rise, he did not make his reductions in time. Even when the farmer tried new districts it was found that "empirical knowledge was no guide in the farming of a new kind of soil." The trouble seems to have been both in capacity and in education. No matter how sincere the English farmer has been to get out of the way of trouble, he has not been quick enough; he lacks the agility which is manifest both on the Continent and in this country. He is now paying the price of his obstinacy and of his lack of alertness and education. There is only one way in which the government can aid the farmer; namely, as Professor Warrington advises, by teaching him practical agriculture, since it is evident that he has never gained the best knowledge for himself. The effort may be attempted both by a Board of Agriculture and by the County Councils.—*Outlook.*

A Tribute To Farmers.

And—go where one will, the world over—I know of no race of men, who taken together, possess more integrity, more intelligence, and more of those elements of comfort, which go to make a home beloved and the social basis firm, than the New England farmers.

They are not brilliant, nor are they highly refined; they know nothing of arts, histrionic or dramatic; they know only so much of older nations as their histories and newspapers teach them; in the fashionable world they hold no place; but in energy, in industry, in hardy virtue, in substantial knowledge, and in manly independence, they make up a race that is hard to be matched. The French peasantry are, in all the essentials of intelligence and sterling worth, infants, compared with them; and the farmers of England are either the merest jockeys in grain, with few ideas beyond their sacks, samples, and market-days; or, with added cultivation they lose their independence in a subservency to some neighbor patron of rank; and superior intelligence teaches them no lesson so quickly, as that their brethren of the globe are unequal to them, and are to be left to their cattle and the goad.

There are English farmers indeed, who are men in earnest, who read the papers, and who keep the current of the year's intelligence; but such men are the exceptions. In New England, with the school upon every third hill-side, and the self-regulating, free-acting church to watch every valley with week-day quiet and to wake every valley with Sabbath sound, the men become as a class, bold, intelligent and honest actors, who would make again, as they have made before, a terrible army of defence; and who would find reasons for their actions, as strong as their armies.—*Donald G. Mitchell, in Dream Life.*

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

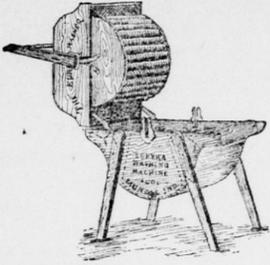
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

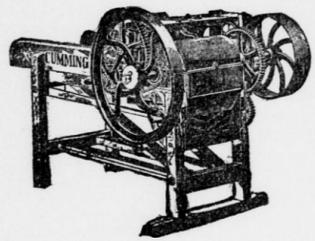
The Eureka Washer

WITH LID COMPLETE.



May be ordered with or without the lid. Simple in construction and easy to operate.

Eureka Washing Machine Co., MUNCIE, IND.



FEED CUTTERS

\$2.80 and upwards.

Also Hay Presses, Hay Tedders, Mowers, Horse Rakes Cultivators, and other implements at prices to suit the farmers for CASH.

ANN ARBOR AGRICULTURAL CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

On Top . . .

Good beef is there now. Merinos will not stay below long. We have right stock at right prices.

Call or write

W. E. BOYDEN, Delhi Mills, Mich.

\$384,255,128

IS SPENT annually for Tobacco Thousands of men die every year from that dreadful disease, Cancer of the Stomach, brought on by the use of Tobacco.

The use of tobacco is injurious to the nervous system, promotes heart trouble, affects the eye sight, injures the voice, and makes your presence obnoxious to those clean and pure from such a filthy habit.

Do You Use Tobacco?

If you do, we know you would like to quit the habit, and we want to assist you, and will, if you say the word.

How can we Help you?

Why, by inducing you to purchase of COLLI'S TOBACCO ANTIDOTE, which is a preparation compounded strictly of herbs and roots, which is a tonic to the system; also cures the tobacco habit and knocks cigarettes silly.

How do we know it will Cure you?

First, by its thousands and thousands of cures; second, by the increased demand for it from the most reputable wholesale houses, third, we know what it is composed of, and that the preparation will clean the system of nicotine, and will cancel all errors of the past.

Your Druggist

has Colli for sale. If he has not, ask him to get it for you. If he tries to palm off something just as 'good,' insist on having Colli. If he will not order it for you, send us \$1.00 one dollar, and receive a box of Colli postpaid. Remember COLLI CURES.

In most cases one box affects a cure, but we guarantee three boxes to cure any one.

Colli Remedy Company, HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

Advertisement for Individual Tension fence, featuring an illustration of a fence and text: '100 RODS FOR \$35.00 INDIVIDUAL TENSION BUCHANAN FENCE CO. SMITHVILLE, O. SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR.'

Advertisement for Berkshire, Chester White, Jersey Red & Poland China Pigs, featuring an illustration of a pig and text: 'BERKSHIRE, Chester White, Jersey Red & Poland China Pigs, Guernsey & Holstein Cattle, Thoroughbred Sheep, Fancy Poultry, Hunting and House Dogs. Catalogue. S. W. SMITH, Cochranville, Chester Co., Pa.'

Advertisement for A. H. WARREN, Ovid, Mich., featuring an illustration of a pig and text: 'A. H. WARREN, Ovid, Mich. Breeder of IMPROVED Chester White Swine and Lincoln Sheep. If you want a nice fall pig, and at prices that will astonish you, just let me hear from you stating what you want. Have pigs that will suit.'

Special Offer

Send us fifty cents and we will forward to you at once, a beautiful, genuine Japanese fan. This fan retails in the large stores at 50 cents each. It is of fine parchment and highly decorated. We have often obtained a special price upon this fan, and fully warrant it as being the best we have ever offered. To every purchaser of this fan we offer

FREE

the American Home Journal for one year. This is a monthly paper and contains bright, fresh, and entertaining news. The regular subscription price for this paper is 50 cents for one year. We do not care so much about your money or about selling the fan, as we do to introduce to you the beautiful, illustrated American Home Journal.

R. D. LEE Pub. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Farmers.

The Farmer of the Past, the Present, and the Future, and the Success of the Grange.

Portions of a paper read by Samuel White at Lenawee.

The farmer of the past is something that the most of you know more of than perhaps I can tell you, but I have read and thought a great deal about him as well as talked with him, and I admit, with advantage to myself. He was a generous, industrious, thoughtful, and hard working man, a man of brains which he used to his advantage. He dove into the woods, with wife and family, to make a home—for himself you say. Yes. But, by so doing, he was looking also to the future generation, as is proven by his political life in establishing a government; and also his religious and moral life, by establishing schools and churches. He was a natural farmer, taking much as he could from the soil and returning more than he had taken. Through economy and industry he prospered as no people under the sun had prospered, and died leaving an inheritance to the farmer of the present to be desired—money, good modes of government and improved soils.

And what I have already said of the farmer of the past may be said of some of those who live in the present, but, as a rule, what has the farmer of the present done of himself? I'll tell you some things he has done. He has builded for himself beautiful homes, furnished his houses beautifully, clothed himself and family in better style than his fathers before him ever thought of. He has, by his voice and consent, builded beautiful and expensive government buildings. He has created offices by the hundred thousand for a class of people the most of whom are no credit to himself from a farmer's standpoint or to the nation at large. Has he improved on the government of his fathers? No. He is to-day upholding class legislation, and for what? Can you tell me? He has driven his children from his home and from the farm. He has neglected his soils by selling most everything from them and returning nothing. He has set an example to his neighbors and children of extravagance that will be hard to overcome. He has sown the wind and is now reaping the whirlwind. He is a party man. (I am proud to say that we have men of all parties among us in the Grange.)

But I want to tell some of the good things the farmer of the present has accomplished. He has made better roads than we had years ago. He has greatly improved the looks of the country as a whole, he has improved our stock. He has improved our school system. He has created an organization called the Grange, which has, through the last twenty years been trying to improve his mind and educate him to bear up against the combinations of other classes. He has organized farmers' clubs. Among other good things, the farmer of to-day has gained through our organization a partial recognition from the press, but we will soon have full recognition. The farmer of to-day is not the confiding man that he was years ago but he must have more confidence both in himself and in his brother farmer. He wants to be a specialist in every branch of farming. Some, perhaps are capable, but I have never met one who is. We have to learn that what one man can raise with profit another raises at a loss. We have also to learn that our soils are not all adapted to the raising of the same kind of grain or grasses. The farmers of to-day, through their organizations must gather together and break down the prejudices and jealousies which exist among themselves throughout the states. This is very important to his future welfare. If there is one thing more than another that we want to-day, it is an agreement of what we want in legislative matters. You ought to know that if you never ask for anything you are not likely to get it, and, what is more, in these days, there seems to be a very particular way of asking, (through money I mean.) Do away with that kind of asking and let everyone ask for what they want on an equal footing. Let the farmer of the present be more non-partisan, looking more to honesty of purpose, and my word for it, he will do more for the

farmer of the future than anything else he can do to-day. Don't let the next generation have to blame you for neglecting a duty you owe them as well as yourselves, for, mark my words, the farmer of the future will be what you of the present make him. Should you be inclined to have him prosperous, you have certain duties to perform in the Farmers' Clubs and Granges throughout the state.

The success of the Grange means the success of the farmer, and its downfall his degradation. Through its teachings he will give up uncertain speculations, the overuse of credit, and extravagance. He will determine whether he will give to middlemen the profits of his labor, pay taxes for the improvement of land for foreign syndicates, to raise produce in competition with himself. Through the Grange he will be taught the good old-fashioned economy of his forefathers, whose receipts were more than his expenses and the saving of something every year for the rainy day that is sure to come, will be necessary to his success. He will be taught that following fashion and style is ruinous, that many farmers of the present have lost and are losing their farms who had just as good a chance to get ahead in the world as others by following fashion or something akin to it. The one was extravagant, the other thrifty. Economy is legal tender everywhere. Legislation may help or hinder the welfare of the people. Just laws are ever to be sought for against oppression in behalf of equal rights, but after all is done and said, ability to weather such financial storms as the present is due mainly to the individual.

I would that every farmer's boy and girl were members of the Grange, for only through its success will a dark future be averted. All I ask is that you will make study of the farmers of the various nations of the world, and then you will be better able to avert danger, for do you know that no nation under the sun has ever taken into consideration the welfare of the farmer before it has that of other classes. Remember that if you ask nothing, that will you receive.

The School From a Parent's Standpoint.

By R. S. Holly of Woodland, before Barry county teacher's association, and published in the MODERATOR.

In this brief article I desire to call attention to some of the duties and responsibilities of parents in relation to the school and the ways in which they can help or hinder its success. I believe that in the success of a school the parents occupy a place in importance second only to the teacher. Yet how many parents you will find in all districts who scarcely ever give the school a thought, unless some trouble arises, and then it is perhaps to utter some condemning word of the teacher.

One fertile cause of trouble in school for which the parents are to blame is the lack of proper home-training of the children. Children who are properly trained at home until they enter school are not liable to cause much trouble and I believe that the teachers present will bear me out in saying that one boy who has just "come up" will make more trouble for them than twenty who have had some training at home. A child who is not required to do something at home and do it well, will find it difficult to do thorough work at school. A disposition on the part of the parents to find fault with a teacher in his appearance, or methods of teaching stirs up wrong ideas in the minds of the children, and will lead them into the same way of thinking and talking, and in a great measure counteract the influence of the teacher. I believe that parents should never in their presence, discuss the failings or weak points which a teacher may have, or say one word which would in any way tend to lower the respect of the pupil for his teacher. For a child having no respect for his teacher is in no mood to be taught by him, and thus the parents' curses, like chickens, come home to roost.

Parents upholding their children is another wrong idea. How often we see a case when the child will come home with a long face and pitiful story of how the teacher made him do this or that, how some other scholar was favored by the teacher, and then the parents, without taking time to enquire into

the matter, pity him and tell him the teacher did wrong, and that if it should happen again he need not go any more, and a lot of such nonsense which encourages the child to be always looking for something to find fault with or make as an excuse for staying out of school. And right there is another secret spring of trouble; teachers are often blamed because pupils do not make more rapid advances, when if you will examine the daily records you will find some scholars who do not average more than three or four days attendance a week. It is unjust to the teachers and the members of the class to keep a scholar out one or two days a week, as well as being discouraging to the child, for if a child once gets behind his grade it is very hard to catch up, and at the same time do thorough work.

It is bad enough to keep a child out when it is absolutely necessary, but when they stay out just because they want to and spend their time playing on the street, and the parents are so shiftless and careless and so lacking in common sense and backbone as to allow such things, then it becomes contemptible, and the parents ought to be punished by fine.

Children should be early taught that life is a reality, and that the school room is the place to discipline their minds and prepare them to meet life's battles, and not a place to go simply to have fun, shirk all the study they can and learn what they have to. It would seem that every parent would desire and insist that his boy should receive his education in the school room and not on the streets. From staying out of school occasionally to get into the habit of staying away every examination day, is only a short step, and the first usually paves the way for the second. The day that every scholar should be in school is examination day, for it is the day which is to try his work, and teacher and parent are both interested to know how many e's and g's, and how few m's and p's there are on the monthly report cards.

Parents, make it a part of your business to see that your children are ready for school promptly on time and in their place every school day.

One very delicate subject between teacher and parent, and one upon which all are very sensitive (especially the scholar) is that of punishment, but I venture to say that nearly all the trouble arises from the want of understanding between parent and teacher. As parents, we are too apt, in our love for our children to overlook their faults and forget that they are human, and that it is the nature of a child until he is about three score and ten to show up his side of an affair in the best possible light. If there is anything which will touch and sadden a parent's heart it is when the fact comes to him that his child, whom he has endeavored to train aright, has, under strong temptation, been led to falsify.

Nevertheless there comes a time in every child's life when it is quite necessary that he should be made to feel the penalty of transgressed law. As it is quite often the case this happens at school, what is the parent's duty in the matter? First, to hear the child's version of the matter, and if it appears that the teacher did right, tell the child so, and if it appears otherwise, give the child to understand that you think if he had done no wrong he would not have been punished. When a child understands that he will receive no sympathy at home nor be upheld in doing wrong, the teacher will have little trouble with him afterwards. If you think the teacher did wrong, remember that as long as we are clothed with mortality we will make mistakes and that school teachers are no exception to this rule. And if the parent in a right spirit will go to him and make known his grievance, explanations will be made which undoubtedly would set all things to rights.

There should be such a mutual understanding between parent and teachers that with confidence and good feeling they can talk over matters relating to their own children. I say own because as a rule we are more ready to talk about the misdeeds of another's child than we are of our own, and no good comes from that. But when

either the teacher or parent know of a bad trait in a child's nature how much better it is that both work together to correct the wrong, and strengthen the weak points. From the time a child enters school the teacher's responsibility is akin to that of a parent, and he should be made to feel perfectly

Continued to page 7.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Officers National Grange.

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Kathleen Hessegrave, a pretty young English artist, and Arnold Willoughby, a Bohemian amateur, meet casually at the Royal Academy gallery in London. They hold mutual views upon art and upon the stupidity of the judges who have rejected their pictures. Rufus Mortimer, a rich American idler, joins them. He is a friend of the Hessegraves and is surprised to find Kathleen in the company of Willoughby, whom she knows as a common sailor dabbling in art. CHAPTER II—Kathleen lives with her mother in fashionable lodgings. The aristocracy visit there, and one day at a reception the company discuss the mystery of young Earl Axminster, who has fled the country disguised as a sailor. Canon Valentine, the lion of the party, thinks the aristocracy of England is well rid of him. His habits are too good. III—Willoughby is the earl. He is stranded by the failure of the picture, refuses help from Mortimer and goes to sea to earn money to continue the study of art. IV—Mortimer pursues Kathleen on love's quest. She likes him and with difficulty holds him off. V—Mortimer, Willoughby and the Hessegraves meet in Venice. Mrs. Hessegrave is alarmed at Kathleen's enthusiasm over the sailor painter and his works. VI and VII—The young artists roam through romantic old palaces together. Willoughby a guest at Kathleen's home. The maiden half reveals her love for him, and both confess to themselves that they are in love. VIII and IX—Mortimer proposes and discovers Kathleen's passion for Willoughby.

CHAPTER VII. MAKING THEIR MINDS UP.

That winter through, in spite of Mrs. Hessegrave, Kathleen saw a great deal of the interesting sailor who had taken to painting. Half by accident, half by design, they had chosen their pitches very close together. Both of them were painting on that quaint old quay, the Fondamenta delle Zattere, overlooking the broad inlet, or Canal della Giudecca, where most of the seagoing craft of Venice lie at an anchor, unloading. Kathleen's canvas was turned inland, toward the crumbling old church of San Trovaso and the thick group of little bridges, curved high in the middle, that span the minor canals of that half deserted quarter. She looked obliquely down two of those untrodden streets at once, so as to get a double glimpse of two sets of bridges at all possible angles and afford herself a difficult lesson in the perspective of arches. Midway between the two rose the tapering campanile of the quaint old church, with the acacias by its side, that hang their drooping branches and feathery foliage into the stagnant water of the placid Rio. But Arnold Willoughby's easel was turned in the opposite direction, toward the seaward runlets and the open channel where the big ships lay moored. He loved better to paint the seagoing vessels he knew and understood so well—the thick forest of masts, the russet brown sails of the market boats from Mesina, the bright reds and greens of the Chioggia fisher craft, the solemn gray of the barges that bring fresh water from Fusina. It was maritime Venice he could best reproduce, while Kathleen's lighter brush reflected rather the varying moods and tessellated floor of the narrow canals which are to the seagirt city what streets and alleys are to more solid towns of the mainland.

Thus painting side by side they saw much of one another. Rufus Mortimer, who cherished a real liking for Kathleen, grew jealous at times of the penniless sailorman. It seemed to him a pity indeed that Kathleen should get entangled with a fellow like that, who could never by any

possibility be in a position to marry her. But then Mortimer, being an American, had a profound faith at bottom in the persuasive worth of the almighty dollar, and though he was really a good fellow, with plenty of humanity and generous feeling, he didn't doubt that in the end, when it came to settling down, Kathleen would prefer the solid advantages of starting in life as a rich Philadelphia's wife to the sentimental idea of love in a cottage and a poor one at that, with a destitute sailor who dabbled like an amateur in marine painting. However, being a prudent man and knowing that proximity in these affairs is half the battle, Mortimer determined to pitch his own canvas in the same part of the town and to paint a picture close by to Kathleen and Willoughby. This involved on his part no small departure from his usual practice, for Mortimer was by choice a confirmed figure painter, who worked in a studio from the living model, but he managed to choose an outdoor subject combining figure with landscape and dashed away vigorously at a background of brown warehouses and moldering arches, with a laughing group of gay Venetian models picturesquely posed as a merry christening party by the big doors of San Trovaso.

Money gives a man a pull, and Arnold Willoughby felt it when every morning Kathleen floated up to her work in Rufus Mortimer's private gondola, with Mrs. Hessegrave leaning back—in her capacity of chaperon—on those well padded cushions, and the two handsome gondoliers waiting obsequious and attentive by the marble steps for their employer's orders. But it was just what he wanted, for he could see with his own eyes that Mortimer was paying very marked court to the pretty English girl artist, and indeed Mortimer, after his country's wont, made no attempt to disguise that patent fact in any way. On the other hand, Arnold perceived that Kathleen seemed to pay quite as much

attention to the penniless sailor as to the American millionaire. And that was exactly what Arnold Willoughby desired to find out. He could get any number of women to flutter eagerly and anxiously round Lord Axminster's chair, but he would never care to take any one of them all for better, for worse, unless she was ready to give up money and position and more eligible offers for the sake of Arnold Willoughby, the penniless sailor and struggling artist.

And indeed, in spite of his well equipped gondola, Rufus Mortimer didn't somehow have things all his own way. If Kathleen came down luxuriously every morning in the Cristoforo Colombo, she oftenest returned to the Piazza on foot by devious ways with Arnold Willoughby. She liked those walks ever so much. Mr. Willoughby was always such a delightful companion, and, sailor or no sailor, he had really picked up an astonishing amount of knowledge about Venetian history, antiquities and architecture. On one such day, toward early spring, as they walked together through the narrow lanes overshadowed by mighty cornices, where one could touch the houses on either hand as one went, a pretty little Italian girl about 5 years old ran hastily out of a musty shop over whose door hung salt fish and long strings of garlic. She was singing to herself as she ran a queer old song in the Venetian dialect:

"Vistu che mi te insegna a navigar?
Vate a far una barca o una batola."

But when her glance fell on Arnold Willoughby she looked up at him with a merry twinkle in her big brown eyes and dropped him a little curtsy of the saucy southern pattern. "Buon giorno, signor," she cried in the liquid Venetian patois. And Arnold answered with a pleasant smile of friendly recognition, "Buon giorno, piccola."

"You know her?" Kathleen asked, half wondering to herself how her painter had made the acquaintance of the little golden haired Venetian.

"Oh, dear, yes," the young man answered, with a smile. "That's Cecca, that



"You know her?" Kathleen asked, little one. She knows me very well." He hesitated a moment, then on purpose, as if to try her, he went on very quietly, "In point of fact I lodge there."

Kathleen was conscious of a distinct thrill of surprise, not unmixed with something like horror or disgust. She had grown accustomed by this time to her companion's rough clothes and to his sailor-like demeanor, redeemed as it was in her eyes by his artistic feeling and his courteous manners, which she always felt in her heart were those of a perfect gentleman. But it gave her a little start even now to find that the man who could talk so beautifully about Gentile Bellini and Vittore Carpaccio—the man who taught her to admire and understand for the first time the art of the very earliest Venetian painters, the man who so loved the great Romanesque arcades of the Fondaco del Turchi and who gloated over the details of the mosaics in St. Mark's—could consent to live in a petty Italian shop, reeking with salt cod and overhanging the noisome bank of a side canal more picturesque than sweet smelling. She showed her consternation in her face, for Arnold, who was watching her close, went on with a slight shadow on his frank, sunburned forehead: "Yes, I live in there. I thought you'd think the worse of me when you came to know it."

Thus openly challenged, Kathleen turned round to him with her fearless eyes and said perhaps a little more than she would ever have said had he not driven her to avow it. "Mr. Willoughby," she answered, gazing straight into his honest face, "it isn't a pretty place, and I wouldn't like to live in it myself, I confess, but I don't think the worse of you. I respect you so much, I really don't believe anything of that sort—of any sort perhaps—could ever make me think the worse of you. So there! I've told you."

"Thank you," Arnold answered low. And then he was silent. Neither spoke for some moments. Each was thinking to himself, "Have I said too much?" And Arnold Willoughby was also thinking very seriously in his own mind, "Having gone so far, ought I not now to go farther?"

However, being a prudent man, he reflected to himself that if he could hardly pay his own way as yet by his art he certainly could not pay some other one's. So he held his tongue for the moment and went home a little later to his single room overlooking the side canal to ruminate at his leisure over this new face to his circumstances. And Kathleen, too, went home to think much about Arnold Willoughby. Both young people, in fact, spent the best part

of that day in thinking of nothing else save one another, which was a tolerably good sign to the experienced observer that they were falling in love, whether they knew it or knew it not.

For when Kathleen got home she shut herself up by herself in her own pretty room with the dainty wall paper and leaned out of the window. It was a beautiful window, on the Grand Canal, quite close to the Piazza, and the doges' palace, and the Riva degli Schiavoni, and it looked across the inlet toward the Dogana di Mare and the dome of Santa Maria, with the campanile of San Giorgio on its lonely mud island in the middle distance. Beyond lay a spacious field of burnished gold, the shallow water of the lagoon in the full flood of sunshine. But Kathleen had no eyes that lovely afternoon for the creeping ships that glided in and out with stately motion through the tortuous channel which leads between islets of gray slime to the mouth of the Lido and the open sea. Great lateen sails swerved and luffed unnoticed. All she could think of now was Arnold Willoughby and his lodgings at the salt fish shop. Her whole soul was deeply stirred by that strange disclosure.

She might have guessed it before, yet now she knew it it frightened her. Was it right of her, she asked herself over and over again, to let herself fall in love as she felt she was doing with a common sailor, who could live contentedly in a small Italian magazine, whose doors she herself would hardly consent to show her face inside?

Was it ladylike? Was it womanly of her?

She had her genuine doubts. Few women would have felt otherwise, for to women the conventions count for more than to men, and the feelings of class are more deeply seated and more persistent, especially in all that pertains to love and marriage. A man can readily enough "marry beneath him," but to a woman it is a degradation to give herself away to what she thinks an inferior. An inferior? Even as she thought it Kathleen Hessegrave's mind revolted with a rush against the base imputation. He was not her inferior, rather if it came to that, he was her superior, he was her superior in every way. The man who could paint, who could think, who could talk, as he could, the man who cherished such high ideals of life, of conduct, of duty, was every one's equal and most people's superior. He was her own superior. In cold blood she said it. He could think and dare and attain to things she herself at her best could but blindly grope after.

In her diary that afternoon—for she had acquired the bad habit of keeping a diary—Kathleen wrote down all these things, as she was wont to write down her inmost thoughts, and she even ended with the direct avowal to herself: "I love him! I love him! If he asks me, I will accept him." She locked it up in her safest drawer, but she was not ashamed of it.

At the very same moment, however, Arnold Willoughby for his part was leaning out of his window in turn in the woe room of the house above the salt fish shop in the tiny side street, with his left hand twisted in the lock behind his ear after that curious fashion of his, and was thinking—of what else save Kathleen Hessegrave?

It was a pretty enough window in its way, too, that leded lattice on the high fourth floor in the Calle del Paradiso, and as often happens in Venetian side streets when you mount high enough in the skyward clambering houses it commanded a far more beautiful and extensive view than any stranger could imagine as he looked up from without at the narrow chink of blue between the tall rows of opposite stonework, for it gave upon a side canal full of life and bustle, and it looked out just beyond upon a quaint, round tower with a Romanesque staircase winding spirally outside it and disclosing glimpses in the farther distance of spires and domes and campanilli innumerable. But it wasn't of the staircase, or the crowded canal, or the long, shallow barges laden with eggs and fruit that Arnold Willoughby was just then thinking. His mind was wholly taken up with Kathleen Hessegrave and the new wide problems she laid open before him.

He knew he was in love with her. He recognized he was in love with her. And what was more, from the way she had said those words, "I respect you so much I don't believe anything on earth could ever make me think the worse of you," he felt pretty sure in his own mind she loved him in return and had divined his love for her. Even his native modesty would not allow him to deceive himself on that score any longer, for he was a modest man, little given to fancying that women were "gone on him," as Mr. Reginald Hessegrave was wont to phrase it in his peculiar dialect. Indeed Arnold Willoughby had had ample cause for modesty in that direction. Lady Sark had taught him by bitter experience to know his proper place, and he had never forgotten that one sharp lesson. She was a simple clergyman's daughter near Oxford when first he met her, and he had fallen in love at once with her beauty, her innocence, her seeming simplicity. She rose quickly to an earl. He believed in her with all the depth and sincerity of his honest nature. There was nobody like Blanche, he thought—nobody so true, so simple minded, so sweet, so trust-worthy. A single London season made all the difference. Blanche Middleton found herself the belle of the year, and being introduced to the great world through Lord Axminster's friends as his affianced bride made the best of her opportunities by throwing over one of the poorest earls in England in favor of one of the richest and most worth-

less marquises. From that moment the man who had once been Albert Ogilvie Redburn, earl of Axminster, was never likely to overestimate the immediate effect produced by his mere personality on the heart of any woman.

Nevertheless Arnold Willoughby was not disinclined to believe that Kathleen Hessegrave really and truly loved him. Because one woman had gone straight from his arms to another man's bosom that did not prove that all women were incapable of loving. He believed Kathleen liked him very much, not only for his own sake, but also in spite of prejudices, deeply ingrained prejudices, natural enough under the circumstances, and which almost every good woman—as good women go—would have shared to the full with her. And he began to wonder now whether, having gone so far, it was not his duty to go a step farther and ask her to marry him. A man has no right to lead a woman's heart up to a certain point of expectation and then to draw back without giving her at least the chance of accepting him.

But how could he ask her? That was now the question. He certainly wasn't going to turn his back upon his own deliberate determination and to claim once more the title and estates of the earldom of Axminster. Having put his hand to the plow, as he so often said to himself, for very shame of his manhood, he must never look back again. One way alone shone clear before him. Every laborer in England could earn enough by his own exertions to support a wife and family. Arnold Willoughby would have felt himself a disgraced failure if he could not succeed in doing what the merest breaker of stones on the road could do. He made up his mind at once. He must manage to earn such a living for himself as would enable him without shame to ask Kathleen whether or not she liked him well enough to share it with him in future.

From that day forth, then, this aim was ever present in Arnold Willoughby's mind. He would succeed in his art for the sake of asking the one woman on earth he could love to marry him. And oftener and oftener as he paced the streets of Venice he twisted his finger round the lock by his ear with that curious gesture which was always in his case the surest sign of profound preoccupation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The School From a Parent's Standpoint.

(Continued from page 6.)

free to consult with the parents concerning the child's welfare.

Another way to cripple a teacher's efforts and which is practiced by some people is to condemn his methods without ever going near the school room to know the manner of teaching. People who have not spent an hour in school for the past fifteen years would hardly realize that school was in session if they stood just outside the inner door, neither would they recognize or appreciate the work being done on the inside.

For instance, a little boy who had attended school elsewhere after attending school about a week was compelled by sickness to stay at home for two or three weeks, and when he returned to school it happened to be examination day. The number work was on the board for them to solve, and all innocently enough the boy asked his teacher to show him how to work the problems, for he did not know. Of course she had to tell him those were examination problems and she could not show him how to work them. This fact he communicated to his parents, and the next day the boy said, "my pa says if you can't show me how to work those examples I should take my hat and come home."

To train up a child in the way he should go is a very serious matter and requires a great deal of prayerful thought and care, and is a work which should only be entrusted to those who realize the responsibility of their position and are capable of governing themselves that they may be a proper example for the students. These things only emphasize the necessity of parents visiting the school not alone on extra occasions, but drop in often during the school hours that you may become better acquainted with the teacher and his method of school work. Finally stand by the teacher, first, last, and all the time and encourage him in his work, he has enough discouragement, throttle every power whether ecclesiastical or civil, that would undertake to destroy our public schools or tear down

the stars and stripes which all true Americans love to see so proudly floating above the little "Red School House."

What the Town Owes the Country.

If a Sunday saloon is good for New York it is good for all the other towns of the State. What right has any one to discriminate in favor of the great rich city and against the poor little town? There has been much silly talk about the necessity of the city's cutting loose from the country. The country could do without New York as easily as New York could do without it. Meat and bread and milk and vegetables and fruits are drawn from the country. The stores of the city could not keep open long without customers from the country. New York is engaged in sneers at the "hayseeds." Washington and Lincoln were farmers; Grant was the son of a rural tanner; they were "hayseeds." General Harrison was born in the country and Grover Cleveland was the son of a village pastor. A majority of the leading financiers, business men, professional men of New York city, are from the country. Some of the editors who write such caustic articles about the "hayseed" Legislature learned all they know on a country newspaper. A poll of New York city would show that half, if not two-thirds, of the inhabitants are from small cities, towns, villages, and farms. There is perhaps not a great city in the civilized world that could live for two generations without population from the country to replenish and enrich it. It is more than likely that a majority of our foreign population who scout the idea of "hayseed" representatives being able to legislate for a cosmopolitan city are themselves from rural districts in their fatherlands, some of them from regions where they eat black bread all the year, and count it a luxury to have white bread and molasses at Christmas time. In native ability, in education, in enterprise, and in moral force, the man of the country is a match for the man of the metropolis.—From "The Saloon and the Sabbath," by the Rev. F. C. Iglehart D. D., in North American Review for October.

Every noble activity makes room for itself.—Emerson.

After crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser.—Franklin.

The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.—Locke.

"Bliggins is still complaining about the business depression." "Hasn't he got work yet?" "No. Can't find anything that suits him." "That's the way it goes. The man that keeps talking about the hard times is invariably looking for a soft thing."—Washington Star.

"Mrs. Veneering—"There's the wagon with the piano we bought today. You can just send it back. Mr. Veneering—"Why?" Mrs. Veneering—"Do you suppose we are going to buy an \$800 piano and have it brought home at night when the neighbors can't see it. Never."—The Pathfinder.

Many a farmer has so much to do that he can't make anything, only to keep things up in fair condition. If he devoted all his energy to half the land he would be better off.—T. B. Terry.

"Begorra," said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, "the blame fool that filled this quart bottle must have put in two quarts instid av wan!"—Ez.

