

# THE GRANGER VISITOR

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

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## Postal Jottings.

### Office Jottings.

The "Iowa Conundrum," for which readers of the Visitor went a searching in the last issue proved a where-is-it, instead of what-is-it, through a slip in the offices. Here it is this time, sure: "What prominent Patron has no need of a prohibitory law, and why?"

"What shall the boys be taught?" is a fair question to propose at a meeting. Ask each one present to write what he or she considers most important, on a slip of paper, and when collected and read a variety and spice of opinion will be the result.

Misbehaved elements cannot always dampen Grange ardor, as Hillsdale Pomona proved at its meeting at Wheatland. "A glorious good time" is reported.

Has it occurred to you what a metamorphosis the expression, "a glorious good time" has undergone in the progress of the Order? Once a big crowd, groaning tables, and great physical exertion made up the bulk of its meaning; but now Patrons can take basket dinners and still pronounce a day spent in social intercourse and given largely to intellectual fare, gloriously good. It is a hopeful sign when we exchange body taxing for mind strengthening.

Mapleton Grange, Grand Traverse County, writes Mrs. E. O. Ladd, is welcoming new members and talks of building a new hall soon.

Fairfield, No. 278, has just organized a new literary contest, from which it expects much. Who'll be the next?

"The fever has turned," and favorably in Working Grange's case. A change of climate, however, is thought needful for the convalescent, and No. 509 will move from Monroe to Lenawee County, where they hope to rapidly improve.

Success comes in waves and one can not always ride the crest. North Branch, No. 607, in Lapeer County, is riding low but has heard that the darkest hour often just precedes the dawn and hopes for a brighter and better day.

At Homer is another group of few but faithful ones. Their Grange flame burns warm, but not high. Some of the best work is often done in small Granges, nevertheless.

Dryden Grange is picking up a lively interest and new members, as is evidenced by several letters and orders. Like others, they desire that millennial time when we shall stand shoulder to shoulder with equal zeal. In the meantime, the few will stand firm. They are the strong frame of every organization. Whatever fine and elaborate finishing may be added thereto, no building can endure without its corner posts and hidden beams.

Groveland, No. 443, can match its report against that of half a dozen weak ones. Good feasts, good meetings, good officers, good programs, and a good time generally, is what they have. Storms, deep snows, and cold have failed to make them falter.

The business-like tone of Waverly Grange's Secretary, Miss Maude Armstrong, bodes well for what she predicts at hand—"a pleasant and profitable year to them." Members, once old, are entering their ranks anew with new members who never were old.

Like most organizations, Schoolcraft, No. 8, has its checkered history. It is now meeting weekly and will hold now and then a social upon which to vent its ingenuity. With young men in its highest offices, a wide-awake lady Lecturer and a heavy balance-wheel of "Patrons from the earliest in the Order," it has a right to expect revolution in an onward direction.

AGAIN I find myself with pen in hand, jotting a few thoughts for the Visitor. I have made several previous attempts and have been interrupted; yet I have ever been an interested reader, and would extend you all a glad greeting, more especially our venerable friend, Cortland Hill, who stands up so squarely for temperance; for that, I consider one of the vital issues of the day. Too few of the men in our land dare use

their voice, or wield a pen in its behalf. Even ministers of the gospel touch lightly upon this subject, fearing to lose the patronage of some, and it seems to be much the same in all the different business relations. It is policy to keep quiet and trust that work to women and superannuated preachers. The women are steadily and persistently working to arouse and awaken the people to thought on this subject. It is an old adage that constant washing will wear away a stone. Yea, the liquor fraternity may indeed tremble, for equal suffrage is surely coming to woman as one of the inalienable rights of which she has long been deprived. Even to-day some of the noblest and most talented women in our land are occupying a room in our State Capitol, holding a convention for the purpose of furthering this object. May God bless their efforts and crown them with success, for I firmly believe their votes will be cast for temperance. They will not care what particular name is attached to the party, but this issue will be emphatic. It will be no whiskey every time. It is seventeen years or more since women have voted in Wyoming, and it is said, so often counter to their husbands that they have compelled both parties to nominate clean men. Woman suffrage is a terror to the liquor men to-day. They can not evade women as they can the laws on our statute books, for the eternal God is their refuge, and before them is the everlasting arm, leading them on to victory. A. M. B. Jan. 13.

BUTLER GRANGE, No. 88, held a Michigan meeting Tuesday evening, Jan. 25. A good attendance and essays on hand almost without number. If we had the quantity, we also had the quality. We are trying the "contest" plan and it is working admirably, each one vying with the others to see which will score the most points. We have meetings every week; every other one we call special for literary work and we meet at a Patron's home and have a good social visit aside from a substantial program. We are trying to concentrate our work by topics for each meeting, instead of having a taste of so many subjects in one evening. At our next meeting the essays, speeches, etc., will all pertain to hygiene. J. L. K.

Gov. LUCE, in his address to the Legislature of Michigan, recommends the adoption of measures for the better enforcement of the present liquor laws. How these laws are at present enforced will be seen by a recent case in one of the courts of St. Joseph County. A saloon keeper was prosecuted for selling liquor to a minor. A jury was impaneled according to law—that is, by defendant's counsel, setting aside every one known or suspected of opposition to saloons selling to whom they please. The boy swore positively to buying the liquor and drinking it. Another testified to seeing him do it. The saloon keeper and his bar-tender swore they never sold liquor to minors. The result was, the packed jury rejected the testimony of the two young men and accepted that of the defendant and his bar-tender, and returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." Will Gov. Luce tell us how such a law can be enforced?

A word about our Michigan high-license law, for the especial benefit of the farmers of the State. The law provides that the liquor tax shall go to the corporation in which the license is granted. This makes it for the interest of these municipalities to encourage the traffic—the more saloons, the more money for corporation improvements and less taxes for the citizens. For the crime and pauperism engendered by it, the farmers have to pay their full share.

Shall prohibition be a success or a failure? This is a question that appeals to the farmer's pocket as well as to the moral sense of all people. No law can be enforced unless backed by a strong public sentiment. How shall this be secured? Farmers are not all on the right side of the saloon question. Too many patronize the saloon. There is work to be done to carry this amendment and back it up by a public sentiment that will make it effectual. Klinger Lake, Mich. H. C.

We wish we could give our brother, Groveland, as good a report of Vergennes Grange as "S" has of Orion Grange, No. 259. Will say this much. Vergennes Grange, No. 221, still stands and has a few good, substantial members left. We have not added any to our numbers in over two years and a goodly number of our old members

keep dropping off. Some takedemits, but more of them have forgotten the noble precepts of our Order. "Be honest, be just, and fear not," and have had to be suspended for non-payment of their dues. Right here let me ask, can a man or woman be a Christian, and allow themselves to be suspended from any organization for an honest debt? We say they cannot. We are to have a public installation next Wednesday evening and hope to have the hall well filled. In addition to "A Patron's" item of the Lowell District Council we will say that Bro. D. H. English gave a very interesting recitation entitled, "Michigan in the War." FRANK. Vergennes, Jan. 30.

PENINSULA GRANGE, No. 663, publicly installed their officers for the ensuing year in their new hall, Jan. 29. This hall has been entirely built during this fierce, stormy winter, mainly by the volunteer labor of members of our Grange, under the direction and assistance of a competent mechanic, Mr. Woodruff Parmelee, who is now one of us. This speaks in stronger terms than mere words of the pluck and enterprise of this Grange, now less than two years old. Especial mention is due to the chairman of the building committee, Bro. H. K. Brinkman, who has devoted almost all of the past three months exclusively to this work. This building is 24x50, two stories in height. The hall proper is the second story, entirely ceiled with basswood in alternate light and dark strips, wainscotted, and above that, put on in zig-zag strips to the ceiling; half-round molding, stained dark red, in the angle where the wall joins the ceiling and also above the window casings to intersect the other molding, forms a pleasing contrast with the basswood. Both are coated with Berry Bros' hard oil finish, which gives to the hall a far handsomer appearance than any paint, or even a grained surface could. A commodious stage occupies one end of the hall; at the other end is the stairway, the usual ante-rooms and over them a gallery, which will seat about fifty. The hall proper will seat about two hundred. The hall will be dedicated at some future time. It supplies the long felt want of a public hall, as well as one for Grange purposes. WM. D. BAGLEY.

Gd. Traverse Co.

TUSCOLA County Grange held its first meeting of the year with Ellington Grange, No. 568, Jan. 25. By previous arrangement an open session was announced for two o'clock. The hall was well filled with expectant people. How they enjoyed it and what they thought is best judged by the fruits. Ellington Grange has received two applications for membership and more blanks called for.

First on program was the installation of officers with A. N. Hatch as installing officer. A short address and the installation the time was well occupied with papers and music, prominent among which was an address of welcome by Miss Turner and a response by Bro. Moore. At the evening session instruction was given in Fifth Degree to five applicants, after which the Grange was closed in Fifth and opened in Fourth Degree, and business was lively until near the end of the day.

It was reported that there are fair prospects of the organization of a new Grange in the county and the waking up of an old one. We hope it will prove true. N.

VAN BUREN County Grange, No. 13, held its first quarterly meeting for 1887 with closed doors throughout at Paw Paw Grange Hall Feb. 3. The day was fine and Patrons in large numbers, many from 10 to 18 miles away were on hand at the opening at half-past 10 A. M. Reports from most of the Subordinate Granges in the county were received, showing the Order in a prosperous condition. In the afternoon our commodious hall was filled brim full with wide awake Patrons, for which Van Buren County is noted. Now, though not stuck up a bit, we do feel a little proud of our County Grange, of which we had the honor of being Master for several years after its organization, and never since it was organized have we been absent from its meetings except when out of the State; we, therefore, have a kind of fatherly interest in this Grange. We claim No. 13 stands in the front rank among her sisters, and we should object to taking second place among County Granges in this State. The forenoon session was

very interesting throughout; music, essays, papers, and recitations were excellent; discussions and criticisms, sharp and instructive. At the evening session eleven candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the beautiful Fifth Degree. Of the social and refreshment feature of the session we say nothing lest we be thought conceited. Our next quarterly meeting will be held at Bangor in the lovely month of May. Bangor is a "jam up" (as the Hoosiers used to say) place to go and of course we shall have a large gathering of Patrons and a grand time. D. WOODMAN.

Paw Paw.

SENATOR Miller, of New York, who did more than any other man to secure the passage of the bill restricting the sale of imitations of butter, and for which he is entitled to the gratitude of the farmers of this country, has been defeated for re-election in his party caucus of members of the New York Legislature, who were mostly returned from the rural districts. Of the three Congressmen from Michigan who voted against that bill two were again nominated and then re-elected by their full party vote; the member from this (8th) District declaring on the stump that he voted against the bill and should do so again, and, although his vote to protect that great fraud was denounced by those interested in agriculture, fealty to party prevented those of his political faith from expressing their disapproval at the polls. (That independent voter of Bengal Grange is not in this District.) No wonder the farmers are often treated with contempt by those in authority, for the ballot, which should be their safeguard, is rarely used for their own protection. E. FRANKLIN.

Liberty Grange, Gratiot Co.

Please allow me to correct one or two erroneous ideas advanced in Cortland Hill's essay published in the Visitor Jan. 15. He states that "in the Methodist Episcopal church a woman cannot be ordained to the ministry, no matter how brilliant her intellectual attainments or how deep her piety." This is a mistake. The pulpit of the M. E. church is not "barred against women." I am personally acquainted with two very efficient M. E. preachers who are ladies. I heard one of them preach a few months since in Kansas, where she had been having a great revival. After the preaching service she received 30 or 40 into the church who were converted under her ministrations as a preacher of the gospel.

At the great missionary meeting of the M. E. Church held in Detroit last fall the pulpits in various parts of the city were filled by women.

I think the reason why there are not more women in the pulpit is because they do not choose to be there. The fault is with them and not with the Church. I am a Patron, have been for fourteen years, and love the institution. But I claim that neither the Grange nor any other reformatory organization would ever have existed if the Christian church had not paved the way for them. All moral or social reform is but the outgrowth of christianity. This must be patent to every one who will compare the moral and social condition of the people, and particularly of the women in heathen countries with those of Christian lands, even before the Grange was thought of.

### OTHER STATES.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Jan. 29, '87.

Well, dear northern friends, I did not think when I wrote you last that my next would be from Florida, the land of birds and flowers, but here I am, where it is all warmth and sunshine. Looking from my window I see the great orange trees bending with their weight of golden fruit. Early vegetables are here in season and tropic fruits in great abundance; ocean boats are to be seen in a short distance. In fact Jacksonville is a pretty place and everyone seems to be happy. Scenes in the rural localities are none the less attractive. Here is the stately needle palm, Spanish bayonets and dwarf palm of which the wild woods are as plentifully supplied as with pine trees. Pine trees here are different from the northern pine. The young pine trees three or four feet high are often mistaken for palm trees. The long gray Southern moss which is so famous in the North is, indeed, a sight well worth seeing. It hangs from the trees in great clusters, swaying in the breeze, sometime almost covering the whole tree. Anyone who wishes some

of the Florida moss send 5 to 10 cents in one-cent stamps and I will send it to them gladly. I can get the little colored boys to bring it to me in any amounts. Many people color it but I think it is prettier in its natural state. At home I have it twined around picture frames. There are so many pretty things in nature here I am all absorbed with them, not excluding the alligators which look formidable enough and are said to have a peculiar relish for colored babies. MRS. F. A. WARNER.

I was elected a delegate from Union Grange to attend the Iowa State Grange and consider the time and money well spent. Since then I have looked over the Visitor hoping to hear good news from the Subordinate Granges in the State, but in vain. This is not according to promises made by the representatives in attendance. Now, good Patrons, come to time for "The hour of labor has arrived" and report the work of your Grange so we can all know what you are doing. It will be a great help to us all. I received a commission from Master J. E. Blackford as Deputy for Miles County. I installed the officers of Union Grange, 1618, and Silver Grange and have a good prospect of re-organizing a Grange half way between Union and Silver Granges which will be a great benefit to all concerned. I hope the good work will go on in every part of the State. Am looking in all directions for work to do in re-organizing dormant Granges and want to hear a good report at the next State Grange. It can be accomplished if we do the duties we owe to our order. Why have we not seen a report of the proceedings of the Iowa State Grange in the Visitor? Let some one answer. By this time the officers have been installed in the Subordinate Granges. They have been the choice of your Grange; they have taken the obligation to perform their duty. Is it right for them to be absent at the meetings, especially when there is an alarm at the gates for admittance, and when, if absent, their places must be filled by those who are not prepared for the work? I think not. Sickness should be the only excuse at these meetings.

Union Grange is doing well and has caught up with the work that has been put off from time to time. Hope it may not occur again. Everybody likes the Visitor, a good family paper. FRANK RENSIMER, Lecturer Union Grange.

Iowa.

FRIENDS OF THE VISITOR:—The last three numbers of the home papers came to me when I was longing for a peep at a friendly face. I took in the Jotting page first, then the Editorial. I then skipped about, reading the short sketches first. When my eye caught the State Grange offering to Sister Mayo I just made a bow to the kind and thoughtful friend who suggested that the "dear little woman" had no time keeper, and how could shealways know when to start for the train in her journeyings to and fro in the interests of our beloved Order? Should I guess who started this enterprise I would say the very one who reports the gift and presentation; all honor and thanks to his great heart. Never was gift more worthily made or fraught with more pleasing associations. We were flattered to hear that even "Old Maid" was not forgotten at the State Grange. She hopes to answer to the roll call next year. Myra, do send a Jotting. I looked the last four papers over but found no word from you. The Visitor is so many letters from home. I have had no opportunity of visiting a Grange yet, but expect to soon. Have attended two Farmers' Institutes and was very much interested; the papers were very thoroughly digested by the farmers. Farmers in this part of the State are wide awake and are seeing the need of organizing. They own a flouring mill and are satisfied with the venture. The weather is still cold but sunny. We find no fault with a Colorado winter. I have had no cold since I came to the State in October. I enjoy the crisp, dry atmosphere which gives health and vigor to so many. Farmer will be plowing in a few days for wheat. The W. C. T. U. has active, brave workers in all these towns and good is being accomplished in this direction and in the literary societies in country places. The western people are alive to reform. MRS. O. M. SIKES.

## Communications.

### How the Elm Wooed the Ivy.

I had watched from my window, day by day,  
The prettiest courtship under the sun,—  
Where a stately Elm, in his graceful way  
A beautiful Ivy has wooed and won!  
I had watched her grow from a tender shoot,  
As she struggled alone through storm and shine,  
Till she reached at last the Elm Tree's root,  
And sighed: "What a restful place to twine."

So weary and faint, all her tendrils shook,  
As she sighed to herself: "I wonder if he,  
So grand and stately, would deign to look  
At a poor little struggling vine like me!"  
She lifted her face with a timid fear,  
And he graciously gave her a welcome smile;  
Though her whispered words he had failed to hear,  
His heart was answering all the while.

I listened to hear what the Elm would say,—  
For I saw by his proud, admiring glance,  
He was glad in his heart that she came that way,  
And was thanking his fate for the happy chance!

"You have wandered far, and are weary, I see!"  
He said with a tender, assuring smile;  
"I wish you would venture to come to me,  
And rest in my sheltering arms awhile!"

"No, no!" she cried, with a scarlet face,  
"We are strangers—and you are so tall and grand,  
With every motion so full of grace—  
While I'm only an Ivy—you understand!"

"I know," he said, "that may all be true,  
But I've had such a lonely and desolate life;  
And there's no one else I would wed but you!  
Pray, won't you consent to be my wife?"

"You generous Elm! O, how can you love me!"  
For I am at best but a worthless thing!  
While you are so grand and so far above me,  
And I can do nothing but twine and cling!"

Then the Elm replied in a voice most clear,  
As she lay at his feet her graceful length:  
"You can never know how I need you, dear!  
I need your beauty, and you my strength!"

"It is all I ask of my bride," he said;  
And again she shrank with a sudden start;  
But he boldly lifted her drooping head,  
And drew her close to his great, warm heart.

"I've a shelter now from the sun and blast!"  
She said, as she lifted her smiling face,  
"And I am so happy to think, at last,  
I have found such a beautiful resting place!"

"How pleasant it is to be sheltered here!  
And how sweet it seems to be called your wife!  
Stoop, while I tell you a secret, dear:  
I think I have loved you all my life!"

So the Elm-tee wooed in his graceful way;  
And the Ivy yielded herself at length;  
And I watched from my window, day by day,  
Their happy union of beauty and strength!

—L. A. Paul in Good Cheer.

### Book Farming.

[Read before Montcalm County Pomona Grange.]

In this day of newspapers and books no question demands more imperative and careful consideration than that sneeringly termed by a large class of persons "Book Farming." Upon this question center too widely opposing views; on the one hand distrust and rejection, and on the other confidence and acceptance. Every farming community furnishes advocates, examples and arguments so directly opposed that we are at times in doubt as to which is the right view. Our duty, plainly, is the way of progress. There must be no falling back; nor is there an inactive, mean position that we assume. The question must be firmly met. The truth must be known and acted upon.

The first and most important consideration is, What constitutes book knowledge? That it is the product of well-balanced and highest thought is not true. It does not hold the exalted state that we are sometimes led to believe. Elements of human nature but little differing from those found in every-day talks in shop, street and family, enter to mark the ideal. Falsehood, passion, and prejudice fail not to put in their appearance even in books. Yet it by no means follows that all knowledge obtained from them is wholly untrue or impractical. As well might we condemn all social intercourse with men as to condemn book knowledge. From a lack of a common-sense view of "Book Farming" may be traced many of the failures and mistaken notions of both the educated and the ignorant. The highly educated college student having innocently and blindly formed a grand ideal conception of farming sets out to put his knowledge into practice, but soon finds to his discomfort and to the exaltation of his opponents that he is a mistaken enthusiast. "Book Farming" surely in this case is a failure. Owing to narrow reasoning on the part of the ignorant such a glaring failure produces in their minds deep prejudice and contempt for all book knowledge. Plain practical sense has alike been lost sight of in both cases.

The book and newspaper are most important aids to farming. If the farmer would keep pace with the age and contribute to its advancement he must avail himself of these invaluable agents of progress. The professional man, tradesman and mechanic recognize the high value of books and newspapers to their occupation and hasten to use them. Why, then, should the farmer be so adverse and blind to their value in his calling? Surely his retired position, cut off largely from direct communication with men, would seem to render it an even more imperative necessity to make use of them than in any other occupation.

One universal recognized lack of

farmers in general is knowledge of social customs, politics and trade. The book and newspaper furnish him the most direct and economical means for improvement in this respect. It appears, then, that he is inexcusable for disregarding so important an aid to himself. Not until the farmer makes more use of the means of improvement can he expect to rank with the best society and take his just place in shaping and administering the government.

That Book Farming financially considered is a success is most difficult to prove to the ordinary farmer. It is hard to show him that through the wide spread influence of books and papers science can present him at his very door most invaluable stores of knowledge, formerly possessed only by the few,—knowledge that if wisely used opens to him nature's great storehouse of wealth. Through its agency improvements in farm cultivation come,—lightening labor and giving means and leisure for enjoying more luxuries of life. The peculiar feature of Book Farming is that while it does not result often in immediate and great profits for the individual who practices it yet in the public gains, of which each is a sharer, very great results follow. If each is a true book-farmer then will the wealth of the community and each member be proportionately increased.

While it is true that money is an important consideration in Book Farming there remains a yet higher one. Man was not intended to be a mere slaving tenement of an eighty or a thousand acre farm. He has keen sensibilities and an intellect that through cultivation yield choicest fruits. He is not to confine himself to selfish, secluded local interests, but to avail himself of intelligent association with his neighbor and his community,—the State and nation. A well selected library of books, used not hastily, slovenly or carelessly, but with all the discretion that mark the thrifty farmer, can not fail to render him most important aid in attaining the highest success.

Books are at once our most subtle foes or best of friends. Embracing as they do the widest and most deliberate thought, they may through misapplication tend to the most sweeping disaster; yet through wise application the very best results are attained.

While, then, there is ever present great liability to error in making use of books in farming, yet we can not blindly disregard their aid. The great question must ever be, how to avail ourselves of this means of success. If Book Farming in the past has been productive of too much folly and disaster it is not for us to rejoice in the downfall nor to spurn it as worthless. Our duty lies rather in boldly snatching the precious instrument from its disuse and misapplication, and stripping it of its clinging evils, turn it to its destined high purpose. When this is done then will both opposers and advocates of Book Farming have reached the conclusion that books after all are the most valuable instruments of the age, indispensable to true progress in agriculture.

### Profitable Meetings in Manistee District.

**Editor Visitor:**—Having attended the late session of the Manistee District Grange No. 21, (and I have not missed a meeting in over two years) I concluded to write you a short description of the meeting and the journey to and from.

The Pomona Grange was the guest of Silver Creek Grange, No. 644, and right royally was she entertained.

Bro. Van Amburgh and myself, from Pleasanton Grange, having a distance of from thirty-six to forty miles to travel concluded to start the day previous, so Monday afternoon found us en route with Bro. Danville of Marilla Grange in company. The sleighing was good and although we missed the merry jingling of the bells, yet the ride was a pleasant one. Bro. Danville lives a distance of twelve miles on the road and four off, but he insisted that Bro. V. and myself should stay all night with him. Knowing the hospitality of Bro. and Sister Danville and considering the urgent request we concluded to accept. We found Bro. and Sister Danville as good Patrons as ever, and with the interests of the Order as much at heart, yet on account of prior engagements they were unable to attend the session.

Tuesday, about 1 p. m., we reached the hall of Silver Creek Grange. The committee on reception having received the rest of the company and gone to dinner, we drove to the residence of Bro. and Sister Leonard, where we found other Patrons assembled trying to decide a long disputed case of "Man vs. the products of science and nature." In a short time after our arrival the case was decided in favor of man, and we adjourned to the Grange Hall. A new trial was granted on the plea of "change of venue."

The afternoon was principally occupied with reports from Subordinate Granges and election of officers.

Your humble servant and two sisters had the pleasure of taking tea with Bro. Moffitt and wife. Bro. Moffitt, I believe, is a millwright, yet he owns a good farm, and although he does not work it himself he believes in having things nice and comfortable. His farm is stocked with thoroughbred Poland China swine, grade Jersey cows, a good span of horses, and grade fine wool sheep. Mr. Moffitt has found out his mistake in breeding fine wool sheep in this northern latitude, and is now intending to breed high grade Cotswolds, which are large,

hardy and prolific sheep, and will average (if properly cared for) ten to sixteen pounds of unwashed wool to the sheep.

On returning to the hall in the evening we found it well filled with farmers and their wives and children, waiting for the public exercises which were as follows: Installation of the officers of the District and Silver Creek Granges; song by the Grange; a declamation by Sister Leonard, entitled "Patrons' Welcome," which was followed by songs, recitations, declamations, select reading, and essays, in all fifteen well rendered exercises.

After the close we were all soon on our way to the places assigned us for the night. I was fortunate in being assigned to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Berthoff and son, who did what they could to make my short stay pleasant. Those Patrons who can relish nice, hot biscuits, baked just right, will do well to call on Mrs. Berthoff.

The second day was principally occupied with reports of officers and committees. The District Representative, Bro. I. N. Carpenter, made a very full and complete report of the proceedings of the 14th session of the State Grange, for which the Patrons assembled were thankful and appreciated the efforts of Bro. Carpenter in fulfilling the duties imposed upon him.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the Grange closed its harmonious and profitable session, and all were soon on their ways homeward. After a drive of fourteen miles Bro. V. and myself stopped at the village of Sherman, the home of Bro. I. N. Carpenter and family, and became their guests for the night.

That evening we attended the regular meeting of Sherman Grange. The attendance was small on account of the supposition that the Pomona session would last through that evening; nevertheless we were entertained by a very good literary program. By request the Worthy Master of the District Grange, Bro. Sears, addressed the meeting. He spoke at length upon the educational advantages offered by the Grange, and hoped the young people especially would not be slow in reaping the benefits therein offered.

Bro. Sears was followed by Bro. Van Amburgh, Lyke, and others, after which the Grange was declared closed.

After a comfortable night's rest we started again for home, where I arrived about 2 p. m. I cannot say "none the worse for wear" because I brought home with me a very severe cold which brought on the earache, something I never had before. I am not much better at this writing and the prospects are that I shall not be able to attend the meeting of Cleon Grange according to appointment. Yours fraternally,  
CHAS. McDIARMID, Sec.  
Manistee Co.

### Pomona Grange.

[Read at Montcalm Pomona and voted to be offered for publication in the GRANGE VISITOR.]

As I see and understand, the Pomona Grange is intended to be an equalizer of the Subordinates and to do missionary work for the weaker and broken down Granges, and as I believe in charity at home first I would recommend the Pomona Grange to make an effort to have all Subordinates come to order and strictly obey the Master and all of the rulings and by-laws of our Order, and when a committee is appointed not to do anything to make it unpleasant for them. They have it hard enough at the best. Give them a chance to use all practical economy in their work so as to make it as light as possible.

I would advise the Pomona to make a great effort to break up all contagious diseases that are apt to drop into the Subordinates and create fever for office,—worthy or not, capable or not of carrying out the duties of office,—and let me caution Pomona not to be involved with the same distemper, for where it rules we are sure to lose the goal. It is sure death to all societies of any variety. The right man in the right place, or woman as it may be, gives society a clean face and a pure character, and success is insured of her place which is better than shame and disgrace to all the human race.

I advise that members be more liberal with each other in their political and religious views. I fear we do not discuss these questions as we should in accordance with the progression of the day. I believe, however, this is one way to make the Grange pay. I believe it is good for one to be opposed to something. It cultivates self control, it makes one more liberal with others. The right of opinion certainly belongs to all societies, and I believe the more variety in societies the more liberality in people's views. Our education should be of the most useful variety as governed by uses in society.

I advise the Subordinates to give a certain amount of time to discussion of the merits or demerits of science in every point that one may see an opportunity to make a correction or give an illustration in new clothes.

Now, with our great combination of usefulness, We should make use of truthfulness; And in all debate we must not each other underate. Let us give to nature's highest calling,—knowledge; For ignorance is a failing, And a good understanding is worth commanding. To have good common-sense is no offense; To gain which we should not mind the expense, But be on the lookout for the pretense. Here is no place to be "dog in the manger,"

But try to make yourself a useful Granger. Let us not try to be a briar bush or a Bramble. But for the truth make a desperate scramble, Then see if science be truly a useful handle, And superstition like a burned out candle.  
JOSEPH BURGESS.

Montcalm Grange, 318.

### Lecturer's Department National Grange.

The first lesson a candidate learns as he enters a Grange meeting for the first time, is, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." We need honest men in these days, and we need them very badly. A constantly growing procession is on the road to Canada. Will not the teachings of the Grange, at least, help, not alone as a prevention, but as a cure?

At a meeting of the Connecticut State Grange at Hartford this month the morning and afternoon sessions of the second day were "open to the public," and a well arranged program was carried out, led off by the Lecturer, J. B. Oleott. Each Grange in the State contributed something, either in the way of a short address or carefully prepared paper, and all interspersed with music and songs. A portion of the third day's session was devoted to a discussion of the tariff as it relates to the farmers of Connecticut, with good talkers on both sides as invited guests to speak.

"The indifference of those engaged in agriculture and the other industrial pursuits to matters of legislation and public affairs has, in other times and in other countries, been the primary cause of class legislation, which has degraded labor and robbed it of its just rewards, built up a moneyed aristocracy and monopolies which own and control not only the wealth of the country, but the Government itself. Such a condition of affairs can only be averted in this country by educating the wealth-producing classes to understand their privileges, and in the full exercise of their political rights to demand a fairer representation in the legislative departments of the Government and equal protection to their interests. In this great work of educating and elevating the agricultural classes of this country, and to save them from the impending fate that has befallen the agriculturist of the old world, was our Order created."—J. J. Woodman, Michigan, Past Master of the National Grange.

Question for discussion by a Subordinate Grange. "What are the hard times to the farmer and how can he best meet them?"

The Grange Hall of Lebanon Grange, Connecticut, is a handsome building 40x60 feet, occupying the finest site in the town, contains upon the first floor a library and reading room with quite a collection of valuable books, and in the rear of this a large and convenient store room. The second floor is occupied by the hall and ante-rooms, all finished in hard wood with inside blinds of the same material. The hall will comfortably seat four hundred persons. This Grange has nearly two hundred members.

C. L. Whitney, of Michigan, has been lately doing some effective work in Nebraska, organizing new Granges and re-organizing old ones. He is out "officially," and under direction of the Executive Committee of the National Grange.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." This is true of nations as well as of individuals. There are times in a battle when everything depends on the action of the moment. There are times in the life of nations when the same is true. The student of political science may easily see that we have reached a point where almost everything depends on the action of the next few years. Some one has said that "Five hundred years of time in the process of the world's salvation may depend on the next twenty years of the United States history." There are points in history where all lines seem to converge, and then from which they seem again to radiate. The closing years of the nineteenth century is such a point, and wise and good men, who care to be instrumental in shaping the political destinies of their country, can do more in the next few years than can be accomplished in centuries later.

Agriculture pays the greater part of the taxation that supports our country, and should receive the practical, fostering care from Government, both State and National.

At the meeting of the National Grange in Boston, Nov., 1885, the following was adopted:

Resolved, That in view of the past action of the National Grange we still insist that the interests of agriculture demand that the Commissioner of Agriculture should be clothed with additional powers and more enlarged jurisdiction, so that all the varied productive interests of the country may be protected and developed; and we claim that the office should be raised to a position in the Cabinet of the United States. \* \* \* We also favor such National aid as may be necessary to establish Agricultural Experiment Stations in the several States in this Nation so far as practicable, to be placed under the jurisdiction of the Agricultural Board of officers of the several States.

Fulton Grange, No. 66, Pa., reports

purchases during the past year to the amount of \$7,762.19, about \$100 per member. If all Patrons in the State had done as well it would have amounted to about one and one-half millions of dollars.

The Patrons of the District Grange of Northern Virginia have started "The Patrons' Mutual Fire Insurance Co." Only the property of "Patrons in good standing" is insured. Loss of membership in a Grange loses membership in the insurance company.

Capital Grange, No. 113, Concord, N. H., had 118 members for the fourth degree on their anniversary night Jan. 25th.

"To the field go forth, O reaper,  
There will you find the golden grain,  
Ready, waiting for the sickle,  
Ripened by the sun and rain.  
Go, the harvest sun is glowing,  
Let not seed time be in vain,  
Ever ready, O, thou reaper,  
Gather in the golden grain."

### A Talk with Young Men.

Observe that pale young fellow crossing the street. You see a good many of that kind just now. Some folks say it is the climate. The truth is, that the climate of America, with a fair chance, produces not only the best complexion, but the best health in the world.

Did you notice the thing he was carrying in his mouth? Well, it is that meerschamm that is doing the business for him. It is busy with three million of our men. Let us study one of those meerschamm-suckers. We will take a young man. He shall have money and plenty of time for sucking. Pale, nervous, irritable, thin in chest and stomach, weak in muscle, he is fast losing the power of thought and application. Let us get near enough to him to smell of him! Even the best of prey will not touch the corpse of a soldier saturated with the vile poison. Nice bed-fellow for a sweet, pure companion!

Cheering is the nastiest compound, snuffing ruins the voice, but smoking, among those who have time to be thorough, is most destructive.

Young K—graduated at Harvard (no devotee of the weed ever graduated with the highest honors at that institution) and soon after consulted his physician with reference to his pale face, emaciation, indigestion, and low spirits. He weighed but one hundred and eight.

"Stop smoking," was the prescription. In four months he had increased twenty-eight pounds in weight, and become clear and healthy in skin, his digestion all right, and his spirits restored.

One or two million of our young and middle-aged men are in a similar condition, and would be restored to health and spirits by the same prescription. On the whole the cigar is worse than the pipe.—Home Science.

### The Great Battle Picture.

Not one-half of Chicago's amusement seekers have ever visited the Gettysburg battle panorama. They are inclined to pass it by as an unexciting sort of a show—something like warm milk for kittens and babies—good, but not exhilarating. On the contrary there is no theatre in all the city where the mimicry of so exciting a tragedy holds the boards.

On the wonderful canvas of the Gettysburg picture is portrayed one of the most heart-rending realities of history. What are the sham griefs and mock tears of any stage compared to the reality of that fierce onslaught of battle which turned the babbling brooks of Gettysburg meadows to blood, and planted the crimson flower of death broadcast along its wooded hills! The griefs of the footlight world are soon forgotten, its tears soon change to smiles; but the griefs that sprang to life from Gettysburg's field shall never find assuagement within thousands of stricken hearts until the peace of eternal years enfolds them, and the broad river of its tears shall flow forever.—Chicago Evening Journal.

THE benefits arising from co-operative building societies are well illustrated in Philadelphia, where they originated. Fifty thousand buildings are owned by the members of these societies in that city. The owners are mostly those who earn moderate salaries, and who put aside a part of their earnings in co-operative institutions. There are forty building associations, which have collected, mostly from laboring men, upward of \$10,000,000, the greater part of which would have been wasted if not thus invested. About one-fourth of the families in St. Paul are interested in these societies and more than a thousand loans yearly are made by them. Through their instrumentality from 8,000 to 10,000 homes in St. Paul have been secured to their owners, who would otherwise be still paying rent. Similar reports come from other cities where building societies have been in operation for a number of years.—Valley News.

President Chamberlain, of Iowa, says in his inaugural address: "Cornell, in New York, and the State Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges of Michigan, Iowa and Kansas, for example, have reached that stage of wide and prosperous usefulness that cares little for carping criticism or attempted ridicule. The whole tide and trend of the best thought of the day approves the kind of training given in these colleges."

Miscellaneous.

An Old-Fashioned Bell.

Of poets have sung,  
With musical tongue,  
Of the soul-stirring notes of the bells;  
Of the glad, ringing peals,  
That deep joy reveals  
And the tolling of saddest knells.

Of the tones that call  
To God's worship all,  
From the height of the tall church spire;  
And of those that fill,  
Our hearts with a thrill  
Of fear, with their shrill cry of fire.

But I've listened in vain,  
To each sweet refrain,  
That up from the poet's heart wells;  
For into my soul  
No glad echoes roll,  
From the ring of the old cow-bell.

Could I hear but once more,  
As in far days of yore,  
It's sound through the forest glade,  
My heart would go back,  
O'er the long, weary track  
My pilgrim feet have strayed.

The cares of to-day  
Would vanish away,  
Like the troubled dream of the night;  
The morning of youth,  
Seem mine in truth,  
By the gleam of sweet memories' light.

Again would I roam,  
In my childhood's home,  
To each spot o'er which memory broods:  
To the granary gray,  
Where we stored the sweet hay,  
And each nook in the dear old wood.

Where I oft' whiled away,  
The long summer day,  
Listening to the woodland sounds;  
To the loud, clear rap,  
Of the red-bird's tap,  
As his ivory bill rebounds;

To the jubilant songs,  
Of the gaily plumed throngs,  
That in musical choruses ring;  
To the chattering jay,  
And the cricket so gay,  
And the voice of the babbling spring.

Where the squirrel so gay,  
I watched hoarding away,  
His store of his winter's food;  
Providing with care,  
The choicest of fare.  
For his dear, little downy brood.

Where the long, shadows fall,  
Like grim giants tall,  
And make great, ghostly bows;  
Where the goblins so queer,  
Through the branches would peer,  
As we hastened home with the cows.

I can see her e'en now—  
The stately bell-cow—  
Taking the homeward way;  
While through the deep dell  
Resounded the bell,  
That awakened its echoes all day.

Oh, give me the ring  
Of the bell that will bring,  
From out the shadowy past;  
Such memories dear,  
The soul to cheer,  
While the journey of life shall last.

A Sharp Lesson.

"Twenty pounds for a picture frame!  
My dear Dora, isn't that just a little  
extravagant?"

It was almost the first demonstration  
that George Carson had ventured to  
utter to his wife, for the glow of their  
honeymoon had not yet faded from the  
matrimonial horizon. But he was  
beginning to think that the young  
wife's ideas were a little too high-  
toned for such a limited income as  
theirs was.

Mrs. Carson turned toward him  
with a sad, moonlight sort of a smile.  
"My dear George," said she, "pray  
excuse me, but you are quite ignorant  
of the subject! That picture which  
dear Edith gave me for a wedding  
present is a real Meissonier. One of  
the great artist's earliest attempts, it  
is true, and perhaps lacking in the ex-  
quisite finish which characterizes his  
later productions, but still a Meisson-  
nier. A no common or tawdry  
piece of gilding can befit such a gem  
of art as this. It will light up our  
drawing-room as a jewel lights up  
some dusky ocean cave."

So the expensive frame was ordered,  
and the Meissonier was sent home, en-  
cased in its splendor.

Old Mrs. Carson shook her head  
when it was carried in.  
"It may be a gem of art," said she,  
"I'm no judge of such things. But  
I'm sure that your business won't sup-  
port Dora if she keeps on at this rate.  
Your grandfather's picture that was  
done by a traveling portrait painter  
when we were first married, for half-  
a-guinea, was put in a plain gilt frame  
that only came to fifteen shillings."

"Oh, grandma!" cried Mrs. Carson,  
despairingly, "can't you understand  
that the world has altered since you  
were a girl?"

"Oh, I know that well enough,"  
said Grandma Carson, meditatively,  
polishing her spectacle glasses with  
the corner of her apron. "But I ain't  
altogether certain that it has altered  
for the better."

Grandma Carson, bless her kindly  
old heart, had many doubts and fears  
as to the way in which her grandson  
and his wife were beginning their car-  
eer.

"Brussels carpets all over the house,"  
said she. "Kiddermminster was good  
enough in my day, with drugget on  
the stairs and oilcloth in the hall,  
so that you could scrub 'em up, once a  
week, and make sure you were clean.  
And Dora has got ebony cabinets to  
hold china and stuff, where I used to  
be satisfied with a wooden corner cup-  
board. And there are curtains strung  
up before every door, and fans tucked  
in every hole and corner, until I fairly  
ache to go and fold 'em all up and put  
'em away. But this picture business  
out-does everything. What! New  
currant-colored plush coverings for

the furniture! Why, Dora, there ain't  
no earthly need for that."

"They must match the band of cur-  
rant-colored plush in the picture-  
frame, don't you see?" impatiently re-  
torted Dora. "Everything must be  
tuned to the key of the Meissonier!"

Grandma said nothing. She only  
shook her head again, this time more  
vehemently than ever.

"I wish the Meissonier never had  
come into the house," said she to her-  
self. "I don't see as it is any different  
from any other picture."

Dora, however thought differently.  
She "toned" the little drawing room  
satisfactorily to the key of the Meisson-  
nier, and then issued cards for  
"Wednesday evenings."

"Not regular parties, you know,"  
she explained to her friends. "Just  
evenings. And—and music—and  
literary conversation, and that sort of  
thing."

Her husband looked doubtful.  
"My dear," said he, "all that sort of  
thing, as you call it, costs money.  
And I'm not sure that we can afford it."

"Oh, George, don't be ridiculous!"  
said Dora with a petulant shrug of the  
shoulders. "Afford! You are always  
thinking of money. A few slices of  
cake and a glass of wine or so what  
can it signify? And as for my dress,  
I should have required a new silk this  
winter in any event."

Mr. Carson could say no more; but  
by-and-by, when the bills came in  
thick as "autumn leaves that strew  
the brooks of Vallambrosa," his face  
assumed a worn and haggard expres-  
sion—a troubled look that went to  
grandma's heart.

"George," she said, softly; "what is  
it? Don't be afraid of coming to  
granny, my boy! It was me that  
bound up your first cut finger."

"Heart wounds are not so easily  
healed, grandma," said the young man,  
half laughing, half sighing. "But I  
may as well be frank with you. That  
Meissonier is ruining me. I wish to  
goodness Miss Lawrence had kept it  
to herself."

Mrs. Carson had invited some artistic  
friends that evening to look at her  
picture. With these came a famous  
connoisseur, whose manners were as  
brusque as his judgment was excellent.  
"That a Meissonier!" he cried abrup-  
tly. "Why it is the veriest daub  
that ever was framed!"

"A copy!" cried Mrs. Carson, grow-  
ing pale.

"A copy," said the connoisseur; "and  
a very poor one! It isn't worth the  
room it takes up on your wall, my  
dear madam."

Dora cried herself to sleep that  
night. In the morning, when she  
came down, the Meissonier had  
broken its cords, and lay prone on the  
mantel.

"Dear me, what a pity," said Grand-  
ma.

"It is the best thing that could have  
happened!" said Dora, bitterly.

That very afternoon sheriff's officers  
took possession of the house, and the  
family slept in dingy lodgings in a  
back street, in Bloomsbury.

Dora went to her husband the next  
day.

"Ah, George,"—what should I ever  
have done without that darling old  
grandmother of yours? I may as well  
confess it all. I was just going to  
take a dose of laudanum and end all  
my shame and remorse as thus having  
ruined you, when she came in like a  
guarding angel, as she is. And, oh,  
she talked so beautifully to me—just  
exactly as if I were a little child who  
did wrong out of simple inadvertence.  
And she wants us to go out to her  
little cottage at Wimbledon, and live  
there. It's all furnished, she says, and  
—and—with a little hysterical  
laugh—"there are no Meissoniers  
there!"

So the young people went out to the  
old house on the edge of the common,  
and there they began the world anew.

"Dear grandma," said Dora one day,  
"how wrong an estimate I formed of  
your character when first you came to  
us!"

"You thought me a meddling old  
woman, eh?" said grandma, her keen  
blue eyes sparkling shrewdly through  
her glasses.

"But don't think so now," said Dora.  
"I am so much happier here, and  
George hasn't got that troubled look  
in his face. And he is growing so  
sunburned and healthy."

"You are both of you contented,  
eh?" said grandma, knitting diligent-  
ly away.

"Oh, yes, quite," said Dora, giving  
the old lady's withered hand a little  
squeeze.

"Well then," said old Mrs. Carson,  
"I will tell you a secret, there are two  
thousand pounds in the bank which I  
have been saving up for George to be-  
gin business again."

"Keep it there!" said George,  
promptly. "I am satisfied with being  
clerk."

"And what does Dora say," asked  
the old lady.

"Dora says the same," declared the  
young wife. "She is quite, quite sat-  
isfied."

Grandma Carson smiled. The les-  
son of adversity had not been in vain.  
"The picture that I can see at sunset  
from this back window is lovelier than  
all the Meissoniers in the world," said  
Dora.

"I think so, too," said George; but  
in his secret heart he believed that the  
happy light in Dora's eyes was a fairer  
and sweeter picture still.

What reason can be given in support  
of the internal revenue system that  
brings in every year millions of money  
for which the government has no use?

Talmage's Midnight Lecture.

At eight o'clock, precisely, on con-  
secutive nights, we stepped on the  
rostrum at Chicago, Zanesville, Indian-  
apolis, Detroit, Jacksonville, Cleve-  
land, and Buffalo. But it seemed that  
Dayton was to be a failure. We tele-  
graphed from Indianapolis, "Missed  
connection. Cannot possibly meet en-  
gagement at Dayton." Telegram came  
back, saying, "Take a locomotive and  
come on!" We could not get a loco-  
motive. Another telegram arrived.  
"The superintendent of railroad will  
send you in an extra train. Go im-  
mediately to the depot!" We gathered  
up our traps from the hotel floor and  
sofa, and hurried them at the satchel.  
They would not go in. We put a col-  
lar in our hat and the shaving apparat-  
us in our coat pocket; got on the  
satchel with both feet, and declared  
the thing should go shut if it split  
everything between Indianapolis and  
Dayton. Arriving at the depot, the  
train was ready. We had a locomotive  
and one car. There were six of us on  
the train—namely, the engineer and  
stoker on the locomotive; while follow-  
ing were the conductor, a brakeman at  
each end of the car, and the writer.

"When shall we get to Dayton?" we  
asked.

"Half-past nine o'clock," responded  
the conductor.

"Absurd!" we said; "no audience  
will wait till half-past nine at night for  
a lecturer."

Away we flew. The car, having  
such a light load, frisked and kicked,  
and made merry of a journey that to  
us was becoming very grave. Going  
around a sharp curve at break-neck  
speed, we felt inclined to suggest to  
the conductor that it would make no  
special difference if we did not get to  
Dayton till a quarter to ten. The  
night was cold, and the hard ground  
thundered and cracked. The bridges,  
instead of roaring, as is their wont,  
had no time to give any more than a  
grunt as we struck them and passed on.  
At times it was so rough we were in  
doubt as to whether we were on the  
track or taking a short cut across the  
field to get to our destination a little  
sooner. The flagmen would hastily  
open their windows and look at the  
screaming train. The whistle blew  
wildly, not so much to give the vil-  
lages warning as to let them know that  
something terrible had gone through.  
Stopped to take in wood and water. A  
crusty old man crawled out of a depot,  
and said to the engineer, "Jim, what  
on earth is the matter?"

"Don't know," said Jim; "that fellow  
in the car yonder is bound to get to  
Dayton, and we are putting things  
through."

Brakes lifted, bell rung, and off  
again. Amid the rush and pitch of  
the train there was no chance to pre-  
pare our toilet, and no looking-glass,  
and it is quite certain that we would  
have to step from the train immedi-  
ately into the lecturing hall. We were  
unfit to be seen. We were sure our hair  
was parted in five or six different  
places, and that the cinders had put  
our face in deep mourning, and that  
something must be done. What time  
we could spare from holding on to the  
bouncing seat we gave to our toilet,  
and the arrangements we made, though  
far from satisfactory, satisfied our  
conscience that we had done what we  
could. A button broke as we were  
fastening our collar—indeed, a button  
always does break when you are in a  
hurry and nobody to sew it on.

"How long before we get there?" we  
anxiously asked.

"I have miscalculated," said the con-  
ductor; "we cannot get there till five  
minutes of ten o'clock."

"My dear man," we cried, "you  
might as well turn round and go back;  
the audience will be gone long before  
ten o'clock."

"No!" said the conductor; "at the  
last depot I got a telegram saying they  
were waiting patiently, and telling us  
to hurry on."

The locomotive seemed to feel it was  
on the home-stretch. At times, what  
with the whirling smoke, and the  
showering sparks, and the din, and  
rush, and bang, it seemed as if we were  
on our last ride, and that the brakes  
would not fall till we stopped forever.

At five minutes of ten o'clock we  
rolled into the Dayton depot, and be-  
fore the train came to a halt we were in  
a carriage with the lecturing commit-  
tee, going at the horse's full run toward  
the opera house. Without an instant  
in which to slacken our pulses, the  
chairman rushed in upon the stage, and  
introduced the lecturer of the evening.  
After in the quickest way shedding  
overcoat and shawl, we confronted the  
immense audience, and with our head  
yet swimming from the motion of the  
rail-train, we accosted the people—  
many of whom had been waiting since  
seven o'clock—with the words:

"Long-suffering but patient ladies  
and gentlemen, you are the best-  
natured audience I ever saw." When  
we concluded what we had to say it  
was about midnight, and hence the  
title of this little sketch.—T. DE WITT  
TALMAGE, in Brooklyn Magazine.

A suggestion comes from Col. E. C.  
Frost, of Elmira, N. Y., that all Land  
Grant Colleges maintained under the  
act of 1862 "join together and erect a  
suitable monument over the remains of  
Hon. Charles Cook and President  
Amos Brown, LL. D., for the reason  
that they originated and secured the  
passage of this land grant."

The average farmer does not respect  
his calling as he does other professions.  
He believes in education—but educa-  
tion to take his boy out of farming  
into something more respectable.

Health and Amusement.

Health Hints in Rhyme.

But of all things the most I would have you  
beware  
Of breathing the poison of once breathed air.  
When in bed, whether out or at home you  
may be,  
Always open the windows and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourselves  
warm,  
And change your clothes quickly if caught  
in a storm,  
For a cold caught by chilling the outside  
skin  
Flies at once to the delicate linings within.

All you who thus kindly take care of your  
skin,  
And attend to its wants without and within,  
Need never of cholera feel any fears,  
And your skin may last you a hundred years.  
—Pall Mall Gazette.

What to Teach Her.

At a social gathering some one pro-  
posed this question: "What shall I  
teach my daughter?" The following  
replies were handed in:

Teach her that 100 cents make a dol-  
lar.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and  
the library.

Teach her to say "No," and mean it,  
or "Yes," and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress  
and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons,  
darn stockings, and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and  
comfort, as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to  
keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room  
in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with  
intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is un-  
comely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard the morals and  
habits, and not money, in selecting her  
associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule,  
"A place for everything, and every-  
thing in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and  
painting are real accomplishments in  
the home, and are not to be neglected  
if there be time and money for their  
use.

Teach her the important truism that  
"the more she lives within her income  
the more she will save, and the further  
she will get away from the poor-  
house."

Teach her that a good, steady, church-  
going mechanic, farmer, clerk or tea-  
cher without a cent is worth more than  
forty loafers or non-producers in  
broadcloth.

Teach her to embrace every oppor-  
tunity for reading, and to select such  
books as will give her the most useful  
and practical information in order to  
make the best progress in earlier as  
well as later home and school life.—  
Charleston Dispatch.

Health Hints.

A poultice for small children may  
be made of ginger and flour: This was  
used on the soles of the feet of a nine-  
months-old baby suffering with acute  
dysentery, with good effect.

When your child is down with the  
measles, do not refuse him a drink of  
cold water. It allays the fever, and  
hastens the appearance of the eruption.  
The belief that the patient must have  
nothing but warm drink is wrong.  
Keep the little one warm, and the eyes  
carefully shaded from the light; and  
above all, remember they need atten-  
tion for three weeks.

We would most earnestly urge  
mothers to beware of giving opiates in  
any form to an infant. If your baby  
is restless and wakeful, there is some  
reason for it, and a baby is often given  
paregoric to quiet its cries for food,  
the mother's milk not possessing nu-  
triment enough, while apparently be-  
ing great in quantity. He may also  
have too much food already in his  
stomach, and be uneasy from that  
cause. But don't give paregoric or  
soothing syrup of any kind.

Nothing is better for a sore throat  
than a gargle of salt and water. It  
may be used as often as desired, and if  
a little is swallowed each time it is  
used it will cleanse the throat and  
allay the irritation.—Good House-  
keeping.

Salt, in doses of one to four tea-  
spoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of  
tepid water, is an emetic always on  
hand. This is also the antidote to be  
used after poisoning from nitrate of  
silver while waiting for the doctor to  
come.

If the feet are tender or painful after  
long walking or standing, great relief  
can be had by bathing them in salt  
and water. A handful of salt to a  
gallon of water is the right propor-  
tion. Have the water as hot as can be  
comfortably borne. Immerse the feet,  
and throw the water over the legs as  
far as the knees with the hands. When  
the water becomes too cool, rub briskly  
with a flesh towel. This method,  
if used night and morning, will cure  
neuralgia of the feet.—Good House-  
keeping.

A great many mothers complain that  
"baby will not go to sleep at night."  
They sit down in the room where the  
family is gathered, and where the  
light is strong and bright, and they  
rock and sing, and trot and bounce,  
and baby doesn't go to sleep. Mother,  
take baby to a quiet, cool, dark room  
and he will know night has come, and  
soon fall into the habit of sleeping  
quietly and peacefully during the eve-  
ning, leaving you the time for your  
much needed rest and pleasure with  
the older members of the household.

1887.

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"Great American Industries"—continued;  
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To Advertisers.

All persons desiring to advertise in the GRANGE VISITOR, should address A. J. ALDRICH & Co., Coldwater, Mich., as they have assumed complete charge of that department.

A. J. ALDRICH & Co., Printers of the GRANGE VISITOR.

Visitor's Clubbing List for 1886-87.

Table with columns: Regular Price, With Visitor, and various publications like American Farmer, Atlantic Monthly, etc.

An examination of the above list will show that our clubbing combinations offer very low rates on first class literature. Only the best periodicals and newspapers are quoted.

We are in receipt of the seed catalogue for 1887 of Heman Glass, of Lakeview Farm, near Rochester, New York, whose advertisement appears in this issue.

On our 5th page is a circular letter from the Master of the Ohio State Grange that we hope will be read by every subscriber, and as some Patrons do not subscribe we hope Grange Lecturers will read this circular at the next meeting of their Grange.

That Plaster Matter.

In the VISITOR of January 15th was printed a letter from the Secretary of the Western Plaster Agency, followed by our invitation to the Patrons of Michigan to make answer. The heading of the Secretary's letter showed the extent of the combination.

It is perhaps not necessary to state that our connection with this plaster business has been continuous since 1875 and that since the plaster manufacturers two or three years ago accepted the situation and the price of \$2.50 per ton that had been paid the old plaster firm of Day & Taylor we have been the special committee to renew contracts with the Association.

Very soon after the annual meeting we again went to Grand Rapids and conferred with the President, Secretary and other members of the Association. The President was in favor of advancing the price, declined to contract and left the matter for the determination of the Association at its next regular meeting.

We have only to say in conclusion that we have reason to believe the course resolved upon by the Association was not approved by several of its members. All had not forgotten the losses sustained in testing and proving the grit of Michigan Patrons.

year; and it now looks as though the Patrons of Michigan were ready to test its value. We could print more protests but have not room in this issue.

Books for the Order.

Another evidence has come to us of the desire on the part of prominent members of the Order to aid their brothers and sisters. We are in receipt of a catalogue of books with the following endorsement:

PAW PAW, MICH., Nov. 27, 1886. To Patrons of Husbandry:— This catalogue was carefully prepared by us and is the only one issued by authority of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

This catalogue of books covers 29 pamphlet pages, classified as follows: Art, History and Travel, Biography, Agriculture, Pomology and Horticulture, Belles Lettres and Miscellaneous, Geology, Juvenile, Poetry, Fiction, Works of reference, Standard Sets.

Here is a wide range of subjects, covering every demand that is likely to arise anywhere in the Order. Every Grange should send for a catalogue to be kept by the Secretary for examination by any member.

There should be co-operation in this, not only in sending for books to reduce the express charges to the minimum, but also in another direction. Those who unite and send together will find an exchange of books profitable to all parties.

A Bill to Prevent Swindling.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., That whoever purchases any promissory note or other evidence of indebtedness, shall take the same, subject to any and all defences which might have been made against the original holder of said promissory note or other evidence of indebtedness; and any person selling or offering for sale, or any person or persons interested directly or indirectly in the sale of such promissory note or other evidence of indebtedness, who shall make any false or fraudulent statement respecting the original consideration given for such promissory note or other evidence of indebtedness, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be sentenced to the penitentiary for not more than ten years nor less than one year.

A friend in St. Joseph County sent in the above, evidently aimed at Bohemian Oat manipulators and patent right harpers. We think a bill has already been introduced intended to protect those too easily persuaded citizens who give their notes through faith.

From Isaac Freeman and son, Rex, Miami Co., Ohio, we have a catalogue of fruit trees and vines sufficient in extent to meet any reasonable want.

these well-known Patrons is a sufficient guarantee of this dealer's reliability. We think it entirely safe to send orders to Bro. Freeman and rely on getting what you order at reasonable prices.

After the above was in type we received a private letter from Bro. Brigham commending this dealer in such decided terms for his honesty and fair dealing that we think any Michigan Patron can order of him with more than a reasonable expectation of getting good goods at satisfactory prices.

We learn on reaching Coldwater that the admonitory resolutions printed on the editorial page of the VISITOR of Feb. 15, the paternity of which was not known at that time, were adopted at a regular meeting of Branch County Pomona Grange and its Secretary admits that the fault was his in sending the resolutions forward without a full statement of the facts.

The discussion in the House on the Inter-State Commerce Bill was simmered down to a business point by Representative Rockwell in a minute speech. He said and said wisely:

This is not a party but a people's bill. After fourteen years of difference this compromise measure is agreed upon in conference. While I oppose the fourth and fifth sections and fear that their strict execution may cause some injury, yet I find the bill embraces the commission feature. It enunciates the principle that the nation shall control the corporations in the public interest.

A NEW contributor was stimulated by our Law and Order editorial in the last issue to write approvingly at considerable length. Of that we certainly can not complain; but he has made some points of criticism of people and their professions that we deem injurious as tending to stir up contention; we, therefore, must decline to give it place as not for the Good of the Order.

MR. GEO. F. CENNINGHAM, of Benton Harbor, Mich., is selling cabinet size photographs of Mrs. Perry Mayo for 30 cents.

Plaster Jottings.

COREY, Jan. 31, '87.

Bro. COBB: In the VISITOR of Jan. 15, I notice a letter from the Western Plaster Agency to you. In the first place the company give notice of their combination, then state, "At our meeting on the 12th it was decided to advance the price of land plaster to \$3.00 per ton at the mills in car lots."

PAW PAW, Jan. 27, 1887.

Mr. Editor, you ask the above question in the last VISITOR under your land plaster item. I have this to say: To advance the price of plaster fifty cents per ton in view of the history of the past is pretty cheeky, especially as the price of all kinds of farm produce is on the decline; but then rings have lots of cheek. I will farther say that I shall not sow any plaster this year.

must have much wet weather after the plaster is sown. Now, rainy weather will produce clover large enough, as all know, without plaster. So I suggest that we all try the experiment of discontinuing the use of plaster for a year or two and let it accumulate in the hands of the ring, and then we shall read this item in the VISITOR one year from now:

GRAND RAPIDS, January, '88. J. T. COBB, DEAR SIR:—At our meeting Jan. 12, 1888, it was decided to lower the price of land plaster to \$2.00 per ton in car lots at the mill. — W. P. A.

At a meeting of Summit Grange No. 672 held Jan. 29th, the subject of our supply of plaster being under discussion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

Resolved—That it is the sense of this Grange that it is unbecoming in the Patrons of Michigan to patronize the plaster monopoly mentioned in last VISITOR and

Resolved—that this Grange believe it the duty of the Executive Committee of the State Grange to use their utmost diligence to procure plaster for the Patrons of Mich. from some other source and

Resolved—that this Grange will stand by any action of said Committee in regard to the plaster matter.

WILLIAM ROSE, Sec'y.

TO THE FARMERS OF ST. JOSEPH CO. Whereas, The organization known as the Western Plaster Agency has seen fit to advance the price of plaster from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per ton, thereby violating their word of honor without any just reason to us. Therefore be it

Resolved, In an open session of the St. Joseph County Grange, held in Sturgis, Feb. 3, 1887, that it is the unanimous feeling of ninety representative farmers in attendance that under the present price, established by the Western Plaster Agency, \$3.00 per ton, that they will positively refuse to purchase a single pound of plaster and that this preamble and resolution be published in the GRANGE VISITOR, and a marked copy be sent to the Secretary of said Plaster Association; also that we ask for the publication of the same in all the newspapers in the county.

The reading of the notice in the last VISITOR in regard to the action of the plaster manufacturers in raising the price of that article to \$3.00 per ton should certainly raise the temper of every old Patron in the State. There are thousands of Patrons who can call to mind the first experience the Order had with the plaster monopolists of Michigan. We cannot forget how they repudiated their contract made with the State Grange after they thought the Order was in their power, and the pertinent query of Bro. Cobb, "What do the Patrons say?" it seems to me should have but one answer and that should be, "Let them keep their plaster." We have told them so in the past and the Order gained prestige by so doing. If we yield to their extortion now, we admit that we are unable to cope with them and the Order takes a backward step.

THOMAS MARS Chairman of Executive Committee:—Worthy Brother: In our last Grange meeting the subject of procuring a supply of plaster for its members was broached and what it would cost and how as we find no report or instructions from the executive Committee upon the subject we want to know if any arrangements were made in the matter, or has the Grange at last had to give up to the ring and go back to their old terms charge "all the product will bear" regardless of first cost and fair living profit. Now the question is how are we to get it and at what cost as the ring refuses to give us information through their Sec'y. A. C. Torry, because our names are not on their books as old customers, for heretofore we have got our plaster according to arrangements made by the Executive Committee. As that is broken up we are, it seems, in about the same or a worse situation than before. We seem to be at the mercy of a corporation which has not much sympathy for us. Is there any way out of this dilemma? Was there anything done by the Committee to aid us in the matter, or must we as of yore let the plaster men alone in their glory and use something else in its stead.

Yours fraternally, J. M. WILCOX, Master of Grange No. 257, P. H., Rochester Mich. Jan. 31, 1887. BERRIEN CENTER, Feb. 10, 1887. Respectfully referred to Secretary Cobb for answer through GRANGE VISITOR. THOS. MARS.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Feb. 7, '87. Bro. COBB:—I hear nothing of late through the VISITOR in regard to the plaster business, and so far as I am in-

formed there have been no arrangements made for the present season.

The various plaster companies both here and from other points have recently met here and formed a pool, and advanced the price fifty cents per ton over the price made to us one year ago.

The advance has been made in spite of the fact that there is great over-production above the legitimate demand and is without a shadow of excuse to warrant it.

With the present low prices of farm products, high taxes, etc., and in view of the recent advance in prices, being now much higher than for several years, I think it would be wise for the Patrons throughout the State to decide at once not to purchase or use plaster the present year, not even to kill potato bugs with. Many Subordinate Granges in this and adjoining counties will at once pass resolutions to this effect, and I hope to see such action become general over the State.

Many farmers have had the benefit of reduced prices through the efforts of this Order and it is to be hoped they will now join with us in resisting this unwarranted advance in prices. The idea is that the farmers will stand it. Let us join forces and the stake played for in 1887 will be a barren one.

Fraternally yours,  
W. M. T. ADAMS.

**Defects in Our Common Schools.**

That there is a lamentable defect in our system of public education is too well known to all who have the best opportunity of seeing its results. But there is a class of very good people that are continually talking and writing in terms of highest praise of the perfection of our schools. They tell us how immeasurably superior our children are educated than are those of England and other countries of the old world. In fact with the training in the common school any ambitious youth is soon fitted for Congress or the Presidential chair. May not this be one reason why this country is so prolific in political aspirants? I leave this question for the reader's consideration.

The children of Michigan are, perhaps, as well educated as those of any other state; and when we look at the means employed in the cause of education—the many comfortable, substantial and convenient school houses, good books; and the munificent sum of money paid to teachers, we certainly have a right to expect adequate returns. The people of this and other states have been liberal in money and means to give every child in the State a knowledge of the elements of a good education. Do they get it? Let those who have the best means of knowing, answer.

If we refer to the Census of Michigan for the year 1881 we see that our schools do not accomplish what they ought to. According to the report the number of persons in the State unable to read or write, 10 years of age and upwards, is 80,131; a number so large and the increase per cent. of illiterate persons so great that the Secretary of State is disposed to doubt the accuracy of the returns. President Willits says: "While I adhere to the present standard for admission it is incumbent upon me to say that many of the applicants that come to us from district or graded schools are not as strong as they should be in some of the primary studies—notably, in grammar. What there is so distasteful in the study of the principles of the language which is the basis of our daily speech, is one of the mysteries of our system of education." "Why, there is not one-half of the people of this country who know how to read any subject. I do not mean the mere reading over of the words; but to read understandingly, etc." "Many who apply for admission (to the Agricultural College) do not understand arithmetic or grammar or remember their geography or spelling. There is a great need of more thoroughness in our district schools."

The examination papers in the hands of our County Boards of Examiners tell a woful tale of a want of more thoroughness even in that class of students where we find the best results. I give but a single illustration related by one who has had experience in examining candidates for certificates: "Of one candidate I asked the size of the lower peninsula of Michigan, and took a map and pointed from the Straits of Mackinac to the Ohio line and from Lake Huron to Lake Michigan, and asked her, 'What is the size of that body of land?' She said she didn't know. The answer finally given was, 'About fifteen miles by twenty miles.'"

Our pupils certainly ought to be better educated than those in the old countries where the average number of years spent in school is much less than it is here. I call attention to what I believe to be three radical defects in our system of public instruction:

First: We are attempting to do too much. We have been adding new subjects for study when we already had more than could be thoroughly taught by the loose and irregular methods that usually prevail in our district schools.

The tendency of this is toward superficial work which is more detrimental in mental development than it is in the practical affairs of life. We could accomplish more to the purpose by attempting less. "I had rather be proficient in two studies than have a smattering of many. The man who feels that he is master of one thing knows that he is more of a power than the most broadly educated

man who is thorough in nothing," says President Willits.

Secondly: The majority of our common schools are taught by young teachers. In the summer season mere girls of 15 years old and upwards assume the duties of teacher with little or no experience or qualification, except the ability to memorize a sufficient number of answers to the examination questions to secure a certificate. Is it any wonder there are so many failures? Especially when we consider the rare qualities necessary in him who assumes the teacher's vocation; to whose care is entrusted the training of the minds and morals of the next generation and whose teaching will leave its imprint for good or evil hundreds of years hence.

The highest authorities agree that the success of any system of education necessarily depends largely upon the ability and proper training of its teachers. "No class of men but those whose minds are furnished with a large stock of general knowledge are capable of carrying it into effect." "For it requires more care and attention, more experience and sagacity and a more intimate acquaintance with the principles of human nature to direct the opening intellect in its first excursions in the path of knowledge than to impart to it instruction respecting any particular science in after life." What would be thought of a lawyer who should begin his business without books of reference? How many of the boys and girls who are installed as teachers possess or have read a book pertaining to their work beyond those required to obtain a certificate?

Thirdly—I believe it to be a grave defect in our public system of instruction that there is no responsible supervision over it and no competent examination of the schools.

Philosophers and statesmen continually repeat the fact that the perpetuity of the government depends upon the intelligence of the people, and in view of this the State claims the right to educate her children and taxes the people for that purpose. School-houses are built and other means provided, laws are made to compel attendance. Examination Boards are created to examine teachers. But now, having done this, which is all very proper, the State stops here and leaves the matter to nobody in particular. Having provided the means, she is careless as to the results. Each district is required to report the number of months of school taught, number of children in attendance, etc., but as to the attainments of the children or their real progress in education—that which the State has undertaken to do—she knows nothing about. To the work accomplished she pays little attention.

We are told to "pay first-class wages and then hold your teachers responsible for results." This is what the State ought to do. Who else can do it? Has a parent any legal right to interfere in the school with the education of his children? And, if the State is to do this work for him, why should he?

When the legally qualified miss, in order to make it easy for herself and her pupils and to please the indulgent parent, takes the children through the books in a short time, as many do, thus causing the children to form a pernicious mental habit that will stick to them for years and be a life-long detriment to all mental attainment, what can you do about it? To whom can you appeal? The District Board thinks Miss — a splendid teacher and you a discontented faultfinder. When a State building is to be erected or any other public work done, it is thoroughly examined by competent men before being accepted, no matter by whom the work is done. Is it not of equal importance that the work which the teachers do should be critically inspected?

Examine the work as well as the workman. To make a public system of instruction complete, the State must lay out the work to be done—a good course of elementary instruction for the public schools—then by competent inspectors, exact good work of the teachers. This is done in other countries where schools are maintained at public expense. In this way all worthless teachers would be weeded out better than in any other.

I am far from thinking that if these defects were remedied every boy and girl in the State would be able to read and write, but I am convinced that we should have better results—that the common school would come much nearer accomplishing its object.

I hope our Legislature at the present session will do something to make our common schools more effective.

P. H. DOWLING.

Master's Office Ohio State Grange P. of H., DELTA, OHIO, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

**PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY, ATTENTION:**—Questions of grave importance to farmers are being discussed and agitated by our fellow citizens. They will be pressed upon our law makers, and legislation will be demanded. Are the farmers fully prepared to protect their interests? Certainly not; nor can they be until thoroughly organized. No better plan of organization than the Grange has yet been devised, nor is it likely there will be. Our duty then is plain. We must go out among the farmers and urge them to unite with us in the grand work of protecting the interests of agriculture.

The officers of the State Grange will labor earnestly to revive interest in the work of our Order. With your active co-operation "there is no such word as fail." The revival must come. Without such active assistance on your part, very little progress can be made. You

of course realize the importance of organizing, but many of your associate farmers do not. You must arouse them to a sense of the danger that threatens us. The scheme to place the entire burden of taxation upon the owners of the soil is not one idly dismissed. Thousands of converts have been made in the past few months, and the work of proselyting is being earnestly pushed by organized power. The arguments offered in support of this scheme are not easily refuted as many suppose. The unrest and dissatisfaction that exists to an alarming extent among the wage workers will not escape the attention of the shrewd men who are leading this so-called "reform." The hope of bettering their condition will induce many to fall into the ranks and eagerly accept the theories of these "reformers." Convince your neighbors of the utter folly and hopelessness of trying to cope with organized forces, with an unorganized mass, without discipline or drill.

We have secured some protection from the manufacture of counterfeit butter, and have almost secured legislation that will protect us from the unjust discrimination of the great transportation lines. We also may expect soon to see a Secretary of Agriculture, whose duty it will be to counsel and advise the Chief Executive of the Nation in all matters pertaining to this great interest. We can, if we will, secure protection from the frauds practiced under our present patent laws. We can, if we will, secure a more honest and economical administration of public affairs. We can, if we will, protect the farmers from the extortions sometimes practiced by professional men, and those who have combined to take advantage of our helpless and unorganized class; but we cannot retain the protection we now have, and secure that which is our due, unless we organize and make available our power. Political demagogues have made "cats paws" of the "plain honest farmer" altogether too long. We must not neglect the plow, but we must acquire more skill in the use of that weapon of wondrous power, the Freeman's Ballot.

Let our watch word be "put none but honest, capable, sober, economical men in official position. Let us demand a fair share of representation in the legislature and congress for the men who are directly interested in the nation's greatest industry. In a representative government, the interests not directly represented always have and always will suffer. No one but a fool or knave will deny this. Shall past follies be repeated and continued? Shall we not act upon the theory that the "Lord helps those who help themselves." There is no shadow of excuse for us. We can protect our every interest, and if we are not manly enough to do it, then we deserve to suffer. If we are determined to give more attention to our own interests in the future, the first step must be to organize our forces. It is not probable that a political or party organization of farmers is advisable, but an organization which is not afraid of politics we must have. The Grange has its social, educational and moral features, but that is not all. We propose to boldly advocate political reforms and co-operate for the overthrow of the "pirates" who infest and sometimes control political parties. Farmers, join us in this work and we will do you good, and hurt no man who is doing an honest legitimate business.

J. H. BRIGHAM,  
Master of Ohio State Grange, P. of H.

Department of Horticulture and Landscape Gardening—Agriculture College.

**VARIETIES OF APPLES FOR MARKET.**

An important reason why apple culture does not often return a profit is the careless manner in which varieties are usually selected. No amount of good culture or shrewd marketing can make poor varieties profitable. The selection of varieties is often a difficult task to those inexperienced in orchard culture; both from the great number of varieties from which to choose, and from the fact that the same variety does not thrive equally well in different places. The first difficulty is easily evaded, as out of some thousand varieties in cultivation not more than twenty-five usually prove to be profitable in any locality, and even of this number there are seldom more than five or six which can be confidently recommended. The second difficulty must be overcome by a close attention to the apples which succeed best in the vicinity. The three most important points in a market apple are these: A hardy, vigorous tree; a good bearer; a large, red fruit. Unfortunately, there are very few apples which combine these features in Michigan. In general, we are fortunate if we secure two of them in one variety.

Agents have been canvassing the state for the last two months, and many sales of worthless varieties have been made. The blame is not always, if indeed, it is usually, the agent's. Too many buyers are in condition to be imposed upon. Very often the agent sells in good faith trees which are valueless for the locality in which they are sold. It is to check such sales or to enable purchasers to make intelligent substitutions in their purchases that this bulletin is issued.

Until the last few years the Baldwin has held the first place among market apples. The increased severity of the winters, resulting from the destruction of timber, has caused Baldwin to suffer above most other popular varieties. During the winter of 1884-5 fifty old trees were killed in

the College orchard, of which over forty were Baldwins, the remainder being mostly Rhode Island Greenings. In fact, there is not a vigorous tree of these varieties left in the orchard. All others among the market sorts were not injured. It is more and more evident that the Golden Russet is one of the best market apples for this region. The tree is remarkably hardy and vigorous and a good bearer. The apples are uniform in size and color, very firm, fair, and good keepers. In market they bring twenty per cent. less than Baldwins, but this difference is overbalanced by their productiveness and hardiness. Russets should be barreled in the fall to prevent withering. The Spy is a tardy and unreliable bearer; the apples are often very imperfect, and they are too tender for distant markets. I should not recommend it here for the flatter lands. Fameuse is one of the best when the fruit is fair, but it is unreliable. Canada Red, top-grafted, is one of the very best, and in this vicinity undoubtedly ranks next to the Russet, or perhaps superior to it. The St. Lawrence, Oldenburg and Twenty Ounce appear to be among the best fall apples for this vicinity. The Oldenburg demands a close market, however, as it decays soon. The Russian apples of recent introduction are not yet sufficiently known to be recommended for profit.

The reports of our State Horticultural Society contain many lists of apples, and they should be consulted before an orchard is planted. As further aids I add recent communications from leading orchardists. It is high time that everyone take aggressive action in regard to this matter of varieties of apples. The success of our apple culture demands it. In general, purchasers should beware of novelties and high prices. The standard kinds can be had for \$10 to \$18 by the hundred for two-year-old trees. It is probable that the following choices contain all the sorts generally valuable in Southern Michigan. These of the best five varieties, are made in reference to hardiness.

From Hon. Henry Chamberlain, Three Oaks, Berrien County.—I should select for our vicinity, Baldwin, Canada Red, Northern Spy, Maiden's Blush, and Stark. The Golden Russet has never proved satisfactory with us.

From Wm. A. Brown, Benton Harbor, Berrien County.—The question of five apples for profit depends much upon location, facilities for marketing, adaptability, etc. The location of Berrien County enables us to grow and market the early varieties more successfully than later and more isolated locations. Without giving the subject the fullest consideration, I should name Oldenburg, Orange Pippin, Brown Pippin, Hubbardston, Baldwin, Ben Davis. In naming the list I am governed more by productiveness and resistance to fungous blight than by quality of the apple. In fact, I have named but one good dessert apple, the Hubbardston. The Orange Pippin is not generally known. Brown Pippin is the local name of a fine, large apple ripening in September. This name may be a synonym but we have not been able to determine it yet.

From Geo. W. Lawton, Lawton, Van Buren County.—I should select Northern Spy, Baldwin, Red Astrachan, Canada Red, Henrick's Sweet, —all red apples, which sell better than any other. They are also of such size as to be acceptable for table use. Of course this is not the limit of valuable apples raised here.

From President T. E. Lyon, South Haven, Van Buren County.—I doubt the relative profitableness of the summer and autumn apples, and therefore will name Baldwin Northern Spy, Rhode Island Greening, Golden Russet and Stark. Baldwin is hardy enough with us. If omitted for lack of hardiness, I should add Hubbardston at the foot of the list.

L. H. Bailey, South Haven, Van Buren County.—Baldwin, Stark, Northern Spy, Ben Davis, Flushing Spitzenburg. There are several profitable fall varieties, of which the Oldenburg is probably the best. The Mann, much recommended of late grows well and bears well, but is the wormiest of all apples. The color is also bad. I have grafted most of mine to Baldwin and Flushing Spitzenburg.

From James F. Taylor, Douglas, Allegan County.—I will speak only of varieties which I have in bearing, as follows: Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Talman Sweet, Maiden's Blush, Red Astrachan. The Baldwin tree is not entirely hardy in some localities, but near the lake, as I am, it never winterkills.

From B. Hathway, Little Prairie Ronde, Cass County.—The Northern Spy, the Red Canada and the Baldwin are the three kinds that I should name, and in this order. Most men would place the Baldwin first, and I should if it were hardy in tree; but it is not. It is liable to fall anywhere, and sure to fall on our strong lands so far south as this. Properly grown, and planted on suitable soil, it is probably the most profitable apple we yet have. The fourth in the list as it seems to me (and it would be my first if as good a keeper as the others), is the Hubbardston [Nonesuch]. This, for evaporating purposes, is one of the best, as it is a profuse, constant bearer on strong land, always fair, and ripe enough in the fall to make nice fruit, and is uniform in size, of good shape and quality. The fifth sort I cannot so well name. It is put in a fall apple it would be the Maiden's Blush,—not a good apple, but good to sell and evaporate.

From Graham Bros. Grand Rapids.

—Would give these as our choice of the best five market apples for this place: Northern Spy, Baldwin, Oldenburg, Rhode Island Greening, Tompkin's King.

From J. N. Stearns, Kalamazoo.—My choice for best five apples for profit would be Baldwin, Hubbardston, Maiden's Blush, Oldenburg, and Wagener if not allowed to bear until seven or eight years old. I place Baldwin first; although not so hardy as some, I consider it the most profitable by far.

From H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Kalamazoo County.—For summer and fall: first, Oldenburg; second, Red Astrachan. For winter or very late fall: first, Baldwin; second, Northern Spy; third, Fameuse on heavy soil; fourth, Twenty Ounce. No others come within the limits of profit in this vicinity.

From Geo. W. Parks, Lansing.—The Baldwin stands first in my estimation, save the tenderness of the tree. On high, rolling lands with clay subsoil it appears to stand up very well, but on low, flat land it does not endure our severe winters. I would make my list as follows: Baldwin, Canada Red, Limber Twig, Northern Spy, American Golden Russet.

From James Satterlee, for Greenville, Montcalm County.—Northern Spy, Golden Russet, Red Canada, Jonathan, Red Astrachan, Twenty Ounce. The Spy does best on the lighter soils.

From H. W. Davis, Lapeer Evaporating Works, Lapeer.—Red Canada will bring 25 cents per barrel more than any other variety we grow. Baldwin, Northern Spy, most any other fair red variety, and Rhode Island Greening are to be recommended. The Red Canada is always hardy. Baldwin was hurt some two years since, but not enough to speak of. Northern Spy and Greenings are iron-clads, so to speak. These are old varieties to be sure, but they bring in the dollars.

From Hon. N. A. Beecher, Flushing Genesee County.—Our best hardy market apples may be named in the following order: Golden Russet, Ben Davis, Northern Spy, Red Canada and Tolman Sweet for winter; Lyson, Oldenburg and St. Lawrence for fall.

From Porter Beal, Rollin, Lenawee County.—My choice of five varieties is as follows in order of preference: Baldwin, Ben Davis, Golden Russet, Willow Twig, Red Canada.

From Hon. Geo. Oviatt, Chase, Lake County.—Ben Davis, Wagener, Golden Russet, Oldenburg for near market.

The Baldwin is injured by the winters.

From Hon. Arthur T. Case, Benzonia, Benzie County.—Among our hardy apples the following are the best and in about the order named: Westfield (Seek-no-further), Northern Spy, Golden Russet, Fameuse, Tolman Sweet, Swain, Hans, Baldwin, Wagener, and Ben Davis do not stand the climate, unless it is on the higher land immediately along the lake.

The College is ready to make a trial of any fruits, and to distribute, as far as able, scions or buds of the new or promising kinds. Over two hundred varieties of apples are now being grown, including the Russians. A partial list of these and other fruits is printed in the Report of the State Board of Agriculture for 1885, pp. 136 and 163. Most of these apples are not yet bearing.

L. H. BAILEY, JR.,  
Prof. Horticulture and Landscape Gardening,  
Ag'l College, Feb. 1, 1888.

**A Fearful Leap**

into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of shortsightedness is taken by thousands who might become wealthy, if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed, free, how they can make from \$5 to \$25 a day and upwards. Some have made over \$50 in a day. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. All is new. You are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.

**HOLSTEIN-..... FRIESIAN**

**STOCK FARM,**  
Whose proprietor invites your personal inspection of his very fine herd of Imported HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN Cattle, from which many have made their second and third selections, to establish herds in Michigan and other States.



MANY testimonials come from those who have selected from my herd of records made, and of their great satisfaction of having obtained so valuable representative animals for their herds. I sold H. M. Street, of Mississippi, a fine selection of several heifers, who previously wrote as follows: "I am the owner of Aafke 2d and So Bos, bought by Prof. Gully for the A. & M. College. I have other animals, but these two I think the best. I am one of the trustees of the College, and consider the stock bought from you as the finest they have."

(Thoroughbred Cheshire hogs for sale.)  
W. K. SEXTON,  
Importer and Breeder, Howell, Mich.  
Feb. 1st

## Ladies' Department.

## The Fashions' Bride.

I met one eye at a banquet rare,  
The belle of all who had gathered there.  
She passed about with a stately tread,  
A conscious poise of her haughty head.  
With an empty smile she'd nod and pass;  
They'd all exclaim, "what a pretty lass!  
And each in his turn did stand aside,  
To yield a place to the fashions' bride.

I stood in a corner quite alone,  
And gazed on her, who with splendor shone.  
"Not a face more fair the morning's sun  
Has seen since his weary course begun,"  
Said a friend to me, who stood close by,  
And he seemed to wait for my reply.

"What has she done?" I ventured to say,  
When he turned from me his head away.  
I asked him again, "What has she done  
To turn the heads of every one?"  
"Done?" said the man, in complete surprise,  
Have you seen, like hers, hands, face or eyes?"

My mind from that gay and festive scene,  
Went back to a scene far more serene,  
And saw, all wrinkled with age and care,  
The hands and face of my mother there.  
I shed a tear and I breathed a sigh;  
I saw a face that will never die,  
A hand that was neither small nor white,  
A dim eye sunken which once was bright,  
'Twas a sight more beautiful to me  
Than ever again on earth I'll see.

The "Fashions' Bride," with her stately tread  
Will not be missed when she is dead;  
She will leave on life's pages, seared and hot,  
A name that will be remembered not.

The handsomest face on earth to me  
Has ever been, and will ever be,  
The face of my mother, pure and true,  
Who did all my virtues kindly view;  
And my faults she'd just as kindly scan,  
And to overcome them all she'd plan.

You may take the gold and the diamonds, too,  
They are only worn life's journey through.  
The grandest prize man has on earth  
Is the gentle one who gave him birth.  
I would rather die with life a blot,  
Than live forever where she is not;  
For in all my troubles here on earth,  
Of feelings pure there has been a death.  
Those I would like me to praise, not blame,  
Were the first to doubt when trouble came.

Don't wonder then, as I rush along,  
In search of wealth, 'mid the busy throng,  
That I find it in any place  
The beauties seen in my mother's face.  
—J. M. Hill, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

## The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the map of the world you will find it not;  
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,  
With sword, or noble pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word, or thought,  
From the mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a waked-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently, bore her part—  
Lo! there is the battle field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave!  
But, oh! these battles, they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!  
—Joaquin Miller.

## Whither? Onward!

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change  
To something new, to something strange.  
Nothing that is can pause or stay;  
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,  
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,  
The rain to mist and cloud again;  
To-morrow be to-day.

—Longfellow.

In Mrs. Callis's article, in a late VISITOR, on "Woman's Success," she quotes a man who has suggested (would he vote it, too?) that women be sent to Congress to make laws for the men. A similar thought arose in my mind, as I have been reading the many excellent articles of late in your paper concerning woman and our work. It is, why not have a Gentlemen's Department in the VISITOR? The Grange, I understand, claims men and women are equal; the VISITOR is supposed to be alike readable to all; but in addition to what is for both, we have a Ladies' Department. For once, ladies, we have a monopoly, and through an anti-monopoly organ! Is any one generous enough to petition a corner for the gentlemen?

Mrs. Callis's ideas I heartily endorse. Women can not expect equality in the matter of wages until, as a class, they have mastered the business qualifications of business men, and they must also expect, from the unnatural stand of society toward their sex, to most strenuously make good their claims for equal pay before they will get it. Since woman has entered the fields of competitive labor with man her business education has rapidly improved. She studies for it, plans for it, and is fast developing more adaptation to many branches than her brother has shown with longer practice. The time is not far distant when the quality of work will regulate the price, and not the foolishness of gender.

But this advance is not confined to business matters. It is all along the line of human interests; but so distorted have become the social features that, in the words of our own woman's champion, Mr. Cortland Hill, "It needs the combined efforts of all the good to stay the desolation of the evils."

Everywhere womankind is moving on. Her ability is an accepted fact and must soon be a recognized one. An old nursery rhyme runs thus:

"There once was a man who said, 'Fools!'  
And opposed reforms, railroads and schools;  
He stood in the way,  
But the train did not stay;  
It ran over the man who said, 'Fools.'"

Man is grown wary. He is getting out of the way of the on-moving train of popular sentiment. He sees it is resistless, manned from engine-cab to palace car with women of the nine-

teenth century. It is dawning on him and on thousands of these women's unawakened sisters, that to-day is not yesterday, and that to-morrow will never be to-day over again. New questions need new answers, and the world is wont to turn a leaf for her pupils. He must prepare to answer. We must so prepare ourselves that his answer can be but one. We must elect if we will board this train and help run it, or let it pass us. We must choose "if we will be a child of the past, with all its crudities and imperfections, its failures and defeats, or a child of the future, the future of sympathy and ultimate success."

Women have their sewing societies, their socials and their afternoon teas, much as always, and in addition to these a woman on the farm is admitted to the Grange, to institutes and conventions among those of her vocation. Her voice is welcomed, her opinion quoted, even in rare instances she speaks on political topics. They have, too, if they will, their literary circles and their W. C. T. U., with its wonderful business and philanthropic influence and advantages.

In all these are roads toward a time in the future when men and women shall discuss, too, other questions now of one-sided interest, but then to be of equal moment to each.

The questions girls will then ask will be divided between legislatures and "charity" balls, in place of between balls and balls as often now happens; between "Home Rule" and local philanthropies, in lieu of bestowing so much of their vocal power on "what he said" and "I did." Girls are coming to this, not to be polluted, but to purify.

"Don't believe it!" say you men who "oppose reforms?" But you must, or you may be compelled to. Some forenoon, when your wife has leisure to herself, by the help of all the labor-savers you have been "coddled" into buying, she will sit down among her household conveniences and read the foreign and political news, and then at the dinner table she will tell you what the "signs of the times" are. You will look up surprised, maybe, but pleased withal, I hope, that at last women can "talk sense," and if you're a bit sensible you will co-operate with her, drop farm talk for an hour and open the door for your family and hired help into the world lying out of reach of your line fences.

The word "housekeeper" is losing itself in that better, meaning-full one of "home-keeper." The "poetry of life" is becoming the poetry of duty to her family and its welfare. Woman has not so much need to learn "how beautiful the law of love can make the cares and toils of daily life," as she has to grasp a sense of the loftier nobility of that love when linked with intelligence.

Women apart in lonely homes hear afar off the sound of brave, strong women at the front of their train, their longings rise up in response and resolution grows out of yearning. The inspiration of sympathy is clasping woman's world with its strong embrace. She, though alone, can stand and increase in knowledge and wisdom because she feels, though distant, the strength of others battling for a nobler womanhood. If she has it not now, she will gain interest in the progress of humanity, in science, agriculture, literature, and politics, if you please. Her woman's discernment will quicken, her appreciation of situation improve, her energy mount with every difficulty, and over all and through all her womanly womanliness will waft its waves of purifying incense. And man will recognize and not reward her, but award her place to her. But the consummation of this lies largely with herself. "So soon as woman treats herself as she would have others treat her, respecting her own ability as every God-talented individual should, at the same time nurturing, developing, and using it for noble purposes, so soon will public opinion award to her that respect from others that will place her ability at par with man's ability, which she so much needs."

RUTH RESTLY.

## A Novel Recipe.

Miss Corson said in the Baltimore Cooking School that a Baltimore lady had written a recipe for cooking husbands so as to make them tender and good. It is as follows:

"A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It can not be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel; nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt

to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes, do not be anxious. Some husbands do this fill they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while, lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place."

## Does not Need Sympathy.

I have been reading the essay written by you, Mr. Cortland Hill. It is a very ably written article and much good can be derived from it, but I do not agree with you in part and I know you will take a few remarks kindly from a sister Patron.

The Grange, I know, is a good society and conducive of progress. I admire its principles because of its deference to woman and there are many other good things that I might say in its favor. But, my brother, is it necessary for you to deride one society to advance another? The Grange does not need it; it can speak for itself.

Now, in regard to woman being silenced in the church, I deny it; for are we not the more earnest workers? Look at the efforts made by the W. C. T. U., and not only at the efforts, but at the good achieved by them. There is not a society doing more for the degraded and depressed of our land than they. Turn your attention, if you please, to the unchristianized nations of to-day; see what slaves are made of women. If the Grange is doing so much more than the Church, why not send Grange missionaries and organize Grange societies? The Church has done much to civilize these nations and is still doing good.

I understand you quote Paul when you speak of woman being silenced in the church. If you have studied his nature you have found that he was an old bachelor, a hater of woman-kind, as they all are, and he was the principal historian of the Bible who spoke in that manner, and no doubt he has been properly punished, so we will let him rest for the present.

Now, kind brother, we, as sisters of the Grange, do not feel the need of your sympathy in this respect. We have honor and attention bestowed upon us in all society and every true lady will command it. In reply to the assertion made by you about being denied the privilege of voting, I must say we would feel insulted by an invitation to mingle at the polls with "negroes and profligates, cut-throats and horse-thieves;" but, mind you, we are at work. Our influence is largely felt to-day, and we are strengthening daily; but we will keep in our proper places and still stick to our ermine.

A Sister Patron,  
SUSIE CORTRIGHT.

## Sunshine.

A neighbor and myself, one rainy day, were speaking of the blessing of sunshine when she called my attention to a hop-vine which shaded her veranda. The outer blossoms which were fully exposed to the sunlight had attained a thrifty and beautiful growth. Those which were even partly shaded were much smaller, while those which were deprived of all sunlight were sickly, frail efforts of nature. Said I, "There is a whole sermon here for us. We women who shut ourselves from the sunshine, without even the pure air which a shady outside would give, are as fair representatives of proper womanhood as these frail blossoms are of their magnificent fellows."

Yes, sunshine is the brush with which the Master Artist produces the beautiful tint of health in plant or humanity.

When I pass a house on these winter days and see the blinds thrown open, the curtains drawn, thus seemingly inviting in those blessed rays which make the inside life worth living, I think, Here is a family who show their appreciation of God's goodness by accepting in fullest measure this, his divinest of gifts.

O, this winter sunshine is too precious to be shut out by even the gauziest of draperies, and I can not resist the temptation on some of our brightest days of opening wide the south door at midday to let in, for a time, a great broad beam of brightness.

My dear friend, whoever you are, who closes the blind or lowers the shade to give a pretty effect to some painting or to preserve a handsome carpet, you are shutting out life.

Whittier tells of the farm houses of half a century ago as "blistering in the noonday sun." I believe the "white-souled poet" would prefer the "blistering of the noonday sun" to the molding in mid-day shade which, surrounding some homes, allows no ray of sunlight ever to reach its walls.

I do not decry the tree and the vine, and I only wish that farmers as a class would give more time and care to these things which are so easily obtained and which add so much to home surroundings; but trees or vines, no matter how great their beauty or attraction, if put in a proper place are

evils in disguise if they shut out beautiful views or prevent the approach of sunshine to the house.

Those whose houses face the south have great good fortune. Our living rooms, and, more than all, our sick rooms, should be in the "sunny south" of our houses. Physicians recognize this need and give directions accordingly.

Florence Nightingale, in her "Observations in the Crimea," gives facts which startle regarding the shady and sunny side of hospitals.

In St. Petersburg the shady side of the hospital became such certain death to the soldiers that the Czar decreed its disuse.

Many cases of rheumatism and neuralgia have been cured by patients exchanging the sleeping room on the north side of the house which is shaded by trees or verandas for one which is constantly dried and purified by the direct rays of the sun.

A little plant which naturally grew to be only a few inches in height chanced to germinate in the bottom of a mine and the little thing raised itself to the enormous height of 120 feet in order to reach the light.

We may call this plant instinct, and wonder why human plants are not blessed with a similar faculty. I believe they are in early life before outside influences have blunted them.

I know a little darling who stretched her face as longingly toward the beautiful, healthful outside world as ever did a less human plant, and her claims in words for a "bref of air" and "boof-ful sunshine" are the natural cravings of her baby life.

The world of humanity in which this instinct has been so long stifled by the customs and follies of a mistaken civilization is crying more loudly in the degenerate vitality and care worn faces too soon grown old which so surely characterize American womanhood.

The cry is recognized all over the land and many earnest men and women are proclaiming the glad tidings of the new gospel of health through obedience to law; and their noble efforts, with voice and with pen, is the welcome light which heralds the dawn of a better civilization.

BELLE M. PERRY.

## The Silent Voice.

At noon not a wind's breath had stirred the fantastic hangings of the night, no sun beam had dissolved them. The old world we had known so soberly stood as in bridal array, filmy laces, sparkling pendants, cunningly woven gauzes, that fairies might languish for were lavished recklessly on every niche and spot.

House nor fence, stick, briar nor weed had been too mean for such regal adorning, all were equals in robes of delicacy and whiteness. It was as if Sir White Frost had given a great party the night before and, in the midst of the gayety, King Day had stalked in among the merry-makers and fixed them to their posts in all their party dress. Nor did he permit them to doff their exquisite trappings till half his course was more than run. There they stood arrayed for spectacle.

"Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl."

Then, as it sometimes seems to do, the very hush grew audible. The silence clamored in its intensity and demanded an awakened ear.

Listening and learning, I stood while it spoke in voice that sounded not yet I heard. "Why are the children of men so hurried?—live so feverish lives?—rush so heedlessly along their ways? Why is their cry, 'we have no time,—too busy?'"

Look upon my children! See their patience,—observe their calmness, see their gala dress in this their barren winter time!

Every spring their buds burst and swell, every summer their pennants of verdure float upon each zephyr that passes,—every autumn distills their life blood and yet with added beauty and more grace they surrender to November's gales and not with withered visage and gesture give o'er their life. Rather, my offspring, welcome the respite from activity even in so beautiful a life as theirs.

They gladly herald the season that shows no growth to the outer world, for well they feel in their brown coats the sap renewing itself,—that wintry rest means a gladder, more joyous, fuller spring time of bounding blood and starting leaf and twig and bud. It is not loss,—it is richer gain. Look at them now in their loveliness! Their bare arms wear costliest gems, their heads are decked as kings are never crowned, the like of the dress of von spruce no queen ever donned. Well may beauty's courts copy such attire as this!

No man's work is so mysteriously wrought and so perfect when done as one leaf from their mass of foliage when it has silently opened its palms to the summer sun, nor an artist's skill is cunning as that which autumn's coloring gives to each and all of them. And yet man walks beneath these manifestations of power and marvels not at them, neither does he learn the lessons they hold. In silence these brawny branches would preach to him of patience, of fidelity to the great and wise plan of Him who doeth all things wisely and hastes not, who gives to all things the latter, as the early, rains, and desires that the full season should pass over all His creatures and their works. And this is our recruiting time, our resting time for fresh advance!"

The lesson of the silent voice how many may profitably heed! When temporary withdrawal from the bustle and voice of work is forced upon them, to regard it not as the knell of usefulness, for rest from rush is not wasted, but worthily spent time. They are days when the channels of strength are to be replenished, when to withdraw from the thick of work's fight gives a clearer view of the field and a steeper, surer aim when one's post is resumed.

Welcome, then, hours of quiet,—possible moments of communion with one's Maker,—days of feeding for the future, full be thy stay, sure be our gain!

## Stray Links.

Barring the not too gracious opinion of V. B. of that class of readers or writers who "seem to take to quotations as naturally as a bee to flowers," we enjoyed his Diary Dissertation on Quotations, and after reading it took our treasured quotation book and read over its contents, for the hundredth time sipping delight from one and another line or verse that had been ruthlessly torn from a duller setting.

It happened, in the economy of nature, that some of us fell heirs to wondrously poor memories and can not, Macaulay like, commit to memory the most of the New Testament, or like Bryant, remember word for word the greater part of whatever he read. Neither do we own or have daily access to large libraries, and some of us are too ambitious to be content with two or three authors well mastered, esteeming it more profitable, or creditable, or to our pleasure to know many and less, so we fall into the habit of gathering up fragments of each. There are, however, certain couplets and lines that, from their frequency in the mouths of the multitude, have become stale and have lost their savor. But to each person there are certain other choice verses and sayings that are exactly characteristic of that individual in the sentiment which they express. They have been picked up from some peculiar circumstance—a ludicrous, an embarrassing or a tender and touching association, and will always be held as personally ours.

What humbled courage is voiced in these well known lines, and who to himself has not said them?

"One by one thy duties 'wait thee;  
Let thy whole strength go to each,  
Let no future dreams elate thee;  
Learn thou first what these can teach."

Or what woman, battling with the scores of duties conflicting with longings that would not down, and tempt her to give up the fight, has not been uplifted and upheld when she recalled these?

"Be a woman; naught is higher  
On the gilded crest of fame;  
On the catalogue of virtue,  
There's no brighter, holier name."

What heart does not reverberate with echoed feeling as it reads the following matchless lines from Mary Howitt, or what mother's eyes do not grow dim as she thinks of her own innocent's life? Is it not wonderful that such thoughts are "woven out of the mere letters of the alphabet?"

"Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,  
And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
When I think of the paths steep and stony,  
Where the feet of the innocents go;  
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,  
Of the tempest of fate growing wild,  
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child."

In every walk of life there are those who seem only to pick up the fragments of their vocation, while their neighbor carries off the loaves. In some, capacity is wanting; in others, adaptation; as if, you may say, "such and such does not agree with them," and if at the "great feast of language" they do not banquet as did "sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child," it does not prevent their enjoyment of the few "scraps" they have "stolen." "Poetry," says Coleridge, "has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." However, by "scraps" or by "feasts," we take to ourselves lines of imagery or uplifting sentiments, so much does the nobleness that lies in every nature, leap up to claim its own.

## In Memoriam.

[Sorrow leaves untouched none of us,—neither the happiest homes nor the lightest hearts; but for us when it comes to our friends there seems nothing so vain to offer as words—though they be words of sympathy that would comfort to the utmost that words may. Yet they are all,—let them to-day be freighted with the deepest meaning, for grief has entered the home and heart of our faithful Patron, Mrs. J. C. Travers, the welcomed "Stephine" of the Ladies' Department.

In her overburdening sorrow she has penned the following beautiful tribute to the memory of him who has gone before.]

To the memory of my dear husband, James C. Travers, whom I found lying on the couch, unconscious and dying, and as I raised him in my arms, quietly breathed his last, December 13, 1886, aged 51 years.

Pen can not portray the dire distress  
That filled my heart that day,  
As clasped within my feeble arms,  
You breathed your life away.

That life was light upon my soul,  
And when friends gently said,  
"You can not bring him back to life,"  
My heart was cold and dead.

A friend has said, that there was joy in heaven on that day, When you went in; but, oh, how sad To us, was your going away.

I miss thee so in our once happy home, When the daylight cares are o'er; I listen in vain for thy welcome step, Alas! I shall hear it no more.

The days are so long, so lonely and sad, Since thou hast gone away; There is nothing left to make my heart glad, I am waiting day by day.

Waiting and watching for thee to come, But thou wilt never come to me more; They tell me thou art waiting for me, Beyond, on that bright, bright shore.

There's an empty chair at our family board, A vacant seat at our hearth; We miss thy loving counsel, too, And thy cheering, joyous mirth.

No one, but God and our children, Knows how happy was our home; But, oh! since thou hast gone away, My heart has turned to stone.

I live and move as in a dream, My thoughts are far away; I wonder thou couldst leave me here, In this cold world to stay.

O, I miss thee so! thrice lonely now, Is the midnight of my way; And my sad heart longs for the cloudless dawn Of that bright, triumphal day,

When we shall meet to part no more, In that land that is fairer than day, Where Jesus reigns forevermore, — He will wipe my tears away.

Sherwood, Jan. 21, 1887.

The mints coined 264,129 standard silver dollars last week.

Mr. Rae, an Irish landlord, has gone to the poorhouse because his tenants would not pay rent.

Thomas Powell and Henry B. Stanton, veteran journalists, expired Friday in New York. The latter was the husband of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The price of nails has been advanced from \$2.40 to \$2.60 per keg.

The investments in cattle in Colorado amount to over \$50,000,000.

Judge Brewer, of the United States Court, rendered a decision at Des Moines Friday sustaining the Iowa tax on railroads for the use of sleeping-cars. The Pullman company had petitioned for an injunction.

This country produced 5,500,000 tons of pig iron and 1,350,000 tons of steel rails in 1886.

In St. Louis there is one saloon to every 175 inhabitants, and one church to every 2,800.

The Dakota Agricultural College at Brookings has 238 students.

From the Michigan Agricultural College is issued bulletin No. 21, on growing forest trees.

Iowa Agricultural College has had 305 students the past year, and graduated four from agriculture, four from engineering, six from veterinary, and ten from general courses.

Mason & Hamlin ORGAN AND PIANO CO. 154 Tremont St., Boston. 46 E. 14th St., (Union Sq.), N. Y. 143 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

LATEST IMPROVED HORSEPOWER MACHINES FOR SAWING WOOD with Circular and Cross-Cut Saws, Axes, Chains for THRESHING and CLEANING Grain.

293 COLUMBUS Manure Pulverizer & Spreaders SOLD THE FIRST YEAR. It is the only spreader that can be attached to Farm Wagons.

A NEW INVENTION. 16 Cords of Wood have been sawed by the man in 9 hours. Hundreds have sawed 5 & 6 cords daily.

For Sale. A partly improved, timbered land farm of 90 acres, located in the town of Girard, Branch Co., Mich. Price, \$1,600.

Horsford's For Dyspepsia Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Nervousness, Weakened Energy Indigestion, Etc. HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

A liquid preparation of the phosphates and phosphoric acid. Recommended by physicians. It makes a delicious drink. Invigorating and strengthening. Pamphlet free. For sale by all dealers.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of imitations, July 15/87

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

KALAMAZOO DIVISION TIME TABLE.

Standard time—90th meridian.

GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Station, N.Y. & N. Express, N.Y. & M. Express, Way Pt.

GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Station, N.Y. & N. Express, N.Y. & M. Express, Way Pt.

All trains connect at White Pigeon with main line. M. E. WATKINS, Supt. Kalamazoo Division, Kalamazoo.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM KALAMAZOO.

TIME-TABLE—MAY 18, 1884.

Standard time—90th meridian.

WESTWARD.

Table with columns: Train Name, A.M., P.M., M.

EASTWARD.

Table with columns: Train Name, A.M., P.M., M.

New York, Atlantic and Pacific Expresses daily. Evening Express west and Night Express east except Saturdays.

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

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE. (Esther T. Housh, Editor.) A year's numbers contain: 12 beautiful full-page engravings; 350 large pages of the best literature produced in attractive form.

PATENTS. LUCIUS C. WEST, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, and Counsellor in Patent Causes, Trade marks, Copyrights, Assignments, Caveats, Mechanical and Patent Drawings, Circulars free.

GREENWOOD STOCK FARM. Poland China Swine a Specialty. Breeding Stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Correspondence and inspection invited.

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Burlington Route C.B. & O.R.R.

It is the only line with its own track from CHICAGO TO DENVER, Either by way of Omaha, Pacific Junction, St. Joseph, Atchison or Kansas City.

For all points in Northwest, West and Southwest. Its equipment is complete and first class in every particular.

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

GROUND OIL CAKE. OLD PROCESS. Now is the time to buy the genuine article cheap. To be had in Michigan of F. VAN DRILE & CO., Grand Rapids; MAYOR RANNEY, Kalamazoo; T. B. TAYLOR, Jackson City Mills, Jackson; W. S. PENFIELD, 219 Woodward Ave., Detroit; Joseph H. Hughes, Esq., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The SUGAR BEET. Illustrated Quarterly. 50 cents a year including postage. LEWIS S. WARE, M. E., Editor. HENRY CAREY BAIRD & CO., PUBLISHERS, 810 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS. Has a Pad different from all others. It is cup-shaped, with self-adjusting ball in center.

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

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THE Patrons' Grocery House

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

THORNTON BARNES, Wholesale Grocer and Grange Selling Agent, 241 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

THE GUIDE.

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

MONTCOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Ave., (Near Exposition Building) CHICAGO, ILL.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE, JUNE 26, 1886.

Table with columns: Station, No. 18, Express, No. 4, Express, No. 6, Express, No. 1, Mail, No. 3, Express, No. 5, Express.

GROCERIES!

It will be interesting to every Farmer in the vicinity of Grand Rapids to learn that the Wholesale Grocery House of ARTHUR MEIGS & CO. Have Opened a Mammoth Retail Department,

and are selling all goods at much LOWER PRICES than any other dealer. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS will be given large purchasers. OUR STOCK IS LARGE, and embraces everything in the line of Groceries and Provisions.

ARTHUR MEIGS & CO., Retail Department, 77 and 79 South Division St., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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