

# CARANCO'S VISITOR

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

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Address, J. T. COBB,  
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## Postal Jottings.

THE FREE TRADE HERESY.

This political heresy is repudiated by a very large class of the American people; and we might say by the better class. The South is just now awakening to the evils it inflicts on business, because the South is now beginning to labor, to manufacture, and hence to see and experience the genuine benefits of protection. And her laboring men will become protectionists for every article manufactured generally represents labor. Again, the eyes of the American republic are directed to England in her great effort to cripple our industries as she has, for the last few centuries, those of Scotland, Ireland, and her colonial dependencies. She is determined to do all the manufacturing; England must be the great industrial establishment, or workshop, and her cheap labor must do all the work and she reap all the profits in this great monopoly.

I AM ashamed to say we have not taken our Grange paper this summer, so I do not know whether you receive jottings from Wright Grange or not. Our Grange, No. 307, is among the prosperous ones of the State. Our number is small, but we have interesting meetings—discussing questions pertaining to agriculture, reading selections, etc. During the winter months we have social and literary entertainments which help to pass the long winter evenings pleasantly. We buy our dry goods and groceries of Montgomery Ward & Co., who give good satisfaction. If the time ever comes (and I think it will) that the farmer can have a few of the almighty dollars besides what it takes to keep soul and body together and pay taxes, I hope to see a good Grange store in this County. Crops in this part of the State were fair. Wheat and hay were average crops; oats, corn and potatoes suffered severely from drought, potatoes especially, some farmers not raising their seed to say nothing of any to eat. We have a fair crop of apples, cherries, pears and small fruits.

Alma, Sept. 27, 1886.  
THERE are many people, even among the Patrons, who can never learn anything only by experience. They take no lesson from the experience of others. They must be bitten by the serpent before they know the poison of his fangs. Bohemian oat swindlers have traveled through the country, catching every dude that would nibble their bait. Canvassers for County histories have passed through all the counties, swindling the people out of thousands of dollars for pictures to ornament their books at from \$50 to \$125 each when the same pictures could be bought for one-tenth of that sum. Other swindlers too numerous to mention have traversed the State, each time with some new device to deceive the innocent. Now a grocery firm in Detroit takes pity on the farmer and sends out its agents everywhere to divide its profits with the poor farmer by selling its goods at wholesale prices. The agents carry the best of samples with them, and from these the farmer selects goods and gives his order for from five to one hundred dollars. No sample is kept by the buyer and no bill of prices retained by him. On a certain day according to notice a car arrives with two or three thousand dollars' worth of groceries, which are hustled out of the car as fast as people can snatch them and the money paid over; but no bill is given of the amount or price. The verdant buyer goes home and finds that his tea that he agreed for at 33 cts at wholesale is charged at 82 cts, including freight. His extra nice London layers that were to be 15 cts a pound are charged \$2 a box, and only 10 lbs. in a box, which with the freight added makes 21 cts. a lb. Extra Java coffee that was to be brewed and in the kernel is now ground and nailed up tight, and nobody on earth except "Whitney & Co.," of Detroit, can tell how many beans are mixed with it. Now my advice to every Patron is to beware of strangers, no matter how cheap they sell, how smooth they talk, how long they pray, how pious they may be, or how much they promise; it is never safe to contract with them, or sign a paper in their hands, if nothing is written on it but the Lord's prayer.

CLINTON COUNTY.  
REPORT OF SPECIAL COMMITTEE.  
Patrons of Sparta Grange:  
Your special committee, to whom was referred the subject of taxation, would submit the following propositions:  
First—That all property owned by individuals, corporation or societies, except municipal corporations, be assessed for the purpose of taxation.  
Second—That all indebtedness be deducted from the assessed value of property, either personal or real.  
Third—That the State carry the returned or unpaid taxes.  
Fourth—The abolishing of the office of Auditor General as being an unnecessary expense to the people.  
Fifth—That we demand a careful and economical expenditure of the public moneys.  
Sixth—That all moneys appropriated for educational purposes be expended in teaching the practical English branches.  
Seventh—That boards of review be abolished.  
Your committee would recommend the adoption of this report for the following reasons:  
That all interests or business receiving the encouragement and protection of governments should bear their just proportion of its burdens, whether it be that of individuals, corporations or societies.  
Sparta, Mich., June 19, 1886.

MAY I state that Madison Grange, No. 384, has been having meetings of apparently old time interest? Very pleasant was the contest just closed in which we were not on the winning side, hence a few words may not be deemed braggart. Quite a number of the Granges in the County have each chosen sides as for a spelling match, and an umpire being chosen, each exercise counts a given number. A little more is allowed for each application to the side obtaining it, and a little less for each personal attendance. Families are divided as much as possible. The conquered side are to furnish a supper and the other a literary program.

At our last meeting after conferring of degrees the literary work was omitted and the Grange adjourned after presenting our Worthy Master, Mrs. W. M. Beal, and her husband with a token of good will. It was the tenth anniversary of their wedding.  
A second surprise awaited them when they found their home in full possession of Patrons and neighbors who had managed to get there before them. Numerous mementoes were left as tokens of good will, and the only thing noticeably cool was the ice cream.  
It is to be deprecated that all will not vote for the man rather than the party. We of Madison have two equally good straight men before us who are Patrons: Bro. Luce (Rep.) for Governor and Bro. P. H. Dowling, of Rome, (Dem.) for County Surveyor, and we propose to elect them both. If not, the Patrons are to blame.  
E. W. A.

ONE of the attractive features of Lenawee County Fair was the display of agricultural products made by Palmyra Grange. The products of industry were arranged in a building 18x24 feet. It was a whole exhibition in itself, and crowds were gathered there nearly all the time during the fair. A life-sized "Ceres" made by Sister Madison Graves was the crowning success of the exhibit. Her dress was a marvel of beauty—made with bands or belts of grains and germs. Ours was the only Grange display and we got the first prize, which was \$35. Political matters begin to boom some in this locality, but just now farmers are too busy to do very much booming. Apples of course are an abundant crop and bring from 75 cents to \$1.00 per barrel. Late potatoes are very good and are worth 35 cents per bushel. Our St. Patrick potatoes are very nice and large. We get fifteen bushels to the row forty rods long. There was about the usual amount of wheat sown this fall. Some are not troubled with the insect. Clover seed is nearly a failure. Corn is good, and some are husking. The Lenawee Horticultural Society met at our home yesterday (Tuesday, 6). A large number were present. The subject principally discussed was "Storing and keeping fruit for winter." "Our County Fair" next month's subject.  
Lenawee Co. M. T. COLE.

DEAR VISITOR:—I think we have got the thing all right this time for Governor, and have got the independent voter on our side. A few years ago we received visits from a few Patrons who told us we were going to have a farmer Governor sure, told us we must attend the primary meetings, and if our party would not nominate a farmer, and the other party would we must be independent and scratch our man. So their party caucus came off, and they were beaten, and the other party nominated Brother Holloway, and then these men said Governor did not amount to much, and turned around and helped elect the hardware man. But Brother Luce stood up to the rack and made it hot for the hardware man from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Detroit to the Gulf of Mexico. So you see we will make him Governor for one term, and then one term in Congress, and then I think he will be lawyer enough to take the place of Lawyer Congressman Willets as President of the Agricultural College, and then we Patrons will be represented a plenty. Dear VISITOR, I am an independent voter, and a member of Fairfield Grange, No. 278.  
HENRY ABBOTT.  
Jasper, Lenawee Co., Mich.

WILL some reader of the VISITOR give the best treatment for pear trees? Have several nice ones, but they were this season affected by what we termed "blight." The leaves turned brown and after a little many of them fell to the ground. The fruit also was brown on one side and shriveled up and much of it fell while quite small. Any information which will prevent such an occurrence next year will be gratefully received.  
READER.

If our officers felt that they would be firmly supported in enforcing the law to the letter we would see less evasion of it. What we need for public duty is, "Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy"; men who can stand before a demagogue and damn his treacherous flatteries without winking! Tall men, uncrowned, who live above the fog in public duty and private thinking. For while the rable, with their thumb-worn creeds, their large professions, and their little deeds, mingle in selfish strife, lo! "Freedom weeps; wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps."  
As to enforcing the present liquor law, it is a fact that to enforce the law of selling to minors and drunks would be to take away from the liquor dealers four-fifths of their customers. If you then enforce the law against selling adulterated liquors you take away nearly all their profits as well as all their liquors. Then enforce the law against music and stage performances in saloons and you will drive away most of the remaining fifth of their patrons. There will be a few saloon keepers who may live off the moderate drinker's appetite; but the number will be so small that their influence in politics will count for naught.  
L. R.

[THE following from a private note, accompanying a manuscript that will appear next time, explains a correspondent's long silence. Our readers will join us in extending to her our sympathy in her misfortune and assurance of a "welcome home" to the VISITOR again.—ED.]  
Have you ever wondered what have become of my contributions for the GRANGE VISITOR? I think forest fires must have destroyed many of them, as our farm was completely destroyed by the fire; and first our timber to a large extent, then our fences, pastures and meadows followed in quick succession. Then came the loss of our large stock barn, containing 20 tons of hay and considerable grain, straw, farming implements, tools, etc. A few days later the house with much of its contents all swept away. Do you wonder now that "Maple Twigs" were forgotten or rather neglected? Well, after so long a time we are settled down again, and I hope no other catastrophe will happen to hinder my pen and brain from doing their accustomed work. Yours respectfully,  
MAY MAPLE.  
Oct. 6, 1886.

BRO. LEVI SPARKS reminds me of the Thanes of Scotland who worked against Sir William Wallace, the man who was continually doing his best for their interests.  
I wonder if Bro. Levi really imagines himself immaculate, that he so positively declares himself for the right every time? The brother should recollect that that assertion covers a great deal. Others may differ widely from him in many points, yet have good reasons to believe they are just as nearly right as he is.  
You know, Friend Levi, there is such a thing as respecting others' opinions, though they may not coincide with your own.  
If I were to give you any advice it would be this: Leave thy sparks further from paper, lest they ignite and consume that fraternal feeling which should exist between all Patrons.  
DeWitt, Mich., Oct. 7, 1886. H. A. S.

SINCE Bro. Cobb has examined and discussed the merits and qualifications of the different candidates for the office of Governor, and has shown a decided preference for Worthy Master Luce, I will venture a few ideas which may not be entirely in unison with his. He seems to think that the main issue is whether we are to have a farmer or a lawyer for our next Governor, and asks: "Why will farmers help lawyers to place and position, in preference to capable men from their own ranks?" Well, if there was no other issue before the people than the one he supposes, the question would be pertinent to the case; but there are thousands of good and intelligent men in the State of Michigan who believe in human progress, but they fail to see any element of progress in the party that nominated Mr. Luce for Governor. There are those who believe in the currency reform doctrines and can not dispose of them in the summary manner Bro. Cobb did by calling them disputed theories of finance. When a principle is so vaguely understood it is called a "theory"; but when it is well understood and is daily being demonstrated before our eyes, it ceases to be a theory and becomes an established fact.  
Again, there are thousands of good men who are in the prohibition camp, and firmly believe that a growing prohibition party will have a greater influence for good than the mere election of a man who may be personally opposed to the liquor traffic. Is it fair to point the finger of scorn at such and cry "partisan"? Party spirit in such a case, or in any good cause, is an honor to him who holds it.  
In the contest over the currency question the interests of lawyers as a class are not arrayed against those of farmers; it is Shylcock against the working men of all trades; and lawyers are interested only as they are interested in the advance of civilization and are opposed to the customs of barbarous ages. Now when one comes to the front and d boldly champions an unpopular cause it would be an everlasting shame to permit him to be sacrificed on the altar to Mammon.  
H. ADAMS.  
Scotts, Oct. 12, 1886.

A FEW weeks after coming to our new home the GRANGE VISITOR came to us. To whom we are indebted for it we are yet in ignorance, but will say our thanks by renewing the paper as the year is about up. We like its motto, its tone of reform, temperance, etc., and will help it all we can. Enclosed please find fifty cents in postage stamps. Cannot get a P. O. O. at Cottonwood. Shasta Co., Cal. WALTER LULL.

I QUITE agree with the writer from Henderson, Iowa, in regard to our Grange work. It is too much the case with us all. One waits for another. It is not because we cannot say anything for the good of the order. It's just because all are anxious to hear from some one else. Out of the Grange they can all have plenty to say, and say that which would be of great importance to the Grange.  
The Grange is not flourishing in Iowa as it is in Michigan, and this is one of the great causes for it. Homestead Grange, of Story Co., is not doing as well as it might, although better than a great many. We keep our store running and that is more than some do. But it is not as entertaining and instructing as it should be for the amount of talent there is in the order. I think it is high time the Grange and farmers are up and doing. What farmers have to sell they have to take just what they please to give, and if you want to buy anything of them it is "what will you take?" Why cannot the farmer say how much his corn is worth? Does he not know how much it cost him to raise it as well as the market price? I think the Grange is taking a turn in Iowa for the better. Bro. Blackford, the State Master, is doing some good work in the western part of the State and is willing to go anywhere that he can do any good toward organizing new Granges. I think it would be a good thing for Iowa to have a reunion of all old as well as new Granges in every county, and have some good lecturers or speakers who have the Grange at heart, to talk to them. There are some that do not know what good the Grange has done for the country, nor what it might do if the people would combine together and work for the interest of the farmers in sending the right men to Congress to make laws. If all of the States would do as Michigan is doing I think we would have better times in a few years. I hope every Patron will support Bro. Luce, and that they may look after their Congressmen as well, that they may be as good men as he.  
I hope there will be many more Iowa letters in the next VISITOR. Bro. Murphy must be sick or gone from home that we do not get anything from his able pen. If Michigan has any more like the Watts family to dispose of in like manner send them on, we need them. We hope Bro. and Sister Watts may accomplish a great good there in the way of building up the order.  
Story Co., Iowa. MRS. I. C. SANTELL.

THE GRANGE VISITOR for Oct. 1 is received, and I want to say how heartily I approve the position you take in the editorial, "The Visitor and Politics." I hope the farmers of Michigan will have the good sense not to be drawn away from the support of Mr. Luce by political demagogues. Will they never learn that so long as they allow their party prejudices to govern them just so long they will be mere tools in the hands of politicians to be used for their own selfish purposes? For more than 20 years we have been waiting and hoping for legislation in the interest of agriculture through lawyer legislators, and we have waited in vain. Every interest must take care of itself or go to the wall. Farmers have

neglected to take care of their own industry, and as a consequence the legislation of the country has been very largely in favor of special classes, and against the great class of producers. And there will be no change in this legislation until there is a change in the legislators. When farmers will learn to lay aside their party preferences and vote in their own interest rather than in the interest of party, then they may expect relief from their present burdens, and not till then. If the farmers of Michigan are so negligent of their own interests as to allow Mr. Luce to be defeated, they deserve the contempt of every self-respecting class in the State. If they will not stand by each other they must expect that every other class and industry will outstrip them in the race and they will become mere dependents upon the will and charity of other classes. I hope your farmers will not be so short sighted as to fail to support Mr. Luce. It would be a disgrace to farmers everywhere.  
HEMAN GLASS.  
Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1886.

## Notices of Meetings.

LAST June Weston Pomona and Newwaygo Co. Granges held a joint meeting at Trent and found it a very profitable and enjoyable affair. At that time it was agreed to hold another joint meeting at Ashland Grange Hall, Newwaygo Co., on the 26th and 27th of October. At that time the Weston Pomona Grange will furnish the following program:  
1. Reply to welcome address.  
2. The farmer and the protective tariff.  
3. Unnecessaries in housekeeping.  
4. What position ought the farmer to assume in politics?  
5. Green manuring vs. commercial fertilizers.  
Persons will be appointed to lead in each discussion, but it is hoped that all, not only of Weston Pomona but of Newwaygo Co. Grange, will take part in the discussion.  
C. C. LILLIE,  
Lec. Weston Pomona Grange.

In accordance with the provisions of its Constitution and the resolution adopted at the Session of 1885, the Twentieth Session of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, commencing on "the Wednesday after the second Monday in November," 10th proximo, at 11 o'clock A. M.  
The Sessions of the Grange will be held in Musical Fund Hall, Locust Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets.  
Accommodations for the National Grange have been secured at the Girard House, corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, two and one-half squares from Musical Fund Hall, at the rate of \$2.50 per day, or \$3.00 per day, including heating of rooms.  
By order of the Executive Committee.  
JOHN TRIMBLE,  
Secretary National Grange.

THE regular meeting of the Livingston County Council will be held in Howell Grange Hall, Tuesday, November 9th. Bro. Sabin will read a paper entitled "Success in Life"; Sister Younglove will be prepared with an essay on "Time," and Brother Persons will discuss to us "The Old Way and the New."  
The first regular session of the new Pomona Grange will also be held the same day, as well as an adjourned County Convention for the purpose of electing a representative to the State Grange.  
MRS. W. K. SEXTON, Sec.

THE next session of St. Joseph Co. Grange will be held at Constantine on Thursday, Nov. 4, commencing at 10:30 A. M. The delegate to the State Grange will be elected at that meeting. All fourth degree members are cordially invited to attend.  
A. E. HOWARD, Sec.

SIXTEEN MONTHS FOR 50 CENTS.  
We send this copy of the VISITOR to a large number of persons whose names we find on our mailing books—persons who once read the VISITOR but who from some cause have not renewed their subscription. We invite their attention to the contents of this number and to a renewal of their subscription. As an inducement we offer to send this paper three months in clubs of five or more to any office for ten cents each. Or better still, we will send the VISITOR from date of receiving subscription the remainder of this year and all of next year for the regular yearly price of fifty cents.

I GOT a letter the other day asking me if I did not think that the earthquake in Charleston was the divine chastisement on that city for its sins. That letter I answer now by saying that if all our American cities got all their impurities the earth would long ago have cracked open into crevices transcontinental and taken down all our cities; and Brooklyn and New York would have gone so far under that the tip of their church spires would be 500 feet below the surface. It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.—Dr. T. DeWitt Talmadge.

THE Century will soon publish two of Mr. George W. Cable's stories, "Grande Pointe" and "Carancro," each of them to run through two numbers of the magazine. Mr. Kemble, the artist, has recently paid a visit to the Louisiana Acadian country, in order to illustrate these stories with genuine "local color."

KALAMAZOO NATIONAL BANK. Capital \$150,000. Surplus \$10,000. Southwest cor. Main and Bendis Streets. Directors—Jacob Mitchell, John Den Bleyker, Melancthon D. Woodford, Melville J. Bigelow, J. Wilfred Thompson, George T. Bruen, Samuel A. Gibson, Albert S. White, Edwin J. Phelps, E. O. Humphrey, N. Chase. EDWIN J. PHELPS, President; MELVILLE J. BIGELOW, Vice-President; THOMAS S. COBB, Cashier. feby1

## Communications.

### From My Diary.

BOOKS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

In the middle ages information travelled slowly, and learning was limited to a small class. It was the age of manuscript, and reading and writing were rare accomplishments, as printing was then unknown. The wandering minstrel who went up and down the country reciting and singing ballads, was the principal medium of communication. A book was a book then. The few which people had were exceedingly costly, and but few could have access to them, hence the million knew nothing of book knowledge. The clergy alone could read. The bishop of Durham in 1344, in his Latin treatise written for the clergy exclusively, as he scornfully said none others could read, thus writes: "Laymen are altogether unworthy of any communion with books, and it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards or right side up."

Before the art of printing, books were so scarce that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome to buy a copy of Cicero de Oratore, and Quintilian's Institutes, because a complete copy of these works was not to be found in all France. If a bishop or a pope, by incredible labor and expense, collected a library of one hundred volumes including everything in the shape of a book, it was considered a wonderful achievement for a man, though he might be very wealthy.

In 1494 the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained but seventeen books on various subjects; and when he wished to borrow a Bible from the convent of St. Swithin he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, that he would return it uninjured. If a book was given to a convent or monastery, it conferred everlasting salvation on the donor. An irrevocable sentence of damnation was pronounced by the convent at Rochester, every year, upon him who should dare to steal or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle, or even obliterate a title. The purchase of a book was considered of such consequence that persons of distinction were called together to witness it.

The library of Oxford, England, previous to 1300, consisted only of a few tracts which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape. In still earlier times it was undoubtedly worse.

Lycurgus and Pythagoras, having a desire to acquire greater knowledge, were obliged to travel into Egypt, Persia and India, in order to gather more facts concerning the great doctrines and philosophies they were promulgating. Solon and Plato found no books at home but had to go to Egypt to school, and thus became learned and wise men. Herodotus and Strabo travelled abroad to collect their history and get their knowledge of geography.

And yet with all this scarcity of books there were in those days scholars who greatly surpassed us. We have no poets who can write like Homer, no historians that equal Herodotus or Thucydides; Aristotle and Plato left no successors, and it was this age of but few books that produced Demosthenes, the greatest orator the world has ever known. The Ancients had but few books, but those few were read till they were mastered. Their own resources were taxed to their utmost in reading what books they had, and it was reading and studying not many but few works that made them so eminent.

But the time came when books were printed in greater numbers, till now in this "age of many books" we have more than we know what to do with. The old maxim yet holds true, even with us, in reading—*non multa, sed multum*. Fontenelle said that if he had his hands full of truths, he would only open a finger at a time. That is, he would give out as many truths, and no more, at a time than people could clearly understand and wisely use.

The term "well-read" is usually misapplied when it is used to convey the idea of reading a great deal. Better say of such they are "much-read." For one may read a great deal and not read well. The man who does read "wisely" as well as widely can never be said to be well-read. That man is well-read who has read good books. Yet it is quite possible to read good books and none but good books, and still to read badly; to read in such a manner as to prevent one from getting the full benefit of the works perused. To be well-read you must read the best books, and read them carefully, so as to reap the full harvest of thought as you go along. You must read and digest as you read, to get the full benefit; read so as to know the author you read, whether the Bible, Shakespeare or Pope. Know them as a student does his text-book, so as to master them, or get all the good they have to give you.

A vain, much-read student said to Erasmus, "I have read Herodotus, Eschylus, Plato" and so on and so forth. To which the great scholar replied, "You harmless ass!" There is much truth in the old saying, that a man with a small library is more to be feared than he who has a large one.

We, of to-day, do not appreciate the great blessing we have in the untold number of good books that abound in every part of the country. The poor man's son can learn as much at home

in these times as, a hundred years ago, a gentleman would learn by going the world over; for while there are some advantages in going into the world, it is now the poor man's privilege to have the world come to see him. V. B.

### The Demagogue is Abroad.

It is now the season when the demagogue is once more abroad in the land. When his voice is heard making "promises to the ear, which are broken to the hope" of all good legislation for the people. It is the time when he is accustomed to steal the livery of the benefactor to serve the partisan in. In this guise he now comes before the people at the hustings as the friend of the farmer and laboring man, and makes public oath that he "never voted to lay a tax on wool, and by the eternal he never will!" He then goes into his accustomed pettifoggery argument to prove that wool does not need protection, and attempts to strengthen it by the facts that he gets from his English master.

Now the history of the tariff on wool, as well as some other American industries, proves beyond a doubt that the demagogue is wrong. Yet though beaten, and convinced, he can "argue still." For he has been taught that free trade is infallible, and hence he and his party have staked their all on it, because their British masters have so instructed them. Free trade is not a principal, it is only a resource; a resource of foreign enmity; a covert pretext of Cobden Club exclusivity in the interest of England's claim to universal supremacy, and the permanent degradation of American labor and manhood. The history of England's dealing with the American people has been of this character from first to last. We have only to refer to the old colonial days when England began to tax everything she sent to us, to find that protection is not identical with the tariff or import duties.

In the colonial days the ladies of Boston formed a protection league, and resolved not to eat, drink or wear or otherwise use anything manufactured or imported from a foreign country. Now here is a protective tariff pure and simple, without legal sanction, and it went much farther in the line of protection than the Morrill tariff bill, under which this country has so unprecedently prospered. We speak of simple protection to home industries as a law of self-defense; for without it we would never have arisen to the commanding position among nations that we now occupy.

The history of our manufactures and industries show that from the start they had to struggle against British laws that were enacted for the purpose of suppressing them.

And when we became independent as a nation, England still strove to put down American industries by competition, and, as a dernier resort, turned the tide of the pauper labor of her old manufacturers against those of this country. As has been said, we do not claim protection any further than our industries need it, merely as a matter of self-defense, and because it has in it the elements of equity and justice. For the protection we speak of is a law based on the individual, municipal, national and international right of self-defense. V. B.

### Shall Men or Dudes be the Rulers of Our National Affairs in the Future.

This topic was given out for discussion at our reading circle and this is my version of it. This is a question of no small import, and many times we are led to ask if when the great and good men of to-day are removed by death, if there are others fitted to fill the vacancy? If any are ready for the emergency? The idea of who our future rulers are to be ought to interest every mother in the land, "For the hand that rocks the cradle, rocks the world."

When we are disposed to look on the brightest and best side of this question, I am led to believe there is plenty of good material wherewith to make noble, pure, grand men, who will be fitted to occupy positions of trust. Our colleges and high schools are filled with aspiring, intelligent young men, who are aiming for the topmost round of the ladder, and have for their motto, "What man has done, man can and may do," and they do not rest satisfied unless they obtain a higher education, a fixedness of purpose and principle, and dare to do right. There are scores, yea thousands, of young men of whom the world may well be proud.

The mothers of to-day are coming out into the light of culture, intelligence, refinement and co-education with the sterner sex, and surely such women will rear stalwart sons, will impress on their minds the stamp of true manliness and the perseverance which insures success. I have faith to believe that as it has been in the past, so it will be in the future, too, when the grand, noble, energetic men who have been an honor and a power for their country's welfare, fall out of the ranks, God will raise up some one to fill the place and the affairs of the national government will not suffer a loss. God always has forces in reserve to advance the cause of right.

I think we have no cause to fear that "dudes" will become our rulers in the future. They never have any such lofty aspirations. They possess too few brains, their minds are too narrowly educated and their intellects too shallow to ever seek to embrace the national

welfare, or perpetuate a national greatness. Their highest aim seems to be to wear fine clothes, to secure the smiles and approval of young ladies as senseless as themselves, and the kind of employment which only kills time or does not soil their soft white hands.

I think we have another element to fear more than the "dudes," namely, the foreign element. They come to our shores bringing with them their habits of Sabbath desecration, beer drinking and lax principles, and seek our high offices and positions of trust.

MYRA.

### Schools versus Saloons.

[Below is one of the new phases of an old subject. The following paragraphs are extracted from a paper written for an occasion that deserves a larger following. It was the ninth quarterly temperance session of a country Sabbath school. On "review days" this school choose to devote the time to temperance exercises instead of to the usual review of the past lessons. So well received are these meetings that they are always attended by more than the average number, and have supplied the place of other organized means in maintaining an active temperance sentiment in the district. The effects of alcohol are taught in their day school and some, at least, of the other good advice is practiced. We present this, not only because of its good sense, but because its practicality may suggest like action elsewhere.—Ed.]

Leaving the political phase of the question in the hands of those to whom the fifteenth amendment entrusts it we wish to take up an entirely different phase of the question, namely "The school house versus the saloon."

Dr. Chalmers after listening to an eloquent address upon the evils of intemperance is said to have exclaimed, "Sir, we know enough of the evils; in God's name give us the remedy!"

For years temperance workers have been striving to answer this cry, which comes from thousands of hearts and homes. Of all the answers yet given we believe there is none as practical in operation, as permanent in effect, and as easy of accomplishment as that which proposes to set the school house over against the saloon. Whatever difference of opinion there is as to other remedies, we find all are in favor of instructing the young in the physical effects of strong drink.

First, it was hoped that this instruction might be given through the Sabbath school, but in the city it met with too much opposition. Next, Bands of Hope were and still are organized, and this plan was found to be good as long as it could be made to last; but there being nothing compulsory about it, the children stopped coming as soon as the novelty wore off.

Finally hope gathered about the public schools. There, more than anywhere else, are to be found the children of our nation. There are the children of the foreigners who can not be reached in any other way. To teach these children as thoroughly and systematically as they are now taught geography, spelling and arithmetic,—"what alcohol is, what it will do to us if we drink it, and what it will make us do," should be the aim of every temperance worker. Our state stands among the first to have passed a compulsory temperance education bill.

By the second article of this bill teachers are obliged to pass examination in physiology and hygiene with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics on the human system. Most of us know how rigorously this part of the law has been enforced. The first article of this bill enacts that, "Provisions shall be made by the proper local school authorities to see that all pupils are instructed in the studies already named." Is this article as rigorously enforced as the other? and if not, why not? In answer to the first we say it is not, and as to why not, there are several answers.

It is possible, though hardly probable, that our proper school authorities are ignorant that such a law exists, or are ignorant of their duty in regard to it. But it is more probably the case that they are to be classed among the reputable citizens whom we have already charged with the sin of indifference.

You shall not hold the teacher responsible, for, as I have said, our teachers are obliged to be capable to give this instruction, and it is for the patrons of the school to see that it is given, though it is to be hoped that teachers will need no urging to do their duty in this matter.

And now, last, but not least, lest I should be accused of inconsistency I say that all patrons of the school should take a personal interest in this matter and all over the country see that this law is enforced, and if it is enforced many thousands of children will be forewarned and fore-armed with reference to the temptations that await them.

Our little community is not large enough to make place for the young people all the time growing up here. And so one by one they go out into the great world to make places for themselves. What a blessing to them and to the world if they go forth temperance boys and girls!

Fathers and mothers may well tremble when they send their sons out into the world to meet the temptations which not only can but will meet them. Well

for them then if they have for their armor temperance principles well grounded into every fibre of their being, for if there be but a chink in their armor the tempter will find it. And your daughters need it none the less that their influence may be always for good, that, at all times, in any place, and under any circumstance, when called upon to defend their principles they may give their voice and heart-felt efforts for the cause of temperance. For intemperance aims its deadly shafts directly at the homes of our country. The home is unquestionably woman's kingdom and well should she be prepared in its defense! Let us not sit with folded hands because we have not suffered from the inroads of this monster intemperance.

MISS LILLIE ROSEWARNE.

### The Chautauqua Assembly.

It is impossible to describe the charm there is about Chautauqua, to picture it as it is, or to impart to another the inspiration and strength one receives from being there.

Lake Chautauqua is in itself a gem of beauty, a body of clear, sparkling water, twenty miles in length and seven hundred and twenty feet higher than Lake Erie.

The route from Brocton to Chautauqua is exceedingly picturesque. Within fourteen miles you climb this seven hundred feet. Because of the windings of the road, you see Lake Erie now upon the right and now upon the left. As you ascend, its retreating waters seem likewise to rise in an opposite direction, and vessels in the distance seem to almost rest against the sky. So, in life's journey, there are ever visions of difficulty and trial are overcome, go sailing away on the sea of the past and are lost on Memory's horizon.

You leave the train at Mayville, at the head of the lake, three miles above Chautauqua, and board one of the steamers that ply Lake Chautauqua and as you glide over its peaceful waters you feel that you have left the cares of the world behind and give yourself up to the impression of the hour, and in the enchanting glamour of the beauty of the summer morning your whole being thrills with ecstasy as you drink in the loveliness and grandeur of the scene. On either side are beautiful farms and terraced vineyards, white in the background rise the everlasting hills. Below you, the dancing, sparkling water; above you, the bright blue vault of heaven, and over all the sweet, soft shimmer of the golden sunlight.

Soon there greets your expectant vision a sight of far-famed Chautauqua, beautiful for situation, lovely in its repose, wooing you to its shady retreat.

The first objects you discern are the magnificent dock, with its massive clock and sweet chime of bells, and the white walls of the Hotel Athenæum, shining out so clear from the green slopes of Chautauqua. This hotel was erected two years ago at a cost of \$125,000. It is supplied with all the modern conveniences and is admirably conducted.

The upper rooms of the dock are filled with curiosities of every description and are worthy many hours close attention. Near the dock is the Oriental House, also filled with curiosities. Among the many attractions at the landing is the Hotel of Jerusalem, which occupies a space perhaps forty feet square. Around it and elevated a few feet above, is a platform, from which you obtain a bird's eye view of Jerusalem and its surroundings. Here, Dr. Eaton, of Franklin, N. Y., lectures one hour every day, and we were shown the Valley of Jehoshaphat east, the Valley of the Son of Hinmon south, and the Valley of the Gihon west of the city. The buildings and walls of course are all in miniature, but there is something so real about it that you seem to stand by the veritable Jerusalem and to hear the tread of men and nations and the long line of prophets, priests and kings, which once thronged the city—David in all his grandeur, Solomon in all his glory, the Queen of Sheba with her gorgeous retinue, and last of all, God, manifest in the flesh, the man Christ Jesus. We were shown the road over which he passed in his triumphal entry into the city, the road leading to Bethpage over which the colt was brought upon which he sat, and the road to Calvary, where he went bearing his cross. On the east of Jerusalem lies the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, and near by the Hill of Evil Counsel, where the Sanhedrim consulted to put Jesus to death, and away in the distance the Mountains of Moab. On this side of the city also, are the Pool of Siloam, the Fountain of the Virgin, and Nehemiah's Well or Enrogel. Near by is shown the village of Bethany, where our Saviour often went for rest and refreshment.

The principal objects of interest in Jerusalem are the mosque of Omar and the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The mosque of Omar is a magnificent building, erected upon the site of the Jewish Temple and the Tower of Antonio. It is sometimes called the Dome of the Rock. Mohammedans say that Mohammed ascended from the rock underneath the dome, and would have taken the rock with him had not the angel Gabriel held it down. It is a tradition of the Mohammedan religion that the souls of Mohammedans go through this rock. They will not allow a Jew to enter the building, and it is only within twenty years that Christians have been

admitted within. This is a sacred place to the Jews, being the spot where David met the angel of the Lord by the threshing-place of Arannah, the Jebusite, and offered sacrifice for his own sin, "and the plague was stayed from Israel." There is still to be seen a hole in the floor, eighteen inches in size, supposed to be the place where the blood from the sacrifice in the temple passed out.

Helena, the mother of Constantine the first Christian Emperor of Rome, came to Jerusalem inquiring for the spot where our Lord was crucified and buried, and erected over it the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There are three holes in the rock, said to be the holes dug for the three crosses, and it is quite certain it is the veritable spot. This church, together with the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem and the Church of the Ascension at Bethany, was built by Helena in the third century.

In the eleventh century the war of the Crusades began, the object of which was to get the Holy Sepulchre away from Mohammedan back into Christian hands. In this they were not successful, except at short intervals. The Crusades were four in number, and last of all came the Children's Crusade, in which thirty thousand children joined the white standard and marched from Vienna with Stephen (a boy of twelve), their leader, in their midst dressed in a long white robe, riding in a white silken car with silver curtains, drawn by white ponies. Only twenty thousand of these little Crusaders reach the gate of Marseilles, at which place two deceivers appeared offering their ships to convey them to Jerusalem, but they were sold into slavery and only one returned to tell the sad tale.

In this model of Jerusalem the Jews' wailing-place is shown in a portion of the city which Titus preserved as a monument of his power in conquering so great a city, and adjacent to this is a part of the arch which formed the foundation of the bridge which connected the king's house with the city.

About twenty years ago the quarry was accidentally discovered from whence the ponderous stones were taken which were used in building the walls and temple. A dog was burrowing for game and disappeared. This aroused investigation, and a quarry extending three-fourths of a mile underneath the city was found, with some of the stones partly quarried.

The walls of Jerusalem are at some points sixty feet high, and are eight feet thick, and are pierced by four heavy gates which are closed at sunset. The sentinel calls out, "Come, hasten, ye people, the sun is disappearing and the gates will close," and the people rush quickly to enter the city before it is too late. The city contains thirty thousand inhabitants—the Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians each occupying their own part of the city, being about equal in number.

But we must not tarry too long at Jerusalem; we will hasten on to the Park of Palestine. You are supposed to enter it from the south, and Lake Chautauqua at your left answers to the Mediterranean, while an artificial Jordan and Dead Sea are at your right. This park is of considerable length and as you pass to the north you see the cities of Joppa, Ceserea, Sarepta, Tyre and Sidon on the coast. We were shown Joseph's tomb, Rachel's tomb, Jacob's well, near Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim, where the blessings and cursings were pronounced; Mt. of Olives, Mt. Gilboa, Mt. Tabor and Mt. Hermon; Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Cana, Capernaum and all the principal cities of the valley of the Jordan. But we must leave this spot which seems like hallowed ground, and ascend to Chautauqua, which is a city in the woods set on a hill, which is emblematical of the heights of knowledge attained by a sojourn there.

Mrs W. K. Sexton.

(To be continued.)

## Agricultural Department.

### Success in Farming—Concluded.

A complete record of transactions is considered to be an absolute necessity in a mercantile business and in many of the industries, but its general neglect among farmers makes it the exception and not the rule. "Yet if the subject be studied, no argument can be found in favor of this practice by the one class which is not equally binding on the other." The length of time over which an account must run, and the number of crops cultivated at the same time, make it even more necessary here than in many kinds of business. The various ways for spending time and money also add to the necessity. No farmer can estimate his real income without knowing the value of produce used in the support of his family, and without distinguishing between the labor employed in the cultivation of crops, and that devoted to improvements.

We were told in a recent lecture at Old Mission that farmers are chronic grumblers, and I think that a good deal of this grumbling comes from the fact that they do not consider all the advantages farm life affords. They complain that farming does not pay, but as a rule they do not realize how much it does pay. They forget about the fruit, the garden vegetables, milk, butter, eggs, etc., that go to make up so large

a part of their living, and never think how much money it would take to buy all these if they lived in the city.

How often it is that little differences arise between neighbors for the sole reason that they do not keep any account of their dealings with each other. They trust too much to memory and have no stated time for settlement. When they do come to settle up they often have to do it by "jumping", accounts, calling it square and commencing over again. Whoever heard of a merchant's "jumping" accounts? No, sir, he can tell you to a cent just how much he owes you and how much you owe him, and what the balance is. He has it all down in black and white, the date and the amount of each item. If his bill is more than you expected and you refuse to pay it, he will bring his books right into Court as evidence and proof of debt, and collect his pay.

In the matter of farm accounts the books would be a great help in directing plans for the future, and together with a few notes would form a valuable history of his business. I believe in using simple forms for keeping accounts and those that can be readily understood. I have tried several forms but now use only two books, a day book and a ledger. The day book forms a complete diary in which the transactions of each day are recorded, and from which they are posted to separate accounts in the ledger.

The utility of keeping strict accounts in farming may be seen in the case of many business men who have become farmers, and by carrying their strict business habits with them, have succeeded better than others who have always lived on the farm. I tell you, my friends, we all need to know more about the science of agriculture, more about the laws of nature by which all farm operations are controlled; but more than this, and first of all as an aid to success, we need good business habits.

I believe there is still room for improvement in the courses of instruction in many of our schools, and especially in our common district schools. Somebody has said that boys should learn at school what they will practice when they become men. After they have learned to read, write and cipher, and know enough of physiology and hygiene to understand the laws of health, I believe there is nothing in all the languages or the whole circle of sciences that would benefit them more than a good course in practical bookkeeping and business forms.

In adopting methods for co-operation farmers are far behind other business men. It is true that the nature of the business prevents it to some extent, but in the matter of labor-saving machinery, in improving stock, and in methods of buying and selling in quantity much more could be done to their mutual advantage. Farmers have been too slow in recognizing the advantages of co-operation. They have lacked that confidence in each other which is essential to united action. This state of things was well understood by the founders of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry. One of their grandest objects in establishing the Order was to make better business men of the farmers.

Another thing which often stands in the way of success among farmers is their want of patient continuance in their work. Perseverance is essential to success in any kind of business, and in nothing more than in agriculture. Starting on a farm with limited means is very discouraging work. Profits come in slowly at first and many get discouraged before they have fairly commenced. Many persons in other vocations spend long years in preparation, and not infrequently half a lifetime in practice before attaining any degree of success. In considering the great number of operations with which the farmer has to deal, it would seem reasonable that he should be no exception to the rule.

Another condition of success in business is that it be made to afford pleasure as well as profit. This also depends largely upon energy and system in management. The average farmer considers his lot one of unusual toil and drudgery, "but broader culture would teach him that other industries as well as his own require close application and severe labor." There should be an effort to make farm life pleasant and attractive and to this end attention to beauty in its surroundings is indispensable. It leads to culture and refinement, and will pay as a business investment as well as an aid to a higher and happier life.

Every thorough and systematic farmer or business man is benefiting his fellowmen as well as himself. "No one is entitled to a share in the blessings of society who will not willingly bear some part of the burden in the great activities which render society possible."

The farmer should recognize his place as a business man in a nation of business men. His interests and the interests of the government are identical. The farming class represents the greater part of our population, and yet the government is left almost entirely to the management of men who are not identified with the interests of the farmer. None so well as an intelligent, practical farmer can represent the interests of the farming class. The great political questions of the day are of vital importance to him, "but if his intellectual acquirements do not enable him to study the experience of the world, he cannot

judge correctly of the best course to be taken."

Let education be more universally disseminated and farmers will come to realize that culture and refinement are not incompatible with rural pursuits, and that here as well as in other callings, muscle and brain must mutually assist each other. Then let the farmer pursue his calling with the same intelligence and energy, the same attention to economy and business details that characterize men in other callings, and we shall have better farmers, better business men and a better government.

E. O. LADD.

**A Granary Foe.**

PROF. A. J. COOK, LANSING, MICH. Dear Sir:—I mail to your address to-day a bottle containing some insects that I call granary weevil. I find them in great numbers and the sample of wheat in bottle shows their work. Where and from what do they come; and do you know of any means whereby they can be exterminated and the granary cleansed? An early reply by letter or in the GRANGE VISITOR will greatly oblige

Yours Truly,

J. A. COURTRIGHT.

The insects which are working in Mr. Courtright's wheat are not weevils, though it is not strange that Mr. C. should think they might be. The weevil is about the same color, dark brown, but is easily told by its prolonged snout. These are very slender beetles and without the snout. This beetle is known to science as *Silvanus surinamensis*. It works on grain of all kinds. I have known it to work on all kinds of grain and on such fruit as raisins. A few years since it caused great annoyance, almost consternation, in the home of one of Detroit's leading business men. I visited the place and found the house and barn united. In the barn grain had been kept for years, and in this there had bred, and being so small had passed to the house in at the closed windows and had made themselves quite at home in all parts of the house. We found in that case that thick paper well greased with lard or tallow would attract the beetles when they could be gathered by thousands and destroyed.

All insects can be killed by use of bisulphide of carbon in case we can confine them in some close chamber. I know of one case where a large mill has been cleaned of myriads of grain insects by the use of this liquid. If we can pour the liquid into a bin and cover closely with buffalo robes the insects are soon all destroyed. If the granary is close, or could be shut up close, we could clear it of all insects by using enough of the liquid.

The liquid is very volatile and so if thrown into a room would soon vaporize, fill the room with its poisonous fumes and kill all insects within reach of its noxious vapors. In using it one ought to arrange so as not to breathe much of the vapor.

Again it is very explosive and with a room full of vapor a lighted match or burning cigar would send all quickly to ruin. Hence if this is used great caution must be exercised to exclude all fire till the room is thoroughly ventilated. This ventilation takes but a little while as with doors and windows opened the vapors are soon dispersed, and the odor is so offensive that we may surely know when it is all removed by simply taking a sniff of the air. I think a pound of this liquid would clean any ordinary granary of this insect, or any and all insects.

A. J. COOK.

THE criminal, inhuman and unjust neglect of the last house of representatives to pass the bill indemnifying the Chinese sufferers from the Wyoming massacre is being visited upon the innocent missionaries and Christians in China. As China has no naval strength it is the only way its people have of calling attention to such wrongs. And the refusal of the House, in spite of the President's urgency, is all the more shabby, because if England, Germany or any other first class power with a fleet had such grievances against us, Congressmen would have tumbled over one another in their eagerness to give satisfaction. But Chinese missionaries, like the Chinese themselves, have no votes, and a few, more or less, stabbed, shot or burned, are not missed on election day.

A REMARKABLE SET.—A farmer was sawing wood, when it occurred to him that he ought to have the help of one or more of his five boys. Lifting up his voice he called, but not a boy appeared. At dinner, of course, all appeared, and it was not necessary to call them. "Where were you all about two hours ago when I wanted you, and shouted for you?" "I was in the shop settin' the saw," said one. "I was in the barn settin' a hen," said a second. "I was in gran'ma's room settin' the clock," said a third. "I was in the garret settin' the trap," said a fourth. "You are a remarkable set," remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he continued, turning to the youngest. "I was on the doorstep settin' still."

I think it is safe for a man to tell his wife all he knows. And it is unsafe for him to keep her in ignorance of his financial affairs, or in ignorance of anything bearing directly upon her domestic affairs. The judgment of most true wives and mothers is often remarkably good; better, in many cases, than that of their husbands.—*Good House-keeping.*

**From Crater Lake.**

Thursday morning, July 15th, the work of launching was commenced by covering the bottom of each skiff with inch boards, firmly secured, as also a shield in front of the bow. They were carried to the lowest place to be found in the cliffs, probably about 850 feet, vertical measurement, where a canyon descends at about an angle of 35 or 40 degrees, when a three-quarter inch rope was attached and in turn passed around a tree on the summit, where a man was stationed to manage it, directed by signals from below. One was lowered at a time accompanied by four men to guide and handle it. Besides this, men were stationed at different points to signal to the top, and thus regulate the paying out of rope. Every effort was made to send all loose stones on ahead, to prevent an accident from above, yet before the first boat had proceeded 300 feet a boulder came rolling from near the summit with increasing velocity, and before any one realized the danger, had stuck a rock in near proximity, and bounding over the skiff passed between the men, within an inch or so of the head of John Milroy, of H company, fourteenth infantry. Before the descent was completed the boards were torn from boat; but extra precaution was taken with the second one, two-thirds of the way down a perfect shower of rocks came tumbling from a cliff to the left, but, strange as it may seem, they either bounded over or around the men and boat, so that no damage resulted. At three o'clock the first skiff reached bottom somewhat scratched, but not injured in any manner. The second one was placed in the lake entirely uninjured at 6 o'clock p. m.

Our tents have been pitched in a beautiful spot, when the view of the surrounding country is considered. In the immediate foreground to the north lies the lake with its twenty odd miles of rugged cliffs standing abruptly from the water's edge. To the left is Wizard island, on the top of which rests the Witch's Cauldron, or crater, like a great flat top; beyond stands Llaor rock, solemn, grim and grand, 2200 feet perpendicular, while still beyond stands Mt. Thieleen, the lightning-rod of the Cascades. Just to the east of the lake is Mt. Scott, partly covered with snow, while close to camp on the east is a high cliff known as Cathedral rock, with a nearly perpendicular side, running far down to the right and at last disappearing below the tree tops. To the south the scene is varied by a wide range of mountain tops, stretching far away into California, chief among which is snow-capped and beautiful Pitt. Just to the left the rough mountain view is changed to a charming plain, in the midst of which is a broad expanse of water, which proves to be Klamath lake, about thirty miles distant. Thursday evening dark and threatening clouds were suddenly seen to approach from this point, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder. A few large drops of rain had fallen, when there was a sudden outburst of joy in camp, as everyone glanced at the sides of Cathedral rock, which were suddenly illuminated by a light of deep orange. To the west the sun was slowly sinking to rest, when a glow of light spread itself over the dark clouds, which became brighter and still brighter, until the very gates of heaven seemed thrown wide open, and, looking beyond, a scene of unparalleled magnificence was spread before us. Through the center hung long fleecy clouds, lighted to a deep orange, while above like a great curtain, was spread a belt of olive green. Here and there were tints of crimson, the delicacy of which no artist could approach. Above the parallel with the horizon stretched a long rift in clouds rendered marvelously rich in gold and garnet, through which the blue sky beyond was visible, slightly obscured by light, fleecy clouds of silver. During all this magnificent sight the electrical storm raged in the south with unabated fury, flashes of lightning and peals of thunder adding solemnity to a scene of wonderful brilliance.

All of Friday was spent in preparing the Cleetwood for her final plunge over the cliffs in search of water. A sled was made of very heavy timbers on which she was placed, keel up, then lashed and braced in every conceivable manner until, in fact, she seemed a part of the sled itself. Guy ropes were placed on each corner to guide it, in connection with a heavy handspike. Saturday morning the actual work of launching began, by sliding the boat over a snowdrift in a canyon that slopes to the lake at about an angle of fifty degrees. The cliff is probably 900 feet high at this point. The sled was attached by block and tackle to a tree on the summit and lowered nearly half way down when the bearing was shifted as far down as possible and a new start taken. Leaving the summit at 7:30 A. M. it required the most persistent work and constant care of fifteen men eight hours to reach the lake. In the bottom of the canyon flows a stream of water that contributes very materially to the danger of such an undertaking, as constant slides of rocks are thus caused. When the bottom seemed to be reached it was found that there still remained a sort of jump-off, or slide, into the water, almost perpendicular and about twenty feet high. The water at this point is very deep, and the question arose, "How shall we launch the boat now that we have got it here?" It was simply turned right side up again, lashed to the sled and let partially down with the bow thrown out as far as possible. It was held securely in that position while Frank Comings climbed aboard, out the lines and shot forward in fine style, certainly not slipping a gallon of water, although the bow almost submerged to start with. The moment the launching was complete there was a cry of unrestrained joy sent up from all present, and our shouts were answered from the cliffs by waving of hats and blowing of fog horns. With one impulse the cry was raised, "Now for the island!" and in an incredibly short space of time both skiffs and the Cleetwood were headed that way. With four men at the oars we soon reached our destination, and then returned to camp, where a bountiful repast awaited us.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Capt. Davis, under whose direction the

boats were launched over cliffs hundreds of feet high. None of them were damaged in any manner as for the Cleetwood, not even a scratch can be detected on the paint.

W. G. STEEL.

**A S. S. Review Lesson by a Little Girl of Ten Years.**

The third and fourth lessons of the last quarter were assigned by the Superintendent of a school in Gilead to Mabel Dean, a little girl only ten years old and she prepared the following and read it:

A long time ago when Jesus lived here upon earth there was a certain family living in Bethany, a small town about two miles from Jerusalem, whom Jesus loved very much. This family consisted of one brother and two sisters, Lazarus, Martha and Mary. Lazarus supported the family by copying for the Doctors at the temple in Jerusalem. Martha and Mary also provided for the household by doing very fine needle work for the temple. This was the Mary who anointed Jesus' feet and wiped them with her hair. About the time my story opens Lazarus was taken very sick and his sisters felt quite anxious about him. They thought that he would die, so they sent a messenger into Perea, which was a good way off on the other side of Jordan River, to Jesus who was preaching there, telling that their brother was sick. They did not ask Him to come to them, but they seemed to know that if Jesus knew their trouble He would help them in some way. When Jesus heard of it He said: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of Man might be glorified thereby." After two days He said to His disciples, "Let us go into Judea again;" but they urged Him not to go because the Jews had threatened to stone Him if they found Him there again. He had come into Perea for that very reason. Then He tells them something about there being twelve hours in a day, but I do not quite understand that so I will not say anything about it. When His disciples saw that His mind was made up to go, Thomas said that they would all go and if He was stoned that they would die with Him. It took them two days to get there and when they arrived Lazarus had lain in the grave four days; so he must have died the day or the day after the message was sent. Jesus did not go to the house on account of his enemies, the Jews, but sent word to the sisters and Martha came out and met Him. When she saw Jesus she said: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." I think this shows very plainly that she believed in Jesus as the Messiah. Jesus said her brother should rise again; but she seems to have thought that He meant Lazarus should rise at the last day, but Jesus said: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," and "whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," and asked her if she believed this. She told him she did. Then she went and told Mary that the Master had come and called for her, and Mary came where He was and when she saw Him she fell down at His feet, saying the same words that Martha had said. When Jesus saw her weeping and the friends also weeping, He wept with them. Then He asked them where they had laid their brother, and they showed Him the grave, which was a cave and a stone lay upon it. Jesus told them to take away the stone. Martha could hardly yet believe that Lazarus could be raised from the grave, but Jesus told her if she would believe she should see the glory of God. They took away the stone from the grave, and Jesus lifted up His eyes and prayed to God to help him. Then He cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth," and Lazarus rose and came forth from the grave, and Jesus told them to remove his grave clothes and let him go. The sisters and friends stood looking on in wonder all this time and many of the Jews that were with them believed in Jesus from that time, but others of them went and told the Pharisees what had been done and they called a council together to know what they should do with Jesus, for they said if they let Him alone all men would believe on Him, and from that day their minds were made up to kill Him, but Jesus kept out of their way by going to a city called Ephraim where He staid with His disciples.

I have been thinking while writing this story, that if we would take our troubles to Jesus He would hear and help us just as willingly as He did Martha and Mary.

Take to Jesus all thy sorrows,  
Sorrow living, sorrow dead;  
At his voice new life is rising,  
All the darkness now is fled.

**The Mineral Commission of Michigan.**

Mr. C. D. Lawton, Mineral Commissioner of Michigan, writes as follows to the Pick and Axe:

The Gogebic iron range is much more extensive than was at first supposed. There are two remarkable deposits of ore; profitable mines are found and will continue to be found for a greater distance than was heretofore looked for. The iron-bearing formation has considerable width and long stretch east and west, and it seems to hold favorable indications of iron throughout its whole extent. The remarkable fact relating to this range is that the ore wherever found is uniformly of good quality—not all equally good, of course, but generally clean, high up in iron and low in phosphorus. So that in the matter of the quality of the ore found in this district there is entire security left—the anxiety is to find it at all and then in quantity. Apparently the "finds" are sufficiently frequent. They make excitement enough, and keep the air vibrating with the music of speculation, but there has been so much said of this region, so much that is unreal and exaggerated, that one who has given credence to all that has come to his ears, and that has allowed his anticipations to take too high a range regarding the magnitude of the ore deposits, many suffer disappointment. They may appear to him in reality more limited, apparently, than he had been led to expect. Certainly no Lake Superior man familiar with the early development in the Marquette and the Menominee districts can find anything in this particular

to astonish him. In the leading mines of the Menominee district, when originally opened, more ore was displayed than is to be seen in the Gogebic mines at the same stage of development. Still the deposits here are of good magnitude, and I think that the indications are all favorable for their continuance. I certainly can see no cause to apprehend a speedy exhaustion of these ore deposits; no reason but to believe that they will continue through many years to find ore in such supply as a fair interpretation of the present indications will warrant. And now that I am writing I would willingly say a word of some of the mines, but will only embrace the opportunity to write briefly of the Colby, which has since recently filled a larger measure of the public attention than any other mine in the state.

The Colby Mine, like the other mines of this range, affords excellent ore—clean, beautiful ore, about 60 per cent in iron in the furnace and low in phosphorus—a fine Bessemer ore that is greatly prized by all furnacemen who are so fortunate as to obtain it. It was a phenomenal deposit from the unprecedented quantity that was got out on so brief a time, with so little labor and at so a low cost. The history of Lake Superior mining affords no other instance to compare with it—one where so much good ore has been so cheaply obtained. Thus far the work has all been plain sailing. The company have mined the ore in the two deposits [the north and south veins or lodes—Ed], advancing from the west toward the east, and trammed it out directly to the railroad from the slopes. No mining could be cheaper or more simple. But the company are beginning to encounter some of the difficulties that eventually must be incident to all mining enterprises. Especially is this true in the south deposit, where the rock has come from the hanging wall at the east end to cut out the ore. Drifts into the foot wall discover the ore in quantity equal to the amount lost in the open cut, but the serious question arises how best to attack it. It is covered by a great overlying burden of rock that has little sustaining power in itself. It made up of slips that drop down as fast as the support is removed. The Colby has in this deposit for the future all the perplexities that any one cares to encounter in his work. The south deposit is a fine one—an immense chimney of ore pitching down to the east at an angle of about 25° with the horizon. It is clean ore, 75 to 100 feet in height. Above its vertical section is a capping of rock 25 to 30 feet in thickness. It is possible that these two deposits of ore—the north and south deposit—may come into one at a greater depth, a hope that is entertained by the management and for which there are some evidences to favor. The Norrie, another of the mines of magnitude on the range, is wholly underground, and will, as the management state, easily get out a product of 100,000 to 120,000 tons of ore the present season. It is to be hoped that the mistakes that have been made in underground work in hematite mining elsewhere may be avoided in this new district.

**Eruption at Yellowstone Park.**

The great Excelsior geyser in the Yellowstone national park, known as "Hell's Holy Acre," which ever since its discovery, in 1865, has been a still geyser, made a grand display simultaneous with the great earth quake at Charleston. The Helena Herald says that the eruption was so great on the 2d inst. that great rocks were thrown out of the crater heated to a red heat, which were thrown out as often as they fell back, until they dissolved and disappeared in the great displacement that took three acres of His Satanic Majesty's supposed pre-emption. The Excelsior cavern, which so many of Helena's visitors have looked into with fear and trembling, is now aglow with fervent heat and its rocky sides a red abyss of glowing rocks. The heated steam from this celebrated wonder is even now so great that sight-seers are driven away from the hellish cauldron on all sides for hundreds of feet, except on the windward. Where the three acres were a few weeks ago on which hundreds of people in carriages and stages congregated to look down this then murmuring crater, there is but an immense cave that would have swamped the whole population of Helena, had they been standing there as lookers-on at the time of the great eruption.—The Wasco, Oregon, Sun.

MAKING TOOTHPICKS.—There are but three toothpick factories in the United States. One of them is located at Belmont, Allegany County, N. Y., just on the edge of the town and near the banks of the Genesee River. To commence at first principles. We started in the basement and after exploring the engine-room betook ourselves to where the woodwork was in its first stages. We found in this second room piles of circular blocks of wood about sixteen inches in diameter by perhaps five in thickness. This wood was hard and soft maple and pine. These are put into a revolving machine which strips them of their bark; they are then sent up to the first floor. Here they are again put into another revolving machine which cuts them into fine strips, which are then cut into the required shape for toothpicks. The "picks" are dropped out at one side while the refuse falls from the other into a shaft and is carried down into the basement and subsequently used for firing. Some are round, some square. This little machine which makes them appears simple enough to the uninitiated, but in reality is quite complicated, containing, we are informed, several hundred knives. These small articles of after-dinner service are then taken up to the second story where they are kept in a heated room until sufficiently dry for packing.—Rochester Union.

HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS.—When you talk keep your hands still. Cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry. Do not be guilty of the discourtesy of shaking hands with one person while you are looking at or talking to another.

## The Grange Visitor.

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### The Visitor—Its Duty.

And what is it. As we have always understood our duty in our relation to the Order, it was to be editorially honest in expressing our opinions and faithful to what we believed "The Good of the Order" required. From some letters we have received we find here and there a patron that is apprehensive lest what we have said during the political campaign might in some localities be hurtful to the Order. This question once raised it is our first duty to consider it, and seek at once to correct any mistakes that we have made. While the VISITOR editorially must have some real independence we have no right to adopt any course that is likely to prove hurtful to the Order. We do not feel that we have at any time or in any way overstepped the Constitutional restrictions relating to the discussion of partisan politics in the Grange which all good Patrons are bound to respect. But some persons, more partisan than the editor, are disposed to take exception to what we have of late written. While this cannot change our opinion as to the truths we have uttered, yet we shall not knowingly put the Good of the Order in jeopardy, little or much. It has been with us a matter of surprise that our motives have been so misconstrued by a few of those from whom we have differed.

The VISITOR has held steadily for years to the duty of farmers attending to their interests as involved in the government of the country. And we have never intentionally crossed the line of liberty indicated by this quotation from the Declaration of Purposes of the Order:

"We always bear in mind that no one by becoming a Patron of Husbandry gives up that inalienable right and duty which belongs to every American citizen, to take a proper interest in the politics of his country. On the contrary it is right for every member to do all in his power legitimately to influence for good the action of any political party to which he belongs."

If we have outstepped the liberal limits of action here accorded, then we are blameworthy and we leave this to the jury of our readers.

The VISITOR has not held that all farmers were honest or that all farmers were qualified to fill important offices; but it has held and believed that the Grange was doing much to qualify them as a class for official service. And it has held that there were plenty of competent men, practical farmers, in the agricultural class to represent this most important industry in the legislative bodies of the country, State and National, and it has urged farmers to see to it that their interests were not left in the hands of professional men of other classes, as they have been in this country to a greater extent than in any other of the foremost nations of the earth. In this matter there has been general approval of our course by the consent that comes of silence on the part of the great majority, and words of approval from the talking and writing members of the Order. We have ever borne in mind the history of the Order and the lesson its rapid growth and subsequent loss taught by the admission to membership of those whose only motive was the expectation of prompt pecuniary benefits. We have always been averse to a farmers' party, to a farmers' convention as such politically, or any action that could be construed as clanish, and simply favored such independent action as "would tend to purify the whole political atmosphere of our country" and secure to the agricultural class a fairer share of the official responsibility

ities and honors that belong to official life.

To "go slow" is safest. While we have invited and urged farmers to act politically we have only asked that they act with an intelligent regard for their interests as farmers and not allow partisanship to override the far greater and more important duty they owe themselves as farmers and citizens. It by no means follows that a farmer nominated for an office is always capable and honest and entitled to the support of farmers. But if he has these qualities there is no good reason why he should not have the support of his fellow farmers. This is the view of duty we have long entertained and we have so talked, so written and so voted for many years.

### The Free Press and Ex-Granger.

Soon after the issue of the VISITOR of Oct. 1st, our attention was called to an article in the weekly *Free Press* of Sept. 29, signed "Ex-Granger." This ambush may be sought to hide anybody, and in this instance covers a most cowardly assault upon Mr. Luce and the VISITOR. As the *Free Press* stood between the author and the public, we wrote a reply to "Ex-Granger" and asked that it be published, where our denial and defense would reach the same readers and have an equal chance with "Ex-Granger." But the partisanship of the *Free Press* knew no fairness, and we were coolly informed by card that our "communication was declined," and the *Free Press* then proceeded to print in its daily issue only such parts of our answer as suited its purpose, suppressing or misrepresenting the rest of our answer. We denied in explicit terms that Mr. Luce suggested a single article, or knew of the purport of a single editorial article published in the VISITOR either this year or any former year since the paper was established, any more than did the editor of the *Free Press*. We explicitly denied that Mr. Luce had to our knowledge "made a plan for the distribution of all the offices and selected the men to be appointed by the Governor," as charged by "Ex-Granger," and yet the *Free Press* says "He (I) makes no answer" to this charge.

When a paper shuts out your answer and goes on to misrepresent and falsify what you did say, we can no longer expect fair treatment from its editor, and we shall therefore be content to believe that the *Free Press* for partisan purposes willfully and deliberately gives currency to accusations both false and malicious that have been fairly and squarely denied by the parties in interest.

To this bushwhacking "Ex-Granger," who from his ambush fires all sorts of charges and enquiries as impudent as they are false and unreasonable, we answer: The VISITOR is and has been run for years wholly by its editor without any suggestion from, or knowledge on the part of Mr. Luce as to what would appear in any future number; that we have good reason to believe and do believe that Mr. Luce has neither "planned" or given promise of office to any man, living or dead, in Michigan; and more, we believe Mr. Luce will never do so mean a thing as to hide behind the *Free Press*, or any other partisan sheet, and fire a bill of specific charges against a political opponent.

The assurance of the *Free Press* that "Ex-Granger" is one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Michigan is a poor compliment to the manliness of its man in the dark, whose name it is securely sheltering from the scorn of all friends of honorable political warfare. To the further enquiries of "Ex-Granger" we have this to answer: For all the years we have conducted the VISITOR and have asked farmers to care for their own interests as farmers in caucus, in convention and at the polls, we have faithfully adhered in practice to the course we have commended to others, and voted as we have talked and written for farmer candidates for office without regard to party whenever we have believed them capable of creditably discharging the duties of the office for which they were nominated. We think it safe to presume "Ex-Granger" is one of those patriots, who, failing to secure political preferment by joining the Grange, is a revengeful, disappointed grumbler entitled to far less consideration than we have given him.

We have a communication from Bro. J. H. Sanford, of Ottawa Grange, in this number which is a model in spirit and tone and while we dissent from some of his conclusions, we cheerfully give his article a place in the VISITOR, and hope some of our radical partisan friends will profit by the kindly spirit shown by this Brother. Mr. Sanford has told some good stories, but we think the application is hardly worth a hundred cents on the dollar. Because Mr. Luce did not endorse Mr. Dickie for Governor does not prove what is claimed at all. If Brother Sanford should undertake to capture a fort, he would not attempt to take the last or ditch nearest the wall first. Now we must be able to elect officers that will enforce present laws before we shall be able to make any prohibitory laws effective. If we had a prohibitory law

to-day on our statute books, would our present courts with such constables and sheriffs and deputies as we have, give us juries that would convict offenders? Our observation and experience proves that we want to begin here at the bottom, use all the law we have rather than struggle for more with such disregard of what we have as characterizes a very considerable portion of our prohibition friends. We must elect law-abiding men to office and stand by them in the enforcement of law before prohibitory laws will be of much avail, and to that end the VISITOR stands ready to lend its influence and support, and while we are not authorized to vouch for Mr. Luce, we believe he will sanction this view of the political situation. Our correspondent says that "Dickie was probably as good a Republican as Luce," to which we answer that we are not asking farmers to vote for Luce because he is a Republican, but because we believe him to be a first-rate capable representative farmer of such large experience and good judgment that he will make an excellent Governor for the people of the State and prove to a querulous public that all farmers are not as they have been rated, second or third class fellows. It is not for Mr. Luce as a man that we so much care but it is in answer to a demand from the agricultural class for recognition that we are asking the farmers of Michigan to give Mr. Luce their support. Has not this most important industry, in which nearly one-half our population is engaged, remained in the background long enough? Look at the meager representation in Congress from this class, at the stunted appropriations for the advancement of the agricultural interests of the country as compared with the lavish expenditures in other directions.

Our worthy correspondent says: "There is no doubt Dickie would make as good a Governor as Luce, as his sympathies must be largely in favor of farmers." We shall not stop to question either his goodness or his sympathies as these have little to do with our support of Mr. Luce. Mr. Dickie may have lots of goodness but he is not a representative of the great agricultural class that we insist should stand up at this next election and be counted. This matter as to what the Republican or Democratic parties propose to do is outside of our field of discussion. We are not running the VISITOR to antagonize either one party or the other. Its distinctive purpose is to uphold the truth embodied in its motto, "The farmer is of more consequence than the farm and should be first improved." We therefore insist that what we have said so far in the VISITOR has been within the prescribed limits of the Declaration of Purposes of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, from which we quoted in the last issue of this paper.

We have never forgiven the last Legislature for its failure to submit to the voters of Michigan such amendment to the constitution as was asked for by thousands of her respectable and well-meaning citizens. For this failure individual Senators and Representatives were responsible. Neither party had the requisite two-thirds required by the Constitution of the State to permit the people to express their wish upon one of the most important questions under consideration by the American people. Any member of any party who voted against submission, if before the people for re-election deserves remanding on election day to private life. If we claim any one thing for our form of government, more than another, it is the right of the people to declare at the ballot box their convictions upon any subject that vitally affects their peace, their pockets, and their property, as well as their happiness and general welfare.

Those who read an article in the VISITOR of September 15 on "How to Harvest Corn," are respectfully referred to James A. Marsh, of Constantine, for more definite information. We make this reference to the gentleman without his knowledge, but knowing him to be a progressive farmer and a good Patron we are quite sure that he will promptly respond to any inquiries addressed to him. Corn is in the shock more or less all over the country, and the question now is, how can the corn and fodder be made the most useful to its owner at the least cost. Bro. Marsh can tell you what he knows about harvesting corn and preparing fodder to get out of it all there is in it at small cost as well or better than any other farmer of our acquaintance.

The time to test the plan will soon be here and we hope its value will be proved in more places than St. Joseph County.

The several county conventions for the election of representatives to the State Grange have been held and we wish to remind the Secretaries of those conventions that we must have a complete list of the brothers and sisters that will constitute the voting membership of the next State Grange, and the duty of reporting the names and post-office address of these representatives devolves on them. Please forward reports at once.

In the next issue we shall report the counties delinquent in returns to this office.

### Scratch.

EDITOR GRANGE VISITOR:—May I have a little space in your paper to say a few words to the farmers of Michigan, especially the Grangers?

I am beginning to lose faith in the independent voter. After all that has been said about the advanced intelligence of the farmers of Michigan and the enlightening influence of the Grange by developing independent thought and action in politics as well as elsewhere, when we find men, otherwise intelligent, so blindly adherent to party as to place implicit confidence in every theory advanced and every personality published by their party organ, and refusing to read the opposite side of the question, or, having read, to dispose of it by calling it a campaign lie, when we hear them quoting an article in their paper against the opposing candidate as reverently as though it were Holy Writ, although they know, for everybody knows it, that there are papers in all political parties which make a constant practice of asserting things they know to be false about the opposition candidates and parties, and that there are very few political papers that make any very strenuous efforts to determine the truth or falsity of anything they may hear against the opposition; when we see them vote their party ticket straight, although they know or might know if they would use their own reasoning powers instead of blindly following their leaders, that some of the men on other tickets are better qualified for the positions, our confidence in the brain force of the tiller of the soil is shaken as badly as Charleston was by the recent earthquake. Now I am a farmer and a Granger. I believe in the Grange, and I also believe that the reforms for which we are laboring must be accomplished by the ballot. I guess we all believe this. Still I frequently hear Patrons denouncing the GRANGE VISITOR for advocating the election of a Granger. Isn't that a trifle absurd? After the years of talk in Granges, in the VISITOR, and elsewhere about the lack of representation of the farmers in the public offices of the country, after we have all repeatedly declared that the lawyers and other professional men must step down and out to make room for the farmer, after the VISITOR has ably advocated our cause and urged us to attend caucuses and conventions and secure the nomination of intelligent and honest farmers, for without the nomination we cannot hope for the election; then some of us get mad and call the VISITOR to order for saying anything in favor of such a nominee. What would you think of a man that would work long and hard to erect the frame of a building and then leave it without making any effort to bring it to completion? I believe that the GRANGE VISITOR would favor a capable Patron rather than a lawyer, whatever party might nominate him; and I know that, other things being equal, I for one would vote for a brother.

I heard one brother say that Luce had been around the country for years claiming to be the farmers' friend, but when he accepted the nomination for Governor from the Republican convention he accepted the Republican platform, thereby avowing himself an enemy to them—referring to the tariff plank in that platform. If the brother would use his brains—for he has some, whatever you may think—he would know that the brightest intellects in the country have differed, that the ablest men of the present day still differ on the tariff question; that there are farmers in Michigan just as intelligent and just as well read as himself who believe just as strongly in that platform as he believes in another; that Bro. Luce has always been and still is a farmer, and that he has not intentionally been an enemy to himself all these years, so his convictions must at least be honest.

But you are not obliged to accept the platform or the remainder of the ticket by voting for Bro. Luce. It is every voter's right to *scratch*, and the better use you make of that prerogative the purer will our politics become. If Cyrus G. Luce receives a greater number of votes than the other candidates on the Republican ticket all of the political parties will know it, and will know the reason, too. They will see "the writing on the wall" and will act accordingly in making future nominations. So, fellow Patrons, speak out at the coming election. If you do not accept the chance now offered how can you expect another opportunity very soon?

That "Farmer" Luce is thoroughly qualified for the office no one has a doubt; and no one with real good common sense will take much stock in the campaign stories claiming dishonesty in obtaining the nomination; that he was nominated by the lumber and iron companies, and is in sympathy with these and other large corporations; that he was given the nomination just to kill him, etc.; when you all know that his integrity and ability in the management of the important offices he has formerly held, the purity of his motives in working for the farmers, both in and out of the Grange, and his nobility of character, have never been questioned, and that his nomination has been demanded by the farmers of Michigan for more than two years; many of them, myself among the number, not knowing until recently to what party he belonged. Meeting a brother shortly after the convention I said, "Luce got the nomination,

didn't he?" "Yes, on the Republican ticket," he answered. Now I'd like to know how the chickens he or any other man could get the nomination without being on some ticket.

If you would promote your own interests by bringing the farmer into more prominence in the political world, and if you intend to practice what you have been preaching for years, go to the polls in November and vote for Cyrus G. Luce for Governor. INDEPENDENT.

### Prohibition and Mr. Luce.

BRO. COBB:—I am a Granger and have not troubled your readers very much as the columns of the VISITOR have been well filled without me. I like the paper very much and wish it abundant success. I have no objections to urge against your dabbling in politics a little, as I feel anxious on that subject just now. And as our Declaration of Purposes embrace temperance, as a good granger my influence, so far as it goes, must be on the affirmative of that question, and that to the fullest extent. I do not preach temperance and favor whisky. I practice what I preach and vote what I pray for.

I am quite interested in the discussions in the VISITOR of Oct. 1, and if you please will offer a few words on them.

Sister Mayo's article. She argues for Worthy Master Luce because he is a good farmer and is in favor of prohibition. Well we have so few good farmers would it not be better for them to stay at home as patterns for others? I am here reminded of a good farmer at the East who thought he had "a call" to preach and invited a neighbor to accompany him to church. After service, the preacher, thinking he had done well, asked him what he thought of his preaching. "Well," said his friend, "it would seem a pity for the Lord to spoil a good farmer to make a poor preacher." Sister M. says Mr. Luce is in favor of prohibition. How does she know that? She once told us "on the authority of Worthy Master Luce" that we should not call each other grangers, but Patrons, "as there is no such word as granger in the English language." But that word does occur in the dictionary of the English language. Perhaps he was like a lady who said she had "read the dictionary through but could not get the hang of the story." Now, if Master Luce is really in favor of prohibition, why did he not endorse Prof. Dickie instead of accepting the nomination of himself? Dickie was no doubt as good a Republican as Luce. But you say we have not had a farmer Governor in twenty years. Well, the Republicans have been in power more than twenty years, and before that time we had several farmer Governors. And, besides, there is no doubt Dickie would make just as good a Governor as Luce, as his sympathies must be largely in favor of farmers. He is willing to practice what he preaches and vote as he prays. No doubt he knows as much as Bro. Luce, and is willing to practice what he knows. The most the Republican party propose to do for the liquor traffic is to "regulate it." Yes, regulate it and let it run; while Dickie would break its mainspring. Moreover, voting for Luce will detract from the certainty of the election of both, while the whole force of real temperance applied to the Prohibition party would insure the election of St. John and Dickie.

Now, Bro. Cobb, if you please, a few words on the last paragraph of your "Political Inconsistency." "All roads lead to Rome." In our present political crisis all political parties save one lead to the saloon, although many travelers know not whither they are going. It is as true now as it ever was that, in the language of the great Teacher, "He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." These words are applicable to the question of suppressing the liquor traffic. He that is not for prohibition is against it, and he who does not vote for it scatters the power that would destroy it. Talk temperance as you will, the saloon will gain strength at every turn if you do not use the power of the ballot against it. If you do not believe the curse of intoxicants will ever be swept from the earth and refuse to vote for the prohibition of the manufacture, sale and importation of intoxicants, then you are fostering your unbelief, and so far as your influence extends you are giving aid and comfort to the worst enemy of our race. This curse is the creature of law. Laws are made by officers voted into office for that purpose. Vote for men who are not pledged to prohibition and you may well expect to see the rum power prevail so sure as you are in the majority.

In the bonds of Faith, Hope and Charity, I am thine forever,

J. H. SANFORD.

Ottawa Grange No. 30, Oct. 4.

We find that even some of our prominent horticulturists are afraid of planting nut trees on account of the alleged difficulty met with in transplanting. We can hardly state emphatically enough that this is a bug-bear. When the trees are properly grown at the nursery, and transplanted when one year from the nut—as they should be—they can be handled as safely as any of our common fruit trees. Thousands were transplanted at the nursery here last spring with hardly a loss worth mentioning.—*Orchard and Garden.*

Meeting of the General Assembly K. of L.

A convention of the Knights of Labor is now in session in Richmond, Va., about one thousand delegates representing the order.

A reduction of the hours of labor is a necessity, and sooner or later must be had, but we must not forget that many places the ten-hour plan has not been adopted yet.

The very discussion of the sudden introduction of the eight-hour plan injured business, so much so that in many places men were reduced to half-time or thrown out of employment altogether.

More trouble has been caused us by men who profess to be members of the Knights of Labor than by members of trade unions. I respect the man who, being a member of a trade union, does everything honorable in his power to defend and perpetuate his organization;

ONLY a few days ago this picture was seen: A school-house on a commanding knoll—beautiful in situation and in nothing else; windows broken, no trees—the grounds a melancholy expanse of weeds; here and there at intervals of a few rods, two or three posts, forlorn and fragmentary recollections of a fence;

We are in receipt of a little pamphlet of 16 pages from the Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co., manufacturers of the Leonard creameries. The peculiar advantages of the Leonard make of creameries are well explained and illustrated in this pamphlet, and there is also a most excellent treatise on "Farm Dairying."

Speaking of trade unions and their relation to the Knights of Labor Mr. Powderly says: The trouble with trade unions in which certain of our members and assemblies have been engaged was greatly magnified and distorted. The proceed-

ings of the Cleveland special session of the general assembly, and the report of the general executive board submitted to you to-day, will be sufficient. I need not enter into detail further than to say that there were mistakes made on both sides.

To dig up past troubles is unnecessary, and, in consultation with prominent men of the trade unions, I was gratified to learn that they had no desire to revive the past. For the future, I recommend that all matters likely to create a breach of the peace between our order and any other be at once submitted to the executives of both organizations.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Master of the universe to remove from our midst our late brother, Solomon Whitney, a charter member of Griswold Grange, No. 564, and advance him to the eternal Grange above; therefore

WHEREAS, The death angel has again invaded our lodge room and removed our brother, George W. Brace; be it

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Obituaries.

BURLINGTON— WHEREAS, In obedience to the imperative edict of our Omnipotent Creator his faithful messenger, Death, hath entered our midst and snatched the golden thread which bound one of our number to us and to her life upon earth; therefore be it

Resolved, That we record with sadness the death of Mrs. James Burlington, who was a charter member of Porter Grange, No. 23. In the loss of our loved sister our Grange has sustained a serious loss.

Resolved, That we extend our united and individual sympathy to the grief-stricken family, who mourn the untimely loss of a faithful and trustful wife and devoted mother; to the community who will miss in her a kind and obliging friend and neighbor; and to the church and society at large who have of which she was a faithful member; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread at large upon the official records of our Grange, and a copy presented to the bereaved family as an earnest of our esteem and remembrance of the departed, and as a token of sincerity in our sympathy for their sorrow.

BARTLETT— WHEREAS, The grim monster, Death, has again entered our midst and severed the brotherly tie by removing our dear brother, S. Bartlett, who passed from this life to try the reality of the eternal, June 27, 1886. We in memory and as a tribute of respect do hereby offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of our most worthy brother, who was a true and faithful member of our Order, we bow in submission to him who is higher than we.

Resolved, That as brothers and sisters our heartfelt sympathies be extended to our dear sister who has met with this great loss, and we can only commend her to him believing as we do that trust in God is the only safe refuge in the hour of affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the records of Porter Grange, and the charter be draped in mourning for sixty days, also a copy be sent to our dear sister and family, also to the VISITOR for publication.

WHITNEY— WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Master of the universe to remove from our midst our late brother, Solomon Whitney, a charter member of Griswold Grange, No. 564, and advance him to the eternal Grange above; therefore

Resolved, That in his death Griswold Grange has lost an earnest, faithful member, and his family a kind father.

Resolved, That while we grieve for our departed brother and feel our loss we cherish his memory and extend the heartfelt sympathies of this Grange to his widow in her affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the record of this Grange, a copy be sent to the widowed sister, and a copy be sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication, also that the charter be draped for 30 days.

BRACE— WHEREAS, The death angel has again invaded our lodge room and removed our brother, George W. Brace; be it

Resolved, That in his death this society sustains the loss of a worthy member and the family a kind husband and father.

Resolved, That while we mourn his absence from our lodge room the memory of his gentle ways and his kind words will remain an inspiration to each of us to so live that we may meet in that upper room above that Jesus has gone to prepare for us.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their great sorrow, and that our charter be draped in mourning and these resolutions be published in the GRANGE VISITOR and a copy be sent to the afflicted family.

Sparta Grange, No. 340.

NICHOLS—BACON— WHEREAS, The sad intelligence has reached us that Sister L. Nichols and her daughter, Mrs. F. A. Bacon, have been stricken down in death; therefore

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Grange be instructed to transmit to the bereaved husbands and families the warmest sympathies of this Grange. Truly we feel death aimed at two shining marks, a deep gloom is cast over us all in this sad event, and we feel how weak are words to express the great sorrow we feel over their loss.

Resolved, That we would question the justice or wisdom of the act we have only to consider it is from the Supreme Master who doeth all things well, and does not willingly afflict. Sister Nichols was one who was highly esteemed by those who knew her best. Her warm sympathy was ever extended to those who were in sorrow and trouble. She was an active member of the Grange and never shrank its work, and by her gentle presence and energetic ways cheered us onward in the worthy cause.

Resolved, That to send a copy of these to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

C. A. SNOOK, NETTIE BROWN, C. E. SADDLER.

BOGERT— For the first time Pioneer Grange has been called upon to lament an honored member, in the person of Bro. Peter Bogert, who departed this life Sept. 2d.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst our worthy brother; therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Peter Bogert, Pioneer Grange has lost a faithful member, his family a kind husband and father, and the community an honored citizen.

Resolved, That the members of Pioneer Grange, No. 431, hereby tender our sincere sympathy to the friends and relatives of our deceased brother; and that we may emulate his many virtues and sterling qualities.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for sixty days, that a page of our record be devoted to his memory, that a copy of these resolutions be tendered the bereaved family; also, to GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

BARTLEY— Once more has the never-remitting hand of Death caused Bee Hive Grange to mourn the loss of one of its members. Bro. Robert Bartley, who was treasurer of the Grange ever since the organization, departed this life Aug. 13, 1886. As we gaze upon our charter in its dress of mourning we deeply feel that there is one more vacant seat in our Grange, another home has been robbed of its most priceless treasure, and many friends are left to mourn his loss. We

There are Women who have none of those ailments known as Female Complaints, yet who still need care of children, or sewing, teaching, taking her nerves are all unstrung, and she feels as though she would fly to pieces, and everything irritates and annoys her, a dose of ZOA-PHORA will strengthen and soothe her nerves. Sleeplessness is cured by Zoa-Phora. For Sick Headache there is not a more reliable preventive and cure than Zoa-Phora; it works like a charm, in many cases where everything else has failed. And any woman who does suffer from any of those complaints peculiar to her sex, should not delay a day to use Zoa-Phora. Our book on diseases of women and children, should be read by every woman, especially by mothers of daughters. Sent in sealed envelope on receipt of five 2ct. stamps. Address, Zoa-Phora Medicine Co., H. G. COLMAN, Sec., Kalamazoo, Mich. (Mention this paper.)

would extend our right hand of fellowship unto our sister in her sore bereavement, and by kind acts bind her more closely to us that she may feel in the Grange she has sisters and brothers noble and true. WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Master to remove from the scene of his earthly labors our esteemed brother and worthy treasurer, Robert Bartley;

Resolved, That as a Grange we deeply and sincerely mourn the death of a most worthy brother and friend, and hereby record our high estimation of his character as a citizen and Patron.

Resolved, That our hall and charter, which bears the name of Brother Robert Bartley, be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Bro. Bartley, and also to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

(Corrected by Thornton Barnes, Wholesale Grocer and Orange Selling Agent, No. 231 North Water St., Philadelphia, Pa.) PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11, 1886.

PURE SUGARS. Cut Loaf per lb. 6 1/2, Pulverized per lb. 6 1/2, Standard Granulated per lb. 6 1/2, Best White Soft A per lb. 5 1/2, Good White Soft A per lb. 5 1/2, Extra C White per lb. 5 1/2, Standard B per lb. 5 1/2, Extra G Yellow per lb. 4 1/2, C Yellow per lb. 4 1/2, Brown per lb. 4 1/2, New Orleans Extra Light per lb. 4 1/2.

SYRUP AND MOLASSES—In Barrels. Sugar drips pure sugar per gallon 23, Amber drips pure sugar per gallon 24, Fancy white maple drips per gallon 30, Extra golden pure sugar per gallon 32, Fancy New Orleans new crop per gallon 47, Good New Orleans new crop per gallon 45, White honey drip, vanilla flavor 35, IMPORTANT—The above quotations are for syrup in whole barrels only. All syrup in half barrels 4 cents per gallon extra and no charge for package. In 5 and 10 gallon packages 5 cents per gallon additional and the cost of package.

COFFEES—GREEN AND ROASTED. Fancy Rio per lb. 14, Green Rio extra choice per lb. 13, Green Rio prime per lb. 12 1/2, Green Rio good per lb. 12, Green Rio common per lb. 11, Green Maracabo choice per lb. 14, Green Laguayra choice per lb. 13 1/2, Green Java best per lb. 20, Roasted Rio best per lb. 15 1/2, Roasted Rio No. 1 per lb. 15, Roasted Rio No. 2 per lb. 14 1/2, Roasted Laguayra best per lb. 16, Roasted Java best per lb. 21, Barnes' Golden Rio roasted in 1 lb pk. 17.

TEAS. Imperial per lb. 25, 35, 40, 45, 50, Young Hyson per lb. 25, 35, 40, 45, 50, Oolong per lb. 25, 35, 40, 45, 50, Japan per lb. 25, 35, 40, 45, 50, Gunpowder per lb. 30, 40, 45, 50, 55.

FOREIGN DRIED FRUITS. Raisins, New Muscatels, per box 32 50, Old Muscatels, per box 32 50, London layers, per box 9 @ 9 1/2, Valencia per lb. 9 @ 9 1/2, Seedless, male, 50 lb boxes, per box 3 25, Ondara, box, 25 lb. 11 1/4, " 14 lb. 7 @ 9, Prunes, French boxes, per lb. 7 @ 9, Currants, new, per lb. 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4, " 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4.

WHOLE SPICES. Black Pepper per lb. 18 1/4, White " 28, Ginger " 12, Cinnamon " 10, Cloves " 25, Allspice " 9, Mace " 50, Nutmegs " 65.

PURE GROUND SPICES. Pure Pepper, black, per lb. 20, " African Cayenne, per lb. 28, " Cinnamon per lb. 17, " cloves per lb. 27, " Seedless, male, 50 lb boxes, per box 3 25, " Allspice per lb. 15.

GROCERS' SUNDRIES. Sal Soda, 112 lb kegs, per lb. 1 3/4, Flour sulphur, per lb. 5, Bi-carb soda, loose, 112 lb kegs. 4, " " 25 lb boxes. 5, " " 10 lb boxes. 6, " " in 1/2 lb packages. 6 1/2, Corn starch Gilbert's, per lb. 6, " Laguyra's, per lb. 7, Starch, lump, Duryea's, 40 lb boxes, per lb. 4, Gilbert's " 4, Corn starch, new process. 5 1/2, Starch, new process, lump. 3 1/2, " " 1 lb boxes. 5 1/4, Grain bags, 2 bushels. 24, Georgia bags, 2 bushels. 20 1/4, Chocolate, Baker's Brand, 50 lb per lb. 37 @ 38, Barnes' Perfect Baking Powder in 1/2 lb tins, per doz. 1 25, Barnes' Perfect Baking Powder in 1/4 lb tins, per doz. 2 20, Barnes' Perfect Baking Powder in 1/2 lb tins, per doz. 4 25, Rice, new crop, Fancy Head, per lb. 6, " good, per lb. 4 1/2, Rice, " prime, per lb. 5 1/2, Corn Brooms No. 3, per doz. 2 00, No. 4. 2 35

PARENTS do wrong in speaking ill of a teacher or ever permitting the children to do so. By so doing, they do the child an actual injury by lessening the attachment of the pupil to the teacher and weakening the strongest motive for advancement. Remember that the teacher may be combating in your child some defect of manner, of speech, or even breeding, that has grown upon your off-spring so gradually that you may not even be aware of its presence, and be unable to see a glaring fault yourself that is a positive annoyance to all others. Give those who are trying to benefit and instruct your children the advantage of your kindly support at home and abroad. You will be surprised at how much more your children will learn under this home encouragement. —Anthony Republican.

AN "IF" FOR POLITICIANS.—Politicians would be happier if quite sure there was not to be another earthquake two months hence.—Philadelphia Times.

FOR SALE.—Good farming lands, cheap and on long time. Write for information to Oct 15 12 E. F. GUILD, E. Saginaw, Mich.

GRAPES. The SMALL FRUITS, and all varieties of GRAPES. Extra Quality. Warranted true. Low rates to dealers. Cheap by mail. Headquarters and lowest rates for NIAGARA and T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, Empire State, N. Y.

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CLOVER SEED. THE WHOLE EXPENSE, beside freight, will not exceed fifteen cents per bushel for me to handle your seed. Ship in NEW STARK BAGS, which will be paid for or returned. By shipping direct to me you will get the highest price. Beans, Apples, Potatoes, Game, Onions, Poultry, etc., wanted. GEO. W. HILL, roct3t 114 Randolph St., Detroit, Mich.

If you have for sale either Apples, Beans, Bagas, Cranberries, Dried Fruit, Grapes, Hops, Honey, Onions, Peaches, Potatoes, Squash, Veal or Wool, send me your name and P. O. address in full; it will be added to my lists and in due time you will be fully posted in their value on this market, thereby enabling you the better to decide whether to sell at home or ship for sale here. Fraternally yours, THOMAS MASON, Business Agent Mich. State Grange, South Water St., Chicago. P. S.—Name the articles from the above list only that you expect to ship. oct3t3 T. M.

## Ladies' Department.

## The Funeral.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim.  
When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn;  
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,  
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out in front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;  
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.  
I could picture him when living—curling hair, protruding lip—  
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death  
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;  
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound.  
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that encircled those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—  
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;  
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face—  
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, undying race.

And he said: "Now don't be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay—  
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an' run away!  
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'preciates your love;  
But he's sure 'nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

"Now, He didn't give you dat baby, by a hundred thousand nile!  
He just think you need some sunshine, an' He lend it for awhile!  
An' he let you keep an' love it, till your hearts was bigger grown;  
An' de silver tears you're sheddin's jest de interest on de loan.

"Here yer oder pretty childrin!—don't be makin' it appear  
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by dis little fellow here;  
Don't pile up too much your sorrow on deir little mental shelves,  
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no account demselves!

"Just you think, yo poor deah mourners, creepin' in' long o'er Sorrow's way,  
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-day!  
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round  
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes,  
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say, 'Now, what's de news?'  
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den de little fellow say,  
'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de heabbenly way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty things he view,  
Den a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I wan' my parents, too!'  
But de angel chief musician teach dat boy a little song;  
Says, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon be comin' long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will properly be worth  
Several times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;  
He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house, without no contempt or fear;  
While dere's no end to de bad tings might have happened to him here.

"So my pooah dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus res;  
An' don't go to criticisin' dat ar One w'at knows de best!  
He have sent us many comforts—He have right to take away  
To de Lawd be praise an' glory, now an' ever!  
—Let us pray."  
—Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.

## October.

October comes across the hill  
Like some light ghost, she is so still,  
Though her sweet cheeks are rosy;  
And through the floating thistle down  
Her trailing, brier-tangled gown  
Gleams like a crimson posy.

The crickets in the stubble chime;  
Lanterns flash out at milking time;  
The daisy's lost her ruffles;  
The wasps the honied pippins try;  
A film is over the blue sky,  
A spell the river muffles.

The golden-rod fades in the sun;  
The spider's gauzy veil is spun  
Athwart the drooping sedges;  
The nuts drop softly from their burrs;  
No song bird the dim silence stirs,  
A blight is on the hedges.

But filled with fair content is she,  
As if no frost could ever be,  
To dim her brown eyes' luster;  
And much she knows of fairy folk  
That dance beneath the spreading oak  
With tinkling mirth and bluster.

She listens when the dusky eyes  
Step softly on the fallen leaves,  
As if for message cheering;  
And it must be that she can hear,  
Beyond November grim and drear,  
The feet of Christmas nearing.  
—Susan Hartley in St. Nicholas for October.

## Sabbath on the Farm.

"In it thou shalt do no work." I am glad that my father is justice itself. Though everything that could be done on Saturday had been done,—the whole flock well bathed, the clean clothes all ready to put on, the meals for the Sabbath planned, so that no unnecessary work need be done, yet at the evening time I was really more tired than on any of the week days. We are up on Sunday mornings nearly as early as on other days. Yet to take care of the milk and do up the necessary work and make yourself, four children, (have an eye on the larger half to see that collar, tie, shoes and pocket handkerchief are all proper) and all ready for church at half past ten requires some work and some managing, especially if all arrive at the church door in a serene and worshipful

frame of mind. As the bell calls for the Sabbath school, though glad to say, we must go home, for the children will be about famished, and then the minister is to take dinner with us ere he goes to his next service. It is three o'clock ere the dinner work is done and we are ready to rest and read. And now two small boys beg for us to read to them, and they are not so large but that both want to sit in our lap; one goes to sleep and the other soon slips down to play, and the reading aloud stops.

"Mother says she wishes you would come over; our baby's sick." We almost say mutually, "Why can't she take care of her own baby? We have all we can do to take care of our own!" We know we shall find a fretful, feverish child, for it is teething, and the young mother is very nervous and frightened if her baby is ailing. We know we shall find a hot, untidy house, full of flies and disorder, but with pity for both mother and baby we leave the cool porch and go to see what we can do for the little one. The child looks sick and the mother quite as bad.

We remember the bath that Mrs. Mayo spoke of for the feverish, fretful baby. A dirty wash tub, filled with the washing suds of last week, is all we can find in the shape of a bath tub, so the small boy is pressed into service and a little bath tub of our own serves us well. Nearly filled with tepid water the sick baby is carefully immersed, so frightened, not being used to water, that it screams and shivers with terror. The mother knows it will kill it, but with much firmness we persist in keeping it in ten minutes, and after being dried and a clean nightgown put on it, soon goes to sleep, and the mother is persuaded to lie down. The other two children come in and ask for something to eat and we send them over home with injunctions to ask for something there, which we well know they will not be loth to do. The baby sleeps but turns its head restlessly, so very carefully a wet cloth is laid over the aching head, and, though he wakes, he is soon quiet again.

"Pa says, where is the calves milk and where are the pans to strain the new milk in?" This stirs us to duties at home, so we bid the six-year old boy to sit down by the baby, not to make a bit of noise to wake mamma, and as we go through the gate we meet the "head of the house" with a gun on his shoulder, who has been tramping the woods all day and the result of his day's work is a snipe, a red squirrel and a jay, torn clothes, tired limbs and a vacant stomach. The halabals raised by Dickie and Sam is very forceably presented to our mind as we enter home. Every chair is in a long row and boots and shoes, dustpan and brooms are all brought out and confusion reigns in our usually orderly sitting room. But the suppressed giggles and the very suggestive nods tell us they were having a good time, so we forbear the scold that almost came and pick up the various strays and restore them to their proper places.

Milk is to be skimmed, pans washed, a luncheon to be served, chickens fed, dishes washed and the usual preparations gone through with for breakfast. The children begin to fret to be put to bed and think they must have the stories that mamma always tells them Sunday evenings, and so we put luncheon dishes one side and gather our little flock close around us and begin some of those wonderfully sweet Bible stories that have been told the little ones for ages. How hard they try to keep their eyes and ears open, but after a little they fail and half of the four are in dream land—wonderful dream land—and to bed they are carried. Another hour's work sees us through for the day and we look back through its hours and say, "How much to-day for the Master? Anything but leaves." M. A. R.

## Seedling Chrysanthemums.

Noticing Ruth Restly's query in the last VISITOR in regard to the culture of chrysanthemums I bethought me of my experience in that line this summer.

Reading an article last winter in the Ladies' Floral Cabinet stating the ease and manner by which they could be raised from the seed and new varieties obtained, and because my old kinds were losing some of their most desirable qualities, I at once concluded to try them.

The following are my notes on the progress of my work: March 20. Planted 40 chrysanthemum seeds in a shallow box filled with rich loam and placed them on the window sill in the sitting room where they had plenty of light and warmth. March 27. Three plants up this morning. April 3. Thirty-seven plants up. April 6. Eleven showing second leaves. May 17. Put one in a crock and set it out on the grass. Transplanted 30 to the garden. They were set in rows, eight to ten inches apart, and kept free from weeds and the ground well cultivated. The terminal buds were pinched out when they were from four to six inches high to induce a more stocky growth.

September 20. Found 27 plants well formed and showing buds, some more advanced than others. The difference in the shape and color of the leaves and style of the plants indicate that I may have a like variety in their blossoms. Selected five of them and placed in pots. Broke off all of the sprouts and weak, small branches, both of those I

took up and also those left in the ground. There was nothing gained by the one potted in the spring as it is no farther advanced than the others and not nearly as strong a plant.

If I succeed in getting a half dozen new and desirable kinds I shall feel well repaid for my trouble, as I have watched them with much interest. Mrs. B.

CANNING FRUITS.—When M. Pasteur advanced his theory that all fermentation was by organisms so minute that they floated about in the air, he very soon announced that, according to his experiments, these small bodies would not pass through cotton. Now, if they cannot go through cotton, and if they are the cause of fermentation, cotton will prevent the canned fruit from spoiling. Many people have experimented with it and find it a success. The cotton is simply tied over the boiled fruit while it is still hot, serving to keep the germs out just as sufficiently as the rubber ring or any amount of wax.

In the college kitchen laboratory experiments were tried with five kinds of fruit, including tomatoes, and the results were perfectly satisfactory in every case, not even a particle of mold forming in the can. In most cases the cotton was simply tied over the canful of hot fruit; in some cases there was a piece of white paper put on first to prevent the cotton dropping down and becoming juice-soaked. This seemed to be the preferable way. The cotton is taken just as it comes off the roll, the thickness being about as it unwinds, and it is tied down with strong twine.—Industrial.

## Health and Amusement.

## Plans.

"It was the pleasant harvest time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their load.

And the old swallow-haunted barns—  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams,  
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay mow's scented locks

Are filled with the summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves."

What a busy time, withal, this "pleasant harvest time" is! The orchards, which but so short a time ago blushed with maidenlike blossoms, now present the matron cheeks of full ripe fruit. Among the brown-green of their leaves and the red and yellow of their fruit can be seen the busy gatherers and packers. It is a pleasant sight. Pumpkin piles, the rustle of dead corn leaves, the slow falling leaf and a hundred other signs, as plain, speak of preparations for a change.

The hurrying of men and women about their farm homes tell of the final disposing of the year's products. How much wheat need be saved for family use has been calculated. How much stock can be wintered over, and how much hay, oats and "fodder" shall be kept for its feed; how many barrels of apples shall be put in the cellar, how many vegetables and hams and eggs shall be necessary,—all these items are being determined upon that our comfort may be secured. Indoors the outside preparations have been forestalled by generous provision of fruits, canned, jellied, pickled and preserved. It has been a beautiful, bounteous harvest. We rejoice and are glad.

These are the essentials. How about the non-essentials,—that are apt to turn out to be quite essential in the long run? Those things that one can live without, but can live a great deal better with, and that mature, like late-keeping apples, long after the season of the others is past? Let us see.

Is there a sack of pop corn stowed away and a box of nuts ready to be brought out when friends drop in of an evening, or when the boys want to go "off" for an hour and you want them to stay in? Are some of your apples of the best eating varieties tempered to just such a juicy lusciousness as will add zest to the content of your "snow-bound" family, should the elements sometime next winter so elect you to be? Is the molasses jug replenished for time of need when a candy-pull is proposed? Do, then, these accessories to a genuine social time stand ready on demand. In so far as such things add to our enjoyment are they essential; for enjoyment, we hold, is an essential of every healthy minded person.

This is a time, also, for other preparations. How are the social plans, and the head plans? It is always well to look ahead through your neighborhood telescope and so be able to frustrate any objectional plans somebody else may have, by an early laid scheme of your own. Third or fourth rate travelling "shows" (deserving of no rate but *beating*) might be "headed off" by a regularly appointed series of socials, lectures or entertainments. An indifferently moralized company may be cheated out of the fairest of its number, who only associate with them because of no efforts on the part of better to draw them in. Have you laid no plans for the brain of that boy or girl who could not be sent to school again this fall? Do you not recall how quickly fields, once cultivated, run back to weeds when untended? Have a care. Be sure that that brain, quickened by the exercise it has had, will be enticed by grosser uses

if some one does not plan to keep it up. Do you wish to supplant aimless "parties" by some sensible entertainments? Remember, then, that you will need forelaid plans and tact for your project, whereas the other "went of itself." Take time by the foretop and lose none.

Is that reading union to be revived again this winter? Are you going to start one where there has never been a worthy book read? Yours is a delicate task but a laudable one. Keep in mind that to be successful your propositions, when made to others, must have the virtue of attractiveness. Plan, then. Plan carefully. Plan at once.

JENNIE BUELL.

[NOTE.—I shall be very glad indeed to receive letters, sent me in care of the VISITOR, from any lecturer of a Grange, person, or committee, in the Grange or out, who is interested in the work of suggesting and planning for amusements in any way or manner, for gatherings of any kind. Any feature of a program or a whole program that proved "taking," any suggestions, account of how you do, or are going to do, or have seen done might be made of use to others by an interchange with one another. Country neighborhoods need this; we all need it. Let us see what can be done towards giving it. Write fully, without much "boiling down,"—not for print, but for reference and help.]

## Amusements for Convalescents.

Very often the convalescence of children is retarded by a depressing ennui. Little children have not the mental resources nor the philosophy of grown-up invalids. If too young or too weak to read, it goes hard with the patient—and with the nurse, too—if he must lie still all day, sighing and moaning: "Oh, I wish I could get up!"—"Oh, when can I get down stairs?" and all the other lamentations familiar to mothers and nurses.

As it taxes one's ingenuity to amuse and pacify these little patients, I will mention two or three things I did for my boy when he was recovering from diphtheria, hoping the experience may be of use to some other mother. Of course, I soon exhausted stories, and the mild play with such toys as weak little hands can manage, and the old cry of "Oh, mamma, what can I do?" set in again.

The walls of the sick room were of bare plaster—as all sick room walls should be, for a coat of lime makes them all fresh and pure again—and when my weary child sighed among his many sighs, for "something new in the room to look at," I bethought me of a roll of pictures saved from a year's numbers of a London illustrated newspaper. These I brought into the sick rooms and pinned all about the walls. The effect was very enlivening. The room seemed suddenly enlarged—as if it all at once opened out upon the quarters of the globe. There were broad landscapes and wild marine scenes, battlefields, Christmas firesides, noble portraits of horses and dogs, brave generals and fair women, pretty groups of children and tumbling waterfalls. The small invalid was delighted. Then I brought him a long, light stick—a piece of inch moulding it happened to be—with which he could point at the different pictures while he asked me as many questions as he liked. This stick was an inspiration. It was like having arms six feet long, and the boy had great fun "visiting all around the world" with it, as he expressed it. As long as he staid in bed the first demand in the morning was, "Give me my poke-stick, mamma." As I had to be out of the room a good deal, I fixed a bell call on the foot of the bed, and we arranged a code of signals that proved quite entertaining. Three taps on the bell with the poke-stick meant a drink of water; four taps a clean handkerchief; six taps meant "I am hungry;" eight taps, "What time is it?" and twelve taps signified that the pillows needed shaking up and the bed straightened generally. After awhile I attached to the stick a bit of string with a bent pin attached, scattered some old toys about the floor, and the invalid had a grand season of "fishing." It was amusing to see how shy some of the fish were, and what a time it was before they would consent to bite. And the excitement of landing them in the bed—which was now a boat, of course—was immense.

I am sure these little beguilements helped on my boy's recovering, for they kept his spirits in a cheerful condition, and cheerfulness is a very helpful medicine.—E. H. Leland in American Agriculturalist.

SKILL in any one direction is commonly a result of toil in a great many directions. No man can do one thing well, if he never does more than that one thing. A pyramid or a spire must have a base as well as an apex; and a piece of wood would never do for a wedge or a tap if it were of the same bigness all the way from end to end. Let him who would be a mechanic or a farmer or a business man or a preacher bear this truth in mind. Broadening the base of one's work is as essential as sharpening its point; and the two must, in a sense, go on simultaneously.—S. S. Times.

I know of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the Devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.

## The Higher Politics.

In a light, after-dinner speech at Ashfield, Mr. Lowell let fall some sentences of serious import; as when he said that "democracy lays a heavier burden on the individual conscience than any other form of government;" that he was "glad to observe that we have been getting over the habit of thinking that our institutions will go of themselves;" and that "no country that allows itself for a moment to be governed by its blackguards is safe." That was written before the United States of America existed. It is one of the truths of human nature and of destiny. More of this kind of talk will be in order throughout the land. Any American who cares for personal welfare or personal rectitude will do well to mount guard against the subtle temptations of the present political situation. As "no man can have a clear vision of truth so long as he is squinting sideways to see what will become of his soul," so no citizen can have a single eye to his political duty so long as he holds a divided loyalty between country and party. What interest, anyway, have we, the people of the United States, makers and unmakers of parties, except to secure the best possible government at the lowest possible cost? For the first time in many years, this issue looms large and distinct in the immediate foreground, with no grave prudential interests urging its further postponement. Good signs are not wanting. Witness the growing sensitiveness of the public mind about the character of appointees to office; the freedom of criticism, just or unjust; the measure of responsibility thrown upon those who sign recommendations; the courageous challenging of the incompetent and unworthy; the blaze of electric light around every post office.

But it is not enough—not half enough—to correct the evils of executive patronage. The spirit of reform must preside over nominations also, and local elections must be made to turn upon considerations of public welfare. If unfit names are put upon any ticket, the rebuke must come from the ballot-box. It is a shame, almost a crime, for a citizen to let himself be whipped into the support of men or measures against his convictions, merely to secure a partisan victory. Say or think what we may about loyalty to party, there happens not to be in existence just now any party whose supremacy may rightly be put in the place of the common weal. Your party is your tool. It belongs to you, not you to it. If you can use it to help fashion just laws and to secure their fair administration, well and good; if not, cast it aside. Nor is any favorite candidate's claim to promotion good against the claim of the people to the services of the man who can serve them best.

A gentleman, now residing in Missouri, but formerly a resident of Branch County, writes us: "Hurrah for Luce! I will say that the Republican party of Michigan have done something they can feel proud of by nominating Cyrus G. Luce for their standard bearer; and, if elected, they will never be sorry, for no better man, in my opinion, lives in the great State of Michigan than he. If there is anybody who thinks he is not a farmer, let them take a rake and follow him with a cradle as I did in 1850-51 in harvest. No more generous, upright business man than he lives, for I have known him ever since those dates and had business relations with him, and followed him through your worthy paper of which I have been a constant reader ever since it has been a paper. The best wishes to Mr. Luce and the Republican party of Michigan."—Coldwater Republican.

## Swelling the Pension Roll.

In connection with the recent report of the Pension Bureau there are two points that arrest attention. One made manifest by the report, and the other previously pointed out in these columns—that the general reader may be pleased to have placed concisely before him. It is now more than twenty-one years since the War ended, yet our pension rolls are steadily increasing. The names of 22,098 have been dropped on account of death, but 40,857 new names have been added, and we are each year paying more pensioners than the year before. The average yearly value of the pension, too, has increased by over ten per cent. We paid last year nearly sixty-four millions of taxes—much more than the amount paid for pensions by all the other civilized nations of the earth combined.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PAPER pipes for water and gas have been exhibited in Vienna. They are rolled from sheets of paper, and coated on the inside with an enamel of secret composition. In winding, the paper is soaked in melted asphalt, and the pipe is painted outside with asphalt varnish, and dusted over with sand. It is claimed that such a pipe will resist some 2,000 pounds internal pressure, although the material is only about half an inch thick.

"TELL your wife," should be the husband's motto. No need to ask wives to tell their husbands all they know. They do it anyhow. And this is no slur on them, for they have a right to.—Zemas Dane, in Good Housekeeping.

THERE are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

ALL political parties are made up of foxes and geese — about five thousand geese to one fox.

The great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

I am an uncompromising Radical up to date, but when I reach the other world I can be a Conservative, if it is the best thing to do.

MEN of great genius should not forget that their failings, or vices, are more apt to be noticed, and even admired, than their virtues.

ALL Conservatives have once been Radicals, and their virtue consists in having found out that half a loaf is better than no bread.

My friend, if you must keep a pet, let it be one of the serene kind (a rattlesnake or snapping turtle, for instance); this will exercise your caution and strengthen your genius.

My dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even, if you have to split a hair to do it.

INDEPENDENCE is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate world, is more dependent than man.

It isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

Disposing of the Surplus.

The proposition to expend at least a large portion of the surplus in necessary public improvements would be much less objectionable to the greater part of the thinking people of the country than any of the other expedients suggested.

THE earth's internal heat is now forced into practical service at Pesh, where the deepest artesian well in the world is sunk to supply hot water for public baths and other purposes.

THE Brooklyn Magazine will be two years old next month. Edith M. Thomas, Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, William H. Rideing, Fanny Davenport, Dr. Talmage and Aunt Katharine Green, are to contribute to the October number.

A LITTLE bit of a girl living near one of the cities ran in to her mother from the roadside with some early spring blooms in her hands, and full of the outside glow, exclaimed: "O, mamma, how nice it is to live where somebody doesn't own everything."

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

Table with columns for train names, times, and destinations. Includes sections for 'GOING SOUTH' and 'GOING NORTH'.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Table with columns for train names, times, and destinations. Includes sections for 'WESTWARD' and 'EASTWARD'.

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GREENWOOD STOCK FARM Poland China Swine a Specialty. Breeders Stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Correspondence and inspection invited. B. G. BUELL, LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE, Cass Co., Mich.

German Horse and Cow POWDERS! This powder has been in use many years. It is largely used by the farmers of Pennsylvania, and the Patrons of that State have purchased over 100,000 pounds through their purchasing agents.

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SHORTHORNS AT AUCTION, I have concluded to offer my entire stock of Shorthorn Cattle at auction on

THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1886, PERIS OXFORD 44536, stands at the head of the herd, and is in the prime of his usefulness as a stock animal. There are 12 males and 28 females of all ages, divided among the Souvenir—Phoenix and April Morn families.

Reduction in Price of Paints.

THE PATRONS' PAINT WORKS have made another reduction in the price of Paints, notwithstanding they are cheaper than any other Paints in the market, even if the others cost NOTHING. Why? Because TEN THOUSAND PATRONS TESTIFY THAT THEY LAST FOUR TIMES AS LONG AS WHITE LEAD AND OIL MIXED IN THE OLD WAY.

White Bronze MONUMENTS! Over 150 Erected in Kent County. The only monuments that are guaranteed to be free from all the objections known to stone.

Wonderful Discovery in Laundry Soap. One Bar of Ingersoll's New Discovery Soap does a Wash with one hour's light labor. This is a saving of eight hour's hard labor.

TRY A BOX. Sample box delivered to you, freight paid, for only three dollars. Sample bar mailed for the postage, 14 cents. Patrons' Soap Works, 64 Fulton St., New York.

FARM For Sale or Exchange. A farm of 160 acres, five miles from Howard City, Mich., twenty-five acres cleared and fenced; plenty of buildings in fair condition; soil clay and gravelly loam with clay subsoil; watered by fine springs and by Little Muskegon river.

Money to Loan. There has been placed in my hands money to loan in sums of five hundred dollars or more, to be secured on good improved farms.

CIDER MACHINERY. I have moved my place of business to 115 RANDOLPH STREET, corner of Congress Street, near the Market.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the MISSOURI STEAM WASHER. Active, honest persons all over the country, with or without team.

550,000 GRAPE VINES. 100 Varieties of Vines. Quality unsurpassed. Warranted true. Very cheap. 8 Sample vines mailed for 15c. Descriptive price list free. LEWIS ROESCH, Fredonia, S. D.

THE Patrons' Grocery House.

Under Contract with the Executive Committees of the Pennsylvania and New York State Granges and recognized by the State Granges of Ohio, New Jersey and Delaware to furnish Granges with all kinds of Groceries.

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THE GUIDE. We issue the Buyers' Guide in March and September of each year. It is now a book of 304 pages, 8x11 inches in size, 28,576 square inches of information for the consumers.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE, JUNE 26, 1886. Table with columns for train names, times, and destinations.

GROCERIES! Wholesale Grocery House of ARTHUR MEIGS & CO.

Have Opened a Mammoth Retail Department, and are selling all goods at much LOWER PRICES than any other dealers. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS will be given large purchasers.

BUSINESS AGENT MICHIGAN STATE GRANGE. THOMAS MASON, General Commission Merchant, 161 South Water St., Chicago.

The Song of the Farmer's Wife.

Monday is for washing, Tuesday is for ironing, Wednesday is for mending and putting clothes away. Thursday is for churning, Friday is for baking, Saturday is always the grand cleaning day.

Less Hours Work for Farmers.

I was glad to see the Husbandman take ground in favor of shorter days work for farmers. It required no little moral courage for an agricultural paper to take such a novel position, one so utterly at variance with the unanimous teachings of the agricultural press.

cially, for taking that course. In haying we never open the gate till 7 A. M., take a full hour for dinner and go out at 6 P. M., with the sun still high in the heavens.

On the other hand my fourteen-hour neighbor works till sundown and then milks the cows which takes till bed time. He tumbles into bed sweaty, feverish, exhausted.

Household Hints for October.

Smith—"I saw you carrying home a couple of nice-looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?" Brown—"I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now."

We do not wonder when city dailies and weeklies, in their morbid scramble after the would-be funny, and in their silly attempts to be witty, start and copy such trash.

Of all the good things which a kind Providence bestows on us at this season, there is none more harmless than the watermelon among vegetables, and the grape and the peach among fruits.

Doctor's pills and lotions could not have effected an improvement in her condition quicker than this exclusive diet of peaches; and her appetite for regular meals soon returned.

Why Some People Marry.

Some marry for the fun of the thing, and never see where it comes in. This is discouraging.

Some marry for the sake of a good companion, and never discover their mistake. This is lucky.

Man is a fickle "critter." Even Adam, who had his wife made to order, found more or less fault with her.

Don't marry a man for his reputation. It is liable to be only a second-hand affair borrowed from his ancestors.

Many women have married men for their fine exterior. But that's all there is to an ancient egg worth mentioning.

Marriage resulting from love at first sight is generally wedded bliss on a par with sour milk. One or the other gets swindled, and often both.

Many a man has married for beauty only to learn that he paid \$20 for what can be purchased for 25 cents at all druggists. This is hard.

But few people marry for pure love, and they in after years suspicion that what were at the time promptings of the tender passion were, in all probability, but the first symptoms of cholera-morbus.

The man who marries a woman simply because she is a dandy arrangement to have about the house does so from a pure business standpoint, and in the end, if not compelled to support him, she has done better than many women I know of.—Nashy.

WINTER CULTURE OF PANSIES.—Sow the seed any time from September to March.

For summer flowering sow any time in February, March or April, in shallow boxes in the house or in hot beds in light soil, covering the seed lightly and press the soil firmly; water and keep the soil moist until the seedling plants appear.

The Pansy seed germinate best in a temperature of fifty to sixty degrees. As soon as two or three of the leaves appear, transplant in shallow boxes. A cool room is the best to keep them in until the grounds become warm enough in the spring, when they may be planted out at once.

To those who have a hot bed or cold frame, it would be best to let them remain a few weeks before planting out. The great improvement made in the Pansy has rendered them extremely popular.

For massing in flower beds, their bright and lively faces, together with their rich and beautiful colors, render them indispensable to the flower garden.—Cottage Hearth.

STRIPS of heavy tarred paper—as used by builders—about one foot wide and long enough to reach loosely around the butt of young trees, with a few inches to spare for lapping, are recommended as a sure protection from mice.

Put the paper in place and secure it with a piece of twine and your trees will be safe for the next three or four years.

Patrons and Politics.

When the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry became a fixed fact, a certain class of politicians imagined that it was to become a great political machine through which their personal ambition might be gratified, and sought admission.

But when the National Grange met in its 7th annual session at St. Louis and published its declaration of purposes to the world their hopes were foiled, and their places in the Grange soon became vacant or were filled by those who sought admission through love of the Order and its principles.

The Order has prospered and grown strong under these well defined and conservative political principles, and to-day occupies a position in public confidence which enables it to exert a most salutary influence upon the politics of the country, and in shaping the policy of the government.

The members of the Order belong to all the different political parties, and in carrying out the above declaration of principles, have kept the organization out of partisan politics; yet the line of their work has been in the direct interest of the political parties which desire good government, administered by honest competent men.

That the Order has used its influence to bring farmers to the front and give them more influence, not only in the political parties but in the councils of the nation, can not be denied, but it has never attempted to exercise control over the votes of the members, and never will.

That the teachings of the Grange have had the tendency to do away with bitter partisanship among farmers is well understood; and the result of this has been to create more independence in their political action and voting.

This is clearly demonstrated by the votes cast for Governor in previous elections in this State.

In 1872, Bagley was elected over his Democratic competitor by a majority of 56,644. The farmers organized in 1873, and in 1874 the Democratic party nominated Henry Chamberlain, a farmer, and at that time one of the most prominent and influential Members of the Grange, for Governor.

The result was, that Bagley, who ran for a second term, was elected by less than 6,000 majority. In 1878, the Greenback party had become an important factor in politics, and the vote for the three candidates stood as follows:

Croswell, Republican..... 126,280 Burns, Democrat..... 78,503 Smith, Greenback..... 73,313

Neither of these candidates was a farmer. In 1880, the Republican party was appealed to and the convention

asked to nominate John T. Rich, a farmer, for Governor, but this request was not granted, and Jerome secured the nomination. The Democratic party nominated a farmer, F. M. Holloway, who was not only a prominent Patron of Husbandry, but a member of the Executive Committee of the State Grange.

The Greenback party also nominated a farmer and Member of the Grange, David Woodman. This was embarrassing to those who desired a farmer for Governor, as it was well understood that neither of the farmer candidates could be elected.

Holloway was better known in the State than Woodman and the farmers' vote seemed to center on him. This was a presidential year and party lines were tightly drawn and a full vote cast. The result stood as follows:

Jerome..... 178,944 Holloway..... 137,631 Woodman..... 31,085

Jerome's vote was 6,246 less than Garfield's and about 5,500 less than the average State ticket. Since then, until now, neither of the parties have nominated a farmer for this high office, or a candidate identified with the agricultural and labor interests of the State.

But now we have a "farmer candidate," of whom not only every farmer, mechanic and laborer, but every business man of the State, has reason to be proud. He is a man of unquestioned ability and integrity, ripe in years and experience, thoroughly acquainted with every business interest of the State and the people, a practical farmer in every sense of that word and one who has freely given much of his time, money and energy in building up the great organization of farmers, of which he now stands at the head in this State.

Will farmers and Patrons exercise the same independence in voting now that was done when Chamberlain and Holloway were candidates? I am confident that they will, and that he will be elected, and that no one will ever regret having voted for him.

INDEPENDENT.

For Dyspepsia

Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Nervousness, Weakened Energy

Indigestion, Etc.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A liquid preparation of the phosphates and phosphoric acid.

Recommended by physicians.

It makes a delicious drink.

Invigorating and strengthening.

Pamphlet free.

For sale by all dealers.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Imitations. July 15/1

Advertisement for FAY'S MANILLA ROPEING, featuring an image of a rope and text describing its quality and uses.

ENTERPRISE MEAT CHOPPERS.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

GUARANTEED TO CHOP, NOT GRIND THE MEAT.

FOR CHOPPING SAUSAGE MEAT, MINCE MEAT, HAMBURG STEAK FOR DYSPEPTIC BEEF TEA FOR INVALIDS &c.

Price, \$3.00. No. 10 Chops 1 pound per minute. Price, \$2.50. No. 12 Chops 1 pound per minute. Price, \$2.50. No. 22 Chops 2 pounds per minute. Price, \$4.00. No. 32 Chops 3 pounds per minute. Price, \$6.00.

Send for Catalogue. No. 10 Family Size, Price, \$3.00. Sold by the ENTERPRISE M'FG CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

—Young Men and Women can save money by attending—

Parson's Business College.

Advertisement for Parson's Business College, featuring an image of the college building and text describing its offerings in telegraphing, shorthand, and type writing.

Kalamazoo, Mich. Send for Journal. W. F. PARSONS, President.

HOW BOY'S MARBLES ARE MADE.—Almost all the "marbles" with which boys everywhere amuse themselves in season and out of season, on sidewalks and in sandy spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany.

There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to account in providing the small stone balls for experts to kuckle with.

The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown, by the shovelful, into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone, having its surface grooved with concentric furrows.

Above this the "runner," which is of some hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstone marbles are rebounded.

It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a half bushel of "marbles," all ready for the boy's knuckles. One mill will turn out 100,000 "marbles" per week. The hardest "crackers" as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however to the other.

That's why there is such a universal desire among farmers' boys to become farmers, and makes it so difficult for merchants and manufacturers to get bookkeepers! I looked upon the farm as a prison, on my work as slavery.

I looked forward impatiently for the day of my release, and I had more privileges than most boys of my age.

I don't know one of them, excepting myself, who is farming to-day. When of age I engaged in merchandising, but it was not to my taste.

I decided to take up farming and apply to it the same business principles and practices that have been found good in other callings.

That was thirty-three years ago, and neither I nor any men have worked over ten hours a day. Besides I have taken frequent occasions to go fishing, shooting, ball-playing and dancing.

Now at the age of 55, I believe I am in better shape physically, mentally and finan-