

# THE GRANGER VISITOR

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

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## The Grange Visitor

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### THE GRANGER'S DREAM, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. BY F. RODGMAN.

A Granger one night by his fireside was sitting, When merry brown leaves through the meadows were flitting,  
And chill autumn winds piled them up at his door.  
Of winter's approach they were giving him warning,  
And Jack Frost had been there early one morning  
And killed his Verbenas, a fortnight before.

His flocks were all sheltered and eating,  
His wife the last duties of evening completing,  
The children all tucked away snugly to rest;  
The stove with a row of small shoes was surrounded;  
The last stroke of nine from the clock had just sounded,  
As Luna's last beams faded out in the west.

The farmer, who sat there, was silently musing;—  
His hand on the shovel he just had been using  
To cover the embers of fire for the night—  
He thought the results of his year's work were  
summing.  
And how to prepare for the winter now coming;  
What work to begin with the morning's first light.

His wheat must be drawn, for he had contracted  
A lot at a dollar. The buyer expected  
Delivery made while the going was good.  
And now in his mind 'twas a serious question,  
What course to pursue: if it was not the best one  
To sell all he had, at the price as it stood.

He would sell off his hogs, for the cholera threatened;  
At least would dispose of all those which were  
fattened.  
Sufficiently well for the market's demands.  
Some of them now he discovered were ailing;  
In a day or two more they'd be rapidly failing.  
He must sell them off soon, or they'd die on his hands.

The best he could do, they would dock him a quarter  
On sick hogs unfit for the regular slaughter,  
And that was as much as he thought he could stand.  
There was corn yet to husk, to be done in a hurry,  
A hen-house to build, and that made him worry—  
He didn't know just how he wanted it planned.

For he was no slouch, on his farm or in movement,  
And nothing would do but the latest improvement.  
His stock, tools and buildings must be of the best;  
His crops were all planted and gathered in season;  
He made the best use that he could of his reason,  
And left the good Lord to take care of the rest.

As thoughts of his hen-house kept ever returning,  
He made up his mind he would go the next morning  
And see how friend Adams's suited his mind;  
If that did not please him, he'd visit his neighbors  
And see what had been the result of their labors,  
And which was the best one of all he could find.

And that was not all. There was many a question  
On which he would like a good friendly suggestion  
From men of known judgment and practical skill:  
From men of like means, and cordially greet them,  
And talk up these troublesome matters between them,  
How easy 'twould be all the trouble to kill!

That thought bred another: Why can't we, I wonder,  
Have meetings of farmers residing asunder,  
Especially those who have proven their skill,  
And call it an Institute, Farmers' Convention,  
Or any good name that will help the invention—  
It will be just the thing, call it what name you will.

And now I remember, the College at Lansing,  
Intent on the good of the farmers advancing,  
Has taken this very same business in hand,  
I'll speak to the Grange at the very next meeting;  
We'll send to the College a neighborly greeting,  
And ask the professors to help what they can.

In this way the Granger continued to ponder  
In dreamland, his senses beginning to wander,  
When down came the fire-shovel, bang! on the floor.  
He woke with a shiver, to hear his wife calling;  
"Come, hurry to bed," she was lustily calling;  
"I've wound up the clock and have fastened the door."

"Don't sit there by the stove and keep me in waiting,  
'Till midnight my slumber and night's rest belating;  
I need all the rest I can get—yes, and more,  
You'll catch a bad cold and be grunting to-morrow;  
You've done it before, as you know to your sorrow—  
Come, Jamie, don't stay there, I beg and implore."

Of course there was nothing for him but to mind her  
Experience warned him he surely would find her  
Correct in her judgment—'twas just so before.  
He had settled the cares on his mind to his liking,  
So when the old clock the next hour was striking,  
It mingled its resonant chime with his morn.

But still, as he slept, there attended his slumber  
A host of new visions, and dreams without number,  
Of meetings, discussions, and greeting of friends,  
Of talks about sowing and planting and drilling;  
New truths in his mind he was busy instilling,  
When morn brought his visions abruptly to end.

But the plan seemed so good he set right about him,  
(The neighbors would never begin it without him),  
And told all his Grange of the work he had planned.  
They listened at first with surprise at the measure,  
But quickly agreed to assist him with pleasure,  
And scatter the tidings all over the land.

That work must be done which is full of attraction  
For men who despise a dull life of inaction,  
And farmers are men who have got it to do.  
In orchard and meadow and every surrounding,  
The secrets of nature are richly abounding;  
The farmer is he who must bring them to view.

And so they discussed the inherent relations  
Of crops to the soil, and the plain indications  
That principles give of the course to pursue;  
And instantiated a great many good illustrations—  
Experiments tried on the farmers' plantations—  
All going to show that they held the right view.

The sum of it all was, they got the thing started,  
And when it was over the company departed,  
And wended their way to their several homes;  
Each carried home with him a novel idea,

To test on his farm, in the course of the year,  
And tell how it worked when next Institute comes.

Now, each passing winter brings with it a meeting,  
The lessons of practical wisdom repeating,  
The interest increasing as years pass along,  
The wave of instruction, now fairly in motion,  
Will spread till it reaches the shores of the ocean,  
And Maine shall respond to the far Oregon.

To-day we have sat here with pleasure, and listened  
To men who honor and value the institute;  
As thoughts of the future have teemed in the brain,  
And pictured our country—a rapturous vision,  
The home of free millions—a dwelling elysian,  
A garden, like Eden, o'er mountain and plain;

Where the husbandman equals the peer in position;  
And farmers, the statesmen, in mental condition;  
Where virtue and intellect rule in the land;  
Where titles to place in the world's estimation  
Are founded on *virtus*, and such education  
As brings out the best that there is in the man.

It may not be our time when this shall prove real,  
And "Accomplished" shall stand in the place of  
"Ideal,"—  
But millions are working to bring the time near;  
And where shall we find, in the wide world around us,  
Signs of its coming like those which surround us,  
And where is it nearer accomplished than here?

There are brooks that go rippling through opening  
and meadow,  
Then seeking the glen where the forests o'ershadow,  
Or winding 'mid sedges and ferns to the sea.  
There are lakellets that laugh when the merry winds  
blow them;  
Tall grasses that nod to the nestlings below them,  
And sweet clover blossoms that sprinkle the lea.

There are farm houses standing along the broad  
highways  
And children sporting themselves in the by-ways,  
Where the hazel nuts grow and the mandrake is  
found;  
There are flocks still increasing the husbandman's  
treasures;  
Fruits and flowers all round him to add to his  
pleasures,  
And crops that in fulness encumber the ground.

We have come from those homes and have met on  
this prairie,  
Whose beauties might grace the abode of a fairy,  
And find that a grand hospitality reigns.  
With welcomes as broad as your prairies you meet us;  
With welcomes as warm as your hearthstones you  
greet us;  
With generous friendship and heart that con-  
strains,

We give you our thanks for these tokens around us,  
For all of the comforts we've had to surround us,  
The pleasures enjoyed as we've met with you her  
e  
And when we shall go on our way in the morning,  
Let us hope we shall all meet again in the dawning  
Of that better day we are working for here.

### BETSY AND JOSIAH.

Well, Betsy dear, another year  
So soon has passed away,  
And we have lived to see the dawn  
Of this Old Settlers' day.  
So while you fix our dinner up,  
I'll hitch the steady gray  
To our new carriage, just from town,  
And then we'll haste away.

Laws, Betsy, who would ever dream'd  
Most fifty years ago,  
That you and I would rise so high  
Or make so good a show?  
You laugh and say I'm getting proud  
In these my latter days,  
And really fear I'm being spoiled  
With my fast horse and chaise.

But, Betsy, I'm not half so proud  
As when we first came west,  
And you and my ox team was all  
The riches I possessed.  
There, where we pitched our little tent,  
No farther west to roam,  
No mansion ever seemed so bright  
As that small woodland home.

While there you spread our little feast,  
Then by an out-door fire  
You made and baked the first corn cake  
For you and your Josiah.  
And so we went to keeping house,  
Where nature but woods abound,  
And not a neighbor to be seen  
For many miles around.

But you were quite content, and I  
The work had soon begun,  
Of opening up a passage way  
To greet the shining sun.  
How soon the forest learned to bow  
'Een at the ax's ring;  
Those giant trees fell at my feet  
As if I were their king.

I labored hard, I know I did,  
But when the day was gone  
You always met me with a smile  
Or some old-fashioned song,  
And then of evenings I would make  
Our furniture, you know,  
While you sat at the little wheel  
A-spinning flax or tow.

That little wheel was never still,  
And when the children came  
So thick and fast, it seemed that you  
Kept spinning just the same.  
Sometimes the meal got rather low,  
Then I'd get I'm sure blue,  
But you would smile, and say the Lord  
Would bring us safely through.

Why, Betsy, everything we have,  
I owe it all to you,  
For you were braver far than I,  
And you shall have your due.  
But you remember, Betsy, when  
I told you just in fun,  
That you grew young and handsome  
With every setting sun.

How the next day you sought a trough  
And filled it to the brim  
With water from the spring, and then  
Stood proudly looking in.  
And when I spied you how you stormed  
And caused our first hard spat,  
Because I told you 'twas yourself  
That you were looking at.

So then to make amends I went  
Some twenty miles or more  
To town, and bought a looking-glass  
And hung up by the door.  
And, Betsy, those were happy times,  
In spite of cares and toll,  
For warmer hearts or freer hands  
'Ne'er cleared or tilled the soil.

Than those found here in Michigan,  
Most fifty years ago,  
They loved their neighbors as themselves,  
Just as we're told to do.  
Why, bless you, Betsy, now-a-days  
'You'll hear some young men say,  
"The times are hard," when there is work  
And lots of ready pay!

Why, I would like to take them back,  
And I would like to show  
Just what their forefathers did,  
So they might better know  
What labor and what hardships meant.  
I think they'd shrink with dread  
At what they saw, and hasten back  
To their hard times instead.

And, Betsy, girls were different then  
From what the girls are now,  
These do not like the calloused hand  
And honest, sun-burned brow:  
They like the men that wear fine clothes  
And a deceiving smile;  
Who do not labor, yet who live  
And sport a heap o' style.

They tell us that to spin and weave  
Was for an earlier race,  
And that for these enlightened days  
'Tis rather out of place.  
And, Betsy, I have thought sometimes,  
Perhaps the young are gay,  
Might think that these old pioneers  
Were somewhat in the way.

But they are dropping, one by one,  
And soon they'll all be gone;  
These silver heads and trembling hands  
Will join another throng.  
And we shall miss some to-day  
Who met with us last year,  
But now have laid aside all cares  
To nevermore appear.

Betsy, it may next be us  
Who will be called to go  
To sleep beside those pioneers  
Of fifty years ago,  
So I will pray the best I can,  
When we from life retire,  
That there will be a place up there  
For Betsy and Josiah.

—Berrien County Journal.

### Swindlers Abroad.

This time it is a "wagon-tongue supporter," and they want an "agent" in every township to which they will send two dozens of the article to be sold at five dollars each. Number One gets Gulliver to sign the "agreement." The curtain falls, and act first is ended.

Fraud Number Two appears in about ten days with Gulliver's signature to an order for twenty-four wagon tongue supporters at five dollars each and demands a settlement. Mild expressions of astonishment and indignation are met artistically and Gulliver is confronted with strong talk of U. S. marshals, and courts, and big fees to lawyers etc., until he is browbeaten into the belief that the best way is to pay the demand.

We are inclined to make sport of the man who is thus gulled, and say it served him right, and there are goodish sort of men who call such rascals "keen," "sharp," and sympathize with the successful leech rather than condole with the defrauded victim. One of these wagging-tongued individuals has come to grief in Paw Paw. He or his pal established too many "agencies" in the town. There was likely to be strong competition in the sale of the "goods," and when artist Number Two comes around to settle he found one man who did not like the order of sanctity exhibited, and caused the arrest of the knave, and he is bound over to answer to the next term of the Circuit Court for Van Buren county.

These rascals play all sorts of turns to catch the unwary. They establish agencies for the sale of agricultural implements, or they have village lots for sale, or first mortgages on fictitious farms. In all these methods of duplicity they become skilled. They work upon weak human nature as the actor works upon the feelings of his auditors, and it is not surprising that the credulous, unsophisticated farmer should accept an "agency" often as a matter of accommodation, as he thinks, or should exchange a valuable horse for a first mortgage on what he has been assured is a first-class farm. These loose principled gentry seek "pastures new," and usually place quite a distance between their fields of operation. An orderly quiet town where nothing of the kind has ever been known is a bonanza for this species of chicanery. Readers of the VISITOR who have listened to these rumors from afar and have felt a kind of contempt for the credulity of their brother farmers who

have been thus duped, may soon be entertaining some of these "angels unawares" themselves. There is sometimes a rigorous proscription practiced towards strangers that seems harsh to worthy persons, but it is better to err on the side of caution than to be gulled by pretense and falsehood. The "livery of heaven" is a convenient cloak "to serve the devil in," and it is barely possible that virtue may look in vain for hospitality. If strangers present themselves do not swallow their bait without investigation, nor be captivated by any unselfish generosity toward you. All will end in delusion and is intended for a snare.

### Washed and Unwashed Wool.

We have said but little recently in regard to the above. It seems hard to get at just what would be right about the matter, but we would remark this: That the washing of wool, as practiced generally in this country by wool growers, is one of the basest frauds in the wool-growing business, and yet the washing of wool on the sheep's back, if properly done, has some merits, but when a careless or dishonest farmer dabbles his sheep in the brook, and drives them home over a dusty road, and lets them run two weeks before shearing, then gets as much per pound as the careful farmer who gets his wool as nice and clean as clear, soft running brook, or river water can make it, at the expense of the constitution of the sheep, then we cry—fraud!

Some of the Michigan people have been corresponding with dealers and manufacturers in regard to the washing of wool, and we see by report in the VISITOR that dealers with whom they corresponded favored washing while manufacturers did not, thus showing that the interests of the manufacturer are identical, and if brought directly together, many of the evils complained of on both sides could be remedied.—Wool Growers' Bulletin.

### The Situation.

Eastern people acknowledge that the wool growers have won on the first round. After all the manipulation, the setting of the tables and the arranging for the game, by which dealers hoped they would "make something this season," as they expressed it, the growers have won, before the game has hardly begun, and the operators with their hands full of money scarcely know what to do. The prospect looks brighter for the grower of wool and we hope it is not altogether dark for him who handles the wool.

Woolen goods look better, and it is thought that most lines of standard goods will open not more than 5 per cent. below last year's prices, when wool was selling for 50c and over. Some of the Eastern papers take a gloomy view of the situation—looking from the standpoint of the dealer—fearing that the wool trade will not make any money this year, owing to the excitement in the west, forgetting, may be, that they have themselves to blame for any excitement. Some of the agricultural journals have suddenly assumed enough backbone to advise the farmers to hold a little. While we have been advising them all along to not be in a hurry about selling at 35c, we think 40c will give the dealer and manufacturer both a margin. While the wool of the grower cost him every cent of 45c, if not 50c, the past winter (every wool grower can look over his hay and grain account and tell us that), yet we are not advising wool growers to hold on, to get the cost out of their product. If it has cost you 55 or 60c, "mark it down" and let it go; but if it is a good article we would not advise marking it below 40c, if it is above the average it will bring more than that; if it is a poor, dirty article, get it out of the way as soon as possible; and if the sheep are not good sell them to the butcher. Let us get clear of all refuse stock; wear no shoddy goods, shun the man who does, cut the dealer who offers it to you, and we will insure you 50c for your wool.—Wool Growers' Bulletin.

THE Michigan people have been discussing in their Wool Growers' Meetings and Sheep Shearings, why it is that Ohio wool sells for more than Michigan. They hit some of the true reasons at times, and again they strike wide of the mark. The writer of this has handled, and graded, and sold many pounds of Michigan wool, as well as Ohio, Penn. and West Va. wool, and will say that the highest price he ever obtained for a straight pile of x wool was for a lot of Michigan washed fleece. The buyer chose it in preference to every other pile in the house which contained wool from nearly every fine wool growing State, and why? We will answer again.

Buyers are deploring the firmness which is being exhibited in the face of the new clip, and we can assign no other reason than that the wool market has been so long kept down by those whose interests it was to do so, that the pressure is no longer possible, and the upward tendency will break out now and then. And while the prospects for 50c may not be flattering, yet the grower is safe in not allowing the local buyer to examine his well washed clip of wool unless he will pay more than 35c.



THANATOPSIS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of nature holds Communion with her visible forms...

Communications.

Educational.

Seated in a cool place I was forcible impressed that I might make good use of a little spare time...

the country will be improved. You will often hear people say that we have good times, and they talk as though there was no chance for improvement.

What a Canadian thinks of "A Move in the Right Direction."

Worthy Sec'y:—In the VISITOR for May 15, there is a letter from Dallas Grange, which I think deserves particular notice.

I have always understood that the end of protection was to give a market at home to sell our wool, butter, etc.

HAROLD BURGESS. Burgoyne P. O., Prov. Ontario, June 10.

Fencing.

Brother Whitney has described our tour through Eaton county in the columns of the VISITOR, to which I would add a few words.

Several of the Granges are developing the social and literary features of the Order in various ways.

In the last VISITOR an article appears under the caption, "Is it right for cattle and other kinds of stock to pasture in the highways?"

Prove Your Title and Take Your Recipe.

Bro. Cobb:—I notice one of your subscribers wishes to know the process of preserving eggs in lime, etc.

Highway Law.

Editor Grange Visitor:—Brother Albertson, of Watson, seems to be behind the times in reference to the law regulating cattle or stock running in the highway.

Dowagiac, Apr. 20, 1881.

The Railroad Candidate.

The New York Graphic has been counted among the anti-Conkling papers in New York. This is what it said of Mr. Depew: "Chauncey M. Depew is a railroad candidate—neither more or less."

"Can it be that the Republican party of this State is so poor in Senatorial timber that it must commission a railroad attorney to represent the State in the Senate of the United States?"

Milk for Poultry.

This is one of the very best things to give either young or old fowls. Most every breeder has tested its value and recommends it as a wholesome and nutritious diet.

Now, for laying hens milk is nourishing and induces them to lay. Where it can be spared it is more valuable to the poultry stock than to any other.

Popular Science Notes.

The San Francisco Chronicle of recent date speaks of a great discovery that has been made on the Mahave Desert, which seems destined to revolutionize vine culture in South California.

As an article of fuel, compressed peat is coming into general use in London, and in several of the towns of any considerable size throughout Great Britain.

Correspondence.

A History of Gun Lake Grange, No. 643.

Worthy Secretary:—I have scanned the pages of the VISITOR hoping to find a word concerning Gun Lake Grange, No. 643, but have looked in vain.

Crops look bad in this section, the drought did much injury to the wheat and clover. It seems as if the women have had too much of the writing to do.

Bowens Mills, June 6, 1881.

Tallmadge Grange, No. 639.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:—I often wondered why there is not more correspondence with the VISITOR from this Grange, but since Aunt Jemima broke the ice I hope a lively interest will be taken in this respect by both Brothers and Sisters.

St. Paul was not counted as privileged as the other disciples because he never saw the Savior in the flesh, yet he caught about as much of his spirit.

From the Grand Traverse Region.

Bro. Cobb:—On June 15 and 16, was held one of the best attended and most successful meetings ever held by Traverse Grange, No. 638.

it has ever been our fortune to attend. The essay by Brother O. E. Clark on sheep husbandry in the Grand Traverse region, was well prepared and to the point.

Arrangements were made for our annual picnic to be held at Traverse City August 25. We expect to be addressed by Brother Woodman, or some of the good speakers and earnest workers from the Southern part of the State.

At a late hour in the afternoon Grange was closed in form and the usual hand-shaking was done and the good-byes were said, and all repaired to their several homes feeling thankful for the blessed privileges the Grange affords us over-worked farmers.

The prospects for all spring crops and grass are good. Winter wheat on sandy soil will be a fair crop, on clay and heavy soil it is very poor.

Traverse City, June 19, 1881.

An Unfortunate Grange.

Bro. Cobb:—Early in the morning of the 6th my house and nearly all its contents, valued at some fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars, was destroyed by fire.

But the object of writing this note to you is that all the books, papers, records and documents of all kinds, belonging to the Secretary's and Master's office were destroyed.

Master Almira Grange, No. 381. Cedar Run, June, 1881.

We assumed that the circumstances narrated in the above letter entitled this Grange to a full equipment of such books as are needed by a Subordinate Grange.

One Kind of a Grange.

Editor Visitor:—Hesperia Grange is alive and well and holding forth in the same old hall, which is almost always dirty, it being occupied by two other organizations that use it three times to our once.

Yours fraternally, I. H. MACUMBER. Greenwood, May 28, 1881.

A Successful Experiment.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:—I signed for your paper on trial, am well satisfied with it: with this find 50 cents in stamps.

WM. JENNEY, Secretary of State, reports that Michigan had 1,860,024 sheep in 1880, shearing 10,139,581 pounds of wool.

To make silk which has been wrinkled appear exactly like new, sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, and iron on the wrong side.



TO AN OLD COAT.

Floor coat, well loved for many reasons, Since both of us grow old, be true; This hand has brushed you for ten seasons, Even Socrates no more could do.

Little Rustic.

It was a pleasant day in September, and the afternoon sunshine lit up the cool, green forest with a magic glow.

Adulteration of Food.

We continue our extracts from the paper of George T. Angell of Boston: POISONOUS BOXES, CARDS, ETC.

TIN WARE AND TIN CANS.

I find in the Boston Herald of August 30, 1881, that Baltimore firms alone nearly forty-eight millions of cans per annum.

POISONOUS WALL PAPERS.

These poisonous wall papers are of various colors, green, blue, yellow, red, pearl and other colors; some cheap, some costly; some

our little guide must have been lately adopted. "And a piano, too, by Jove! Who in the deuce plays it?" said Will.

"Will you favor us with some music, Miss Gray?"

"I want you to play some first," said Bessie.

"Please excuse my friend," said Will.

"His musical education has been sadly neglected. But if you are fond of classic music, I will play for you."

Bessie said she never heard any of that sort, but she liked it.

He took a seat at the piano and proceeded to murder the "Star-Spangled Banner," in the most cold-blooded manner imaginable, with a few bars of something decidedly original.

"Did you ever hear that before?" he asked of Bessie, who had been nervously chewing the corner of her handkerchief.

"Ya-a-s," the man played that when he came to tune the piano," she replied.

Arthur then insisted on her playing. Without the least hesitation she walked to the piano and asked, while her blue eyes twinkled merrily:

"Shall I sing an instrumental solo?"

Here she laughed outright at the horror-stricken looks of the young men, who began to realize that they were the victims of their own jokes.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gray," stammered Arthur Scott, who had really taken little part in the fun, while Will's loquaciousness suddenly deserted him, and for once he had nothing to say.

"It is granted," said Bessie, laughingly, "but the next time you make your plans for amusement, be sure you are not overheard."

"And when you play practical jokes on two unsuspecting hunters, you must make some allowance," said Will, who by this time had regained his thoughts.

"And now you owe us some music; but you are not expected to have mastered the art as I have done."

Thus they were on the best of terms. Bessie, who had a good voice, gave them quite a treat in that line, and the young men soon found that a little rustic was a more interesting companion than a city belle.

When they parted for the night they both declared it was the most enjoyable evening they had ever passed.

Will told Bessie that he would not dare leave the yard while Tiger was at large.

"I will hold him till you get out," said she, laughingly.

The next morning when they were preparing to depart, Mr. Gray invited them to visit them again, which they gladly promised to do.

Two years have passed. Meanwhile Will Sheldon has wooed and won the "little rustic" for a wife. She often says nothing but a high respect for his musical talents induced her to accept him.

figured, some plain; some glazed, and some unglazed.

Professors Wood and Hill of Harvard University have recently been analyzing a wide variety of colors, red, blue, green, drabs, slate color, &c., and have found about 33 per cent of all they have analyzed poisonous.

Professor Love, of the New York School of Mines, reports that of all the wall papers he has recently analyzed, he has found nearly or quite 50 per cent. poisonous.

The Michigan State Board of Health has published a book containing seventy-five representative specimens of these papers, and by order of that board it has been placed in every important public library of Michigan, as a warning to the people of that State.

It bears the very appropriate title of "Shadows from the Walls of Death." This book states these papers are sold in every important village of that State, and that their use is increasing.

It advises, first, to use no wall paper at all; second, never to use wall paper without first having it tested for arsenic; and third, if arsenical paper is already on the walls and cannot well be removed, then, as some protection, to cover it with a coat of varnish.

There can be no doubt that thousands of people are now suffering, and many have died from the effects of arsenical wall-papers.

Yet their manufacture and sale are permitted to go on without restriction.

"When I was in Heidelberg," says an eminent Boston chemist to me, "I discovered arsenic in two specimens of wall-paper, and the manufacturer was in jail before night. Here I have analyzed hundreds of specimens in a single year, and found arsenic in a large proportion of them, but nobody was prosecuted."

I cannot say how it may be in other States, but in Massachusetts there is no law under which any one can be prosecuted.

In the British Medical Journal of February 21, 1880, fifty-four cases of poisoning by wall papers are reported.

In this country numerous and well-attested cases are within the knowledge of almost every physician and chemist. Many such cases have been reported to me.

The Sanitary Record states that diseases of the eye are often traceable to this cause.

Some twelve or fourteen of the medical societies of Massachusetts some time since petitioned the Legislature to enact a law to prohibit the sale of these papers, but were unable to overcome the opposition of the great financial interests enlisted on the other side, and so in the words of the chemist before stated, nobody is prosecuted.

THE REMEDY.

How can we be protected from poisonous clothing and papers?

Require every package, robe and article to be stamped "poisonous," and every seller to call every buyer's attention to that word.

Keep chemists at work at public expense analyzing and publishing names, and the manufacture of poisonous clothing and papers will soon cease, and they will disappear from American markets.

I will now take up, in the order named, tinware and tin cans, glucose and sugars, and oleomargarine.

TIN WARE AND TIN CANS.

I find in the Boston Herald of August 30, 1881, that Baltimore firms alone nearly forty-eight millions of cans per annum.

I find a similar statement in the Sanitary Engineer of December 15, 1881. What are these cans used for? The grocer nearest my residence furnishes me a list of articles he sells in tin cans, from which I take the following:

Peaches, corn, tomatoes, apricots, pears, pineapples, strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and blackberries for pies, puddings, and sauces; plums, cherries, grapes, green gages, quince, asparagus, okras, sweet and other pickles of various kinds, baked beans.

Of soups he kept in tin cans tomato, pea, oxtail, green turtle, mock-turtle, terrapin, julienne, macaroni, beef, consommé, mutton, chicken.

Of meat and fish, he keeps in tin cans a great variety, including codfish, fishballs, lobster, clams, oysters, roast beef, roast turkey, chicken, game, tongue, ham, &c. He has always in stock many hundreds, perhaps thousands of these cans.

Is there any objection? G. W. Wigner, in his prize essay before quoted, says that notwithstanding the precautions taken in England it is still possible to find in English markets tinned fish heavily contaminated with lead.

The Legislature of 1881 held sessions for 108 days, counting Friday mornings and Monday evenings (when the work was usually nominal), and no sessions were held for 50 days of the remaining time (of which 22 were Sundays). The total length of the session, counting from its commencement, January 5, to its close, June 11, was 158 days, being 7 days longer than the next longest session, in 1879. This year there were 289 public acts and 142 local ones, 34 joint resolutions and 9 concurrent ones, passed by both branches and approved by the Governor; total 474. In 1879 the total number of acts and resolutions passed and approved was 461; in 1877 it was 413; in 1875 it was 418. There seemed to be a marked absence of political feeling throughout the session just closed, and no caucuses were held of a party character, excepting to nominate officers of the Senate and House and candidates for U. S. Senator.

JUDGE TRAVERS, of the Iowa Supreme Court, decides that railroad companies are liable for injuries to animals run over on Sunday, no matter how carefully the trains are operated, because the running of trains at all on Sunday is unlawful.

Rats are running the Jackson county court-house. Well, they can't do much more mischief than the lawyers.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams. The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

\$1.10 will pay for the Michigan GRANGE VISITOR and two copies of the Wool Growers' Bulletin for one year.

BUT one thing is necessary to make a perfect success of co-operative association, and that is "Will."

"Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her or trundle to her. Poverty is good natured enough if you meet her like a man."

The Danger at the Door.

The telegraph yesterday announced that Mr. Villard, of the Oregon transportation pool, which has captured the Northern Pacific Railway, has, in company with Horace White, formerly of the Chicago Tribune, bought the New York Evening Post, which it is proposed to place under the editorship of Carl Schurz.

If this shall be accomplished it will give the control of the three great newspapers of New York, all members of the Associated Press, to men who are interested solely in increasing and consolidating the power of the great corporations of the country.

The Tribune and World are already controlled by Jay Gould, reinforced by the Post, whose mission of supporting and defending monopolies will be the same as theirs, and a powerful newspaper triumvirate is established whose batteries will be turned on the people without cessation.

There never was cause for such alarm or such a demand for a general awakening of the people to the danger that threatens them from grasping corporations as now.

A pamphlet recently issued and addressed to bankers and investors, and others interested in the Union Pacific R. R. Co.'s securities, as well as railroads directly and indirectly under the control of its leading officers, reveals some startling facts that will interest the public at large.

Quietly but surely the manipulations of Jay Gould and his associates have gone on until they control nearly all the great roads of the country. Notice how the names of two or three gentlemen figure in the list of directors: Take first the Union Pacific, and among its officers we find Sidney Dillon, Jay Gould and Russell Sage.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas, which has just placed bonds to the amount of \$45,000,000 on the market, has among its directors Jay Gould, Russell Sage and Sidney Dillon. The central branch of the Union Pacific, which has just placed \$6,000,000 in bonds upon the market, has for its principal officers Sidney Dillon, Jay Gould and Russell Sage.

The Washab, St. Louis and Pacific exhibit the names of Sidney Dillon, Jay Gould and Russell Sage. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western has for directors Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon and Russell Sage.

Central Railroad of New Jersey, Sidney Dillon and Russell Sage. St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad, Jay Gould, Russell Sage and Sidney Dillon. Jay Gould has just secured control of the International and Great Northern Railroad, and his favorite associates will no doubt figure as directors. In April last Jay Gould succeeded to the control of the Texas Pacific Railway, and it is understood that he and his associates control the St. Joseph and Western, running from St. Joseph to Grand Island, Neb., a distance of 289 miles.

These are only a few of the roads in which Mr. Gould and his friends are largely interested. How many others are really controlled by them the public may never know until some fine morning when the former feel disposed to put on the screws, freeze out the minority stockholders, or show the people that having the power to regulate rates they propose to ruin a town here and there, squeeze the farmers of the West out of their hard earnings, or build up one city at the expense of another.

It is easy to see how this syndicate is able to go on purchasing roads and adding to their already enormous powers. They are recognized as successful managers and manipulators, who if they choose can largely increase the carrying trade of any road, turning it into a feeder or an outlet for the roads already under their control.

They find an independent broken down railway, with stock at a mere nominal price and purchase it. The stock is then doubled or trebled, or, as in the case of the Missouri Pacific, increased 15 1-2 times; blanket mortgage bonds are also issued, and the stock and bonds are thrown on the market.

The names of Gould, Sage and Dillon give these securities a fictitious value; they sell at a high price and millions are realized with scarcely an effort.

The Inter-Ocean is not pretending that these men resort to practices that others would not resort to under similar circumstances or with like opportunities. It is not abusing them for taking advantages of the chances offered them; but it is calling public attention to the lax conditions of our laws which permits enormous speculations of this kind on a fictitious basis; to the system that permits watered stock to any amount to be issued, and thus places a power more dangerous than the presence of a standing army in almost every State and county in the entire land.

Talk about the patronage of the President! Why, the word of Jay Gould can turn a hundred thousand men into the street or give employment to a hundred thousand others any day. The vast lines of telegraph are owned by him and those who are in league with him. Every newspaper in the land pays tribute and toll to them. Gould's order would be sufficient to disturb their news facilities, and damage them almost irremediably.

Mr. Gould may be as scrupulous as he is enterprising; he may have the broadest ideas of tolerance and liberty of opinion, but no man or set of men can be the safe custodian of such enormous power as he and his few co-workers wield. It is a menace to the welfare, the liberty, the prosperity of the country, and if the people do not awaken to the danger very soon, they may find themselves helplessly bound when they become conscious of their danger. No Legislature, no organization or body of men having the enactment of laws in their keeping, is safe from the influence of these ambitious and far-seeing speculators, for they are confident of their ability to control them.

The only power they respect is that held by the people, which, when aroused, makes or remakes Presidents, Cabinets, Congresses, and even railway kings. But even this power may be held in abeyance too long, and arouse only to find its strength departed.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Lockjaw is one of the most terrible diseases to which mortals are exposed. A California exchange asserts that no one need be in danger of such an attack from wounds caused by rusty iron. The worst case of inflamed wounds may be cured by smoking the injured part with burning wool or woolen cloth.

A man who plans a barn with all the modern improvements should be careful also that his wife has the modern improvements in her kitchen.

Court (to prosecutor): "Then you recognize this handkerchief as the one which was stolen from you?" Prosecutor: "Yes, your honor." Court: "And yet it isn't the only handkerchief of the sort in the world. See, this one I have in my pocket is exactly like it." Prosecutor: "Very likely, your honor; I had two stolen."

Life is put together considerably like a set of harness; there are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.

F. A. NORTH'S FEED RACKS.

My invention, patented May 10, 1881, relates to a rack of peculiar construction designed for the purpose of feeding sheep and other animals, the structure being designed with special reference to an equal distribution of the feed, to the protection of the attendant from the animals, and to the points of cheapness, durability, and facility of operation.

It will be noticed that the rack constructed affords feed openings on both sides, that the two independent troughs prevent the animals on one side from obtaining the food from those on the other, and that by means of the central internal board the attendant can pass freely back and forth through the interior without stepping in the trough or having any interference with the animals outside, also the strips or slats serve as a means of separating the animals so that each may obtain proper proportion of the food. On each side of the Rack I suspend by swinging links a board in such a manner that the board may be raised or lowered across the outside of the feed openings to prevent the animals from having access thereto, or elevated above the openings so as to leave them exposed. And standing at one end you can elevate this board by one move of as many racks in a line, and divide your flocks as you wish and do away with the old practice of shifting from one yard to another.

There are guards to throw the feed inward to prevent the hayseed and other impurities from entering the troughs for the feeds, it is used with equal advantage for mixed feeds, grains of all kinds, and for hay. If the hay is in the rack it does not prevent your feeding grain in them. You can use the lumber in your old racks. They can be made of any length of lumber.

For further information, address: F. A. NORTH, Inventor, Ionia, Ionia Co., Mich. J1ul6m

MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R.

Table with columns: Accommodation leaves, Local Passenger, Evening Express, Pacific Express, Mail, Day Express, Night Express, Accommodation leaves, Mail, Day Express, New York Express, Atlantic Express.

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

Table with columns: Le. Grand Rapids, Ar. Allegan, Ar. Toledo, Ar. Schoolcraft, Ar. Three Rivers, Ar. White Pigeon, Ar. Toledo, Ar. Cleveland, Ar. Buffalo.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Large table with columns: Le. Fort Haron, Grand Trunk Junction, Imlay City, Lapeer, Flint, Durand, Lansing, Charlotte, Battle Creek, Vicksburg, Schoolcraft, Cassopolis, South Bend, Valparaiso, Chicago.



## The Grange Visitor.

SCHOOLCRAFT, - - JUNE 15, 1881.

## Secretary's Department.

J. T. COBB, - - - - SCHOOLCRAFT.

## THE CARE OF THE INSANE—ITS RELATION TO TAXATION.

Reprint from the Grange Visitor of Aug. 1, 1879.

From Henry W. Lord, Secretary of the State Board of Charities and Correction, we have a paper read by him before the Sixth Annual Conference of Charities and Correction, at Chicago, June 30, 1877.

We would not make reference to this paper did not the weight of taxation of late years seem to make it necessary that the great mass of the people who pay taxes should give the matter their attention, and begin to learn for what object so much money is raised, and to what purpose it is applied. Mr. Lord's paper is entitled, "Hospitals and asylums for the insane: shall we distinguish between them, and provide for the latter at less expense?"

Michigan has been a State less than 45 years, and in that brief time has taken a stand second to none in fostering education and charitable institutions. Her University takes rank with the first educational institutions in the land. Her common-school system is perhaps as complete as that of any other State. Every village has its graded school, where not only the common English branches are taught, but often the languages and all the intermediate studies.

She was the first State to establish an Agricultural College, the first to try the experiment of founding a State school for indigent children. Nor has she been less liberal toward the unfortunate. "With open-handed philanthropy" the blind, deaf and dumb have been provided for at Flint, the insane at Kalamazoo and Pontiac. The criminal class who have run the gauntlet of the courts and received a sentence, are provided with accommodations at Lansing, Ionia or Jackson. But in looking over the field we find that with all this preparation to educate, this vast outlay to restrain the vicious and criminal class, and such extensive preparation to care for the deaf, dumb, blind and insane, the needs of this latter class are increasing faster than in our liberality we have been able to provide for. Statistics show that in our two State institutions but one-half of the insane and demented persons of the State are now confined: the other half, some 900 in all, are in poor-houses, or among the people—the State has no room for them.

The object of this paper is to call attention to some important facts. But first, there is a distinctive difference in the meaning of the two words "hospital" and "asylum," although generally used interchangeably. While an asylum is a place of "shelter, protection, and refuge," its real significance does not include the curative means or processes which pertain to and are a part of a hospital. In our care and management of this unfortunate class, as a State, have overlooked this important distinction, and practically combined the objects of hospitals and asylums in one building and under one management. What has been done is more creditable to our philanthropy than to our business sagacity. From the showing made by Secretary Lord in an institution costing \$1,200,000, that will accommodate 600 patients, there is an investment of \$2,000 each; and the average cost of maintenance and attendance when all items are included is \$5 per week, or about \$7.31 per week, if six per cent interest on the money added is considered, as it should be, entering as it does as a rule into taxation from year to year.

Records and statistics show that of these 600 inmates but a small percentage are permanently cured. Not less than 80 or 90 per cent must have "shelter and protection," without a reasonable hope of recovery or of very considerable mental improvement.

The question, then, presented by this fact is this: Can we afford to provide for in such manner as to meet all their actual wants—in short, to make them as comfortable as they now are—at one-half the cost, or even less? To securely keep and comfortably maintain an epileptic, or a poor, demented wreck of humanity, must we first make a permanent building investment of \$2,000?

The poor we not only have with us always, but those who are dependent, are all the while on the increase, and three-fourths of those for whom we build these costly asylums are from the indigent or pauper class. Therefore it is a matter of first importance to determine how the charity which we must bestow shall be most effective.

If, as has been assumed by those physicians who are specialists in regard to insanity, that "expensive hospitals, of more or less exterior and costly finish, supplied with every requisite suggested by science, and conducted by men of special reputation in their several departments," are essential as remedial and curative agents for those whose mental malady is still within the reach of human skill, then has our State to this unfortunate class done its full share and more, for we are to-day providing extensive hospital accommodations for several hundreds who are incurable and have been for many years.

Our costly structures have been filled as soon as completed, and "meantime the mental malady goes on," apparently increasing in greater ratio than population.

We have encouraged a laudable pride in our State institutions. With the return of each Legislative session some new one is added to the already formidable list, and it behooves the people to look after these their humane investments, and see if results are obtained commensurate with the expenditure.

The people, busy with their own individual affairs, give little heed to matters in which they have an actual interest, but not one over which they feel to have any direct or actual control.

In this matter of mental disease the people need to be educated up to the fact that the chances of final recovery diminish with every day's delay in taking an insane friend to some institution for immediate treatment. A diseased mental condition

becomes chronic if the cause is not early removed. Failing to recognize this truth, and allowing some considerable time to elapse before curative hospital treatment is had, seems to be so general a usage that only a very small per cent of recoveries are expected.

In treating this whole subject, the State, through its constituted authorities, has failed to comprehend all these facts, and has expended money enough to provide not only hospital care and treatment, but also asylum accommodations for every insane person in the State, and yet but about one-half of the class so afflicted are now occupants of State institutions. The half not in State institutions are somewhere, having some sort of care; no doubt in some cases good care and treatment, in others very poor, or none at all. Whatever it may be, it lacks system and the benefits which system always brings.

The classification of Secretary Lord of inmates of a hospital of 600 insane persons is painfully instructive, but as he has had unusual facilities for forming an intelligent opinion, we are prepared to believe that his classification and conclusions are reliable. From his paper we quote:

Among the 600 involved in this great calamity, there will be found at least 50 epileptics, with scarce a prospect of cure as to one of them. These give the medical superintendent more anxiety than all the rest, and are more disturbing to the household; they should never be sent to such an institution, if possible to provide for them otherwise.

There will be found from 30 to 50 patients whose malady is euphemistically called "dipsomania," many of whom, though wildly, often violently or dangerously insane when committed to the institution, are cured within 24 hours, and permanently cured, if permanently restrained; but they rarely stay long before means are taken to discharge them, and in a few weeks they are discharged cured—some of them perhaps several times each, and their cases go to make up the average of recoveries in official reports. In this afflicted community of 600, the victims of vicious practices will equal in number the epileptics and the intemperate combined. There will be at least 100 of them, and these, the most miserable, disgraced and degraded of all, are generally so far demoralized, both in body and mind, before they are sent to an insane asylum, that nothing of much value in human form can be reared upon the ruins they bring, and as a class, in estimating recoveries, they have to be almost excluded from hope.

If there is in the State where our asylum is supposed to be located, no institution for the feeble-minded, we shall find among the 600 at least 40 who are in a kind of semi-idiotic condition, besides such of these as shall be included in the classes already mentioned. These are of course to be added to the incurable inmates, so far as probabilities go.

There will also be at least 100 elderly people suffering various degrees of dementia, in many cases the product of exhausting labor, mental or physical, complicated with affliction and disappointment; the product not unfrequently of poverty and old age, altogether accumulating burdens under which the limbs totter and the mental tissues give way. We behold them through our portals, but are obliged to deny ourselves expectation of relief "until after life's fitful fever they sleep well."

There will also be 25 or 30 patients of different shades of chronic disease who have come from other institutions, or have been several times before in the one under consideration, to be added as probably incurable to those we have mentioned.

These several classes are of the obvious and palpable cases apparently without remedy. There is among those not so specified a large number that will not recover, sufficiently large to justify the remark that in all, but 75 or 80 patients out of the 600 who may be deemed curable. While it is probably true that of the 600 under treatment at any one time not more than 10 or 12 per cent will recover, it is possible that of the whole number received in any one year 25 in 100 may be cured; but as there would be no way of designating with more than approximate certainty, even after some weeks or months of the treatment in hospital, which particular patients would make up the 25 per cent, we will include with them 15 per cent more, making 40 in each 100 to be selected from among the most hopeful, and to be regarded as curable, though we know from experience and observation that but 25 of them, if so many, will really recover.

We propose to select after ample time for study of the several cases in hospital, forty patients from each hundred received, making 240 out of 600, in whose behalf we will continue the rate of expense contemplated—\$2,000 each for hospital building, and \$7.31 each for maintenance—thus leaving 60 in each 100, or 360 of the 600, to be cured on a different scale of expenditure, though with equal solicitude and no less attention to their comfort. We shall find, if the scheme is practicable, that such an abatement of expenses may be made on the whole as would enable Michigan to provide well for all of her insane at an expense now appropriated to one-half of them."

Secretary Lord has gone on and elaborated his ideas of what an economical expenditure of the excess sunk in "monumental establishments" might accomplish in the comfortable maintenance of the demented and insane who now occupy space to the exclusion of those recent cases for whom there is at least a ray of hope.

We look upon this paper as a valuable acquisition to the opinions entertained by those who have given this subject their attention, and hope it will stimulate such discussion as will gradually give enlarged views to those who may have chance to have it in their power to give practical direction to the care and management of the insane.

As promised in the last issue of the VISITOR, we have had reprinted in this number the above editorial found in an old copy of the paper, on the subject of making provision for the insane of the State. It seems to us that in the care of the dependent class we are not making the progress that we ought, and our object in again calling up this subject is to stimulate discussion. It is too late to interpose objections to the expenditure of the money appropriated by the Legislature at its late session for this specific purpose, but it is not too late to raise the inquiry, why an unfortunate epileptic, or a victim to "vicious practices," or these demented persons referred to by Mr. Lord, that have been pronounced incurable by the best medical authority that we have, should be kept year after year at a cost to the State or the county and State of a dollar a day, when in our poor houses all over the State we find people who by misfortune have come to require support at the public expense, that are kept at one-third the amount. Either our poor-houses should be made palatial, or the larger part of the present inmates of the Kalamazoo and Pontiac institutions who are incurable should be removed to less expensive quarters, AN ASYLUM, and maintained at less than half the present cost. The counties are satisfied to let a worthy old citizen go to the County House, if also satisfied that he will be made comfortable and have kind treatment and

be supplied with papers to read and his friendly pipe, (if required by his former habits); but the State, composed of the total of its counties, builds palaces in which it keeps demented harmless wrecks of humanity by hundreds for years to the exclusion for "want of room" of persons who by reason of recent mental unsoundness might hope for cure if subjected at once to that treatment which the State generously undertakes to provide.

If the Legislature of Michigan had made provision for AN ASYLUM, to be completed this year, for something like the amount of money appropriated to be expended this year in getting ready for the \$400,000 institution that it authorized, and removed these old chronic incurables to its new hospital, and in this way made early provision for the curable insane of the State, it would have given some evidence of progress, saved the State a large sum of money and really provided for her insane.

In short, what wants to be first understood is the essential difference between a hospital and an asylum.

Will our friends who sent us the names of three-months subscribers, whenever they can, please call the attention of these parties to the matter of becoming regular subscribers? Very many of them might be added to our list by a little personal attention, and we are sure that if such did not become members of the Order they would at least become its friends. Some renew of their own accord, but more do not.

LETTERS received from different parts of the State indicate that quite a good deal of wool is being shipped by the Patrons of Michigan to Fenno & Manning of Boston, under the arrangement made by the wool committee appointed by the State Grange, at its last session. We hear of two carloads from Paw Paw, two from Jonesville, and a large quantity from Oakland, Ionia, Eaton and Ingham counties.

We have a new advertisement from the Schoolcraft Washer Co. on our eight page. We think it is safe to say in behalf of this machine, that it is giving much better satisfaction than any other of the dozen different makes that have been introduced from time to time in every county. We don't think this machine will go condemned to the garret in six months.

## Town and Country.

God made the country. When he made the world he made it perfect. He surveyed his work, and behold! it was very good. The seas lay in calmness and quiescence, or rolled their surges then as now. The land was clothed in beauty, and it was all country. No town or city marred its loveliness, or bred physical or moral contamination. God made man perfect, but they have sought out many inventions, among them was the city. The poet says,

But of the city invented by Cain,  
But in the country which God made for men.

Two exploits are recorded of that man Cain—one that he slew his brother, the other that he builded a city. We admit there are many advantages in living in town. The church, the school, and the lecture-room, the rapid interchange of thought and intelligence—all these are privileges to be prized, but they are offset by many disadvantages. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and in town all, especially children and youth, are in almost constant communication with evil. How often we hear the anxious parent wishing he had a place in the country, that he might take his children from the contamination of the town. In the country we may enjoy pure air, providing we keep our own premises clean, but in town it depends very much on the cleanliness and tidiness of our neighbors. Do as we may at home, our neighbors' back yards and cesspools, foul alleys and unclean streets will send up a stinking savor that penetrates our dwellings, and salutes our nostrils at every turn, laden with the germs of disease and death.

We have seen towns that were clean and well ordered, where beautiful trees lined the streets, where were well-kept yards and verdant terraced lawns, where vines trailed over tasteful arbors, where the air was fragrant with roses, where flowers blushed in the sunshine, and everything that could contaminate was carefully removed.

But in our immediate vicinity is no such town. The one with which we are at present most familiar, though enjoying a good position, where gently sloping lands and a porous soil make it easy to be kept clean and free from noxious accumulations, is justly entitled to enjoy with the German Cologne, the sweet sounding title of "The city of a thousand stinks." Let us rise and walk through the length and breadth of the town, and what do we see? Manure pile reaches to manure pile across the alleys. There are rotting boards and old packing straw; old tinware that has served its purposes, and been cast forth to the alleys and back yards; once in shying to avoid a huge pole in the track, our horse's feet went into the top of an old battered and bottomless tea-kettle: old cans that have held the delicious fruits of Western Michigan, or the luscious bivalves of Chesapeake

Bay—some round, some square, some variously battered. The glint and scintillations of the sunbeams, and the million focal points there developed, make us cease to wonder that it has been said that "The thermometer rises fourteen degrees higher in the town than in the country."

Of dead cats and fowls we only counted one of the former and six of the latter in a short walk. On one alley we saw a dead kitten. It was perfectly white, and when alive had been a pretty thing, but it had gone the way good kittens go. It had died in the innocence of kittenhood. We saw it daily some four days, when we observed a brown pullet lay about a yard from it, keeping it company. A few days later we observed upon the same alley more relics of mortality. We did not approach, but appearances indicated a Brahma rooster. It lay in silence and stillness and like the little boy's calf—"It had kind o' gin out." Feathers, wings, and other portions of defunct galanacea lay strewn about. They have passed their period of life. They neither crow, cackle, or scratch. Their future use is to add to the savory odors of the town. We think of the Latin phrase, "Rest, quiet cats in peace."

Bird's-eye views are delightful. We have stood upon the heights of Queenston, and viewed the scene presented. Below us rushed the Niagara, and it made us giddy to gaze from the beetling cliff into the fierce turmoil below. Far away stretched the blue Ontario, and for miles around lay the lovely panorama of forest and field, of town and farm residences in New York and Canada. Yes, bird's-eye views are delightful. How we envy the man in the moon as he rides in his shining chariot, showering down the silver moonbeams. How he can look upon earth's lovely scenes, the towering heights of the Andes and Himalayas, the ice floes and ice bergs, and ice glaciers of the Arctic and Antarctic! He can see the wide-spread desolation of the watery world and the fertile plain—and all by the light of the beautiful moon. And after all we pity him. Imagine him passing over Chicago; he sees Omaha, Salt Lake, and San Francisco. He looks down upon Hawaii, Yokohama, Canton, and the desert of Cobi; sees Teheran, the Caspian, and Constantinople, Rome, Paris and London; sails over wave-washed Bermuda, New York, and the delightful Ontario. He sees the silvery spray rise from the falls of Niagara, and as he enjoys the view of Erie, we see him gaze westward, and with aghast look he clasps his nose with both hands, exclaiming with dolorous voice, "O, Jupiter, there comes Monticute!"

God made the country. He made it for his people. "The earth hath he given to the children of men." Eastward in Eden he planted a garden, and there he placed the man Adam to dress it and to keep it. Of Adam's two sons, one was a keeper of sheep and the other a tiller of the ground. After the flood subsided and the ark rested on the mountains of Armenia, Noah went forth to be a husbandman. From that early date to this scripture and history, ancient and modern, prove that many of the best and most noted men were brought up to agricultural pursuits. Moses led the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law, to Horeb, the Mount of God, before becoming Israel's leader and law-giver. David kept his father's sheep on the plains of Bethlehem before being king of Israel. Abdylenyxus was weeding in his garden when Alexander offered him the government of Sidon. We know how our hearts thrilled in youth at the story of our revolutionary fathers who laid down the ax and spade and left the plow in the furrow and hurried to beleaguered Boston. With what delight we read of the rich man who gave money to his poor neighbors as they set out to join the Continental army. "Beat the rascals," said he, "beat them, and if you return, perhaps you can pay me, if not, God bless you." The sturdy men of those times were not brought up in town and fed on peanuts and candy. They did not live by leaning on a drygoods box and smoking cigars. They had more substantial business on their hands than staring at the ladies and making jokes on their hats and dresses. They were brought up to the sturdy labors of the farm and reared in the country, where nature had its own way and built them of good materials. We have some charity for Darwin in his theory that men sprang from the ape. He probably lived in or near some large town, and seeing the fashionable fops of the present day, what other conclusion could he come to?

We love the country, its shady groves, its pastures and meadows, its fields of waving grain, its pure air and health laden breezes. It takes time, labor, and patience to give us smooth lots and fine soddled fields; the old orchards and farm houses, embowered with flowering shrubs; the yards where roses fill the air with fragrance; the large and well-filled barns and thrifty stock of the land of our youth. In our new country we must do as others did, "Labor and wait."

Town people sometimes think that the country is a good place to raise onions, cabbages, goslings, country cousins, and other green things. Did you ever notice that city birds like to get into the country in the spring—that season when greenness is so fond of displaying itself? We remember a young lady who came out from Toronto and stopped at our house. With great affecta-

tion and silliness she made much ado, and sent her escort to know what the fearful noise was that she heard. She feared she had got into close proximity to a bear. He was as green as his mate, and made as much ado, till we assured him there was no immediate danger, as the noise was made by our mother's spinning wheel. They probably thought they were smart. Our opinion was that in town they probably lived next door to a fool.

In the country is where the book of nature is open to us, where the swelling bud, the expanding foliage, the falling leaf, the sprouting grain, the verdant blade, and the ripening ear teach us the progress of human life. First, joyous childhood and youth, then sturdy manhood, and last comes silvery age, admonishing us, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, or device, or knowledge, or wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." Give us the country, for like the good king, Robert Bruce, of Scotland, "I had rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." L. BUSH.

## School Taxes.

Bro. Cobb:—A very large amount of tax is levied and paid annually by the people of this State for the support of schools. Whatever is necessary for that purpose, if expended wisely and discreetly, should cause no complaint. A suitable and proper education for children is essential to the prosperity and to the safety of the people of a State.

No community, no State, no nation can be said to be in its best condition until all the boys and girls are so educated as to be able and willing to do whatever is necessary and proper they should do, in the best possible manner in the least possible time. To accomplish this should be the aim, as it is the duty of every parent, and the schools should be employed to aid them.

There is a general feeling that our schools are not what they should be, and that many of them cost much more than they are worth.

It has been often remarked that some of our school-houses are architectural monuments, that they cost too much, are not paid for, are a perpetual burden, that the schools are managed with the sole view to prepare young people to go to college, and not to make men and women well prepared for the business and the duties of everyday life. It is recorded that a Spartan king being asked what boys should learn, replied "what they should practice when they are men." And a wiser king has said, "train up a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it." Something like this I think should be the purpose and business of all our schools.

Every child in the State should be educated in such a manner as to be able to live without help, and to do good, honest creditable work of some kind. It is much easier to build school-houses than prisons and poor-houses, and every community must supply one or the other, and if the proper education of children is neglected the last two will be indispensable. The rate of taxation will be increased and the security diminished.

Expensive buildings are not required, but they should be clean, comfortable, with a constant supply of pure air. Extravagance in building or in any thing else does not add to the comfort of people of any age, and children improve best and are most contented and happy when taught that their wants are few. When ordinary prudence and good sense prevails in a school district the tax will not be a hardship for any, and will be cheerfully paid. There is one serious drawback regarding schools that has no present remedy. The teachers are often incompetent and unfaithful, and the money paid them is worse than wasted.

A little more care and attention to duty on the part of district officers would doubtless lead to improvement and might in time lead the teachers to feel the need of suitable qualification and fitness for the important duties they undertake to perform, and realize that spending a little time and taking a great deal of pay is not all that is required of them.

Some of us can remember when the money for teachers' wages aside from the avails of the primary school fund was apportioned on the scholars sent to school by the teacher or director. A "rate bill" was made up and the tax was paid by those who sent children to school. Believing that the property of the State should be taxed to educate the children of the State so far as necessary to give to every child a good common school education, I introduced the bill and favored the law imposing a two-mill tax on all the property of the State for that purpose.

There was some opposition to the law, and some doubt at the time whether the people would acquiesce in it, but it has stood the test of over 20 years' legislative tinkering, and though there has been no occasion for it, since the district officers were authorized to determine and report what they need, it has been impossible to get the law repealed and difficult to get the amount of tax reduced to one mill, though the ratio of property has been constantly on the increase. Though school taxes are often wasted, sometimes lost, it is evident that no tax is paid more promptly or cheerfully.

ALONZO SESSIONS.

Home, May 31, 1881.



Lecturer's Department.

C. L. WHITNEY, MUSKOGON.

PICKINGS BY THE WAY, No. 30.

Incident to breaking up business and house-keeping we find very much to employ our time, and have done but little picking except at home in the past three weeks. On the 18th, the Muskegon Horticultural Society held a strawberry festival at the rooms of Hon. H. H. Holt in the city. There was a good show of fruit, made by a few of the many growers in the vicinity. We took note, and sampled somewhat the fruit exhibited. H. S. Tyler had the Sharpless. It is a very large berry—one berry measured seven inches around. A few would fill the so called quart box. We imagine the berry is better to show than to eat or market. O. Baxter had plates of the Filmore, Col. Cherry, Crescent Seedling, Forest Rare, and Wilson—all fair and pleasing to the amateur. Brother Wm. M. Collier had Seneca Chief, which was the center of attraction. It was large, firm, and late, always bringing a good price. By actual test the Seneca Chief last year gave Brother Collier \$50 more per acre than the Wilson, with the same treatment. He made his first shipment of this fruit on the June 21. Brother Jas. H. Whitney showed the very handsome Seth Boyden, Monarch of the West, and Wilson, all grown with care, and giving a good return. W. R. Millison had four very handsome plates of the Monarch of the West. These show well—will do for a near market, but too soft, and too light color to put in the general market. P. R. Cockburn showed a fine can of berries, some of which were of the native wild berry. He also exhibited a "wooden mulch," to put under strawberry vines. This may be made of service to the small amateur grower, but cannot, in our opinion, be made practicable in field culture. But prove all things by trial. E. Wood, from S. B. Pick's farm, made an excellent exhibition of the Monarch of the West. Mr. J. O. Antisdale showed a basket of nice berries of several kinds mixed, all large, but not all Wilsons, as claimed.

We have thus briefly spoken of this creditable small show, which should have been 100 times as large to have fairly represented the strawberries of this locality. Why not better? Because here, as elsewhere, the fillers of the soil do not take hold of organization as they ought. Too many think they know it all. Too many can find time to loaf about the streets, but none to attend such meetings. Too many "can't afford it," but can spend large amounts at circuses, horse trots, etc. A week later, Strawberry Grange, No. 554, held a model strawberry show of its own, at which were nearly as many plates of berries and as nice ones as at the County Horticultural exhibit a week ago. Nearly every member brought some berries. The Wilsons were the most plenty, the Seneca Chief were the largest and best, while the Monarch of the West, Filmore, Kentucky, Jucunda, Seth Boyden, Champion, Leaning White, and others were all good. It was shown that berries picked with the hull on would carry far better than those that lost the hull in picking. Many points were ably discussed, and all expressed themselves pleased with the arrangements of the C. & W. M. R. R., whereby their fruit was put in the Chicago market in good shape at from two to five cents per can less than the competing boats would do it. This is from united effort. Let it be made still more powerful because extended.

The Birth-place of the Order.

Have recently received a supply of the engraving of the office of Wm. Saunders, where was born the Order of P. of H., in 1867. Have filled all the orders taken last winter at Lansing, and have a few left. Will mail one copy for ten cents, or three copies to one address for 25 cents in postage stamps. Address me at Muskegon as usual.

Lecturer's Whereabouts.

Am to be in Tuscola county the week these lines are being put into type, and sent to readers. On the 6th of July, or thereabouts, shall visit a Grange in Ottawa county; on the 11th go to Big Rapids and Mecosta county, from whence I hope to go to Traverse for a few days. On the 18th, or thereabouts, I shall go to Macomb county for a few days, and thence to Calhoun county on the 25th.

The first week in August I have appointments in Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky, and go from there to New Jersey to spend a few weeks, as promised last winter when I left there. The most of my time for August is already spoken for.

Fraternally, C. L. WHITNEY, Lecturer.

GAMBETTA is the most rapid talker and writer among European statesmen; in public speeches he has at times delivered one hundred and eighty words a minute, and when he puts pen to paper—which is rarely—he writes at the rate of forty words a minute. Stenographers find it no easy matter to keep up with him.

Washington Letter.

The prolonged serious illness of Mrs. Garfield, from which she is now slowly recovering, has been attributed in part to the unhealthy condition of the White House, and to the presence of malaria in the low, swampy section south of the grounds. It is not impossible that these conditions may have had something to do with the case. The White house probably is not the most healthy place for its occupants, either in their minds or bodies. Elegant as it has been described to be in all its appointments, it is not a very high-toned residence for the President of so great a country as ours. It has so often undergone changes and alterations that the walls are full of chinks and crannies, where rats and other vermin can hold high carnival, and the sewerage is so defective that all sorts of gasses and odors are at times encountered in some parts of the house. So it is a fact that the exterior of fine frescoing, carpeting and gilding, serves only to cover unsound and unseemly walls.

The White House has quite a history, and has cost the country a good deal of money—more than the celebrated Stewart mansion of New York. The total expenditures, including rebuilding, refurnishing, etc., are about \$1,700,000, though the original cost was but \$333,000. Its construction was begun in 1792, and in 1800 it was first occupied. In 1815 it was rebuilt—after the British invasion, war of 1812—and its porches were completed as late as 1829. The East room was finished only fifty years ago. Every President of the United States, except Washington, has lived in it, and he has pecked his horse's head into its portals to look up at the workmen plastering on a scaffold. An Irish architect named Herber, direct from Dublin via Charleston, took the award of \$500 for the design, and he built and rebuilt the edifice. His remains lie buried in a Catholic cemetery here. The building is 170 front by 68 feet deep, with one room in it 80x40 feet. It does not, therefore, lack anything for size. Even the vestibule within the front door is 50x40 feet. This vestibule to-day looks a little shabby, and its floor covering is threadbare from the constant tread of office-seekers, who come in droves to see the President.

Twenty acres of garden and park immediately inclose the mansion, and on either side, each separated by only 450 feet, are buildings which cost from seven to twelve millions apiece. Yet in all its apparent antiquity, how new. The lawn is still a naked plain, reaching off to the Potomac, like a desert coming to the palace stairs. Like Versailles in the time of Louis XIV, Washington is a government creation, and this White House is hoary only by events. The President's office, which is in the second story, is also the Cabinet room, and is not a very large apartment for the White House, although about 35 or 40 feet in depth, by perhaps 30 feet wide, and with a high ceiling. A long table is in the middle of the floor, with leather-seated chairs around it; the two windows have long lambrequin curtains of a dark bluish gray color. A large map of the United States is on the wall. The carpet is of a red tint with large figures. The general effect of the room as one enters, is that of a library without books. There is little news or stir in politics outside of the senatorial complication in New York, but in government circles there is a good deal of flutter and excitement. Reports of numerous changes in the different departments are in circulation, and there has come to be little doubt that a number of heads will shortly fall. Bureau officers and chiefs who have had their day will be called upon to make room for new blood. Dr. Loring will take charge of the Agricultural department July 1st; meanwhile Le Duc is making hay while the sun shines. He proposes to spend just as much of the appropriation for his department before going out as he can. To this end he is about to start on a trip to Colorado at government expense. Pension Commissioner Bentley is also uneasy, and those who ought to be posted say that he may feel authorized to pack his trunk. Probably no official connected with the government could leave it and be as little regretted, notwithstanding the fact that he has, in some respects made a good commissioner.

Washington, June 22, 1881.

The Wool Clip.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, } LANSING, Mich., June 10, 1881. } To the Editor:—Crop and stock reports received at this office from 908 townships show that there were 1,860,024 sheep sheared in 1880, yielding 10,136,581 pounds of wool. This is an average of 5 45 pounds per head. The reports also show that the number of sheep in the same townships in 1881 was 1,979,293, which is 6 41 per cent. more than the number sheared in 1880. If there has been a corresponding increase in the remaining 167 townships, there will be 2,013,608 sheep sheared in the State the present year, and the total clip at the above average per head will be 10,974,163 pounds. WM. JENNEY, Secretary of State.

Wool Matters and Markets.

The market may be said to be excited in some sections, where all the buyers are out, local operators, eastern dealers and manufacturers. Indeed the rush of buyers has been as great as usual, and while all have tried to be quiet, and while some have left the field in disgust, yet others who would not pay over 30c to 35c for the new clip a short time ago, are buying all they can get for 35c and 36c, and even higher. In fact we do not know what they may be paying by the time this is put to press. And 35c can scarcely be called the proper quotation for Ohio wool. No prediction is made in regard to the future. But little wool has gone east. This week will undoubtedly see considerable quantities going forward.—Wool Granger's Bulletin, June 22d.

IT IS OF BUT LITTLE use to expose the tricks of swindlers; you may expose one to-day, and to-morrow your credulous friend will be caught with one almost exactly similar. Men who live by their wits give their whole time and attention to studying, working out, and learning the arts of deception. By practice they become experts in deceiving the senses, and those skillful enough to swindle you out of your money are, nine times out of ten, sharp enough to escape with the swag.

Writing for the Press.

Caususur knows that he will deserve and win the thanks of all managing editors if he can but impress these few simple rules upon the minds of those who write for the press:

- 1. Write upon one side of the sheet only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.
2. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names, and words from foreign languages. Why? Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor to waste their time puzzling out the results of your selfishness.
3. Don't write in a microscopic hand. Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case at a distance of nearly two feet; also because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes.
4. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. Why? Because if you have written a head for your article, the editor will probably want to change it; and if you have not, which is the better way, he must write one. Besides, he wants room in which to write his instructions to the printer, as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, etc.
5. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches it—editor, compositor, and proof-reader.
6. Be brief. Why? Because people don't read long stories. The number of readers which any two articles have is inversely proportioned to the square of their respective length. That is, a half-column article is read by four times as many people as one of double that length.
7. Have the fear of the waste-basket constantly and steadily before your eyes. Why? Because it will save you a vast amount of useless labor, to say nothing of paper and postage.
8. Always write your full name and address plainly at the end of your letter. Why? Because it will often happen that the editor will want to communicate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your own name and address below it; it will never be divulged.
9. "These precepts in thy memory keep," and, for fear you might forget them, cut them out and put them where you can readily run through them when tempted to spill innocent ink.
Caususur's word for it, those who heed these rules will be beloved and favored in every editorial sanctum.—Caususur, Boston Transcript.

Keeping the Patient Quiet.

"He seems to be much worse to-day," said the doctor, as he contemplated the patient. "Did you keep him perfectly quiet, as I directed, nurse?" "Sakes a massy! of course I did," replied the nurse. "Goodness gracious! he hasn't moved all night." "Anything going on in the house to disturb him?" "My sakes, of course not. They had a little dancing party in the parlor, and a fight up stairs, and some burglars got in the basement, and the servant girl set fire to her bed, and the fat boarder fell down the second flight, and the man in the next room licked his wife, and the water pipe busted on the floor below, and the gentleman in the back parlor gave a little supper, and there was some music in the third story, and the cats got out upon the back fence, and there was a baby born in the second story front, and the little girl up the third pair of stairs died in the night, but he never moved. Bless your heart, he was the quietest man you ever saw!" "Quiet right, quiet right; did you give him the pills?" "My gracious! I forgot the pills, but I gave him all the powders, and all the quinine powders and the mixtures, three of 'em, and all but the pills." "Just so. Did you change the bandage on his head?" "It wasn't any use. He wouldn't keep 'em on. You never saw anything like him. I put four pillows on his head, and he kept still as mill over that." "I see. Was he delirious during the night?" "Oh! Wasn't he! but he hasn't hollered since for two hours. He's been pretty quiet since he fell out of bed. Before that he was restless." "Of course, naturally. Any of his friends been to see him?" "There was ten or a dozen here all night, playing cards and enjoying themselves. But he paid no attention to them." "I suppose not. Hasn't asked for anything, has he?" "Not for a long time. He's doing well, isn't he, doctor?" "Yes, yes, as well as could be expected. As near as I can judge, he has been dead about twelve hours. You needn't continue the medicines. Just keep him quiet, and don't let anybody talk to him. What he wants now is rest." And the doctor certified to the reliability of the nurse and departed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Resolutions Below Par.

The President's message does not take with the idea of making the Commissioner of Agriculture a cabinet officer, notwithstanding the resolutions of the National Grange, recently passed within the shadow of the White House. In fact, the governing power long since learned that the National Grange exhausted itself years ago passing resolutions which were of no effect, because of its want of power to impress them upon its own members.—Farmers' Home Journal.

And yet the governing power seems to treat the Grange with more courtesy than ever before. And if this is not taken advantage of by the agricultural classes, they deserve to be called the "mud sill of society," upon which every other class builds for fortune and fame, and above which rise all classes in wisdom and wealth. It will not always be thus, if the Grange organization is kept up, through Subordinate Granges, and they remain true to their principles of education and co-operation.—Wool Growers' Bulletin.

EVERY man has his follies, and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.—Josh Billings.

Program.

- The following is the program of Capitol Grange, No. 540, North Lansing:
May 14, 7:30 o'clock p. m. Reading.—Address by Prof. E. J. MacEwan.
May 21, 7:30 p. m. How to Entertain Visitors.—Miss M. Creyts, Mrs. G. S. Williams, Mrs. J. Tobias, Mrs. E. Appleton, Mrs. M. R. Dunham, Mrs. J. Lowell.
May 28, 10 o'clock, Picnic at the Agricultural College.
June 4, 7:30 p. m. Our agricultural fairs, lessons, judges, speeding, objects, amusements, etc.—L. F. Sutliff, Mrs. Warren Smith, Mrs. Marion Reeve, Wm. Appleton, John Creyts.
June 11, 7:30 p. m. Windmills.—Address by R. C. Carpenter.
June 18, 7:30 p. m. Industries for our Girls.—Mrs. M. J. Valentine, Mrs. E. Waterman, Mrs. S. Robbins, Mrs. A. Towar.
June 25, 7:30 p. m. Paper.—Mrs. Lizzie Turner, Mrs. Everett, Editors.
July 2, 8 p. m. "How can we make farm life attractive to the young?"—Mrs. Celia Gunnison, Mrs. Joseph Creyts, Mrs. E. B. Nichols, Miss Marion Creyts.
July 9th, 7:30 p. m. The following exercises by students of the Agricultural College. Instrumental music by the company. Does Farming Pay?—W. T. Langley, A. New Problem—Jason Woodman. Song, "Quodlibet," by the company. Success Depends upon Purpose and Effort—J. F. Evert. Abe Aulder's Goat—Carol Clark. Chock Tock—Sherman Upton. College Midnight—Poky Grabber—A. C. Redding. Song, "Litoria," by the company.
July 16th, 8 p. m. "Resolved, That the right of suffrage should be extended to women, with the same regulations and restrictions which are applied to men."—Mrs. Jason Nichols, Wm. Appleton, Lucy Hyde, Wm. Schaffer, Mrs. Lucy Buck, Wm. A. Lee.
July 23d, 8 p. m. "What are some of the monopolies, and what can we do about them?"—C. D. Buck, James Corliffe, A. D. Felton, A. N. Gillett, E. M. Hill.
July 30th, 8 p. m. Initiation of members at this and three following meetings. "The best fence for the farmers of this county."—Warren Smith, Dan. Smith, Geo. E. Sutliff, James Tobias, Henry E. Porter.
August 6th, 8 p. m. "Home markets,—what can we do to improve them?"—A. M. Dobbelaere, Henry C. Everett, John Fill, Arthur Gladden, Henry Robbins.
August 13th, 8 p. m. "Good hints and criticisms on farms we have seen."—Perry Tower, H. P. Gladden, James Skinner, B. V. Valentine, Frank C. Reeve, H. M. Lowell.
August 20th, 8 p. m. "The farmer is of more consequence than the farm."—W. C. Latta, J. G. Baumgras, L. H. Critchett, Mrs. E. Dobbelaere, John Holloway.

Prof. Beal, who has always since his connection with the Order been active in providing ways and means to make Grange meetings interesting, insists that there is nothing like employment—giving everyone something to do, to make a Grange meeting a success, and he adds that the printing of programs for some weeks in advance has been found of great advantage.—Ed.

FROM and after June 1, no printing or writing will be permitted on the stamped side of any postal card, excepting the address of the party for whom it is intended and the manufacturers' imprint. All others are unmailable, and will be returned to sender, if known. Such cards will be treated as spoiled, and redeemed by the postmaster on application by the holder. Hereafter the notice, "write address only on this side," will be omitted.

Don't Whine.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of the window, he'll fall on his feet and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin on the less you will have at the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter and sweeter than any can get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteen pence has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of metal sky-high, he would drop down into a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money, while others do nothing but lose it.

Who loves his work and knows to spare May live and flourish anywhere. As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick of the mulligrubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at fleas; the hunting dog does not even know they are there. Laziness waits till the river is dry, and never gets to market. Try swims it and gets all the trade. Can't-do-it wouldn't eat the bread cut for him, but try made meat out of mushrooms.—John Ploughman's Talk.

GOVERNOR JEROME has appointed T. T. Lyon, of South Haven, J. G. Ramsdell, of Traverse City, W. K. Gibson, of Jackson, Prof. W. J. Beal, of Lansing, and Evert H. Scott, of Ann Arbor, as commissioners to represent Michigan's fruit and horticultural interests at the exhibition in Boston next September by the American Pomological society. The legislature has appropriated \$1,000 for the expenses of this commission, and it is little to be expected that some of the poorest lands in our State the most profitable. Among the other commissioners who have visited Lansing the past week, conferred with the governor, and looked over the work they are expected to do, are Fred. Morley, immigration commissioner; Dr. E. H. VanDeusen and Perry Hannah, commissioners to locate a new asylum for the insane.

A POOR excuse is better than none, and the same may be said of a poor dinner.

Pooling Wool.

The primary object to be gained by pooling and classifying wool is to have it sold on its merits, and to discountenance the common practice of buyers paying the same price to all, regardless of the condition of the wool. A wool-buyer meets A., B., C., and D. in town on some public occasion, and questions each one as to his crop of wool. Of course, a stereotyped reply is given, although a very great difference in quality may exist. It may not be always an attempt to deceive on the part of the one who has the bad conditioned article, for that comes sometimes from causes he may not know of, and besides he hasn't the other crops side by side with his own to draw a comparison. The buyer then fixes a uniform price to offer for the whole, doing a manifest injustice to the holder of the best quality, because from experience he has learned to expect a certain percentage of bad fleeces, and bids with this in view. The result is that the holders of the best get too little, while the other gets more perhaps than his wool is worth. The buyer is not harmed, as he has bought at a safe average. The holder of bad wool is secured, perhaps, in a better price than he is entitled to, while the holder of the better quality is fleeced. One may say that, according to this, only the holders of the good wool should pool, but not so.

A secondary object of pooling is, by offering a larger lot of all grades to competitive buyers, to obtain a better price. This will serve the holder of indifferent wool, especially if the other system is broken up. At any rate, if the only objection to pooling is the fact that an inferior lot may bring a little less than in the old way, and the good lots a little more, we say pool by all means; but we hear it said that pooling is speculating, and that farmers should not speculate in their products. The result of pooling in this State last year perhaps gave rise to the thought. The very high prices which were offered just before and about shearing time tempted many to sell, while the poolers not being ready, held on and suffered. Another year the opposite may be the outcome of it. It is idle to argue that the one could have been more wise than the many, and it is folly to say that the same state of case will happen every year.

Pooling, when properly understood and carried out, will give more satisfaction, year by year, than any way of selling wool, and most of the farmers who have tried it will admit it, notwithstanding the unfavorable trial last year.—Farmers' Home Journal.

A BIG THING.—On one of the morning trains over the Erie road, the other day, a farmer-looking man walked the length of a car without finding an empty seat, and he slowly returned to one occupied by a lone man, who at once spread himself out as much as possible, and suddenly became deeply interested in his newspaper. The farmer halted beside the seat, but the other made no movement. Even after a full minute had passed there was no sign that he meant to share his quarters with the other. Then the farmer touched his arm and said: "If you hang on long enough, you'll make a fortune."

"What—what's that, sir?" demanded the other, as he looked up. "It's a big thing—hang on to it!" whispered the farmer. "What is it? What do you mean, sir?" "I mean that you've got the biggest corner on the hog market ever known in this country, and if you don't make a million dollars out of it I'll eat codfish for a year." Half of the seat was suddenly vacated, but the farmer preferred to stand up and brace against the stove.

SOME of our agricultural educators, who argue that it is unnecessary for students of agriculture to work in the field, not benefiting by the experience of their own failures, may draw an instructive lesson from a few sentences in a speech by Prof. Wrightson, of the Wilts & Herts Agricultural College, England: "With playing at learning farming I would have nothing to do. Let us see the hands hardened and the fingers thickened with work; the farmer inured to labor; the eye quickened to see what is wrong, and the hand able to set it right. The effect of actual work upon the memory is astonishing. Tell a young man that one pound of sulphate of copper pickles a sack of wheat, and he straightway forgets whether one pound pickles a sack or a quarter. Let him wheel the sack up to the spot empty it on the floor, see the stuff applied, and help to shovel up the wheat, and he never forgets. To appoint pure theorists to teach agriculture to the sons of farmers, is little less than poking fun at them. An agricultural college without a farm is like a sailor without a ship."

THE developments attending the New York Legislative investigation of the bogus butter inquiry afford anything but a pleasing study for farmers and dairymen. Frank Moulton of New York, one of the best informed men of the country upon the butter trade, testified that the dairy product of the United States was valued at from \$45,000,000 to \$55,000,000 a year. That the manufacture of bogus butter has been going on for ten years, and its effect upon the American trade abroad has been most disastrous. Last year he shipped 28,000,000 pounds of butter, and 25,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine, and although England annually imports \$50,000,000 worth of butter, only \$5,000,000 goes from the United States. Mr. Moulton also stated that if it were not for the frauds perpetrated in this country in the bogus butter business, we would supply the English market, as American butter was the best that England could obtain. As a consequence of the oleomargarine imposition, England exports \$45,000,000 annually for butter in other countries than this, when nearly all of that vast sum ought to be received by American dairymen.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

St. Joseph County Grange will hold its next quarterly meeting at Centerville, on Thursday, July 7. It is hoped that all fourth degree members will turn out and hear something of interest.

CHAS. W. SHELDON, Secy. Burr Oak, June 20, 1881.



## SONNET.

TO THE P. OF H.

Bound by the tie of brotherhood,  
Striving that each may better be,  
Hoping that all will justly see  
They would banish evil, foster good;  
Asking of those—as brothers should—  
Who would join their ranks, that sterling fee—  
A pledge of fraternal love and fidelity,  
God speed the mystic brotherhood!  
May it grow in strength and power away,  
Helping the weary, who have dropped behind,  
To make their night a glorious day  
By increasing the treasures of the mind.  
Truly these Patrons of Husbandry,  
While advancing their cause, better mankind.

June 20, 1881.

A. L. F.

## Ladies' Department.

## Successful Lives.

Much has been written concerning successful men and women, but I would like to take as my subject to-day Successful Lives, not that I am capable of giving you anything learned or brilliant, or that I intend portraying to you the lives of any of the great and noble men and women of our day, who, by reason of their great and superior talents, learning and genius, stand high in the world's esteem, far above everyday life. I will instead take this same commonplace life with which we are surrounded every day and hour, and endeavor to picture it as accurately as possible, that we may determine upon those of our friends and neighbors who have lived successful lives, and also whether we are making our own life a success or a failure.

Perhaps many of us think that in these unnoted, ordinary lives of ours there are no chances for any great success or failure. But it is my opinion that in so thinking we make one of the greatest mistakes of our whole lives. Must we, because our positions in this world are not among the highest in the land, sit idly down and say that we can do nothing to make our life a benefit to ourselves or our fellow-men? Is that the act which will lift us higher in the scale of humanity? That the rightful way, of employing the talent and ability with which our Maker has provided us? Most assuredly not. Our lives are to a great extent, if not entirely, what we make them. Each of us has power to improve the talent given, or to avail ourselves of the opportunities afforded us for doing good, and thus make life one grand success; or we may neglect the talent, or waste the opportunities because they seem to us small and obscure, forgetting that nothing, however small, is useless that in any degree benefits or ennobles mankind; that every neglected duty, no matter how slight, is a stumbling block in our road to a better and nobler life.

Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A grand and noble creed.

Thus we see plainly that each one of us possesses means and ability to lead a successful life. In order to live such a life it is not necessary to do any great or startling deed of heroism that shall make our name known throughout the land. Home is the place in which to record our success. Cheerful, unselfish daily life is the means of obtaining that success. I have said cheerful and unselfish, because I think cheerfulness and unselfishness the surest means of living true lives.

That cheerfulness is necessary to true happiness we are all fully aware. No one can be truly good and noble, and be moody, irritable, discontented or gloomy. Many of us have enough to make us miserable if we think only of our own troubles and not of our many blessings. Few indeed, do we come in contact with but have had some trial that at the time seemed to defy forgetfulness. There are buried memories in every heart, a folded page in every life's history. But if every one refused to be cheerful because of their own individual troubles, what a gloomy, dreary world this would be! The person who nurses his own troubles, paying no heed to the woes of others, is undoubtedly selfish, and surely no selfish life was ever or will ever be successful, which may seem a broad assertion, but nevertheless true. The selfish may be talented; he uses his talent for his individual advancement, caring nothing for his fellow-men or their own interests. He probably amasses wealth, but does he ever spend one hoarded dollar to relieve suffering humanity or to help a friend in need? No, if he sees any one in trouble whom he might relieve by a little friendly help he only wraps his mantle of selfishness closer about him and excuses himself by saying "Why should I help him? It is nothing to me, it is not likely he ever would do as much for me, so it wouldn't pay." Not realizing that the consciousness of a kind and unselfish act is its own best reward. And will such a man ever lead a successful life? No, though he be possessed of the talent, and though he rise high in power or amass vast worldly wealth, his life will still be a miserable failure. For of what avail is our talent, power and wealth without love and respect? And what contentment can they bring their possessor if he knows that he has used all for his own comfort and pleasure, without

once trying honestly and sincerely to make those around him happy. I think you will agree with me in saying that such a life is never successful.

There is another class of men most people call successful. We will take for an example a farmer of that sort—in every direction you will find them. Passing along the highway you see a large, well-tilled, productive farm, fine stock, large, well-filled barns, and probably a fine house, on the outside; and you say to yourself, that man is a successful farmer. But enter that house, and what a change you see. The rooms are bare and cheerless, only the barest necessities are there, nothing to beautify or make home-like and pleasant. There are neither books or papers to show education or culture; few if any pictures adorn the walls; no flowers or music indicate taste or refinement. Every thing looks gloomy and cheerless; the wife and mother is absorbed in work and worry, and money saving; the children are uneducated and uncouth, allowed few pleasures in childhood because books, toys and games cost too much. As soon as they are old enough to work the boys, instead of attending school are kept out in the fields, because that will save hiring, and the house is not a home to them, only a place to eat and sleep, and to the girls it is but a tiresome work-room. If they want amusement or pleasure they must look for it elsewhere, as nothing is tolerated at home that does not tend to the one object—money. Do you think when you have learned all this you will go away still thinking that this man is a successful farmer? I think not. He makes money, it is true, but instead of using it for the education and pleasure of himself and family it is carefully hoarded until an opportunity offers for another paying speculation, the proceeds of which are to go in the same manner, and so on to the end of the chapter. He has amassed wealth, but he has starved his soul and narrowed his mind in obtaining it. He has sacrificed the minds, hearts, and intellects of his children to the idol,—money. He has been successful in money making, but his life is a miserable failure.

This thought is still uppermost in your mind when you come to a smaller, less pretentious farm. The barns are smaller, and the house not as fine as those before mentioned, and you remember what farmer, No. 1 had said of farmer A, B, or C, "He don't seem to get rich very fast, and he had just as good a chance as I did." But enter his house and notice the contrast it presents to that of the wealthy neighbor. This is not merely a residence, but a home. Comfort and pleasure are within its walls, and happiness and content dwell beneath its roof. Good books and papers, flowers and music may be found here. This farmer may not possess one half the wealth of his neighbor, but yet he can afford to educate his children and give them home amusements. These parents are not too deeply absorbed in business and money making to spend pleasant evenings with their family, either reading some interesting book, or engaged in pleasant and instructive conversation. Do you agree with me in saying that this man, and not the other is the successful farmer? He may be comparatively poor in this world's goods, but he possesses vast treasures in his home and family, and in his daily life. The neighbor possesses wealth by the thousand, but while he has spent the best portion of his life in gaining that wealth he has narrowed and belittled his mind, soured his temper, and starved his intellect and soul to obtain it; the poorer, but successful man has been laying up unlimited treasure in the minds and hearts of his family. He may not, it is true, give his children any great amount of money for a start in the world, but he will give them something infinitely better. He has educated them to be noble men and women, and they will take up the burden of life with true, honest hearts, clear, active brains, well developed minds, and pleasant, loving memories of home that will keep them from many snares and temptations of life, and make them honored and respected. I think you will agree with me that this man is the successful farmer, not the one who possesses great worldly wealth, but has bartered life's richest treasure to obtain it.

Thus we see two lives side by side with equal chances, one so eminently successful, the other so miserably a failure. There are other similar cases of men in different vocations, but I have taken farmers for an example because of having more interest in them than any other class of people.

Then there are successful mothers, fathers, and homes, successful neighbors, successful Patrons and Granges, and I might add, successful husbands and wives, if I possessed any experience in that direction, for I suppose there is success and failure there as well as elsewhere, for we find success and failure all over the world.

Successful parents are those who make the home for their children the most attractive spot in childhood, a dear and pleasant haven in youth, and to which they look back with deepest love and reverence as long as life remains. Those children are not likely to forget the parents who made their early years so sunny, sacrificed so much for them, whose love and sympathy were ever theirs through childhood's joys and sorrows, and through pleasure and pain in

after years. But to the parents who have made home dull, unpleasant and gloomy, and have put coldly aside with equal indifference the little joys and sorrows of the children in infancy, and their pleasure and trials as they grow to manhood and womanhood, thus causing them to seek elsewhere for pleasure and sympathy, and so are often led into company they should be taught by their parents to shun, and into temptations that they should have parental help to avoid or overcome: to such parents do you think the children ever turn with that love and confidence with which they would regard them under different circumstances? I do not. I think that in time if these children grow up dishonest and sinful, the parents will see wherein they have failed. For taking into consideration the circumstances under which they grew up, they cannot lay the blame wholly upon the children, for they were more sinned against than sinning. I think that in our daily life we shall find many such successful and unsuccessful parents. Not that the children are guiltless of the fault, but they are often not as much to blame as many may think. I will touch slightly just one more class and then close this long, rambling essay, if essay it may be called,—that class will be successful Patrons and Granges; first a successful Patron. Is it one who unites himself with the Order merely for his own personal good and advancement? No, though being a Patron is, we all know, both a pleasure and a profit. It is one who feels that being a member of the Grange is something to be ashamed of, something for which to blush and to apologize if it is discovered by some one outside the gates, surely not. A successful Patron is one who is fully aware of the great good there is in the Grange, who is proud to acknowledge himself a member of such a grand and noble Order. Ashamed of the Grange, indeed! He feels himself honored in becoming a member of such an organization that has done and is doing so much for the mutual benefit and advancement of the farming class, the bone and sinew of our land, both within and outside the gates, and he enters with heart and hand into the work before him, resolved to do his utmost for its support and maintenance, though in so doing he sacrifices many individual pleasures. He allows no petty strife or bickering to come between him and his work. He does not stand back when there is Grange work to be done and say, "There are others who can do the work as much better than I can, so I let them do it." Neither does he complain if the Grange meetings happen to be less interesting than usual, but goes cheerfully to the work of making them better, and he succeeds. Such Patrons are the ones instrumental in making the Grange such a power in the land. They are successful Patrons, and successful Patrons make successful Granges, and I think we will all admit that successful Granges are amongst the country's noblest institutions.

A successful Grange will make its influence felt both far and near. It is a means of social, moral, financial, and intellectual good. Long live the Grange!

In conclusion, I will say but few more words. May we each and all live successful lives, as far as it is in our power. At best—

Our lives are but albums written through  
With good and ill, with false and true;  
And as the blessed angels turn  
The pages of our years,  
God grant they read the good with smiles,  
And blot the ill with tears.

ANNA WHITNEY.

## Seed-Time and Harvest.

The seed has been sown,  
The harvest approaches.

Lavishly the husbandman scattered the seed on this fertile soil from the Rocky range to the Appalachians, and now after many days there is evidence of its returning unto him, with not as great increase, perhaps, as many anticipated, but it seems to be "the common fate of all" to sometimes sow in gladness and reap in sadness.

Not often does the soil—man's heritage, bequeathed to him and his heirs forever—sparingly reward its owner. What a story we might tell of the returns it has made for his labor! From what source came the wealth that has graced this fair land with all that is useful and much that is beautiful? Cities, towns and railways cover it from sea to sea; canals traverse the States; noble structures span its rivers, and a myriad of steamers people the great lakes. The record of the fruits of the soil is almost interminable. Faithfully has it been tilled, abundantly has it produced.

Little thought the Genoese navigator that he had brought to light a new world of such wonderful fertility. Weeds from seeds brought from the Old World once threatened to smother the fruit and flowers; they were deep rooted, and grew to such giant proportions that they nearly shut out the light of heaven, but the most of them have been overcome, and only their remains, which have not wholly disappeared, show where they once stood.

Years ago a small band of loyal men and women landed on the bleak shores of New England and there planted seed from which the past has reaped and the present and future generations will reap. We cannot agree entirely with the late Thomas Carlyle where he says that the cause of American success is, "They have a vast deal of

land for a very few people." We believe we still partake somewhat of the spirit of our ancestors, those liberty-seeking, liberty-worshipping Pilgrims of Plymouth, and that the interest taken to-day in overcoming ignorance, liberty's strongest fetter, is an outgrowth of this same spirit.

Sir William Hamilton is credited with saying that "The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance." We would not claim that Americans have gained this "highest reach," but that they are cognizant in a degree of the illiteracy of a portion of the people, and recognize what an impediment it is to a would be progressive nation.

For proof, we have the great interest taken in improving our colleges and universities, the continued agitation of the educational system with a view to its improvement, and besides this the desire manifested by mothers and daughters to improve intellectually.

If it were not for fear of ridiculing such a commendable tendency, I would say it was becoming fashionable to prosecute some study, at least to profess to wish to be learned. And if, as it has been claimed, fashion is woman's autocrat, the tide has set in the right direction, the proper stimulant has been applied, the seed will grow. But notwithstanding this, we find scattered all over the land clubs, organizations, often composed wholly of ladies, their object to impart knowledge. And we find them in the country as well as in the towns and cities. In one they are studying art, in another history, another civil government, philosophy, physiology, European and American literature, etc.,—dissimilar in their immediate aim, but all converging to a single focus. Some one has at last become convinced that something can be learned at home, that the cooking stove and sewing machine need not take all our time.

This may seem a weak foundation to base great hopes upon, but upon just such a foundation we are prone to build.

"Once in a golden hour  
I cast to earth a seed,  
Up there came a flower,  
People said a weed.

"Then it grew so tall  
It wore a crown of light,  
And thieves from o'er the wall  
Stole the seed by night.

"Sowed it far and wide,  
By every town and tower,  
Till all the people cried:  
"Splendid is the flower!"

The interest taken in home culture is one of the most encouraging "signs of the times," and should be stimulated. It will help to extend home influence and will introduce among our eloquent politicians, large-brained, scheming tacticians and meditative scientists, well-read, cultivated, home-made men and women.

The present demands the abolition of ignorance from among the masses, and has brought the means to their very doors, and slowly they are opening to receive the proffered offering. Books all can have, and time to read and study them, if they will. These together with our newspapers and family magazines—some of which are classed with our best literature—constitute a mine of intellectual wealth within the reach of nearly every family, and we cannot be too grateful that we can say that nearly every family is appropriating the same, and may the day speedily come when we can say every one!

A mistake is made in depending so much upon our schools. They are far from what they should be, and very far from being what parents expect they are. We should plant and carefully cultivate the home garden if we wish to reap a bountiful harvest.

ANNA L. FELLOWS.

June 8, 1881.

## Home Adornment.

[Essay by Mrs. Mary A. Bowen, of Crystal, at a meeting of the Montcalm County Grange, at Ferris Grange hall, May 26, 1881.]

In this, as in many other things, people differ in their opinions. Some think that in order to adorn their homes, they must have large houses, stylish furniture, musical instruments, and other expensive articles. This is all very well for people who can afford it, for such can readily gratify their taste with their money. I do not think it best for people of small incomes to put off making their homes pleasant and attractive, thinking that at some future time they will build a new house and furnish and adorn it to suit their taste. I think it would be far better to begin now. Let us fix up the old house and surroundings. The present is ours, and we do not know what the future may have in store for us. If we cannot adorn our homes as we would like to do, let us do the best we can with what means we have at command.

There are not many of our sisters who cannot make a variety of fancy articles for the home which are both useful and attractive, and God has given us the beautiful evergreen trees and lovely flowers. These tastefully arranged will do much towards adorning the home. Flowers have become an indispensable luxury. For, as a just education demands that culture shall be many sided, so a pure and elevated taste neglects no form of beauty, natural and artistic. Flowers are Nature's holiday garb; they are alike the joy of rich and poor, the old and young, and as the creation

of life itself, are the heritage of every land. Flowers are also the simplest and least expensive ornaments of the homestead, imparting an air of comfort, and awakening dreams of beauty, especially in the minds of children, that will never entirely fade from their memory, and let us not forget that it is one of the precepts of our Order to adorn our homes with flowers. I know there are some who think it is a wicked waste of time to cultivate flowers. They like to see them well enough, but they have all they can do to get their house work done, and they don't see how in the world other folks can spend so much time tending flowers and doing fancy work, insinuating that those who do such work must neglect other duties. It is true we must keep our houses clean and tidy, in order to make a pleasant home for our families. But I do not think it is necessary to wash, scrub, fret, and scold all the time.

Have we not often been in houses where everything seemed to be kept in perfect order, until we saw the scowl that spread like a cloud over the matron's face. Then we concluded that she had kept everything in the house clean and sweet but her own temper. If the other inmates of a house had been questioned about it, they might have said, that they would sooner live in a house not always so well kept than with such a sour tempered woman. If this woman could spare a few minutes to visit with us, she would tell us how hard she had to work, how tired she was, how much trouble she had, how she never took a moment's comfort, and was about tired of living. I always feel sorry for such women. They make themselves miserable, and every one about them.

And some men are no better. They get up before day, and commence working and finding fault, and keep it up till night. They come to the house with frowns on their faces, and look around to see if anything is wrong or out of place, or if dinner is on the way. It may be they look out of the front door, and see that their wives or daughters had made a flower bed, or they may spy some artificial or fancy work—if they see anything of this kind, they are liable to tell their wives that they had better be doing something useful, and that it will be time enough for such things when they have everything else they need. I think such men of little account in the world. They are to be found among the class of men who never have time for anything; they have no time to attend the Grange, no time to receive company or visit their friends, not even time to read a paper. They are waiting for a time that may never come, for life is uncertain. They may have to take time to die before their work is completed and their plans carried out. They will leave no good influence behind them. Society will never miss them, and the best that can be said of them after they are gone is that they had no enemies, and but few friends. They worked hard to accumulate money, and now their children are quarreling among themselves to see which will get the largest share.

But I am off the track, and the Grange will perceive that I know but little about fashionable home adornment. But I do know that in order to have pleasant, happy, joyous homes, we must cultivate the sweet flowers of charity, love, virtue, and cheerfulness.

We should provide our homes with all the good reading we can afford—books and papers that will tend to amuse, interest, and elevate our children as well as ourselves. We should let in all the sunshine we can upon the home circle, and don't let us keep our smiles, as we do our best clothes, for visiting occasions.

Let us not forget that a good hearty laugh has a tendency to lengthen the life of the person who indulges in it, and I believe that if physicians would prescribe for certain nervous melancholy diseases a good hearty laugh, taken every two hours, we should not have so many nervous, fretful-looking people, and the prices of drugs and medicines would go down.

## Canning and Preserving Fruit.

As I have a duty to perform, on this important subject, I will speak briefly and from experience, not thinking my method the best whether or no; only I will say it has always brought good results. Fruit well cared for is a luxury, while carelessly and improperly handled is expensive and wasteful in more ways than one—ways which I need not mention.

I think it is a saving to have the best make of cans, and I find the Mason one of that number, and like a true friend, it has always proved faithful, and I still hold it as a worthy trust, feeling sure my fruit will come out safe when required for use, and at any length of time. As there are three sizes I have the whole three, pints, quarts, and two-quarts, and find it very convenient. Often it is the case in warm weather, the cans or contents of cans might spoil before using, and therefore I gauge my cans according to the fruit, the weather, and occasion when used.

Now the next to be done is to get good fresh fruit, and prepare it as required, peeling the kind that requires it, and looking over the smaller kinds; and if they require washing do it by putting in a pan of cold







Two great cases relative to the taxation of railroads were decided last week in the supreme court. A mandamus was denied to the state treasurer, looking to the collection of taxes from the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern road, as though it were reorganized under the general law, whereas the road is held to be organized under its old special charter, and the improvements and extensions it has made are therefore not subject to increased taxation. The other case was an appeal from the Wayne circuit court, which had decided that the same road must pay about \$56,000 back taxes and \$9,000 a year extra in future. This decision was sustained.

ITALY has a surplus of 15,000,000 liras — *Financial Chronicle*. That's very unlucky, they're such a drug in the market just now. The western papers are all supplied, we understand, and there won't be any important political campaign for some time to come.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

To the Patrons of Michigan.

A large and growing trade is now being carried on at our co-operative store in Allegan, and under the management of Bro. A. Stegeman, it is rapidly gaining a reputation not excelled, if equalled, by any other store in the State; and for this success we are greatly indebted to him for his zeal and untiring energy in managing its business transactions. Therefore to offer these facilities to all Patrons wishing to purchase through our agency, the executive committee of the co-operative association have made such arrangements that our agent will fill orders for goods from all parts of the State.

For further information, address A. STEGEMAN, Allegan, Mich.

J. S. BIDWELL,  
Sec. of C. A. of P. of H.

Alabastine

Is the only preparation based on the proper principles to constitute a durable finish for walls, as it is not held on the wall with glue, etc., to decay, but is a Stone Cement that hardens with age, and every additional coat strengthens the wall. Is ready for use by adding hot water, and easily applied by anyone.

Fifty cents' worth of ALABASTINE will cover 50 square yards of average wall with two coats; and one coat will produce better work than can be done with one coat of any other preparation on the same surface.

For sale by paint dealers everywhere. Send for circular containing the twelve beautiful tints. Manufactured only by ALABASTINE CO.

M. B. CHURCH, Manager,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bindery Work!

MAGAZINES

—AND—

BOOKS FOR RE-BINDING.

Now is an exceedingly favorable time to secure the binding of Magazines, Pamphlets, and similar accumulations. Our bindery pays special attention to this work, and parties sending orders to us will have prompt attention. Grange Records and Blanks, County, Bank, Commercial Work, and estimates made on all classes of Printing and Binding.

The Re-binding of School and Sunday School Libraries

is an important branch of our business.

Correspondence from Librarians, School Directors and Business Men all over the country solicited.

KALAMAZOO PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
Postoffice Block, KALAMAZOO.

CLOTHES WASHER.

WE are prepared to furnish our justly Celebrated CLOTHES WASHERS in large numbers. We have been unable, until lately, to supply the increasing demand. The Washer is now in successful operation in more than a hundred families in this vicinity, and its merits are fully established.

SCHOOLCRAFT WASHER CO.  
Schoolcraft, June 28th, 1881.

Patrons, Take Notice.

We Manufacture

Horse-Powers for Outting and Grinding Feed, Gang Plows, Barley Forks, And other Agricultural Implements, and we propose to sell to the Grangers of Michigan any of our goods, at lowest wholesale prices.

We want no intermediate agents between us and the Grange. Will sell our FIVE-TEN BARLEY FORK for \$9.00 per dozen, freight to be deducted. We will send sample fork on order under seal of any Grange, and fill such orders for any number promptly. Don't delay sending orders, as the season for their use will be here soon.

Information as to other agricultural implements we manufacture, gladly furnished on application. Address H. & R. MILLER & CO., PALO, Ionia Co., Mich.

FENWICK, Mich., April 18th, 1881.

To the Patrons of Michigan: Having been acquainted with the firm of H. & R. Miller & Co., manufacturers of barley forks, at Palo, Ionia county, Mich., for a number of years, I take pleasure in recommending them as honorable manufacturers, and entitled to the confidence of all their patrons. This responsible firm desires to deal directly with the farmers of the Grange, and I commend them to the favorable consideration of the Order.

FRATERNALLY, R. W. HOY,  
Sec'y Bushnell Grange, No. 437.

RONALD, Ionia Co., Mich., June 7, 1881.

To the Patrons of Husbandry: I have been acquainted with the firm of H. & R. Miller & Co., manufacturers and dealers in agricultural implements, at Palo, for a number of years, and can confidently recommend them to the favorable consideration of farmers as honorable and upright men and dealers, and likely to do all they promise.

GEORGE PRAY,  
Master Woodard Lake Grange, No. 190.  
A. G. SMITH, Secretary. [June 15-2]

Farmers and Patrons of the "VISITOR,"



ARE you in need of a WIND MILL? If so, read the following:

THE UNDERSIGNED WIND MILL CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF WOLCOTT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING

SECTIONAL - WHEEL WIND MILL,

ARE now prepared to furnish Mills on short notice. We employ but few Agents: we prefer to deal directly with the farmers. Remember, the Wind Mill we offer you is not a new and untried Mill, for it has been built in Albion for the past nine years, and has stood the test. We can furnish any number of Testimonials, from ten or more different States. We have made many new and useful improvements from year to year, until we now have as good a Mill as can be found in the market—we might, like others, say *the best*, but we leave it to you to judge for yourself. All we ask is that you give our Mill a trial. It costs you nothing to make the trial; if not satisfactory, we take it away at our own expense. Derricks, Pumps, Tanks and Piping furnished with or without Mills.

You can save time and money by writing at once for Circulars and Price List to

UNION WIND MILL & MAN'FG CO., Albion, Mich.

GEORGE W. HILL,

Successor to GEO. W. HILL & CO.

Commission Merchant,

Dealer in Grain and Produce,

No. 80 Woodbridge Street West, DETROIT, MICH.

What EVERY FAMILY need, and Every Grange should have, and I can furnish it.

An Accurate Beam Scale,

that will weigh from ONE-EIGHTH OUNCE TO TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS. It is a GEM.

For the small sum of \$2.55.

VEGETABLE, FLOWER and FIELD SEEDS.

Field Peas, Timothy, Clover, Hungarian, Millet.

SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.

T. J. SHOEMAKER, Secretary of Mt. Clemens Grange, is my travelling agent; give him your orders when he calls. apr.14-15.

MUNSON'S

HAY ELEVATOR AND CARRIER,

(Patented in March, 1880.)

We present to the farmers of Michigan this great improvement over any device for elevating and moving hay from wagons to mows in barns. This device commends itself;—and we are willing to put up a track on trial in the barn of any responsible farmer, and remove the same if not entirely satisfactory.

PRICE, \$5.00 for Carriers, and 25 cents per running foot of double track. Address RICE & CRANDALL, Dowagiac, Mich.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., April 21, 1881.

We, the undersigned, are using the Munson Hay Elevator and Carrier, and we find in it all that is claimed for it. We think it the most perfect of any we have ever seen. A boy of twelve or fourteen years of age can handle any part of it with ease.

Respectfully Yours, JACOB W. WAGNER, PETER ZIMMER, JOHN C. ULERY, G. S. DUNNAHO, JACOB WAGNER, GODFREY BESTLE, ED. IRVIN.

THE BUSINESS COLLEGE

AT KALAMAZOO, MICH.,

IS THE BEST PLACE FOR

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

TO GET A THOROUGH BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Send for College Record, giving full particulars.

*W. J. Parsons*  
President.

ACME CREAMER And Butter Cooler.

A NEW THING.

Saves Three Times its Cost in One Season.

NO ICE REQUIRED. SOLID BUTTER IN DOG-DAYS, AND CREAMERY PRICES FOR IT.

Sweet Milk only 12 hours old for your Calves. The Butter Cooler keeps your Butter solid in the warmest weather.

Send for Circular and Price List.

McCALL & DUNCAN, Schoolcraft, Mich. junel5-tf.

PATRONS, TRY ME, And Judge for Yourself.

The EUREKA MILL

Stands without a rival in assorting grain and seeds. Separates and grades grain and seeds of all kinds; cleans perfectly; has six fans, is simple, runs easily, and works rapidly. Agitator in hopper, with lever and ratchet for regulating feed. The sieves are well made of coppered and annealed wire cloth; other parts of the most durable material. The Eureka is the only mill in America that makes

Four complete Separations on two Sieves at one operation.

It separates cockle, chess, mustard, redroot, dock, or any other small seed from your wheat; making one grade of seed wheat, taking the shrunk and cracked wheat out and cleaning it for market at the same time, besides putting the small fowl seeds that may be in the grain perfectly clean by itself, also the cockle and chess by itself. The Eureka does all of this in running the grain once through the mill. One dollar in cash will be given for every cockle or chess that can be found in the seed wheat after being once run through the mill when properly adjusted. This mill was awarded the highest medal at Philadelphia in 1876, also at the last two State fairs of Michigan. Manufactured by HENRY CORTRIE, Lansing, Mich.

For terms to Patrons address T. J. SHOEMAKER, Sec'y 637, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

A. L. LAKEY & BIGELOW, Kalamazoo Paint and Roofing Works,

Manufacturers of

MIXED PAINTS, ROOFING MATERIAL, &c.,

—AND DEALERS IN—

All Kinds of Painters' Goods, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

PLEASE CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK AT 52 and 54 NORTH BURDICK STREET, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

THE 5-TON WAGON SCALES.

ARE SOLD FOR \$60.

All Iron and Steel. Sold on trial—freight paid by us—no money asked till tested and found satisfactory. All sizes manufactured.

JONES OF BINGHAMPTON, Binghampton, N. Y. Send for Circulars and further particulars.

PAW PAW, Mich., May 18th, 1878.

JONES OF BINGHAMPTON: My Scales give entire satisfaction. I have subjected it to the most severe tests and find it not only correct in weighing large or small amounts, but perfectly reliable.

Yours, Fraternally, J. J. WOODMAN. 3 in-lyr [Signed]

Plymouth Rocks

—AND— Partridge Cochins!

My Plymouth Rocks are from Keefer's noted strain; my Partridge Cochins are from Pierce's prize-winning strain. Weaned Chickens for sale in early Summer. Eggs in season. Send for Circular to Frank B. Wilde, Coopersville, Mich. apr15,6m

German Horse and Cow Powders.

This powder has been in use for many years. It is largely used by the farmers of Pennsylvania, and the Patrons of that State have bought over 100,000 pounds through their purchasing agents. Its composition is no secret. The receipt is on every box and 5-pound package. It is made by Dr. L. Oberholzer's Sons & Co., Phoenixville, Pa. It keeps stock healthy and in good condition. It helps to digest and assimilate the food. Horses will do more work, with less food while using it. Cows will give more milk and be in better condition. It keeps poultry healthy, and increases the production of eggs. It is also of great value to them when molting. It is sold at the lowest wholesale price by R. E. JAMES, KALAMAZOO, GEO. W. HILL & CO., 80 WOODBRIDGE ST., DETROIT, and J. M. CHAMBERS, 163 So. WATER ST., CHICAGO. Put up in 60-lb. boxes (loose), price EIGHT CENTS per lb., 30-lb. boxes (of 6 5-lb. packages, TEN CENTS per lb.

PAINT for PATRONS.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Immense Reduction in Prices from April 15, 1881.

FREIGHT FREE.

Quarterman's Ready-Mixed Paints.

Used by Patrons all Over the Land.

QUARTERMAN'S GUIDE TO PAINTING WITH SAMPLE COLORS SENT FREE TO ANY PATRON.

Send for our Prices before purchasing elsewhere. Address

E. A. QUARTERMAN, may15-6m 159 South Street, New York City.

PRICE LIST OF HORSE NETS.

Nets made of 16-thread twine, full net, body, neck and ear tips, by the dozen, each \$1.10. Sixty days time. Ten per cent. off for cash.

Body Nets, reaching to the hames, by the dozen, each 75 cents. Nets made of 20-thread twine, a small advance on above prices. I will send one dozen nets or more at above prices to any Grange, and those not sold can be returned at my expense.

JOSEPH SHAW, Charlotte, Mich.

Orders under Seal of Grange promptly attended to.

HUSBANDS — OF SICKLY — WIVES! MOTHERS OF DROOPING DAUGHTERS!

— SHOULD KNOW OF —

DR. R. PENGELLY'S "WOMAN'S FRIEND," IMPROVED!

It is a SOVEREIGN REMEDY for

Those Complaints (they need no naming) peculiar to WOMEN, YOUNG or OLD, NOT A CURE-ALL, Claiming to annihilate Jaundice, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Gravel, and everything else which afflicts MEN EVEN MORE THAN WOMEN.

It works in ONE LINE and in that line it excels. The tender, Nervous Girl, the anxious, expectant Mother, the overburdened Housewife, the Matron, passing the critical change, are all guarded, soothed and sustained by its Gentle Influence. It is the prescription of an experienced Physician, perfected during a life-long practice, and its nine years of public record, in 30 different States, have proved it rightly named—A FRIEND INDEED TO WOMAN. The good words of those who use it are its best advertisement. An 8-ounce (\$1.00) bottle, or a 20-ounce (\$2.00) bottle sent on receipt of price, express prepaid, also references and testimonials, on application to

R. PENGELLY & CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH. (FORMERLY OF PLAINWELL) & Co., Detroit, Morrison, Plummer & Co., Chicago.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTRY SHOULD EXAMINE THE New Combined Spring Tooth Sulky Harrow

CULTIVATOR AND SEEDER.

Manufactured by

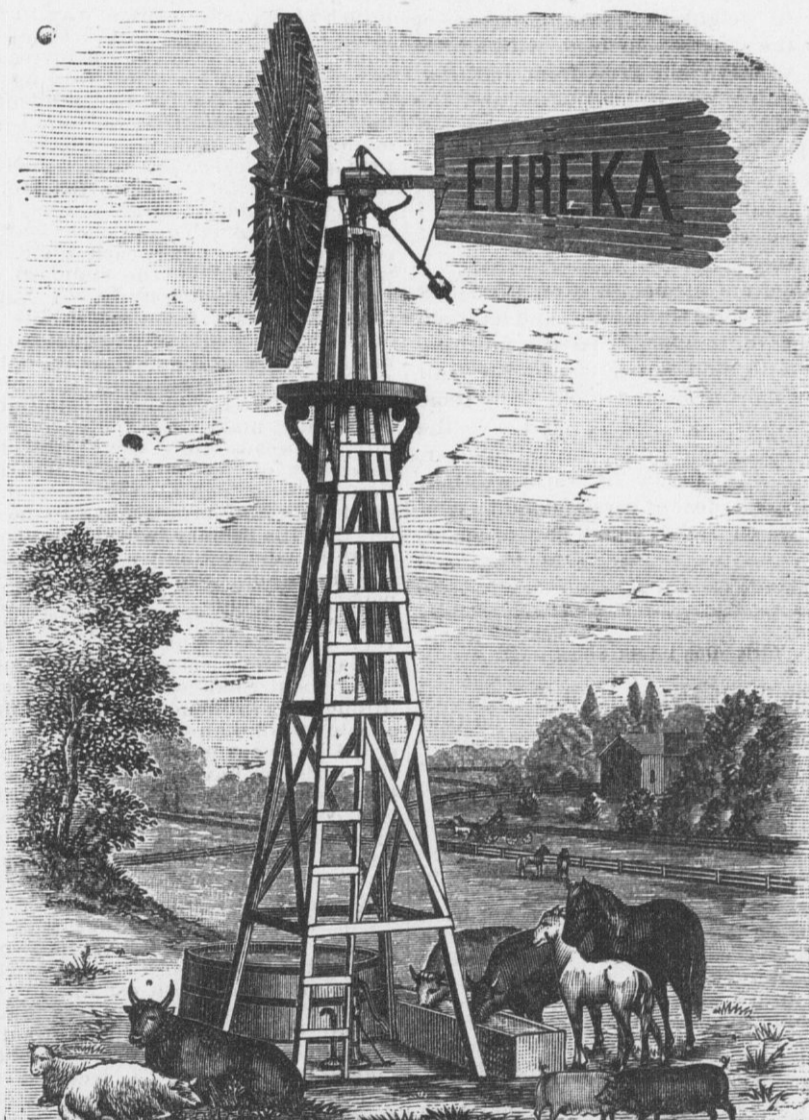
THE SCHAU & SCHUSTER SULKY HARROW AND SEEDER COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan.



As a combined machine, it stands unrivalled in excellence, doing the work of a Harrow and Seed Sower most thoroughly and satisfactorily. It has taken high rank at once as ONE OF THE VERY BEST IMPLEMENTS FOR THE USES DESIGNED EVER INVENTED. Sows all kinds of grain and grass seeds. The draft than any other Harrow in the market. It received first premium and diplomas wherever shown in 1880.

Eureka Automatic Wind Engine,

WARRANTED TO CONTROL ITSELF IN ANY WIND.



CHEAPEST POWER Known to the Civilized World.

It is the Only Mill on record whose Working Parts are Entirely Closed. Will warrant it Never to Freeze Up or to be Hindered in any way by Storm or Ice.

PUMPS, TANKS, &c.,

— MANUFACTURED BY —

SMITH & WOODARD,

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW! THE CHAMPION BARBED WIRE

Is Easily Seen, Most Effective, and Least Dangerous to Stock of any Barbed Wire known.



ORDER YOUR

Barbed Wire, Dry Goods, Groceries, Sewing Machines, Scales, Seeds, Hardware, Watches, Clocks, Plated Ware, &c., &c.

In Fact, Everything You Want, of Your State Business Agency.

THOMAS MASON,

Commission Merchant, 181 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill.

PATRONS STATE BUSINESS AGENT. N. B.—All goods bought on your order at WHOLE-SALE RATES on day of purchase. Terms strictly cash.