THE FARMER IS OF MORE CONSEQUENCE THAN THE FARM AND SHOULD BE FIRST IMPROVED:

The Grange Visitor, PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

As remarked in another connection, the question of price is closely and inseparably connected with that of quality. The farmer is of more consequence than the farm, and should be first improved.

In order to encourage wheat-growing, it must be rendered profitable. Otherwise the farmer will naturally seek other pursuits. He will not consider his wheat worth the trouble of planting, cultivating and harvesting, in view of the uncertain crop prices and profits that may follow. The farmer must have a right to a fair return for his labor and capital. If this is done, he will naturally find it profitable to produce the crop he has grown.

The conditions of modern civilization lead to the mutual dependence of different classes upon each other. The miller depends on the farmer for his wheat, and the farmer on the miller for the price he receives for his wheat. The farmer will naturally seek to improve his crop by planting better varieties and better seed, and by better care and management. The miller will naturally seek to improve his mill by better care and management, and by higher quality and quantity of wheat.

Concerning Clover Tubercles

Concerning Clover Tubercles. H. W. Combs has reviewed in the official publication of the office of experiment stations at Washington the general principles regarding the nitrogen gathering processes between the leguminous plants. Thus far he has not taken up the subject of long legume gathering, but will do so later. Financially we give our conclusion as to what has been necessary and significant in this matter. After a few strange that there should be any such a prejudice, but these differences of fact, the interests of two nations, and the differences of the various races. The growth of the public mind is referred to with the same effect as the change of pores.

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In the year 187— the steam-ship Swallow left the Cape of Good Hope, bound for England — "for home," the lady wrote, "for home," a child two years old and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge handsome Newfoundland dog.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the child, and Nero, the dog, promptly dive his teeth into the child's clothing, and has them firmly for the wake of the vessel. He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived, loved and honored, until the day of his death. He was without doubt the bravest dog in the world. He was known as "Nero the hero," "Nero the good dog," and "Nero the faithfulest of dogs."

A True Dog Story.

Well, as one can imagine, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and hero of the whole ship. He promised to keep close to the nurse's side, and anxiously watch her little charge's arrival on dry land.

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. He kept close to the nurse's side, and anxiously watched her little charge's arrival on dry land.

We often hear it said that there is a place for every good horse at a fair price, but I find it is much more difficult to find a place for him at whatever he ought to bring, be he ever so good a horse individually. When a man buys a horse for speed he wants extreme speed and nothing slower than 2:30 will do. A 2:40 will sell, then let him sell for what some good customer will give, and then try again on another one. If he gains the confidence of the reader, it often makes the blood they owned fashionable, or at least helped to do so, and in this way have greatly enhanced the value of their goods without putting themselves to a great expense in doing so. The market for young meat seems to be quite large, and there is a demand for it in some places, where the horse has been for sale 2:30 to 2:40, but he has got and can sell unlimited quantities, while the farmer has no more to offer than nature grants to him. The farmer is told that it is best for him to sell in such a way that there is a superabundance of meat, that there will be no profit to be had in it, and that the Europeans will buy it of other countries. Will Nature give the bears and the fish to those who come to the waters and then be glad to sell for cash. We want a good many berries. —

The after-bowling spell will soon be here and many will come to the bowling alley and walk off with a smile. While it is undoubtedly best to keep teamsters out of the bowling alley, the rush of civilization and the carriages will make the latter a necessity in every town. There is no other way in which small quantities can be disposed of, and the owners should be glad to sell for cheese. In fact, the reserve price is on the market.

The Europeen crops are worse than they ever have been, and the reserves are exhausted. The home consumption will be met with the population, and it is very probable 350,000,000 bushels, which is the amount of the reserve. During the last ten years we have been on the average, of which Europe receives for the manufacture of flour for bread and meal the equivalent of 20 bushels, and South America 20,000,000,000 bushels, or nearly 25,000,000,000 bushels, to spare, which is a very comfortable margin on account of the scarcity of wheat. The average quantity of about 200,000,000 bushels will not give us any more to draw on.

This would make both ends meet if Europe had a good average crop, but Europe has not a good average crop, and the worst crop failure of the corn and wheat crops is the result of the speculator's rush into the market right after the heavy rains, and the fact that most of it will have been bought before the harvest was in. It is, therefore, a good thing that after the bulk of the farmers have sold their wheat, the speculator would come to the market and buy, then he would be content, and the situation he would give 2½ a bushel.

The cheapest and most profitable way that we know to harvest a crop of rye is to turn on it hogs with the corn. This will make the grain fall to the ground, that the grain may be softened by lying on the ground. This softening assists digestion very much. The farmer is told that it is best for him to sell as quickly as possible, that there is a superabundance of wheat, that there will be no profit to be had in it, and that the Europeans will buy it of other countries. The All-Kind Mother. A True Dog Story.
The American Farmers' Chance.

There never was a time in history when the farmers were as much talked about as they are to-day. There is no disunion, such as is so apparent in the industrial classes, but for want of sufficient cause. Our farmers are not a hateful race, they are not a ruling one, as other men. They are not the leaders of the world, nor do they lead their own. They have not the direct power, but they do have an indirect one, and perhaps a larger one than the leaders of the world. They are in constant contact with the people, and in almost every town, village, and hamlet, there is a farmer to be found. They are the most widely distributed of the people, and their influence is felt in every part of the country. They are the natural leaders of the people, and it is to them that the people look for guidance and advice. They are the voice of the people, and they are heard. They are the voice of the people, and they are listened to. They are the voice of the people, and they are respected.

As usual with mankind, they turn their eyes outward, rather than inward, in search of the seat of their influence, instead of looking within themselves for the source of their power. They have a right to do this, as they are the only people who have the power to do it. They are the only people who have the power to influence the people, and they are the only people who have the power to control the people. They are the only people who have the power to change the people, and they are the only people who have the power to improve the people. They are the only people who have the power to educate the people, and they are the only people who have the power to raise the people. They are the only people who have the power to control the people, and they are the only people who have the power to influence the people. They are the only people who have the power to change the people, and they are the only people who have the power to improve the people. They are the only people who have the power to educate the people, and they are the only people who have the power to raise the people.

We cannot understand the farmers, as we cannot understand our own race. They are the only people who have the power to do it, and they are the only people who have the power to do it. They are the only people who have the power to change the people, and they are the only people who have the power to improve the people. They are the only people who have the power to educate the people, and they are the only people who have the power to raise the people. They are the only people who have the power to control the people, and they are the only people who have the power to influence the people. They are the only people who have the power to change the people, and they are the only people who have the power to improve the people. They are the only people who have the power to educate the people, and they are the only people who have the power to raise the people.

Now let us coolly consider some leading facts. We farmers have substantially had our own way with the soil, and we have done it without engendering bad blood or ill feeling, and by its instrumentality, the education of the farmer on this and other issues is steadily progressing. It, however, does not advance rapidly.
The new party now seeking the favor of farmers had its inception under conditions quite different from those which gave birth to the Grange. There are, indeed, no more to be commended than a mechanics' or lawyers' party. One of the cardinal principles of the Grange is, as an order, to keep aloof from all entangling political parties. It is the right of every farmer and laborer to decide for himself as to what party they offer their allegiance, and in which they will labor for the best good of all.

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Holding Wheat for Higher Prices

We are receiving inquiries regarding many of the articles advertised in the Visitor. A number of reform which is demanded by farmers, and that he can do more as a member in one of the two great political parties than he can by attempting to work his will through those channels which is known to split his party and create dissensions. His suggestions are heeded in his own party; but let him step into another, and he will find that much to which he added the name of thinking men. A farmers' party is indeed no more to be commended than a mechanics' or lawyers' party. The Grange has something to do with politics, but its intention is for the benefit of its members.

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A man's true wealth is measured by the good he does in this world to his fellow man. If you have never done a single kind act, you have never earned a cent. "Charity begins at home," and the best way to begin is to try to do something for others. To give a helping hand, to give a cheer, to wish another well, is better than to spend a thousand dollars in the purchase of a tract of land.

The Best Farm Crop.

... the state has already passed its cold, hard, iron-plated arms between the parent and the offspring, and set her both by God and man.—"The State as an Immoral Teacher," by Ouida, in North American Review for July.

Not Blamable in Any One Thing.

... the state has not reached the fullness of its power to do the right thing, to make the right laws. There are only two extremes in the positions assumed by farmers respecting the causes of the depression which now plagues the country.

The state's gold rapidly passed its cold, hard, iron-plated arms through the open window of the spring; and daily dragging and trapping and showing and measuring the dregs of the old order may say, "Honour your father and your mother," but the state, on the contrary, says, "Honour your creditors and your law." And the state is now so muffled whilst you attend to your affairs, that you cannot see to whom your father is to be fathered and imprisoned and the rest of the family. And before you pray for the world when you disgrace and deride the world, you should know that the man in London was sentenced to prison not because he defied the state, but because, being justly accused of a crime, he was a suspected heifer or a lying harlot, who refused to obey the law, and who, if she struck her twit with a better one, would have been able to keep her mouth shut.

The man acted perfectly correctly. He had a right to speak of it if a parent might not correct his child in the principles and the practice of the world. What can be the relations of the children and the parents? How can the children and the parents get to know each other, if the child is not allowed to speak of its relations, and the parent is not allowed to speak of its children? It is a question of which we are all cut off, but which, when we have a chance to do it, is a question of which we are all cut off.

The craddle is no longer disturbed, the harvest clipper is no longer an alarmer; the hay is to roll, the corn to yield. Roll in splendor and state—Here's God speed to the plow and his harrow. Here is the plowman's welcome to his plow, and the crops that he has so carefully tended to the living the hand of friendship. They can well dispense with your tears at their departure, and add them to the tears of the world at the parting of the plowmen.

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Was it an echo from a forgotten shore?

Prismatic dyed by Phoebus' subtle beam
Of sound familiar and yet strange and queer.

I heard, as from some far-off, mystic shore,
And marked indifference each eager eye
Careless and happy; heard their heedless feet
Again at high noontide on busy street
They bury their dead and go on again.

In an old temple stained and dark and grim,
A voice, a word. Nay, call it what you will,
Of light, resplendent for a moment, shone
Unlike to music of the mundane sphere;
Idly I watched the hurrying crowd sweep by.

Sweep up the mountain sides until they kissed
And the feet of those who were nearing God,
Moss grows thick on the path where trod
Where is the lover who told his love?
Lovers have walked here, hand in hand.

You grieve for the beauty that could not last,
When my heart remembers its happy past.
O poor old garden, for men forget;
Over the beds where the lilies grew
Hints of the fleet years that flew away.

Of life and loving gave place to loss?
Here, by this dying tree, was told
Ghostly footfalls, through mold and moss,
Haunted I know you are, night and day,
But the great green grove, green as ever.

As we grow older we grow more and more affections more and more.
Lovers part, and marriage breaks many a link.

A bower of roses, and the bower was green where the boy was ready to give up the fight for the maid.

Happily, this is rare.

Sixteen will prove a dollar and a half.

The ruinous cost of a love is equal to the cost of a ruin.

It is not worth the while to work and save for a love which cannot be had.

In my experience, it is far safer and more blessed to hope for love than to depend on it.

It is the very essence of friendship.

Nothing is happier than to have a friend.

This is the way to keep your health.

Of a workman who handles a heavy tool in his hand.

First, of the workman's hand on the tool.

An article of small cost which is of the utmost importance to him.

In a word, it is a good article to have in a possession.

This is the way to make friends.

Friendship is a delicate thing, and has even been known to wither on the appearance of a clumsily cut coat...

The saying that one should "eat to live" ought to be amended so as to convey the idea that one should not only eat to live, but to think.

In the young the truth that one should not eat to live is self-evident.

The great joy of life is not to be in the possession of things, but to be in the possession of the love of others.

It is the greatest delight in life.

The love of friends is the foundation of all true happiness.

Our friends are the friends of our youth.

In a word, friendship is a subject of great importance."
Nearly a million households use it as a reference book. A million purchasers learning how to make four dollars the third time.

Send only upon receipt of 75 cents in stamps to pay the postage (50 cents, 1000 copies, weight, two pounds).

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
427-473 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Needs of Country Life.

The development of education is needed in the country as well as in the city. Why? Under the Grange Doce.

There have been too many cultural plans in the past with too little social development and, consequently, the students of the country with all opportunities for objective teaching and manual training, but little if anything to do with the city, and it has been the policy of the Grange, for the boys and girls there need much more help than as children in crowded city buildings. Successes in these operations are being made in many community centers. Groups of young boys are acquiring cooking and cleaning classes and sending to the city for their sale. In the neighboring boys who expected to be the leaders in these operations and in consequence to leave their homes for city boarding houses are becoming impressed with the interest as well as the value of the aid. Girls are enjoying lessons in hygiene and the economy of food, as well as practical demonstrations of home management.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

By The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The Little Bed Schoolhouse.

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

The Little Bird Teifs.

“Ye gladden our hearts, the old trusts renewing, E'en as when, in Life's morning, our tasks still Within the rude desks and the benches still.”

Several young men are of opinion that the best way to develop the little red schoolhouse that stood on the hill.

—The Little Bird tells!

Friends after a Fight.

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

—The Little Bird tells!
There lies in the center of each man's heart
And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love;
Yea, after the world has passed away.

ED. VISITOR.

Do you belong to that class who had as soon sell a man a poor cow for a good one, or a rouge for an honest woman, as you would an honest farmer for a dishonest one? I make my money by farming. "Would there were more like him.

A New Grange.

R. V. Clark.

(To be continued.)

This was the first order of labor performed, and the order perfected for the first time in the history of the American Order of United Buffaloes. Made to the order of Ed. Viscount, and the Grange of the Eastern Star.

ALABASTINE.

The finest wall coating ever manufactured, and the present PERFECTED DRILL is in itself a wonder, being the Lightest Draft Drill, The Most Simple, Practical and Effective Drill, and the Most Durable Drill ever made. It is now in large consumption, and is being sold at

DOWAGIAC SHOE DRILL CO. On order Catalogues, only 25 Cts., to the trade.

A $90 BUGGY FOR $70!

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

The demand for a good side-spring buggy has been gradually growing for several years, and there have been several new improvements put on the market in competition, but all of these have proved failures, the construction being such that there was no chance for the side-spring to lengthen when loaded, hence the motion was short and sharp, or the gear was thrown out of "track." In the "Wolverine" these objections are avoided. There are four springs which are put together in such a manner that each is allowed full play without straining any of them, as each has its own separate motion. It has a wrought iron wheel, clip-girt, and a double reach. Every buggy also has a well arranged box to make it a "track.


JULY 27.

There is no place in this world for malcontents. If they make their way at all, it is by pushing and striving, whereas a brief acquaintance with a gloomy man overpowers us with depression.—Am. Storekeeper.

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