

THE GRANGE VISITOR

ISSUED SEMI-

MONTHLY

BY THE EXECUTIVE

COMMITTEE OF THE

Michigan State

Grange, P. of H.

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THE GRANGE VISITOR,

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Invariably in Advance.

J. T. COBB, - - - - - Manager.

To whom all communications should be addressed, at Schoolcraft, Mich.

Remittances should be by Registered Letter, Money Order or Draft.

To Contributors.

As the VISITOR now bears date the 1st and 15th of each month, to insure insertion in the next issue, Communications must be received by the 10th and 25th of each month. We invite attention to those interested to our new Heading "TO CORRESPONDENTS."

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Acceptable advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square, for each insertion. A Liberal discount will be made on standing advertisements of three months or more.

For Grange Supplies kept by the Secretary, see "LIST OF SUPPLIES" on eighth page.

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UNDER existing regulations we are required to send a copy of the VISITOR free to the Master of each Subordinate Grange. We shall also send a copy free to all Secretaries who send us ten or more names of subscribers for one year, with pay for the same.

THE REST OF THE GRAVE.

BY AN OLD FARMER.

I am weary and worn, but my task is nigh done;
I have toiled from the dawn till the set of the sun;
I have carried life's burthens, and carried them brave,
And I long to enjoy the sweet rest of the grave.

I have toiled in chill winter, through snow and through sleet,
I have toiled in the glare of the summer sun's heat;
And I fain would lay down where the willow shall wave,
And forever enjoy the sweet rest of the grave.

And I wait for the summons, I list for the call
To the peaceful transition donated to all;
That silent abode, that low mansion, I crave,
Where I can enjoy the sweet rest of the grave.

There my father is sleeping, my mother so true,
Fond sisters and brothers are resting there too,
And a daughter, a blossom washed down by death's wave;
I, with her, would enjoy the sweet rest of the grave.

And the friends of my youth, they are scattered and dead,
And the strength and the glow of my manhood has fled,
And the sparkle is gone from the pleasure life gave,
And I now would enjoy the sweet rest of the grave.

When I halt at the gateway, that leads from all care,
And the sentry shall ask me, "Have you done your share?"
I will answer triumphant, "I've done my part brave,
And I come to enjoy the sweet rest of the grave."

And the world will not mind when my star goes down,
It will wave just the same when my life thread's unwound;
But I, loose from bondage, like the unfettered slave,
Will rejoice in a freedom to rest in the grave.

Still the farmer will furrow to sow and to reap,
Still the sailor will course on the fathomless deep,
And the miner will delve in his dark sunless cave,
While I shall be resting, so sweet, in my grave.

As millions were toiling when my toil begun,
So will millions be toiling when my toil is done,
And many like me, will grow weary, and crave,
A respite from toil, in the depths of the grave,

O; the folly of man, his ambition and strife!
That incites him to toil the short span of his life;
And like me tend to labor, to gain, and to save;
Then relinquish it all, for a rest in the grave.

BERLIN MICH. J. W. KELLEY.

THE little girl was quite right who listened to a minister who "roared like a nightingale" in prayer, and then said, "Mother don't you think if that man lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

Farm Accounts.

The Question, "Does Farming Pay?" is almost universally answered by farmers in the negative, though they can rarely, if ever, make a detailed statement of their debts and credits, which will prove either side of the question. Yet it is a self-evident fact that farming pays the Nation. It is our great producing industry, the main spring which keeps all the machinery of transportation, commerce, and manufactures in motion, creating a value of untold millions out of materials that have no commercial value until transformed by labor. If, on the other hand, farming does not pay the individuals who pursue it, there must be something wrong in the system by which his business accounts are kept, or he could show by his balance sheets, his exact business income and expenditure, the amount of his profit and loss. The latter is probably the general fact; or more properly it is the fact that the farmer has no business system, and does not keep his accounts in such form and with such accuracy as to exhibit the true results of his business operations.

It is quite common for a farmer to say that himself and family have labored a whole year, when the fact is, some or all the members have spent weeks, and even months, attending school, in travel, recreation, or amusement; and it would be a manifest injustice to the farm to charge it with time thus occupied. He should charge all seeds, manures and fertilizers used, whether produced on the farm or purchased, and for repairs of exclusively farm buildings, fixtures, tools, and vehicles, and also for taxes and interest on all real and personal farm property. Contra: He should give the farm credit for every kind of crop or product sold from it, at the price received, and for all the grain, meat, vegetables, milk, butter, cheese, eggs, and other products taken by his family, at their value on the farm, and whether wasted or consumed. This last item is of the utmost importance, and should be as rigidly adhered to by the farmer as by the country merchant who charges to the family all the dry goods, groceries, and necessary supplies taken by them from his store. At the expiration of the year, a new inventory should be taken, embracing exactly the same items as the original, and the sum of this inventory and credits balanced with the sum of the debts, and the first inventory will show him his gains or losses for the year. To many, perhaps most farmers, the keeping of books is irksome and perplexing, and therefore neglected; but it is absolutely necessary, if farming is a business pursuit, and is to be conducted by those principles which prevail in other business enterprises.

No person, either farmer, or anybody else, can say that his business does or does not pay, unless the exhibit is made by regular, correct account kept by the above or similar method, and if thus kept he might, or probably would, find that his business was a good one, the trouble with his final account being caused by a deficiency of labor, debts, and family expenditure.

Farming, in every sense, should be managed on strictly business principles, and only when so managed have we a right to expect that it will pay. —Rural New Yorker.

An Easy Way With a Vicious Horse.

A beautiful and high spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet or any person to handle his feet, without a resort to every species of power and means to control him. At one time he was nearly crippled by being put in the stocks; he was afterwards thrown down and fettered; at another time, one of our most experienced horse-shoers was unable to manage him by the aid of as many hands as could approach. In an attempt to shoe the horse recently, he resisted all efforts, kicking against everything, even an anvil, and came near killing himself against that, and was finally brought back to his stable unshod. This was his only defect: In all other respects was gentle, and perfectly docile, and especially in harness. But this defect was on the eve of consigning him to the plow, where he might work barefoot, when by mere accident, an officer in our service, lately returned from Mexico, who was passing, and being acquainted with the difficulty, applied a complete remedy by the following simple process: He took a cord the size of a common bedcord, put in the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but enough to keep the ear down, and the cord in its place. This done he patted the horse gently on the side of his head, and commanded him to follow; and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well trained dog; suffering his feet to be lifted with entire impunity, acting in all respects like an old stager. That simple string thus tied made him at once docile and obedient as any one could desire. The gentleman who thus furnished this exceedingly simple means of subduing a very dangerous propensity intimated that this is practiced in Mexico and South America in the management of wild horses. Be this as it may, he deserves the thanks of all owners of such horses, and especially the thanks of all whose business it may be to shoe or groom the animal. —Commercial Advertiser.

—The kind of dentists this country wants are those who can extract teeth without payin'.

Master's Department.

J. J. WOODMAN, - - - PAW PAW

LETTER FROM FRANCE.

The Paris Exposition.—Sunday in Paris. Notre Dame.—The Great Balloon. Hotel De Clung.—And the Ruins of the Old Roman Baths.

PARIS, France, Aug. 1, 1878.

The Great Exposition is declared on all hands to be a great success. Dr. Barnard, the Assistant Commissioner General, disclosed yesterday in a public speech, that "Republican France, in this Exposition, had eclipsed all its predecessors." This may be true in a general sense, but it seems to be universally conceded that the grounds and buildings at Philadelphia were larger, more convenient, and more expensive, and the sections and groups better arranged than here. Nearly all the buildings, except the Annexes, are under one roof or connected, and there is comparatively but little space not occupied by buildings. The grounds are too small and cramped up to allow that out door exercise, among lawns, flower gardens, and forestry, so much enjoyed by the visitors at Philadelphia; and the buildings too low and close to give that free circulation of air and light, which added so much to the cheerfulness of that Exposition. Some of the countries on this side of the Atlantic have made more full exhibits of their raw products and manufactures than they did at Philadelphia, this is especially true of England and France. The French people have taken a great interest in the Exposition and filled their section to its utmost capacity. They have shown great skill, and much taste in arranging their exhibits so as to give the most favorable impression. They have a large amount of machinery on exhibition, but it is generally heavy and cumbersome. The great interest which almost every one took in Machinery Hall at Philadelphia, where fourteen acres of machinery in one building was in constant motion, does not seem to exist here. The French manufactures of agricultural implements have exhibited plows, harrows, cultivators, rollers, clod crushers, etc. in endless profusion, but as a general thing they do not flatter the inventive genius of the French people, or the skill and workmanship of the manufacturers. The agricultural implements and machinery from the United States elicit much interest here, and are closely scrutinized and admired by the French farmers, especially the plows, reapers and mowers, and the harvesters with self-binding attachments. The judges in this group have nearly completed their labors, but their decisions are not generally known but there can be no doubt that our American exhibitors will take their full share of the awards. To even name the many objects of especial interest in the several departments, would be impossible in a

communication like this, they must be seen and studied to be understood, and their value and merits appreciated.

The section in which are exhibited the crown jewels of France, and the numerous presents which have been made to the Prince of Wales is constantly crowded with visitors, and the police are employed to keep them in line, so that all may have an opportunity to give them a passing glance. The value of this collection is almost incredible.

As in Philadelphia, the Art Gallery is constantly thronged. The exhibition of fine statuary and rich paintings is said to be the largest ever made at an International Fair. In number of exhibits the French greatly excel, and in fine and minute delineations of nature unadorned, the French artists will undoubtedly carry off the great prize of honor. The Parisians have a great passion for statuary and paintings; the great number of immense and expensive Art Galleries located in different parts of the city are wonderful and surprising.

A SABBATH IN PARIS.

The morning was beautiful. I mounted the top of a street car and passed down the beautiful avenues and boulevards towards the old Cathedral of Notre Dame. Nothing could be seen along that three mile ride to indicate that it was the Sabbath Day. Shops were open, the streets were crowded with vehicles, men and women thronged the sidewalks, the yell of teamsters, and crack of that "everlasting whip" grated harshly upon the ear, stonecutters and carpenters were at work, the ring of anvil and sound of machinery were heard.

The Church edifice of Notre Dame was erected hundreds of years ago, and now stands as one of the architectural glories of Paris, and of the world. The great beauty and architectural effects and designs of that elaborate point, the high Gothic arches, gilded ceilings, and frescoed walls within, are most wonderful. It is perhaps the most impressive ecclesiastical object in Paris if not in all Europe, in grandeur and historical associations. It was before its high and magnificent altar that Napoleon and Josephine were crowned. I attended services, which were very pompous and participated in by many of the nobility of Paris, and those who delight in forms of splendor. This service was the only indication of rest and worship that I had seen. After the service was over, I went up the stone steps leading to the top of the towers. The steps were badly worn by the foot steps of the curious, who had ascended and descended the narrow winding way for many ages. The lookout upon the top offers a splendid view of the whole city which was spread out like a grand panorama, with its countless spires and domes, encircling fortifications and frowning forts. Returning by the street car to my hotel, I passed under the great balloon which was conveying persons heavenward about 1,000 feet, for the moderate price of \$4.00 each, they were then drawn back to earth by means of steam power. Forty persons were thus suspended over the heads of twenty thousand people, who, remaining on earth, with upturned eyeballs were watching if not envying the "chosen few" in their aerial flight.

HOTEL DE CLUNG AND THE THERMES.

The present Hotel De Clung was erected in the 15th Century for a royal residence, and originally had many architectural charms, some of which still remain. Mary Tudor, wife of Louis XII. and sister to Henry VIII. of England, resided there, and one of her apartments, with furniture, including bed, is still preserved just as she left it. James V. of Scotland, the father of Mary Queen of Scots, and the "Fitz James" of the "Lady of the Lake," was married here to Madeline, daughter of Frances I, Jan. 1st, 1537.

The Museum is said to contain some ten thousand objects, principally of Medieval curiosities, and other Roman antiquities. Old weapons of warfare of every character; ecclesiastical vestments; nine crowns of the Gothic Kings of Spain; works in glass, ivory, metals, and the precious stones; mosaics, gold plate, pictures, altar pieces, "a vessel with Charles the V, and the nobles of his Court in gold and gilded bronze," such, and of almost all other kinds imaginable, constitute this wilderness of curiosities here displayed. Just behind the Hotel are the Thermes or ruins of the Roman Baths, said to have been erected by "Emperor Constantius Chlorus, who ruled in Gaul about the year A. D. 300," in the palace of which these baths formed a part. "The Emperor Julian was proclaimed by the Roman soldiers, A. D. 360; and at the same Palace some of the earlier Frankish Kings made their residence." One of the largest rooms in the old building yet remains, and sufficient repairs have been made to prevent the walls from tumbling, but time has told fearfully upon the once grand structure. It is interesting to visit these old ruins and study the designs of statuary and carvings, some of which are in a good state of preservation, while others are marred, worn and crumbled by the finger of time. No one who has viewed the many wonderful and imposing structures in this great city, reared to perpetuate the history of events, and deeds of men, built of stone, iron, and brass, so massive as if to baffle the wear of time, can stand within these crumbling relics of Roman Royalty, without being impressed with the truth of the lessons contained in the following lines:

" 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange
To mark the fallacies of mortal man.
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile and say, my name shall live with this.
While at his feet, yea at his very feet,
The crumbling dust of fallen fabrics
Teaches the solemn lesson;
He should know that time must conquer,
That the loudest blast that ever filled
Renown's obstreperous trumpet,
Fades in the lapse of ages and expires."

A GREAT EXPOSITION IN 1879.—England has decided to have a great show next year. It will be an agricultural exhibition. The expense is estimated at £150,000. The Lord Mayor of London has appealed to the British public for the support of the projected scheme; it is to be under the auspices of the royal agricultural society. Agriculture is declining in Great Britain, and there is some hope that the exhibition may arrest its downward course. The number of cattle, and the acreage of wheat, and other crops are decreasing, and very nearly one-half the population of the United Kingdom is now dependent for sustenance upon imported food.

—The man who jabbed a ten-penny nail in the bottom of his foot, exclaimed, "The iron has entered my sole!"

Facts to be Seriously Considered by Farmers.

The death of a Subordinate Grange, says the *Patron of Husbandry*, is a public announcement by its members that there are not twelve intelligent, public-spirited, resolute farmers in the neighborhood. It is a surrender to their old task-masters, the merchant, professional politicians, and other middlemen, who have organizations of their own, and who have sworn that the Grange shall not live in this country. This surrender falls heaviest upon the wives and children of farmers, for when the farmer is robbed of the products of his toil, his wife and children must work the harder and practice still greater self-denial.

We fully agree with our able contemporary in its views, and if the Grange has lost strength and numbers, the farmers themselves are to blame for it. We think that the greatest obstacle in the way of the Grange, is the lack of confidence among the farmers in themselves and in each other. They have been so accustomed to let the lawyers think for them, the merchants buy and sell for them, and the little professional office seekers in the towns pack conventions and nominate candidates for them, that they cannot be made to believe that they can perform all these duties themselves better and cheaper. A large portion of them went into the Grange with but little, if any, hope of its success. Their old task masters told them it would soon die out, and they believed them. They look with positive disfavor upon any plan in the Grange to establish a co-operative enterprise of any kind. They cannot manage one themselves, they think, and they have no confidence in their neighbors and they are not willing to trust them. They let things run on in the old channel, preferring to pay the rich, "safe merchants from 25 to 250 per cent profit on all that they buy and sell, than to risk a small amount of money in the hands of a few ignorant, inexperienced farmers like themselves, in an effort to save all this profit. These Patrons expected every Grange paper to die out sooner than the Grange itself, so they would not risk one or two dollars for a paper devoted to their own interests, but continued to patronize the political papers, which belong, body and soul, to the merchants and politicians.

It is only here and there, comparatively, that a Grange is made up of the right material, made of men and women with heads on their shoulders, and imbued with a noble purpose to boldly and earnestly work for independence, for their rights and their interests both in public and business affairs. Such Granges are full of life, energy, enterprise. Their members read and think, and have confidence in themselves and in each other. If a co-operative enterprise is suggested, they examine it carefully, and, if they approve it, adopt it and unite in making it a success; they don't dismiss it as something beyond their comprehension, which can be managed successfully only by the intelligent and wealthy merchants in the towns.

If farmers generally only had more confidence in themselves and in each other, if they would read and think more, and come together in the Grange in this spirit, they could make their Order a complete success—the leading power in the country in all business and industrial affairs. *Farmer's Friend.*

ANY man is made better by a sister's love. The love of another fellow's sister may do.

Ladies' Department.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY LEVI DEWEY.

The whistle shrieks forth a warning loud,
And the train moves slowly away;
Its burden consists of an eager crowd,
Each impelled by the needs of the day;
Every conceivable form and condition of life
You will see as you pass through the train;
There is maiden and youth, there is husband
and wife;
But one motive moves all, a desire for gain.

Far out on the mighty ocean's wave,
A steamer is proudly moving along;
Its freight is humanity, some timid, some brave,
A waiting, anxious, hopeful throng;
Surrounded with danger, each one looks ahead
To the day when the voyage will be done;
'Tis the battle of life and struggle for bread
That calls them from home and urges them on.

Thus over the highways of travel they speed,
Earnestly striving to meet life's demands;
Prosperity's wave bears some far above need,
Some are miserably wrecked on adversity's strand;
But all are subjected to life's ceaseless wear,
Of toil and trial, disappointment and pain;
Through all our race, life is freighted with care
Some get more of sunshine, others get more of rain.

But freest of all from the evils of life,
And freest of all from adversity's storm,
Is he who, together with children and wife,
Is earning his bread at home on the farm;
There is nothing to fear from the angry wave,
And nothing to fear from disaster by rail;
Industry will earn, frugality save,—
So if patient and faithful, he never will fail.

Dowagiac, Mich., Aug. 20th, 1878.

OUR BOYS.

Myra says in her article about "Our Girls," that the only way to do away with the great "social evil" of to-day is to give our girls a good moral education. Granted; that is one very essential point to begin with. But shall we not give Our Boys a moral education as well as our girls? Shall we not teach them to lead pure, noble lives; teach them to respect virtue, and also teach them to treat our girls with the respect that is due them from the opposite sex? Not many girls would depart from the path of virtue if the young men showed by their actions that they respected virtue, instead of trying to destroy every vestige of it, wherever they chance to find it. How many times does a girl find herself left alone to her own diversion, while her escort seeks the society of another more gaudily dressed, and upon whose brow can plainly be seen the imprints of shame.

The morals of our young people—and I might say old, for that matter—are becoming more and more corrupt every year. But shall we, as Myra says, lay all the blame upon the shoulders of the mothers? In some instances I would say, yes; but not all. Do not lay all blame upon the mother; poor soul—she has enough to bear without your censure or mine. Many a poor, loving mother has wept bitter tears over a fallen son or daughter that she has loved as the apple of her eye, and for whom she has plead with streaming eyes, only to have them turn a deaf ear to her entreaties, through the influence of some one who exercised a stronger power over them. How many a mother has tried to the best of her ability to rear her daughter to a pure and noble womanhood, only to have some young man step in, and with words of love and fair promises win her daughter's affections, ruin her reputation, then laugh her to scorn while he seeks other victims to conquer. Who is most to blame? Frequently we hear of some poor, distracted creature rushing unbidden into the presence of her Maker, rather than bring disgrace upon that mother who reared her so tenderly and lovingly. Think you who was the most to blame—that loving mother or that fiend in human form, who by his love-sweet words of love—won her child's love, only to cast her aside after accomplishing the ruin he sought.

Talk of Reforms. There are several going the rounds of to-day: such as temperance reform, dress reform, political reform, etc. But what we need most is a moral reform for both old and young; and how are we to get it. Begin at our own firesides. Teach our boys while young to be manly, teach them to strive to attain to a pure and noble manhood, teach them to treat other young men's sisters as they would like to have them treat their sisters, teach them to shun evil companions, the dram shops and other places of low resort; and last but not least, keep them at home nights where you know where they are: for more than two-thirds of the evil that is in the world is done under the shadows of nights, and if our boys are allowed to be away from home night after night, they will stand a pretty good chance of being led astray. The seeds of dissipation will be sown before we are aware of it, no matter how much we work to the contrary. Some parents say, "O, well, my boys are a little wild, I know; sowing their 'wild oats' etc, but by and by they will get married and settle down, and make just as good husbands for all that." Ah, my friend, do you know that your boys may cause some other mother to mourn over a fallen son or daughter that was first led astray by your boy that is "only sowing his wild oats!" Some mothers will keep their girls in the house with them, and teach them to be lady-like and refined; and at the same time allow their boys to run the street from morn till night. In the street, they are educated to everything that tends to make them rough and rowdyish. No wonder they are wild and reckless! While the girls are being taught music, German, drawing, and the various other accomplishments that make them young ladies and ornaments to society; the boys are being taught to swear, chew tobacco, smoke, drink whiskey, and scoff at female virtue. In the street they are taught all that tends to lead them to disgrace and ruin.

Mothers, your boys are just as good as your girls, and need the same refining influence; they are prone to wander, therefore, they need the same watchful care you exercise over your girls. Teach them early to give you their confidence; be to them their friend, adviser, sympathize with them in their troubles; and in after years they will look back to a life of which they are not ashamed. They will say, "To my mother I am indebted for the purity of my past life." Fathers and mothers, there is a great work for you to do. Look to it that you so rear your boys that they will lead pure, virtuous lives: then, and not till then, will we have a change in that great "social evil" of which Myra speaks. VERONICA.

Sherwood, No. 96.

A Mother's Responsibility.

Worthy Secretary Cobb:

Please excuse me for calling again so soon. I know it is hardly polite, but when an old woman thinks she has something to say she likes to say it, and this is her privilege, as it is yours to consign it to the waste basket, if you think it ought to go there.

I cannot help saying how fully I endorse what Aunt Hattie and Juno say in their article in the *Visitor* of the 1st of August. There is a great responsibility resting upon the mother in the training of those precious immortals committed to her care. She is apt in her tender love to pass by many faults uncorrected till they have grown to be vices; then she becomes alarmed, and finds to her sorrow that she has neglected her duty, and feels it is hard work to eradicate the weeds that have taken root in the mind of her child. Sometimes the weeds of disobedience, pride, selfishness have taken root. They all grow very quickly, and need to be nipped in the bud to have the child grow up to perfect man and womanhood. Precept is good, but practice in a mother carries more weight with it. Let a mother be very careful that her example is good—fit to copy after. Let her govern her own spirit, and by her loveliness of character, woo and win her offspring into the paths of truth. It is in vain we try to teach what we do not possess. Our sons and daughters soon see the deficiency, and instead of profiting by the precept, they despise the example. How can we teach truth and integrity if we are guilty of slander and love gossip? Truth is the foundation on which to build a perfect character, and should be early

taught. I can but think if a mother has done her duty by example, as well as by precept, her children will grow up to be perfect pillars in the temple of home. I concur heartily with Aunt Hattie when she says, "I wish there might be more said about woman's duties, and not quite so much about her rights. It might be her right to do what was not her duty, but never her duty to do what is not right." It is a woman's right to reign in the heart of her husband, and have "her children rise up and call her blessed." Oh mothers, make home happy for your children, give them reading that will amuse and instruct, decorate their rooms with pictures, and encourage in every way a love for the beautiful refinements of surroundings, as these beget refinement of feelings. If the mind is fortified by good thoughts, there is not much danger of evil ones breaking in to damage and destroy. I have not room in this paper to talk to the boys and girls; that must be left till another time. There has been much said on this topic, but still something more might be said to advantage. Respectfully Yours,

AUNT MARGARET.

Report of Committee on Crops and Condition of Farms.

MARLETTE, Aug. 22, 1878.

Bro. Cobb:

For the purpose of stimulating our Grange to improvement and good works, a Visiting Committee was appointed and directed to report upon the crops and the condition of the farms of Bros. R. T. Wellwood and Hugh Dale. The Committee first called upon Bro. Wellwood, and after taking a general look about the premises, were invited in to dinner. To this we gave deserved attention without delay. We found this farm in a fine state of cultivation for one so new. The corn was very fine and promises a good yield. The wheat of the Clawson variety was threshed, and yielded fifteen bushels to the acre, which is about the average crop of this section this year; the Clawson giving the best yield. We next visited the farm of Brother Dale, whom we found taking a good noon nap on the floor. His farm of 160 acres has 90 cleared, and nearly free from stumps, having been occupied by Brother Dale for 20 years; he being a pioneer of Sanilac County. We found an orchard of 2½ acres of fine trees and good fruit, though but about half a crop. The hay and oat crop were all secured, and reported rather light. The potato crop looked finely. The Com. agreed that he had too much fencing, and advised larger fields. His stock looked well, and a colt we saw is destined to be a prize animal. Unlike some farmers his tools were housed and in good condition; the repairing, he says, gives him work for rainy days. Believing these farm visits will be productive of good, I am Fraternally Yours,

B. A. WILSON.

Prices of Paints Again Reduced.

The Patrons' Paint Company having largely increased their steam machinery for producing Ingersoll's Ready Mixed Paints have again reduced the price of their celebrated Pure, Fine, Ready Mixed Paints, making the discount 40 per cent from the retail price, which makes the price much less than the materials can be bought for mixing Paints in the old way; and besides the Ingersoll Paint looks elegantly, and will endure so much longer.

Any one can have the Company's Book, "Everyone their own Painter," and decorated with illustrations of Colors, Brushes and Putty, mailed free by mentioning this paper, and addressing R. Ingersoll, Manager, 102 South Str., New York.

School Books.

The frequent changes demanded by teachers, by superintendents, by agents, by publishers, or by somebody, has imposed a grievous tax on the poor and rich alike in this State for many years. If the people, who on account of numbers have the largest interest in this matter, are unable to direct or control this matter, and they seem not to have been, they should at least avail themselves of the services of our State Agent in Detroit, J. M. Chidister. In answer to an inquiry we made not long since, he writes that he has an arrangement with a house in the city by which he can supply school books at reasonable rates.

Find out in season what school books you must have, and if you dare not order and take chances on prices, send the Agent a list of your wants, including stationery of all kinds, and get his prices "before purchasing elsewhere." We think you will save money for yourselves, which is both a right and a duty, aid the Agency established by the Executive Committee for your benefit, and in all this prove yourselves better Patrons. J. T. C.

Paris Green in the Orchard.

Some time since an inquiry was made as to whether there was any way to destroy the canker worm on apple trees. Four years ago they attacked my orchard by millions, and a few days after it looked at a distance as if a fire had passed through its branches—not a leaf left. In the orchard I had about one hundred and fifty trees, twenty years old. I had taken great pains with my trees, and they did extremely well up to this time. I felt almost discouraged and knew of no remedy. After a time the trees all leaved out again, but grew very little that season. The trees were loaded with these pests by billions, so that if one passed under the trees he would be covered with the destroyers and their threads, which hung down with a worm at the end, about as thick as the warp of open gauze; on these threads they swing as a pendulum when the wind blows, and by this means pass to the next trees if near enough. This time too, they left scarcely a leaf, and then disappeared. The trees leaved out again, but looked weakly and grew but little.

The third season I was on the lookout. As the trees leaved I found them again covered, and declared war, bought a hand pump and \$5 worth of Paris green, put a kerosene barrel into my wagon, filled it with water, added one tablespoon of green to a pailful, gave it a good stirring, had a man to drive around under the trees and keep the mixture well stirred; I took the pump and sprinkled about a pailful as evenly as possible, on each tree. The second day after I operated a second time with a weaker solution and less quantity, as I found their number but few, and those not in good health. The past season I kept a good lookout, but failed to find one. I have other orchards, but so far have not been troubled. I keep my war material all ready now; if the enemies appear I shall storm their works immediately.—T. L. Guilford, in *Factory and Farm*.

WANTED.—Purchasers for 100,000 fine, one year old Honey Locust. Prices low by the 10,000. Send for terms. HENRY COLLINS, L. St. Jo. Co. Grange, Box 311 White Pigeon, St. Jo. Co., Mich.

THE GRANGE VISITOR.

SCHOOLCRAFT, SEPT. 1, 1878.

Secretary's Department.

J. T. COBB, - - - SCHOOLCRAFT.

Officers and members of Subordinate Granges in corresponding with this office, will please always give the Number of their Grange.

BLANKS.

Blanks that are sent free from this office on application are:

Blank Quarterly Reports of Secretaries of Subordinate Granges.
Blank Quarterly Reports of Secretaries of Pomona Granges.
Blank application for organizing Pomona Granges.
Blank applications for Membership in Pomona Granges.
Blank Bonds of Secretary and Treasurer.
Blank Election Reports of Sub. Granges.
Blank Certificates of Election to County Convention.
Blank Certificates of Representatives elected to the State Grange.
Blanks for Consolidation of Granges.
Blank Applications for Certificate of Dinit.
Blank Plaster Orders.
Blank Certificates of Incorporation.

Our Court System.

This is the "off year" in American politics. But while the off year is relieved from running the President Making Machine, yet Congressmen, State and County officers are to be selected and elected. By our system of government as well as by all others that we have ever heard of, it takes a host of officials to take care of the dear people, and the dear people must of course pay for being taken care of. As the great body of those who pay for being care of, have also to earn a subsistence by honest toil, it is always important to know whether we are being well taken care of, and not only that but whether we are being well taken care of at reasonable cost. If we had all inherited vast fortunes and were able to transmit such to our children, "each and every," it would not seem so much matter, but as in this country what the most of us have, we work for, it stands us in hand to watch well and know that when we part with any portion of our earnings that we are getting an equivalent of some sort.

If, in casting about us, we find we are paying more for something that we cannot dispense with than it is worth, our first duty to the community is, to undertake to get it at a less, or reasonable rate. Now we have come to believe that courts were originally established for a given purpose, but instead of partaking of the spirit of progress that characterizes the Nineteenth Century, they have become so involved in an amount of technical machinery, and precedents, and usages, that justice is lost sight of, and about the only tangible things left are the lawyer's fees and the bills of costs. Of the technicalities and musty precedents that are looked up from the days of witchcraft until now and gravely read to "Your Honor" by the hour, we confess we have very little respect, and for the usages that have obtained so firm a foot-hold, we have only condemnation mingled with disgust.

Of the pleas, pretexes, and dodges, employed to shield the criminal we have nothing to say, but the administration of justice is so tardy, so difficult, and so expensive, that we felt a long suffering tax-ridden people should be aroused and an effort made to bring about a reform. To that end we introduced this subject in the VISITOR, of May 15th; and in nearly every number since, it has been considered from our stand point.

The agitation of every subject must precede the work of reform where reforms are needed. We regret that the papers of the country are usually so dependent on the good will of the lawyers of their towns that they have no real independence. They will not publish articles that seriously charge the Court with dereliction of official duty, and the bar with a studied purpose to keep cases in court as long as litigants can be made to pay fees. We are safe in saying that nearly every intelligent man outside the bar, no matter what his profession or occupation, will readily endorse the views we have expressed in former numbers of this paper. Yet this matter cannot be brought at once before the people of the country because of the timidity of the press, and its subserviency to the limbs of the law.

The fact is patent that the higher our civilization the farther we are from speedy justice at reasonable cost in our courts of justice, so called, though they might better be called courts of procrastination or extension.

Our readers who have given this subject any attention will remember that while we believe that the courts of our State are run more in the interest of the lawyers than of the people who are taxed to pay the court for service rendered, yet we have proposed to remedy by amendment of our laws just simply one thing, and that is this—make it impossible for any case where the judgement obtained in a justice court is less than \$100 to go on appeal to the circuit court. We would not deny an appeal to some tribunal—say to arbitrators, and let their judgement be final.

And we now come back to the starting point, we are to select a Legislature this fall that shall have power by a single enactment to save the taxpayers of Michigan thousands of dollars annually collected from the people and used to carry on suits between parties when the original sum involved was the value of a black and tan dog, perhaps, or some petty quarrel between a couple of neighbors that the tax payers have really no more interest in than they have in Mrs. Partington's Isaac. Now what I want to know is this; will a few members of the Order in the several Counties of the State aid me in securing an answer from the candidates for the State Legislature of the several political parties, to certain questions which shall pledge them, if elected, to use their best endeavors to have our laws amended as I have indicated.

If I receive such answer to this en-

quiry as will justify the expectation that the work will be very generally attended to, I will prepare such a statement of the matter as I think will cover the ground, and have a few hundred printed and distributed to volunteers over the State, who will use them?

Now, Brothers, I leave this matter with you, and will only add, that Patrons must do some practical work if we mean to prove to ourselves and those outside the gate, that we are alive and mean business.

The Allegan County Pic-nic.

The Patrons of Allegan County held a pic-nic on the County fair grounds near the village of Allegan, on the 21st of August, according to previous notice as published in the VISITOR.

Bro. C. G. Luce had been engaged to do the talking, and to avoid a night ride, came on as far as Schoolcraft on the evening train the day before, stopped off and dropped into my office quite unexpectedly. We had, of course, a very pleasant visit with him, and it seemed to me I might not only have a good day myself, but might perhaps do something for the subscription list of the VISITOR, so the next morning I determined to accompany Bro. Luce to Allegan, where we arrived a little before 9 a. m. We were met by Bro. Stegeman at the depot, and taken at once to the store so well known all over Allegan County. Arriving at the store, our visit with Bro. Stegeman was about at an end, for soon the standing room was crowded with customers. Sister Stegeman was at her post, entering articles on a half dozen bills of as many customers as Bro. S. and a clerk were handing goods over the counter and calling out the name of the buyer, the article called for and the price. There was no delaying, no higgling about price, but the goods were selected, counted, weighed or measured, and delivered; the same persons accomplish more in fifteen minutes than is usual in the ordinary way of trade in an hour. Sister Stegeman makes bills of all sales, charging goods at cost, and enters the name of the customer and the amount of his bill in a sale book, collects the amount with four per cent. added, and gives this itemized bill to the buyer. In this way the buyer can look over his bill at his leisure, see what each article costs and discover mistakes should any have been made. This four per cent. pays rent of store, interest on capital stock, insurance, salary of Brother S. and wife, clerk hire, all incidental expenses, and adds something to a sinking fund each year. Probably no other co-operative enterprise in the State, and few out of it has been as successful as this one. The explanation is given in a few words—the right man is in the right place. At eleven o'clock Bro. Stegeman said that trade must stop, the store must be cleared out and locked up, for Allegan Patrons were to have a pic-nic, and that must not be interfered with by trade; and of course the store was locked up at once. About eleven o'clock the larger part of those who had determined to give a day to recreation were on the ground. The Managing Committee concluded that this kind of a company could not be kept together to listen to a speech with the full baskets of supplies setting around, and so it was determined to attend to the eating part of the pic-nic at once, and such notice was given out. Considerable time was necessarily occupied with this important part of the programme, for the supplies were as usual at like gatherings, abundant and good. After dinner, Bro. Henry Schultes of Martin Grange called to order, and after a song by a dozen or more of the singing Patrons of Allegan Co., Bro. C. G. Luce was introduced. As many who have heard him, know, he makes speeches for the express purpose of advancing the great interests of the Order, and therefore wants to be heard throughout by his audience. In his opening remarks he endeavored to impress this fact upon his hearers, and related a little circumstance that occurred once when he was talking at a Grange pic-nic this summer. He said he had as usual begged the assembly to give him their attention, but after a while a loving couple just back of the stand unmindful of his reasonable request, were heard by him in lively conversation, and soon the crisis was reached and the fellow popped the question. The speaker stopped short in his Granger speech, turned around and advised the girl to say yes, at once, have the matter settled, so that they and their immediate neighbors could give attention. We shall not attempt to give an extended review of the speech of Bro. Luce, covering an hour and a half. He referred to the relative importance of Agriculture; to the large proportion of mankind engaged in providing subsistence for all; to the opinions of the wisest men of all ages, that not only the prosperity but the perpetuity of governments almost always depended upon the agricultural class. The more intelligent this class, the greater the security. The Grange may be relied upon to disseminate valuable information in relation to the business of farming, and should receive the hearty support of every farmer who believes there is room for improvement and advancement in his calling, and that knowledge is better, as well as safer than ignorance. The speech was full of good points, good advice, and so thoroughly practical that no one who heard it could fail to give it a cordial endorsement.

The gathering was not as large as many that have been held in different parts of the State, but those present were well pleased with the address, and pronounced the pic-nic a success. As Bro. Luce had spoken a good word for the VISITOR as I believe he always does wherever he goes, we improved the opportunity to invite members of the Order, who were not taking it, to come forward and subscribe, and in the course of the afternoon we secured about 25 new subscribers.

THIS No. makes its appearance a little later than usual owing to a press of work in the office in which the VISITOR is printed.

AUNT Kate's article was not in time for this No.

Communications.

House Cleaning.

At a meeting of Oakwood Grange, No. 333, one of the sisters arose and said "I have received an anonymous communication on the subject of House Cleaning, with a request to read it here; I don't know why it was sent to me, unless intended a direct fling, for you all know that I never clean house. However, I will read the article and leave it to the Grange to say what shall be done with Joe John in case he can be found."

The time of house cleaning has come and all have survived it (except myself.) There has been considerable said in the Grange Visitor by the ladies in regard to the matter, but not one word by the poor hen-pecked husband. As a fair representative of the latter class, I will give a little of my experience. The ball opened thusly: Joe John, the first time you go to town, you get some lime, for I am a going to clean house, I've put it off, and put it off, and put it off, just as long as I'm a going to, now that's the end of it, and this last sentence came out with a ring that made me — Well, did you ever have a lump of ice slip in at the back of your neck and crawl slowly down your spinal column? Well that is the way I felt, for I have been through that mill several times. As a matter of course, I put off going as long as possible, and even held out two days after my stock of tobacco was exhausted, then I could stand it no longer. I had urgent business in town, so hitching Fred to the buggy, I drove up to the gate to get in and slip on my other coat and was on the retreat, thinking I was in luck not to be discovered, when my ears caught the full, round tones of Mary Ann's voice, shouting, Joe John, where are you going? I've got to go to town, I'm in a terrible hurry. Don't you dare to go without a basket to get that lime, or I'll — I guess I won't finish the sentence, for it makes me shiver to think of it. As a matter of course the lime came home when I did. But as I was detained longer than I expected, she was awfully put out. The first thing that greeted my ears on my arrival was Joe John, where have you been all day? I thought you was in a terrible hurry this morning. Did you get that lime? I replied, yes marm. But she must see for herself. Nearing the buggy, she stopped short and opening her large black eyes, she centered her gaze on me for about a half minute, then raising her hand in awful grandeur, and pointing her index finger at me, said in a solemn measured tone, Joe John, you have been drinking. Look at those eyes and that nose, you need not tell me you haven't. Why your face looks like a full moon in Indian summer; your eyes blood shot, your nose like an improved blood beet, and your breath smells like a — Oh, whew, what a stench! Here she nearly broke down (for the want of words to express herself,) but she rallied and came once more to the front and says, to think you, the man I led to the Altar, should conduct himself in this way. I do believe I shall go mad (and I thought she hadn't far to go.) Well, I'll make

you pay for this my Joe John, now you mark that. And she went to the house, and I to the barn to unharness Fred, and take a survey of the situation. Now she undoubtedly thought I was intoxicated, but I assure you, such was not the case, as I am strictly a temperance man. I was unable to find any foundation for the comparisons she brought to bear upon my manly phiz, and as to my breath, that awful stench was caused by my eating a few young onions at red-ribbon lunch room, down town. Now all things have an end, so did this day and I will pass over the following night and not trouble you with an account of this night of nights. The next morning all seemed clear around the domestic horizon, and planting bag in hand I shouldered, my hoe and started for the corn field, when I was startled by that familiar voice, Joe John, Joe John, where are you going? I replied, to the field to plant corn. Then came the command—about face, forward march, double quick. I've got urgent business for you to-day, do you hear? And when I put in a protest that it was getting late and it was time corn was planted, she replied: Don't you know the moon is in the dark, and will be for two days yet? So hang up your hoe and march.— There was nothing left for me to do but obey, so submitting with as good a grace as possible, I marched and reported for further orders, which were forth coming. Pull off those boots and put your slippers on, then proceed to carry the furniture out of the parlor and parlor bed-room, into the front yard, and be careful not to scratch or move one single article. I went to work, for I knew that to decline any of these gentle requests would bring down an avalanche of words and vindictives that would bury me beneath them, so after a good deal of hard work and some sw— sweating, the rooms were cleared. Just then I caught a glimpse of Mary Ann coming up the front walk where she had been hanging on the gate talking with one of the neighbors for the last hour, and her breakfast dishes yet unwashed (urgent business, ahem.) Got them out have you, with a sharp glance at the furniture, to assure herself that it was uninjured. Now get the tack lifter and get these carpets loose as soon as possible for I am in an awful hurry, the rooms must be white-washed, the floors mopped, the carpets cleaned and put down, the furniture and pictures dusted and arranged, beside all my house work, and it must all be done by 3 o'clock, as I have got to go and make a few calls with Mrs. Streeter, when I gently hinted that if she had been doing house work instead of hanging on the gate talking, she might have got away by two o'clock, she slopped over again and said, Oh, yes! that's always the way, I can't speak to one of my neighbors with out you are mad about it, and with head turned up to one side and mouth askew, she left me monarch of all I surveyed. By this time the carpets were loosened, and then came the carrying out, hanging on a pole, whipping out the dust, &c. Then came the white washing, which was accomplished after some sharp sparring in regard to mixing and applying. Well you've got that done, have you? Now go to the barn and get some oat straw, and be sure to shake out all the chaff and dust, (just as if I didn't know enough for that, hadn't I taken that lesson every spring and fall for the last ten years?) Now we (just notice that we) must hurry, so I can get one of the carpets in and spread it on the floor. Mary Ann comes to the door and looks it over carefully, then walks to the opposite side of the room, and takes a

view from that point, then goes to the bed-room door and takes a look at right angles with the first view, and then concludes she will have it turned one-fourth around. There, that looks better, it will bring the warm spots in a different position. Now you may commence tacking it down on that side. She has a perfect horror of blood blisters under her finger nails, so she thinks of something she must do right away, and leaves me to complete the job. And just as I reach that desired point, Mary Ann put her head in side the door and wants to know how far it turned under on that side? I replied, about so far, measuring about half way to my shoulder on my arm. She said she expected it would turn under some, as she measured by her nose when she made it. I remarked (to myself) that if she had measured by her tongue it would have turned under still further. She flew into a terrible passion and denounced me and all my relation, and after exhausting all the pet words in her vocabulary; as a clincher, she picked up the tack-lifter and shied it at me with terrible force, but being an expert dodger, (I have had considerable practice in the art) I dodged the missile. The consequence was it struck the floor, rebounded, passed out the door and shivered the large plate mirror that was secured to the bed-room dressing bureau. Then as she took in the situation, she gave one howl of mingled rage and pain and fell to the floor in a swoon. Now if there is any thing I hate and that makes me extremely nervous, it is to see a woman in a swoon. Of course I had to resort to some restorative. Hardly realizing what I was doing, I forced about an ounce of Limberg cheese into her mouth and held a lump of fetty, (which in my nervousness I had mistaken for salts of ammonia) to her nose. I don't suppose there is another man living that would have made such a blunder, but it produced the desired result, and all I have got to say in regard to the means employed is that it is the most powerful restorative ever concocted. Try it. It certainly beats a combination lock all to pieces, for it unlocked Mary Ann's senses in a hurry, and with one frantic leap and a half choked utterance, (that I was unable to understand on account of its being so strongly flavored with Limberg), she sprang to her feet and out on the lawn, where she fell into the arms of Mrs. Streeter. What further took place at that time I am unable to say, for my heart was as full of thanksgiving at my success as her mouth was of cheese, and I retired to my closet to give vent to my feelings. The result is I have been keeping bachelor's hall from that day to this. The third day after Mary Ann left me, I was summoned to appear before Judge Justice to answer to the charge of Malpractice. I paid \$100 for the privilege of restoring Mary Ann to consciousness as a final result. There is now a case of Chancery in Court, brought by Mary Ann against her husband for a bill of divorce. I think I will let it go by default.

The above is to be continued if Mary Ann fails to get her Bill and Alimony.

Yours in a Happy State of Mind,
JOE. JOHN.

After the reading it was moved and supported that the Grievance Committee be instructed to have Joe. John arrested and brought before the Grange for reprimand. The House adjourned before the question was taken, the Chair having suggested that a "Committee of Investigation" might be necessary to his discovery.

Visiting Their Agricultural College.

We receive the following from Prof. W. J. Beal:

On August 24th, about three hundred persons visited the Agricultural College. They were in two parties, the larger coming from Delhi Center, as a Sunday school, the smaller from the county east. The larger party was composed largely of farmer's families, the smaller were mostly members of West Handy Grange, No. 613. Several other companies are coming although it is getting rather late in the season to see the grounds, crops, gardens, etc. to the best advantage. The party referred to expressed themselves very much interested in what they saw and heard. The Master of West Handy Grange said that some of their party had never visited this place and none of them had visited it for several years, most of them not within eight years, although they had lived only about fifteen miles away; until within two years they had generally considered the College a useless tax on the farmers, why? because they had not taken the trouble to go and see it, or because they had not tried to get the reports and read for themselves. They knew almost nothing about it. They had certain theories, picked up from various sources. Within two years they have entirely changed their views, and become in favor with their College. How came these farmers eager to learn the truth, and resolved to go and see and know for themselves? It was a Grange movement. Better late than never but it does no credit to farmers who will not sooner try to inform themselves about so important a movement so near them until it has been going twenty years. There are many in distant States who are better informed of what we are doing than most of the farmers in our State. How are we to reach this class? We are trying to reach them in a variety of ways, by reports, by writing for the papers, making experiments, answering questions, by Farmer's Institutes etc. We want the earnest co-operation of every true farmer. We are doing all we can for the elevation of the farmers as a class.

When a company visits us, they let us know beforehand. The party meets in the chapel for a few moments, where they are briefly instructed as to some of the experiments, where to find the orchards, vineyards, gardens, nursery, wild gardens, green house, plats of grasses, and large plants, plats of corn, and wheat etc., and potatoes, the fields, the cattle, the various buildings, the museum, library, etc. They take notes of these. They put out their horses; take their lunch in the grove. The visitors stroll about in small companies as they may wish. The College flag is raised, and the cornet band gives them music. We have a large number of visitors during the summer time, we are always glad to see them, especially in the best part of the year when crops can be seen. Too many visit this institution in the winter, too few in the summer.

I should have said that West Handy Grange was induced, partly at least, to visit us through the influence of our worthy Bro. J. Webster Childs who had dedicated their new hall, also by one of our students who lived in their neighborhood.

Fowls need charcoal when in confinement; but that from wood is not palatable to them. The best way of furnishing it to them is by charring an ear of corn. The fowls will devour it greedily, and the improved condition of their combs will soon show its wholesome effect.

Correspondence.

MORENCI, Aug. 18th, 1878.

Editor Grange Visitor:

Permit me to offer a short communication for the columns of your paper. The Granges of Southern Michigan and Northern Ohio held their annual basket picnic in the grove of Bro. Baldwin, a few rods south of the village of Morenci, on the 8th of August. The meeting was called to order and opened with a few appropriate remarks by Bro. Mason, of Morenci Grange, followed by speeches from Bros. Crabbs and Mickle. We had good singing by members of different Granges, and the Weston Cornet Band added life and joy to the occasion. At twelve o'clock we adjourned for dinner, and a good, social hour was enjoyed by all. At one o'clock the assembly was again called to order when Hon. C. G. Luce, of Branch Co., was introduced, and delivered a splendid address, which was appreciated by both believer and unbeliever, and we think it was the means of awakening some careless ones to a sense of their condition, and the value of our Order, as we have heard of several such expressing a desire of late to become a "granger, and with the grangers stand." At four o'clock the labors of the day were completed. At half past four the Pomona Grange held a session in the Morenci Grange hall. The meeting was called to order by Master Horton. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, five applications for membership were accepted, and the fifth degree conferred upon the candidates; after which the Grange opened in the fourth degree, and all fourth degree members were invited in. Morenci Grange hall was beautifully ornamented with evergreen and flowers, fruit and grain. A large collection of plants and flowers from the green house of A. A. Abbott added much to the beauty and freshness of its appearance. Short speeches and reports from different Granges were listened to with interest. The following poem was read by Miss Alice Mason of Morenci Grange:

PATRONS WELCOME!

We welcome brothers to our throng,
Who clear the fields for growing grain;
Who cultivate and labor long,
And wait for sunshine and for rain.
And when the harvest, ready, white,
Invites their labor and their care,
Go forth with sickles shining bright,
And gather in a bounteous share;
Then list, ye husbandmen, the call,
Of, "Welcome, Welcome, to our Hall."

And Sisters, too, with shepherds' crook,
The roaming flocks were yours to shield;
And then beside the rippling brook,
Faithfully gleaned in harvest field;
Enlisted now within our band,
My noble sister Matrons dear,
T, you we give a willing hand,
And list a welcome word of cheer.
Then welcome, welcome, matrons all,
To a seat within our hall.

We open the gates of hall and home,
To all who give the signal true,
And with our secret pass-words come,
Their pledge, fraternal, to renew.
We know no party, Church or sect,
While here within the Patrons room.
No strangers at our harvest feast,
But brothers, sisters, all at home.
Then welcome, welcome, Patrons all
To a seat within our hall.

The Grange was interested and instructed by some very spicy remarks from Bro. Luce, and at half past ten closed; all feeling that a pleasant and profitable day had been spent.

SPRINGVILLE, Aug. 24, 1878.

Brother Cobb:

If I mistake not, as yet nothing has ever appeared in the *Visitor* from Springville Grange No. 279. But for all that we are by no means dead, and if you will bear with me I will tell you something of our doings. We have no hall of our own, but have been able so far to rent a building that answers our purpose well; we have a portion of it set apart for a store, where we keep a general assortment of groceries, besides buying at wholesale many other commodities. We have just purchased over forty bushels Timothy

seed, and have been able to make quite a saving on all investments. But lest my article should become too lengthy I must proceed at once to what I wish more particularly to speak of. We have had during the summer months what we term semi-monthly afternoon tea-parties, where we meet in social intercourse, entering into discussions upon various subjects. The last one was held at the above date at the residence of Bro. Daniel Maslatt. These subjects were discussed; Is the Sowing of Salt Beneficial to Our Land, and What is the Best Variety of Wheat to Sow. E. R. Kilbury had but little experience in sowing salt, had sown salt upon his whole field of wheat, and could not tell the benefit. He mixed salt and plaster half and half. He thought different soils needed different kinds of wheat, Clawson's for openings, Amber for timber lands, and would sow from 10th to 12th of September. D. C. Richards had never sown any salt himself, but once worked for a man in York State, who sowed salt and thought it an injury. In sowing wheat he thought we should be governed by the condition of the ground; in hot and dry weather, wheat would malt before it would come up; would sow varieties as above mentioned. Geo. Sheelan sowed salt on his wheat last spring, and noticed that it very soon changed in color for the better. B. B. Hines had an interest in a piece of wheat sown with salt; the straw was bright, heads well filled and plump, while a piece just over the fence where no salt was sown was struck with rust; same kind of wheat and soil. R. Wooden from his observation thought he should sow salt this fall on his wheat. Bro. Morey had used salt, and thought he should use it again. He thought it had a tendency to stiffen the straw, thereby making it stand better. He had sown it on his corn-field, and did not have to plant over where the salt was applied. Wm. Ousted had a piece of wheat which was being entirely eaten up by some worm. An application of salt seemed to arrest their work. The discussion ended with a select reading by Sister Taylor. J. E. GIBBS, Sec.

COVERT, VAN BUREN Co. Mich., }
Aug. 13th, 1878. }

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

Dear Sir:—The Van Buren County Grange held its third quarterly session in South Haven, Aug. 8th. There was a very good attendance of the members, also a goodly number of visitors from Allegan and Berrien Counties. Among them I noticed Bros. Barnard and wife, Bishop, Miller, Marrs, Rector and Thomas Mason, of Chicago. Bro. Mason favored us with a short address setting forth the trials and claims of the Patrons Commission House in Chicago. His remarks were timely and well received, and I think that the mind of every Patron was, that he ought to be sustained in his efforts to secure for the Patrons all that their produce should bring in that market. He explained why it is so often the case that common fruits were returned as bringing as much or more than the best. He advised all Patrons to put up their packages as near alike in quality as possible, thereby causing it to sell upon its merits. Mr. Masen said that Patrons need not be afraid of sending him too much of a good article. Bros. Barnard, Miller and Hogue favored us with short, spirited addresses. We were kindly received by the South Haven Grange, and entertained by them with the true hospitality of Patrons. Our Sessions were harmonious and useful to all concerned. Our Co-operative business seems to lag at the present time, but we hope that the present stringency will relax, and that Patrons will feel able to take hold of the matter and make it a success. Crops are fair; corn is suffering for want of rain; apples are a light crop in this vicinity; peaches will not be any thing here, and around South Haven they are not a good crop. The Orders seem to be growing stronger in this County—that is to say that although we may not number as many as formerly, yet we are stronger in moral and intellectual character than ever. The Grange has come to stay, and is already a great power in the land, and that for good. Hoping that the principles we hold will become better known, I subscribe myself, Yours Fraternally,
JAMES O'KEITH.

At a meeting of Kent County Grange No. 18, held at the hall of Whitneyville Grange No. 222, the following pro-

amble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, A firm by the name of Joseph Bickford & Co., of Ypsilanti, Mich., are extorting money from farmers in various parts of this State for pretended infringements upon a patent claimed to be held by said firm for a slip gate, and

Whereas, we know said gate to have been in general use by the farmers in this County several years prior to the time claimed for said patent;

Therefore, Resolved, That we will resist and refuse payment of any money as a royalty to said firm or any of their agents for the use of said gate.

Resolved Further, That we will unite and defend any member of the Order in any suit that may be instituted against the aforesaid pretended infringement by said parties, or any other person or persons. Signed,

WM. P. WHITNEY, Master.
M. B. HINE, Secy.

WHITNEYVILLE, Kent Co., }
August 26th, 1878. }

Worthy Sec'y Cobb:

Having seen no correspondence from our Grange in the *Visitor*, I think it may not be uninteresting to our Sister Granges to know that Whitneyville Grange, No. 222 yet lives, although some of its enemies long since predicted its speedy dissolution; but no doubt the "wish was father to the thought," and if any of our Anti-Grange friends (?) had been present at our meeting last Saturday evening, we think even they would have been compelled to acknowledge that it was a pretty "lively corpse." We have now about fifty members in good standing, besides four candidates on whom was conferred the first degree at our last meeting. There are also several delinquents, some of whom signify their intention of returning again to the fold this fall. "And still the lamp holds out to burn." The chief attraction at our last meeting was our new Organ, which was used for the first time that evening. It is one of the Beatty organs from Washington, N. Y. It is a beautifully made, and very sweet toned instrument, sent on fifteen days trial, and only cost, including freight, &c., about seventy dollars. It is needless to add that it gives complete satisfaction, and if any of our Grange friends are desirous of purchasing an instrument, we would advise them to give this kind a trial before buying any other. We have a Grange Social, composed of the ladies of our Society, which contributed forty dollars towards the organ. The Kent County Pomona Grange was held at our Hall on the 7th instant, and although your correspondent was unavoidably absent, being engaged in teaching the "young idea," and can not speak from observation, it was said by those present to have been very entertaining and instructive. Last, but not least was a feast of good things provided by our worthy matrons, of which all partook with hearty zest. We have not any hall of our own as yet, (other than two of our candidates) but occupy a very convenient room which we have rented ever since our organization some four years ago. But we hope by another year or so we will have a building of our own.

I have much more to say, especially on the subject of Education of farmers' children, but I fear I have already taken up too much space that would have been better occupied by others, but if I am made welcome this time, I may at some future time come again.

Yours, Fraternally, L.

GENESEE PIONEER GRANGE, 118. }
Aug. 12th, 1878. }

Brother J. T. Cobb:

Dear Sir:—I see by the last *Visitor* you wish to be posted in regard to the apple crop. I happen to be one of a committee of six, who were appointed to ascertain and report upon the crops, and the prospects of the different crops in this vicinity. The wheat is now harvested and being thrashed, and is yielding from 20 to 35 bushels per acre. Oats will be a light crop in quantity and quality. Barley was not much raised, but what there was suffered damage by the rains. Of corn the prospect now is that it will be poor; it is late, and a good share of it will never mature. The trouble with the corn was too much wet. It made the land cold. The hay crop was more than an average, but was badly damaged by the rains. Grapes and peaches bid fair to be plenty. The apple crop bid fair last spring to be large, but late frosts damaged the

prospects, and I think the wet weather has had a tendency to make them fall off; but I believe there will be an average crop. I think that our Grange could get two car loads and perhaps more. I shall have myself half enough for a car load; other Granges in the County will have considerable. We would like to know how they will be wanted—on commission or purchase here? It may be that it will be a good outlet for our apples. I am satisfied from observation, not only for this season but for years, that the great remedy for too much wet or dry is a thorough under-draining of our land. I have seen fields of oats this summer that were sown on clay land not under-drained that became so crusted over that the seed never half grew. Yours,

WM. ALGATE,

BIRMINGHAM, MICH., }

Aug. 19, 1878. }

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

The next regular meeting of the Oakland Pomona Grange, No. 5, P. of H., will be held at Pontiac, on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, 1878, at one o'clock p. m. Members of the Order are cordially solicited to attend. Yours Fraternally,
JOSEPH JACKSON, Sec.

The next meeting of the St. Clair Co. Grange No. 12 will be held at the hall of Jeddo Grange No. 491, Jeddo, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1878. All Patrons in this and adjoining Counties are cordially invited to attend.
MOSES LOCKE,
Master Jeddo Grange No. 491.

Worthy Bro. Cobb:

Dear Sir and Brother:—The Hillsdale Pomona Grange No. 10, P. of H., will hold a meeting at Fayette Grange Hall in the village of Jonesville, on Wednesday the 4th day of next September. E. J. HODGES, Sec.

THE REAPER, DEATH.

Sister Ada, daughter of Joseph and Nancy Baker, aged 23, died of consumption, on the 26th day of May, 1878. The deceased when prostrated by her last sickness, held the office of Pomona, in Flower Grange No. 497, of which she was a charter member, and as long as health permitted, was a regular attendant and efficient worker; and

Whereas, It has pleased God to remove this our sister from among us, therefore,
Resolved, That in her death we lose a quiet, peaceable, worthy member; her family, a treasure; the neighborhood, a friend.

Resolved, That the above obituary, preamble and resolutions be printed in the *Grange Visitor*, and spread upon the records of our Grange.
MARTIN BAKER, Secretary.

Flower Grange, P. H., No. 497, }
Claybanks, Mich., Aug. 22d, 1878. }

LINES COMPOSED BY DR. E. SABIN, SHELBY, MICH.

Once again our Grange is mourning
For a noble sister gone,
But we'll meet her in the morning
When we reach our final home.

Oh! how sad the stroke has fallen
On a mother's loving heart,
But we know that angels calling,
Bid our loving ones depart.

And a sister, sad and lonely,
Brother dear and father, too,
All must give up one so lovely,
And, with us, bid her adieu.

Ever through a long, long sickness,
As the vital forces fade,
Did our sister bear with meekness
The afflictions on her laid.

And when death relieved this Matron,
While kind friends around did weep:
Like a good and noble Patron,
She in Jesus fell asleep.

We shall sadly miss our sister,
When we come to our retreat,
But we know that angels bless her,
And she's waiting us to greet.

Mrs. E. M. Crawford, wife of A. N. Crawford, of Ganges, died June 2d, 1878, aged 64 years. Michigan Lake Shore Grange, of which the deceased was a member, adopted the following tribute to her memory:

Whereas, Her husband's Death has entered our midst, and taken from our number our beloved Sister Crawford; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our sister, we have lost a useful and beloved member of our Order, that as a Grange we lament her death, and earnestly tender our sympathies to our Brother and the family and friends that mourn her loss.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for sixty days; that these resolutions be entered upon our record, a copy sent to the family, and a copy to the *Visitor* for publication.

The Grange.

Extracts from a paper read before Newark, N. Y., Grange, April 6th, 1878:

The Grange is, practically, one of the new things of our times. What the order has accomplished has been done within a brief period, and what it has failed to do, it has a few years of existence to be blamed for. Without going into details as to reasons for its organization, the fact was plainly evident that the rural masses were deficient in many important branches of education; that they held too strongly to the traditions of their fathers, instead of being guided by the revelations of science and newer experience, and there was not that concert of thought and effort that characterizes most other pursuits. Recreation and social enjoyment did not receive their proper share of attention; and in short, a boundless and exhaustless field appeared to be opened, in which united labors of head, heart and hand would produce rich and abundant fruits. The fact was quite too plain that even the best farmers were not living up to the requirements or privileges of this enlightened and progressive age. The very nature of a farmer's yearly operations is calculated to teach him the virtue of patient waiting, laboring always, rather than to inspire a zeal for new opinions and practices. Relying upon the promises of "seed time and harvest," he becomes accustomed to "wait for things to come around." While thus waiting, men, things and events have come around him in ways not always for his good.

As long as farmers are simply trying to "hold the even tenor of their way," individually, they are relatively going backwards. People of every other calling, tramps, thieves and politicians not excepted, have their exclusive associations for the particular benefit of members of their craft. A mutual association of some sort for farmers had become, not a desirable choice, but an absolute necessity. Under the circumstances a movement which promises social, moral, mental and financial benefits, even at a small sacrifice of time, money and prejudice, could not be expected to make rapid and general progress throughout the country. Old habits and customs were too firmly fixed, and the change to new and untried methods too great, not to require time and education before their adoption became general. Comparative ignorance on the part of those to be benefited, as well as a lack of confidence in humanity, were at the same time serious obstacles and impelling motives to the progress of the new order of things. All obstacles to the contrary notwithstanding, the growth of the Grange has been tolerably rapid, and in the main satisfactory. This may suggest such questions as "What is the Grange?" "What has it done, and what is it going to do?" Briefly—it is an institution which seeks to better, in every sense of the word, the condition of farmers and their families, without defrauding any individual or class. As an educator it has already done much by teaching the first step toward knowledge, "to know that we are ignorant." If it seems like assuming too much to claim that connection with the order has taught us this, there is plenty of other evidence to prove the ignorant condition, as well as the consciousness of it. Have we not been told from time to time, and rather emphatically, too, that farmers are ignorant; that they do not understand business; that they cannot agree to unite, even for their own interests; that they cannot keep their own counsels or secrets? The

manner of telling often implies that they are hopelessly ignorant; that they cannot even manage their own affairs; that they are in constant danger of violating the universal and immutable laws of trade; that so simple an affair as a mutual life or fire insurance association is an abstruse science quite beyond their possibilities. No need of the grange to teach us that we lack culture and social accomplishments. Reminders of that fact come quite often enough from those of our fellow mortals who move in other walks of life.

Right here the farmers' organization has furnished incalculable aid and comfort to another class. Those who would speak slightly of us or our occupation, have only to use the word grangers, and they have said volumes. In their opinion it is equivalent to using all the disrespectful epithets ever applied to the ignorant and unfortunate tillers of the soil. But a brighter day is dawning. Man's first and noblest occupation is "looking up." In the triumph of mind over matter, none have greater opportunities than the farmer. I make the assertion without the fear of contradiction, that nothing has given a greater impetus to improved methods of agriculture and general education among farmers than this same Patrons movement. The order is yet in infancy, but promises well for reaching full maturity, and perhaps a hearty and honorable old age.

That class of croakers, who were wont to predict its early demise, appear to be completely discouraged as prophets. Much of the opposition and disfavor with which the movement has had to contend, have come from a misapprehension of its motives and its objects. It has been regarded in the light of a "trades union" among mechanics, or a combination among manufacturers or dealers. Were such organizations conducted on strictly grange principles, their whole management would be changed and much good would result. There can be no possible objection to members of any trade or profession uniting for their own instruction or profit, so long as the rights or privileges of any individual or class are in no way lessened or endangered thereby. Duty to ourselves, to our families, to our fellow beings, and to our country requires that we should study to make the best possible use of our time, our talents and our means. How can we better do this than by occasional meetings to confer with those of kindred interests and occupation?

Some may be disappointed that we are not already obtaining more and greater pecuniary benefits. If any members are inclined to blame the order in general, remember we have no right to do so, until the component part which we form, is doing its utmost to help the whole order, to become what it might and should be. To plead a lack of confidence is simply to confess a want of faith in each other, which I am sure we do not feel. I presume the members of a grange at the outset might be divided into three classes as regards their confidence in the order, and their reasons for joining it. The first have no particular confidence in the order, but join because it seems to be popular and may help them to accomplish some personal ends. They do not expect to benefit the grange, and as soon as their motives are understood, nobody expects they will. Another class have all confidence, in fact expect wonders, and seem to think the grange will do it all, leaving nothing to be done by them as individuals. Such, of course, are doomed to disappointment. The third, and it is to be hoped the largest class, are those who

realize that by judicious and united efforts much may be accomplished, that the grange will become just what its members unitedly determine to make it. As soon as this class absorbs, or even outnumbers the other two, all vision of failure will vanish.

I believe that every grange, independent of any connection with National, State or County organizations, has, within itself, ability and resources sufficient to accomplish great and good results for all its members. In a united capacity we are apt to lose sight of individual responsibility and duties. Perfection in every part is essential to a harmonious whole. In case of such members as claim that the grange "does not pay," there is often the best of reason for it—it does not owe them anything. Those who are punctual and regular in the attendance, and prompt and cheerful in their discharge of all their duties towards the grange, are not given to making such complaints. Patrons often hear the injunction, "Whatever you strive to do, do it well," and they cannot be too careful about heeding it. Under the old order of things, lack of time has been one of the most serious evils the farmer has had to suffer. Even now there are plenty of members who imagine they cannot spend time to attend the meetings of their grange. Fifteen minutes saved each day, by improved management or some other device not already in use, will cover all the time necessarily spent in attendance.

For my part I believe that one of the essential benefits of the grange consists in taking its members from their regular and exhausting labors for a few hours every week. This saving every minute is one of the matters on which our judgment is often at fault. Many who aim or claim never to waste a moment, really waste their whole lives as far as the good they have done is concerned. We lay all sorts of plans for enjoying life and making others happy at some future time, and neglect the present opportunities for doing both. Less time and thought spent in regrets for the past, and plans for the future, would leave all that is necessary for present duties or enjoyment.

Before the days of the grange, farmers knew but little concerning the first cost of the most common articles they use. The difference between buying for cash or credit is one of the things we are beginning to learn. So, too, of large quantities or small. A certain manufacturer would not sell a dozen plow points at a time for cash, at any less rate than a single one on credit. His excuse was, "to serve everybody alike." A remark being made not particularly complimentary to his manner of doing business, he replied, "Plow points are a pretty close thing anyway." Pretty close to all profit, thought I to myself. Shrewd but honest dealers are no longer backward about seeking the grange trade and making it an object for farmers to buy for cash, and in larger quantities. Life and insurance associations, on some plan that will keep their highest officers out of the penitentiaries, and their patrons out of the poor-houses, have also become necessary. The difference between paying actual losses and necessary expenses, instead of imaginary losses, enormous salaries, commissions and expenses, is getting to be understood. These associations are already among the most successful and practical grange enterprises. A little effort is all that is necessary to increase their usefulness many fold. While it would be impossible to predict the future of our order, too much attention cannot be given to the performance of its present requirements.

Improvements in Farming.

Although the application of labor-saving machines to agriculture is far behind the application of these agencies to the mechanic arts and manufactures, still it is wonderful how much more work can be done, and how much more produce can be raised by the farmer of to-day than by his father forty or fifty years ago. It was stated in a paper read before the Social Science association at Cincinnati, on the patent system of the U. S. by Carroll D. Wright, that fifty years ago, when corn was planted by hand, two acres a day was good work for one man; now an Illinois farmer with a check-sower and horses can plant fifty acres a day, doing the work of seven men under the old system. Before the invention of corn-shellers, shelling was done by hand, and three to five bushels a day was a man's work; now two men with a sheller driven by a farm engine can turn out 1,500 bushels a day at a cost of one-half cent a bushel. Seed sowing is now done by machines at the rate of twenty acres a day, and much more evenly and thoroughly done than in the old days of broadcast hand sowing. In 1845 the McCormick reaper was first introduced, and 150 of them built at Cincinnati, but it did not come into general use until 1852. It enables one man and a team to perform the work of seven cradles. But even the reaper did not bind the grain into sheaves, and up to four years ago the farmer had to pay binders \$3 a day. In 1873 the first self-binder was introduced, and now a combined reaper and binder, drawn by a pair of horses and a man, will cut and bind twelve to fifteen acres of grain a day, doing the work of twelve men. Less than fifty years ago cotton was cleaned—that is, the fibre separated from the seed—by hand, at the rate of four or five pounds of cleaned cotton to the hand per day. Now with a gin it is cleaned at the rate of 4,000 pounds a day. Twenty years ago the rule was for one man with a horse and plow to cultivate twenty acres of corn; now the rule is for one man with a sulky cultivator drawn by a pair of horses to take care of eighty acres. In 1870 there were 6,000,000 persons reported engaged in agriculture in the United States, and the product of their labor, with the aid of machinery was 287,600,000 bushels wheat; 761,000,000 bushels corn; 282,000,000 bushels oats; 17,000,000 bushels rye; 29,761,000 bushels barley; 3,000,000 bales of cotton; 27,000,000 pounds flax; 12,746 tons hemp; 27,316,000 tons hay; 73,635,000 pounds rice; 262,535,000 pounds of tobacco; 164,000,000 bushels potatoes; and smaller amounts of other crops. But if this immense agricultural report had been raised entirely by the slow and feeble processes in use fifty years ago, it would have required 25,000,000 persons instead of 6,000,000.

Our agriculture possesses one great advantage over our manufactures which saves it from the results of over-production. It has a foreign market for all the surplus it can yield. We cannot eat any more bread now than we ate twenty years ago, yet one man can produce four or five times as much; but we can always find a foreign market for what we do not ourselves consume—and this saves the farming interest from the breakdown which excessive production brings to manufacturers. Were it not for this foreign market, we would have to break up our farm machinery and go back to the old hand methods, to prevent the land from being glutted with unconsumed produce.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Hot alum water is the best insect destroyer known. Put the alum into hot water and let it boil until all the alum is dissolved; then apply it hot with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where any insects are found. Ants, bedbugs, cockroaches, and creeping things are killed by it; while it has no danger of poisoning the family or injuring the property.

To CURE a felon take a pint of common soft soap and stir in air-slacked lime till it is the consistency of glacier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and the cure is certain. This is a domestic application that every housekeeper can obtain promptly.

As soon as the upper portion of the straw of the cereals become yellow, no further increase takes place in the seed. If the grain be not cut down soon after the appearance of this sign, its quality deteriorates and its weight diminishes.—N. E. Farmer.

Even the railway embankments in many parts of France and Belgium are fringed with fruit trees, and many of the small tenant fruit growers in Jersey and Guernsey have made money sufficient to enable them to purchase their own land.

—A Yankee was asked if he had crossed the Alps mountains "Wal, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass over some risin' ground.

—A politician who was kicked down a flight of stairs in St Louis, said he felt as if his seat had been contested.

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Sample Hive—Complete, - - \$3.50.

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Yours,
LYMAN THOMPSON.

I do hereby endorse the statement of Mr. Lyman Thompson.

O. H. FELLOWS.

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J. T. Cobb, Schoolcraft, Mich.
C. L. Whitney, Muskegon, Mich.
R. C. Tate, Pres't Mich. L. S. F. G. Association, St. Joseph, Mich.
W. A. Brown, Sec'y Mich. L. S. F. G. Ass'n, Stevensville, Mich.

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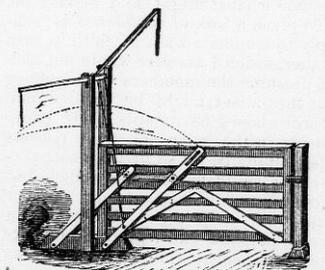
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