

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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A. C. GLIDDEN, Editor,
PAW PAW, MICH.

Fifty Years' Progress of British Agriculture.

Part first of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, dated March 31, 1890, is before me. An article with the above heading, by James Caird, has so interested me that I send extracts for your readers. The society was founded in 1838, and besides holding fairs has done much in various ways to encourage agriculture. In 1838 "A veterinary school was projected. Prizes were offered for essays on agricultural subjects and for experiments with manures. Reports were invited on the comparative advantages of different implements, on the management of water-meadows, on the best varieties of wheat for cultivation, on the keep of farm horses, on stall feeding of cattle, on rotation of crops, on subsoil and trench ploughing, and on the best system of land drainage." The average produce of wheat was then put at 26 bushels per acre. Since that time the average rate has risen two bushels an acre, by the poorest class of wheat land having gone out of cultivation. Twenty-eight bushels in 1889 is worth per acre less than two-thirds as much as twenty-six bushels in 1840.

"The application of special manures to crops was beginning to attract notice."

"The kind and mode of applying manure to each crop became the subject of scientific study and experiment."

"Another question arose: could no remedy be found for leaving the land idle during the nine months between the removal of the grain crop in August and the sowing of the turnip crop in the following June? To fill up the vacant time rye was sown in the more southerly counties, which was eaten in its green state on the ground in May by sheep, as good preparation for the winter green crop sown in June, and vetches followed later, to carry on the stock to the aftermath from the hay; the vetches to be eaten on the ground as a good preparation for later turnips."

"Economy of labor by machines was confined to a general use of threshing machinery on all large farms. Turnip-cutters were recommended and were coming into use, but there was no thought of reaping-machines."

"In regard to live stock the investigation showed that the cost of feeding farm horses varied immensely—as much as 50 per cent. within a few miles—from want of knowledge, economy and care. The earlier maturity of certain breeds of cattle and sheep, such as the Shorthorn cattle and Leicester sheep was urged upon the attention of farmers, as enabling them to supply the market with the same quantity of meat at 30 per cent. less cost."

"Then general progress of agriculture in the United Kingdom was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the potato disease, in 1845-6, suddenly laying waste the produce of vast tracts

of country. In Ireland, especially, in many portions, the poor had little else to subsist upon but potatoes."

"To relieve the people and furnish them means of subsistence, immense sums were advanced by the government for the employment in relief works. Vast sums were squandered on works which could never be of any other value to the community than that of finding employment and wages for the starving people."

"On looking back on that time, and comparing it with the present, there was great depression then, but more hope than at present. Wheat is now (1890) much lower in price than it has been for one hundred years."

"An unusual lustre was thrown on the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1851, when men from all quarters pushed towards Happy England to the International Exhibition, and saw the proud position we held among the nations."

"The sleek and contented Shorthorn, the more sprightly Hereford, the handsome Devon, had a placidity and easy, well-fed satisfaction about them which must have puzzled a Hungarian, accustomed to his vast droves of white, lean cattle, roaming over the parched plains of Teiss, and astonished the German stock-master, familiar with scraggy-looking, fine-wooled sheep."

"Since 1851 there has been little advancement, except that the best farming has become more universal. Earlier maturity in perfecting cattle and sheep for the market, by good feeding from their birth, added probably a fourth to the weight of home-grown meat during the period of good prices. There are two capitals employed in British agriculture—that of the land-owner and that of the farmer. The first is the more permanent and the capitalist is content with three per cent. The second, invested in live stock and crops, is more risky and fluctuating, and requires ten per cent. for management and risk of capital. The British landlord is the nominal owner of five-sixths of the joint capital embarked in agriculture."

"After 1874 agricultural prosperity began to wane, through an unprecedented series of bad seasons. In eight seasons, ending in 1882, there were only two good crops, and that of 1879 was the worst of the century. This stimulated to an extraordinary degree the extension of wheat-growing in the United States of America. They had productive years when the crops were deficient here. In a single year they increased their wheat average by an extent equal to our total growth. In the twenty years, from 1860 to 1880, their production of wheat rose from twenty to sixty million quarters. The cost of transport fell from two-pence per ton per mile to a farthing. The distance from which it could be conveyed was thus increased eight fold. As a ton of meat is six times the value of a ton of corn, and as these are yielded by the land in about that proportion, the produce of six acres of land, in the form of meat, can be transported as cheaply, so far as weight is concerned, as that of an acre of corn."

"Bad seasons and low prices, added to the losses of live stock, had reduced the capital of the farmers in this country by 30 to 50 per cent. when the collapse of prices, beginning in 1875, fell

upon them. The poor clay lands are going out of cultivation. Large reductions of rent have been made, and the price of land has fallen greatly. At no period of the existence of the Royal Agricultural Society has there been such depression in the interests of agriculture as now prevails. On the other hand, never has there been a time in which every article of food has been so plentiful and cheap. The use of meat as food has increased materially, and the foreign supply comes largely from the United States. By the refrigerator process more than a million carcasses of sheep are already yearly brought to us from New Zealand and laid down in excellent condition in London, at a low rate and yet with a profit to the producer."

"This has caused a marked decline in the sheep stocks of Western Europe, with no probability of much increase in North Austria, owing to the costly keep indoors during the severity of the winter climate."

"The agricultural experiments of Sir John Bennett Lawes, which have been continued for upwards of 40 years, have clothed 'Practice' with 'Science,' in very many points on which the British farmer was groping for knowledge."

"The experience of the past 30 years shows that the net produce of grass may be increased, and even trebled, by the continuous use of special manures. Two-thirds of the cultivated land in this country is in grass. The grass experiments show that by giving food to the plants, the strongest and best varieties appropriate what they most need, and by the law of the strongest put the weaker down. In the best plots the weeds almost disappear, while on one plot, to which no manure is applied, the weeds form 50 per cent of the produce."

"By careful selection, and more recently by hybridization, improved varieties of wheat, barley, and oats have been introduced with much success; and the same with potatoes, mangel, and other vegetable crops. The improvement in sheep and cattle is even more conspicuous."

The most certain gain in farm implements has been in the introduction of the reaping and mowing machine. This was originally the invention of a Scotch clergyman, and for many years neglected, but in 1834 improved and perfected by Mr. McCormick, in the United States, where the annual sale in 1884 had reached 50,000.

"The steam cultivator has been much improved, but is only mainly used to enable at certain times the farmer to overtake the preparation of lands after bad weather."

"At the last show of the Society, 7,000 implements and machines were exhibited."

"Within recent years the system of storing, in silos or stacks, green grass or fodder of any kind has been successfully introduced. In wet seasons this practice is found very convenient."

"There are good signs of returning activity in trade, and with a population increasing at the rate of nearly a thousand a day, there must be a growing increase in the consumption of bread and meat. Bread was never more plentiful and cheap, and any return to the prices that ruled 20 years ago can neither be expected nor hoped for. In the last 10 years the growth of wheat in this country has declined fully 30 per cent."

"The dairy and market-garden system, fresh milk and butter, veal and lamb, beef and mutton of first quality and early maturity, vegetables and hay and straw, are every year enlarging their circle around the seats of increasing populations. These are the articles which can least bear distant transport, and are therefore likely longest to withstand the influence of foreign competition. The refusal to admit live cattle or sheep from any foreign country where cattle disease is known to exist, has proved of the utmost value as a sanitary precaution."

"Fifty years ago the agricultural laborers rarely could afford to eat animal food more than once a week. Of late years some have had it every day, and as the condition of the rest of the people has improved in a greater degree, the increased consumption of food in this country has been prodigious."

"British agriculture is now undergoing the most severe trial to which it has yet been exposed. In 1851, when concluding the inquiry made by me in that and the previous years into the state of agriculture in the English counties, I referred to education, in its widest sense, as the most powerful aid in its further progress. Knowledge—of their business and true interests by the landlord and the tenant and of the best mode of promoting his own welfare by the laborer—was then the first requisite towards an improvement of their condition."

"The depression in agriculture is felt among the tradesmen, whose business is dependent on the spending power of the country squires and farmers."

"These islands are, indeed, becoming every ten years less agricultural and more pastoral. British agriculture on the good land should be able to hold its own. But the poor clay soils, which are expensive to cultivate and small in yield, and the poorer sorts of every kind, will be gradually laid to grass or be planted for timber. The climate is admirably adapted for grazing."

W. J. BEAL.

Commercialism, is Taught Too Much in our Public Schools.

Last winter Mr. Henry L. Clapp, a well known Boston teacher, read a paper before the Massachusetts horticultural society on the educational question and we reprint the following extracts from our full report published at that time as peculiarly to the point in this issue of the *New England Farmer*:

"Our common schools have been organized for turning out non-producers. If a farmer's boy was proficient in arithmetic that fact was not considered as likely to make him a better farmer, but rather that he was destined for a higher sphere (?) of action. The connection of education with farming has been obscure, the work of the common school has been rather in the line of the store or the office—something above (?) a farmer. In fact getting an education has come to be synonymous with getting away from the farm. As a result there is an overwhelming surplus of non-producers and men living by their wits. Thousands are crowding into our cities only to get starvation wages. Hard working parents have made every effort to establish their children in a petty gentility. Our civilization will take low ground as long as education fosters rather than

seeks to obliterate the love of money or the getting of money without earning it. Even our text books encourage these unfortunate conditions. The gist of arithmetic is profit and loss, and the writing "copies" are largely commercial form. Industrial ideas should be taught instead of mere book-keeping and interest. European schools, are managed better. The principles of trade, mechanics and agriculture all come in for a fair share of school time. Our schools should inculcate the dignity of manual labor, and teach the value of property; the introduction of horticulture into the common schools will do much to counteract the baneful influence of the present excess of commercialism. The school garden should be a place for observation and experiment. Budding, grafting, various ways of propagating, cross-fertilization, and conditions favorable to plant growth could be taught by seeing and doing. Drawing can be taught from natural specimens, flowers, trees, etc., teaching the pupils to see as never before. Their essays should be descriptions of wild flowers, etc., serving the legitimate purpose of the school work and continually suggesting nature."

The above has been one of our belated but not too late contributions. In 1883 we wrote an article for the *Michigan Farmer* entitled "Agriculture in the Common Schools," which is printed in the Board of Agriculture's report for that year, in which we said: "If the boy stands at the blackboard and illustrates continually practical problems in insurance or banking or brokerage, the wonder should not be why he should develop an early liking for trade and become dissatisfied with farm life, but why so many become farmers." And farther: "If at school, boys should be set to whittling out jumping jacks, wood carvers would be more plenty. So with every other business. What the child practices he is likely to get a predilection for, that will incline him toward it when he comes to manhood."

Industrial education is now becoming more popular than formerly. The exhibition from the Agricultural College at the Exposition in Detroit last fall, showing specimens of the boys' work in the Mechanical Department, has drawn several students to the College who desire to mix practice with precept in their school days. The idea of placing the boy in our graded schools to be run through the machine in order to turn out finished products all alike is fallacious. They don't grind even. Some will take on polish, while others need the rustic style of finish—No two alike.

An order comes from Bro. W. S. Chown, Master of Minnesota State Grange, for 100 supplements containing Judge Ramsdell's two papers. He says: "They voice my views on the question of finance better than any article I have yet seen emanating from a Grange source."

The Farmer and the Miller.

Read before Van Buren County Farmers' Institute by A. C. G.

The topic assigned me by your committee might be treated in a variety of ways, but I shall confine myself to the act of going to mill for the one party and grinding the grist for the other.

Going to mill has been the prerogative and the duty of the farmer ever since the time when the stone in one end of the bag counterbalanced the grist in the other. The pioneer can usually make a very interesting story of what happened to him while going twenty miles to mill, but our story begins about the time we leave the mill, or, possibly, on our arrival home and after the grist is weighed again.

There are no traditions handed down to us of serious trouble between the farmer and the miller. Indeed, the miller's dusty coat was, in that far-away time, considered the synonym for honesty. But those days are long past, and those millers pretty nearly all dead. There must have been a race of millers in the long-ago, however, very nearly the counterpart of ours; else laws regulating the fair amount of toll they should receive would never have been enacted. The courts have decided that those who hold them selves out to the community as millers, grinding for the public generally, are held to a similar impartiality as that required of common carriers, inn-keepers and those following other public avocations. It compels them to receive grain of all kinds, when the mill is running, and to grind it in the order received. The owners of a mill are liable to damages for refusal to grind, whether the refusal comes from the proprietor or his agent. He cannot refuse to grind the farmer's wheat, if he grinds his corn or other grain, and is clearly bound to give nine-tenths in bolted product of wheat, or eleven-twelfths if unbolted. The law of course assumes that the grain shall be well cleaned and pure.

With the improvements in mill machinery which come from the desire to get all the flour from the grain, and to grade it according to its quality, has come the custom of giving a less number of pounds of product for grinding a bushel.

The plea in extenuation of the custom is, that more machinery is necessary, and that the grain goes through a great many processes—is elevated several times, so that the objector's grumbling is usually silenced by the elevated tone of the miller's argument.

This new schedule of toll rates which the millers are pleased to set up as the standard for sound wheat, is 38 lbs. of flour, 10 lbs. of bran, and 2 lbs. of middlings. This is discounted at a variable rate, according to the cleanness of the wheat or the cupidity of the miller. If the rental of the mill property has been advanced, the rate for grinding is increased in proportion. This miller's regulation for toll, mentioned above, takes 4 lbs. out of every bushel more than the law says he may take, and increases his duty to one-sixth, instead of one-tenth, as the law provides. This is a profit of 16½ per cent on every bushel of wheat that is delivered to the mill from the hands of the farmers to be ground for family use. This is the deal the miller falls back on when he is watched and made to weigh, as the law requires him to do, when Tom desires it, but does not take into the account Dick and Harry's grist, who have no scales at home. It is safe to say that 20 per cent of the grain that goes to the average mill of to-day stays there in the form of flour and feed.

The last report of the cost of a bushel of wheat furnished by the Department of State is 64 cents. This is the average for the state, and includes its delivery at the mill or market. Twenty per cent on this cost brings the wheat to 73 cents, which is about the market price at this date. This includes a year's work and all the risks attending its production.

We will suppose a 100 barrel mill to be run at its full capacity, on grain furnished by the farmer, for one day. This will require, at the old standard, 450 bushels of wheat. And suppose further, that the best rate the millers will

allow is given for grists, which is 16½ per cent. The miller's earnings for the day are 75 bushels of wheat, instead of 45, which the law says is a fair profit.

But let us look a little further into this modern milling business. The product of a bushel of wheat, in a roller process mill, is 47 lbs. of flour, 9 lbs. of bran and 3 lbs. of middlings, or 59 lbs. of marketable product—the odd pound going off in screenings, dust and evaporation. Of this 47 lbs. of flour, 20 per cent will be patent and sell for 50 cents per 100, or a dollar a barrel more than staple flour. There is also 3 per cent of this product of a bushel of wheat that is called low grade, and sells for a dollar per barrel less than staple flour. In other words, from an output of 100 barrels, 77 will be staple and sell for \$4 per barrel; 20 barrels of patent will sell for \$5 per barrel, and 3 barrels of low grade will sell for \$3 per barrel, or a total of \$415 from 425½ bushels of wheat, with 5200 lbs. of offal, worth \$12 per ton, or \$31.20—a total valuation of \$446 for 425½ bushels of wheat, or \$1.04½ per bushel—a profit on the cost price of to-day of more than 43 per cent.

This is on the basis of wheat at 73 cents, that will yield 47 lbs. of flour—and an average sound wheat will do that—and also that the flour can be sold at \$2 per 100 lbs. or \$4 per bbl.

The miller who purchases a modern mill, with modern appliances, and runs in debt for half of it, feels sorely aggrieved if he cannot pay for it from the profits in from three to five years. A ten-years' credit would be considered as reflecting upon his business ability—or the elasticity of his conscience.

The farmer who purchases a farm and runs in debt for half of it must be a special recipient of Divine favor if he pays his debt in ten years.

Here are two classes of men, equally interested in the crops of grain, both looking for their profits to come directly or indirectly from those staples, and it would seem that their per cent of profit should be more uniform, or share-and-share alike. The law, indeed, has said what is a fair value for the miller's share for his labor in grinding the grain into flour, thus leaving nine-tenths of the product, between the sowing and the reaping, in the hands of the farmer. But the miller ignores this equitable division, and reaches his hand over into the farmer's sack and takes another measure full, to enable him to pay his debt in three years—compelling the farmer to leave his debts as his children's inheritance.

This reaching of hands over into farmers' sacks is a kind of mania as universal as la grippe, and the grasp is quite as rigid as our English rendering of the term would imply. Science has softened the language into kleptomaniac, but the more common rendering is "stealing." The miller calls it "business," and his successful ventures in such "business" has developed an effrontery which is amazing when he is confronted at his mill with an act of s— "kleptomaniac."

With the other fellows who reach their hands into the farmers' sacks of grain, I have nothing at present to do. They, more fortunate than the miller, are farther away, and, like Briareus, are many-handed, and dip a little out of each sack, and thus escape the punishment they deserve.

Farming as a Profession.

Read before Grand Traverse Grange by Ray Steele.

Too little attention has been paid to the fact that agriculture is a profession, requiring as much skill and preparation to secure the best results as civil engineering or the professions of law or medicine. It has been supposed that "anybody could become a farmer."

An impression has prevailed that the cultivation of the soil is degrading, and that it affords no chance for an ambitious young man to gain an honorable position among his fellows. And yet it is true that this profession is made up from a larger percentage of educated men, and thus better prepared for their work, than almost any other calling. Many

farmers all over the country are calling for bright young men, well equipped mentally, morally and physically—young men who have a love for life in the open air and a keen interest in nature.

Not many years have passed since it was a fashion all too common to sneer at the so-called scientific or fancy farming. The idea of a man paying anywhere near as much attention to his farm as was given to any other profession was regarded as a folly. Artificial fertilizers were nowhere. Barnyard manure, and that, too, after it had been exposed to the storms and drained out, was used alike for every purpose, and was applied, if the farmer was not too lazy to apply it, no matter what the crop to be raised. But this sort of farming is rapidly changing. The sensible farmer now takes as good care of the manure as of the stock that made it. He buys fertilizers now adapted to his crop, and as to the drainage and cultivation of the soil, he pays as much attention to every detail as the cotton and woolen manufacturer does to the details of his business. And in no other way can he expect remunerative results.

In no other enterprise is study more needed than in successful farming. By this is meant not just the mere possession of mental equipment, but a brain trained by experience. Wake up! and find out what is going on and see what method is best for the care of your farm and stock.

The general class of so-called farmers are shut in by their own small domain, and so remain unaware of the many improvements which the world is making. That this is true is a pity, but it need not be true. In no other branch of industry has greater advancement been made, both in methods and resources, and the dawn of a brighter day is already to be seen.

The Grange is the one power which is to move the masses upwards and onwards. Losing its first distinctive purpose, it has become possessed of a much more vital and energizing one—the diffusion of intelligence and the cultivation of social interests.

Everybody knows more than any one body, and concerted action can not fail to bring good results. The farmers' horizon has been too limited. A great many only know about their own few acres and those of their immediate neighbors.

Brains will raise farming from the low plane it now occupies and place it where it belongs—in the foremost rank of honorable and dignified occupations. Good honest, steady, hard work, with both brains and muscle, makes the foundation on which stands the building of success.

No other calling affords more advantages and comforts than does farming. As a rule farmers are the longest lived of all the laboring classes, and if they live up to their privileges they might live far happier and longer than many of them do.

The farmer has a variety of employments. He has not, like the shoemaker or the blacksmith, to exercise one set of muscles constantly. The care of the farm, too, calls for the exercise of the vigorous exercise of the mind and, as I have before remarked, the farmer who puts the most study into his work is the most successful, and, as George Washington has stated it, "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful and most noble employment of man."

Points in Feeding and Watering Animals.

The watering and feeding of animals is important from a hygienic standpoint, says the *Colonist*. It is especially so where horses are concerned, since the care of these animals is more artificial than that of any other farm stock. One of the cast-iron rules with stablemen is to water twice a day. The rule will not work especial harm if applied to horses of every day work which leave the stable in the morning and return at night. Water, of course, is supposed to be given at intervals through the day, and especially at the noonday meal. The time of watering is important. Water should be given be-

fore and never after feeding, so far as full draughts are concerned. When a thirsty horse is given what water he will drink immediately after feeding much of the food is carried undigested far into the bowels, causing many disorders, as colic, for instance. If the horse is watered before being fed the water passes out of the stomach, is taken up by the absorbents, and distributed throughout the system just where it is needed. If the horse seems thirsty after eating, two or three quarts of water may be given and will do no harm. The disposition of the horse as to eating should be looked to. If inclined to bolt his food without proper chewing, his teeth should be examined, and unsound teeth, if any, should be removed, and perhaps ground feed and chopped hay substituted for whole grain. This also should be the rule with greedy horses that bolt their food without grinding. If, however, a horse eats rather slowly and properly grinds his food, it is better that the grain and hay be fed in the natural state. If a horse is to do hard work during the day, ground food is preferable for the morning meal. It is digested more rapidly than when the grain is fed whole. Another mistake too often made is to rush a horse into exhaustive work as soon as he has swallowed his meal. Nothing could be more destructive to health. At least an hour should intervene after feeding before a horse is driven hard or pulled exhaustively. The giving of water is not less important than feeding. During a journey, and especially in hot weather, the team should be allowed to drink at every opportunity, if they will. But at no time should they be allowed to fill themselves with water. Four quarts is enough at any time, unless a long distance has been driven; then four quarts is enough for the first draught. At the end of 20 minutes each horse should be allowed a pailful if he will drink it. Generally he will not do so, but if allowed he may take two or three pailfuls at the first draught, and always to his damage. The stomach of the horse will contain only from 12 to 16 quarts. A pailful of water will fill the stomach of an ordinary horse. Water does not remain in the stomach, it passes into the large intestine (*cæcum*), and thence to the bowels, being taken up along the passage by the absorbents. If large quantities of water are given, the horse sweats or stales profusely, and the system is depleted. The hints here given, if carefully considered and acted on, will save many veterinary fees, and in sparsely settled districts will save much unnecessary disability and even the death of this the most valuable servant of man. Colic, indigestion, and other complications arising from improper watering and feeding kill more horses than all other causes combined.

The Book Agent.

The book agent is abroad in the land; he has been abroad for some time and is probably "to be continued." That I am not an agent at the present time is not for lack of opportunity. I have been fairly deluged with circulars from publishing houses, each and all promising easy work and large pay to all who would undertake to sell their books. These circulars were quite useful to me in kindling fires, thus saving the trouble of whittling shavings.

They do certainly offer very large commissions to agents, and if you only sell books enough you can get rich very rapidly. However, I never could muster up the "gall" to ask a man three dollars for a two dollar book, so these tempting offers meet with the aforesaid reception. These subscription books are usually good works and gotten up in attractive style, the only fault I find with them being the price. When I have a few dollars to invest in books I know I can invest them to a great deal better advantage than in buying a high-priced book of an agent. The agent's commission is usually 40 per cent., and when you buy a \$5 book of an agent, you may reckon that you pay \$3 for the book and \$2 to the agent for selling it. Five dollars invested in

books at the right place will purchase a large amount of reading matter of standard works, either of fiction or something more solid. For example: Not long ago I bought a set of Irving's *Life of Washington*, in four large volumes, large type, excellent paper, well illustrated and well bound in cloth. The cost of the set was \$2.50, and I would rather have it than any \$5 subscription book. Of course it is not a new publication, but it is new to me and will doubtless do me as much good as any of the numerous Stanley books with which the country is being flooded.

There are people who can afford to buy any book they happen to take a fancy to; but for us who have but a small amount to spend for books, it is necessary to make this amount go as far as possible.

The book agent may have his uses. Doubtless through his influence some buy books who otherwise never would buy at all. But as for me, when the book agent comes around, I will, if I have time, look at the pictures, listen to the little piece he prattles off, and then tell him I can invest my money in books elsewhere to better advantage to myself if not to him.

COUSIN HUBERT.

Farm Studies.

There are many good farmers who read but little, but every good farmer is a student. He investigates the same problems that are discussed in the best agricultural literature. He sometimes professes to despise science, but he is himself pursuing the same inquiries which, in a more exact and careful way, are prosecuted by the chemists and botanists at the experiment stations. So far as he is successful, he is a man of science. He may profess to scout at theory, but he has a theory of his own for every process and practice on his farm. For such a farmer thinks before he acts. He reasons from his experiences, interprets the results of former labors, and makes his conclusion the basis of his practice. That conclusion is a theory. It differs from a scientific theory in that it is based on fewer and more imperfect data. All theory is confessedly imperfect, because we never can know all the facts in the case, and if we did our judgment is fallible. Scientific theory is an approach to truth—a much nearer approach than that of the successful farmer. But none the less that farmer is successful because he is a theorist.—*Phil. Press*

No Such Place.

Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some quiet spot where wives clean house no more; some lone, sequestered dale, some island, ocean-girt, where life is not one ceaseless war with cobwebs and with dirt; where only nature's carpet spreads beneath their tired feet, and wretched men are ne'er compelled its emerald folds to beat? The lake breeze fanned my heated face and said: "Beat on! There's no such place."—*Western Plowman*.

A series of striking memoranda on the life of Lincoln will be printed in the *June Century*, accompanied by a full-page illustration, showing the exact appearance of the stage and proscenium, boxes at Ford's theater as they appeared on the night of the assassination.

The secretary of the treasury has issued an order prohibiting the sale of liquor in the barge office, New York City. This action was in response to petitions from various organizations, representing that the sale of liquor there is demoralizing to newly-arrived immigrants. Moral: If you want anything, *petition for it*.

"If a person were asked what events had produced the greatest influence upon agriculture in Great Britain during the last half-century, he would, undoubtedly, say, 'the establishment of the Royal Agricultural Society of England and the publication of Baron Liebig's work upon agricultural chemistry.'"—SIR J. B. LAWES, in *Jour. Roy. Ag'l Society* for March.

PATRON'S PAINT WORKS.
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INGERSOLL'S LIQUID RUBBER PAINT.
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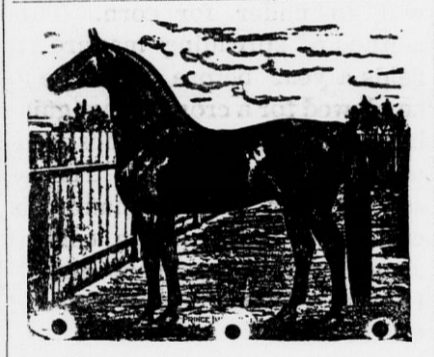
Booming Batavia Grange.
 One week elapsed, and we were again at Grange Hall. Mrs. Bowers came in early, hoping to find me there. I had called her attention to Howard Freeman as one of the parties whom I wished to talk to her about, and she had already associated with him, in her mind, the once beautiful and proud Miss Betsey Dumond.
 Madame Rumor had often coquetted with their names in years gone by, and Mrs. Bowers recalled the fact at once. Miss Dumond was once the daughter of a wealthy and idolizing father. She, with a younger brother, were the only children of farmer Dumond. She was courted by society and reigned without a superior. Howard Freeman was no less a ruler in society; manly in form, proud, dignified, independent. When Howard Freeman began to pay his attention to Miss Dumond, all the beaux in society gave undisputed sway to Howard Freeman.
 Every year was now leaving the prints of age on the once beautiful Betsey and the dignified Howard. The self-reliant manner of Howard had given way to timidity, and a subdued expression of countenance was the peculiar characteristic of Miss Betsey.
 Mrs. Bowers sought me out early in the evening, and said: "Now we will continue our conversation. I have already made up my mind whom you are going to talk to me about, in connection with Howard Freeman. I will remember the stories which were in circulation about him and Miss Dumond, but I never knew the facts about their trouble, and I have always believed that you knew more than you were willing to tell, as you were very intimate with her at the time."
 "Yes," I replied. "I know more about them than I care to. I am under no pledge of secrecy, but of course they expect me to be very careful and not abuse their confidence, and it is only with the hope that we can bring them together that I now undertake to tell you of their trouble. Miss Betsey and I were schoolmates; we sat in the same seat, studied the same books and confided to each other our secrets. Shortly after my marriage with Mr. Brown, Howard began to pay his attention to Miss Betsey, and as both were very warm friends of ours, we watched them with a great deal of interest. After a time Howard ceased his attentions, for what reason, nobody knew. We were surprised, and various were the opinions expressed, throughout the neighborhood, with regard to the cause. About six months after Howard ceased his attentions, Miss Betsey came to my house one morning, and her face was a blaze of excitement. "What can be the matter, Betsey?" said I, as I began to share her excitement. "Here is a letter from Howard Freeman," said she, "and he accuses me of writing him an impudent letter." I took the letter, looked it over—read it over. It was certainly from Howard Freeman. There was his full name, in his well known hand-writing. He did not accuse her of writing a disrespectful letter, but wrote as though it was an assured fact. He had evidently been deceived. Somebody had played off a joke on him which he could not comprehend. It was plain that he was honestly deceived. He demanded an explanation—an interview. I looked into Betsey's face. Her deep feeling of emotion, almost amounting to anger, could not be concealed. Her beautiful features, lit up with excitement, were really enchanting; yet, I pitied her. Her feeling of contempt for Howard Freeman was not without cause; but, now, would she descend into the pitfall set by some evil genius to entrap her. Betsey was envied by all the belles of society, and some of them had planned her downfall. After composing myself, as well as I could, I said: "Howard has

been deceived; he demands an interview; you will grant it, of course."
 "Never!" she replied. "Not six months ago he was on his knees, begging for my hand; he did not ask for it, he begged for it. I feared to refuse him, lest I should drive him mad. He was ready to submit to any conditions, if they would result in our marriage finally. At our last interview he said he would be the happiest man in the world if he could be assured that ten years' waiting would secure me for his bride. And now, in this short space of time, he has the impudence to accuse me of writing him a disrespectful letter."
 "I could not help feeling that Betsey was right. She had just cause for her resentment. It was silly in Howard Freeman to suspect Betsey, even when he had the proof before him. He had shown a short-sightedness which I did not expect of him; but I felt alarmed for Betsey's safety, not for Howard's. I feared that she would attempt to disgrace him in the eyes of society, and I knew there could be but one result. Howard had many strong points in his character, and people had full confidence; and, although, he had shown a great weakness in writing to Betsey, that weakness would be overlooked and laughed off as a joke, while Betsey would rest under the terrible accusation of having tried to disgrace him. I again said to her, "I would grant him an interview. You had respect enough once for him, as you assure me, to listen to his declaration of love, and now you ought to undeceive him with regard to this matter. As to his persistence in seeking your hand, I consider that as nothing against him. When a man is really in love he holds on to the last, and that is a characteristic which I should expect of Howard Freeman. You can see by his letter that he considers it strictly private. He does not dream of publicity, and he would be the most miserable man in the world if he knew that I now hold his letter in my hand." I felt alarmed for Betsey, for I saw, in her every movement, that Howard Freeman must suffer for his impudence."
 "Howard Freeman has had his last interview with me," she replied. "I shall not trouble myself to show this letter to people, it will gradually come before the public that Howard Freeman has written me a disgraceful letter; then will he feel my resentment, then will he feel the punishment he so justly deserves."
 "Betsey's enemy had done her work. Her character was now to be torn to pieces by a merciless public. She had quarreled with Howard Freeman. Saucy and disrespectful letters had passed between them. What more could the public need to torture their misunderstanding into a thousand inconsistencies. I was an unwilling listener to the scandalous reports and stories which followed, and Betsey, for a long time, remained in ignorance of them. I vainly hoped that the storm might blow over without Betsey's having a knowledge that it ever existed. My interviews with her were frequent. Our conversation was usually on general topics, occasionally referring to Mr. Freeman. I endeavored to look unconcerned, but as I looked into Betsey's honest face I felt a sickening horror at the stories circulating about her and Mr. Freeman."
 "One day, as we were pleasantly enjoying an afternoon visit, a friend, Mrs. Courtland, who lives about ten miles away, called to see her. After the usual greetings and compliments, she said to Miss Betsey: "I hear some queer stories about you and Mr. Freeman. I have been wondering if they could be true."
 "They are true," said Betsey, "every one of them. Mr. Freeman has shown himself to be anything but a gentleman."
 "But, Betsey," said Mrs. Court-

land, "what can be your object in prosecuting him? Why not let him go, and be glad he is gone?"
 "Prosecuting who?" exclaimed Betsey, in amazement.
 "Why, Mr. Freeman. It is reported out our way that he deserted you almost on the eve of marriage, and is now about to marry another woman, and that you are going to prosecute him for breach of promise."
 "Betsey was completely broken down. Her grief gave way in a flood of tears, and when I assured her that ridiculous stories about her and Mr. Freeman were in circulation, she assumed an expression of countenance that has characterized her to this day. Her proud spirit was broken, and she has been in society but very little since. Betsey had been petted and flattered all her life, and had rested comparatively secure behind that strong defense—a cheerful and happy home, and had yet to learn that people who claim respectability encourage scandalous reports by listening to them, or passing them by with a careless or trite remark. Betsey's life was poisoned. She saw, for the first time, the fathomless ocean of scandal spread out before her. She felt its waves beat hard against her, and she was as powerless to resist them as he who would stand on the sea shore and beat back the approaching tide. Her unseen and unknown enemy, inspired by the evil spirit of the Prince of Darkness, had driven her dart deep into Betsey's soul. Her enemy has not revealed herself to this day, but is doubtless rejoicing over Betsey's discomfiture."
 "Does Mr. Freeman know, now, that Betsey never wrote that letter?" asked Mrs. Bowers.
 "Yes, he knows it. I took on myself the responsibility of telling him. I felt as though I was putting myself forward, but I was determined he should know it. I well remember the shame and confusion pictured on his countenance at my recital of the facts. No word has ever passed between us since about the affair, but the expression of countenance which he assumes, when meeting me, tells me very plainly that he considers me as one of his truest friends."
 "But what do you think about Betsey and Howard now," continued Mrs. Bowers.
 "I have no well-defined opinion of Betsey, but I believe that Howard has the greatest respect for her. He does not enjoy her presence; I can see that very plainly. If he happens to meet her, accidentally, he will find some excuse for getting away."
 "Now," continued Mrs. Bowers, "I will leave the matter with you. You see Betsey, have a conversation with her, decide on some course to pursue, and I will be ready to act on the shortest notice."
 O. A. V.
 [TO BE CONTINUED.]
 Richly Entitled To It.
 "John, I think I should like to visit my old home in the East a month or two this summer."
 "I don't know, Maria; I don't think I can spare the time from my business."
 "I'm not asking you to go, John; I can make the trip myself without any trouble."
 "You would get homesick if you were to stay away from home as long as that."
 "I think not. I should like to try it, anyhow."
 (Irritably) "What's the matter with you, Maria? Haven't I been a good husband to you?"
 "I am not making any complaint about you, John, am I?"
 "Ain't I affectionate enough? Haven't I always kissed you when I went away from home in the morning and when I came back in the evening, every day for the last twenty-five years?"
 "Yes, and you've had a big quid of tobacco in your mouth every morning and evening for the last twenty-five years, too. I think I want a vacation, John."
 —Chicago Tribune.

Physical Culture.
 "Suppose every school-girl in America could be daily practiced in few a simple exercises, calling for no costly, intricate or dangerous apparatus, taking but little time, yet expanding her lungs, invigorating her circulation, strengthening her digestion, giving every muscle and joint of her body vigorous play, and so keeping her toned up, and strong enough to be from much danger either of incurring serious disease or any of the lighter ailments so common among us, her usefulness, no matter where her lot is to be cast, would be increased, and her happiness would be greatly enhanced through all her life as well."
 WM. BLAIRIE.
 Few things are more injurious to boys and persons of unformed constitutions than tobacco.

A New Method of Treating Disease
HOSPITAL REMEDIES.
 What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of diseases. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on, till these incomparable cures now include disease of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.
 This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, has ruined more stomachs than alcohol. A circular describing these new remedies is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors.



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 Our sales this year have been satisfactory, and we still have for sale thirty or more registered serviceable stallions, with fine style and action, that could make their owners large and sure profits in any county in Southern Michigan. The demand increases each year for horses that are sound, having the size, style, color, endurance and action of the Cleveland Bays. Our farmers have been breeding trotting and heavy horses to the neglect of fine Coach and General Purpose Horses, until the latter are scarce and command good prices. No other breed promises so sure profit. They cross well with any breed and stamp their characteristics upon every colt. From one stallion we got 68 bay colts in one year and every one sound.
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 More kinds and sizes of Mills and Evaporators, for Sorghum and Sugar Cane, are made by **The Blymyer Iron Works Co.**, of Cincinnati, O., than by any other works in the world. They are the sole makers of the *Victor*, *Great Western* and *Niles* Mills, the *Genuine Cook* Evaporator, and the *Automatic Cook* Evaporator. Send for Catalogue, Prices, and The Sorghum Hand Book for 1890.

Consumption Surely Cured.
 To THE EDITOR:— Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use, thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
 T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St. New York.

Glubbing List with The Visitor.

Weekly Free Press	Both Papers
Detroit Weekly Tribune	\$1.00
Cosmopolitan Magazine	1.25
St. Louis	2.40
Demorest's	1.35
Michigan Farmer	2.00
Farm Journal	1.35
Farm and Garden	.70
Christian Herald	.50
	1.50

Binder Twine.
 We beg to draw your attention to our **Russian and India Hemp Binder Twines**, which we consider the best and cheapest goods in the market, the Russian having a breaking strain of from ninety (90) to one hundred and twenty (120) lbs. and a length of five hundred and twenty-five (525) feet to one (1) lb.; the India breaks at seventy (70) lbs. and runs five hundred (500) feet to one (1) pound.
 Many of our friends were, last season, afraid to risk buying or using what was to them an unknown article, and for their benefit we will gladly mail, on application, circular containing a few of the many testimonials sent and entirely without solicitation on our part. These we value more particularly from the fact of their being the result of actual experience with our twine on the field.
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 The Northern Pacific is the shortest trans-continental route from St. Paul and Chicago to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Spokane Falls, Walla Walla, Dayton and Portland, and the only one whose through trains reach any portion of the new state of Washington. Land seekers purchasing Pacific Coast second class tickets via St. Paul and the Northern Pacific have choice from that point of free Colonist Sleeping Cars or Pullman's Tourist Furnished Sleepers at charges as low as the lowest.
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 For Mays, Pamphlets Rates and Spoken enquire of your nearest Ticket Agent, any District Passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad; or CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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WALKS AND TALKS.

A Day with State Lecturer Jason Woodman.

Every progressive farmer has some undetermined problem in process of solution, and, if he has been long experimenting on his farm, has come upon some facts that settle the question for him. These open questions, and the solved problems, are especially interesting to him and he delights in nothing more than to trail some congenial spirit after him through these tangles of theory and practice and to illustrate from the appearance of the growing crops, a fact or a fallacy.

A few hours were thus spent on the 22d of May last, on the farm of Jason Woodman. He was just finishing up planting 30 acres of corn. So that a busy man could feel free to swap theories and compare practices for a half day strolling over the fields. Mr. W. uses a check row planter, running a spring tooth harrow, with three horses, ahead of the planter to liven up the soil.

He has been practicing the new plan of sowing oats on sod and following with wheat. One-half of a 30 acre field was in wheat on a clover sod, and the other half was in oats, sown this spring, the whole field to be followed with wheat and seeded again; The wheat on the clover sod has a rank, vigorous growth seldom equalled at this season. The test in this field is to determine which is best for two crops to succeed each other—wheat to follow wheat or to follow oats. In an adjoining field of 25 acres is a crop of wheat after oats.

It is fair to say that this field is one of the unfortunate ones every farmer has, that has failed to secure a stand of clover for a series of years. The wheat is not as vigorous as over the fence on the clover sod, but the show for timothy and clover is now excellent, and the wheat bids fair for a 16 to 20 bushel yield. The unusual feature of this field is the stand of oats not killed by winter freezing. The question of separating the grain with the thresher or the fanning mill is unsettled, with leanings toward the fanning mill, as many of the oats would probably be blown into the straw and carried to the stack if an attempt were made to separate them at threshing time. We were shown a field on a lighter portion of the farm, in corn last year, which was sown to winter rye and timothy and alsike in the fall, and to red clover this spring. Sheep, colts, cattle and hogs had run in this field until a week ago, since early in

the spring, and yet the grass seed was all there growing vigorously. The show for a crop of rye was more in prophecy than in appearance, but if only enough is secured to pay for the harvesting, the fall and spring pasture, which allowed the clover fields immunity for this period, is ample compensation for the seed and labor expended. The clover field adjoining, seeded with spring rye last year, would almost hide the 35 shotes wintered over. Here the stock turned off the rye was luxuriating in a growth impossible for them to keep down during the summer. This field will be sown to oats next year to be followed by wheat; further away still—half a mile from the buildings was the "ornery" field of the farm. Here scarcely any manure had been drawn. Fourteen acres were in wheat last year with a scattering "catch" of timothy and clover. There was a scramble for first place between sorrel and the grasses, with grass in the rear. But right here was the most interesting experiment going on. This field was the dumping ground for the manure as fast as made. About five acres were already covered, scattered as drawn, and already the green grasses had overtopped the sorrel, although the very poorest part of the field had been selected for this early application. Little timothy and clover plants that would have retired from the contest, were stimulated to a victorious combat with opposition by the March application of the manure. The whole field will be treated to manure in this way during spring and early summer, and left until next year, when it will go under for corn. This method of spreading manure on fields a year before they are to be plowed for a crop, is fast gaining popularity, as the most economical way of using it. The essence of our talk on manure is crystalized in the above conclusions, but the argument and illustrations would fill a page of the VISITOR.

Mr. W. is enthusiastic over alsike. It takes freely, sown in the fall and brushed in. If it is pulled out by spring freezes, it "catches on" again and grows. It should be sown with timothy and red clover to keep it up, as it has a tendency to spread out and lie flat. It makes excellent hay and hogs and sheep sort it out in the pasture in preference to red clover. It serves to thicken up the turf, and gives a better yield and flavor to the hay crop. The seed is smaller than red clover and two quarts to the acre makes a good stand. The price is \$6.00 per bushel, but a bushel will seed 16 acres, so that money will go as far with alsike as with June clover at \$3.00 per bushel.

Mr. Woodman has a good reputation in the State as a lecturer and the "natural flavor" of his talks comes from his contact with practical life, and is the more valuable from this fact. He talks as well in the dusty clothes of last year's lecture suit, as in the new patterns of this year's style, as any one will find who pays him a visit.

The Situation.

It is evident to the most casual observer that politicians, as a class, are discouraged—demoralized, as it were. "The best laid plans" that heretofore have, singularly enough, belied the common fate, now have the common element of doubt and disaster hanging over them. The supreme question of the hour is: What are the farmers going to do? There

have been intimations that have reached their ears to the effect that there has been more political scheming than effective work done at Washington, and that it would be a good plan to send a different class of men down there, who, for their business ability and attention to it, are worth to their constituents the \$5,000 per year. So, we hear that A. B. has concluded not to be a candidate for re-election; that C. D. has duties at home that require attention; E. F. has had enough of it, and so on through more than half the list. There is doubtless a grain of sincerity to these professions, but they are sent out as "feelers" rather than as conclusions, and their henchmen at home are intrusted with the duty of ascertaining what the chances are for another term. Wouldn't it be well to encourage these laudable aspirations for retirement to private life, and say "Well done!" You have cuffed up the opposition in great shape, and have voted consistently with the party demands on every great question. You have run down every official who had a position in his gift to get it bestowed upon the individual who wielded your muck rake in the agricultural communities, or carried the alabaster box in the villages. We are ready for a rest on this belligerent attitude, and the fellows who are waiting for some one in position to die or resign, we think ought to be making some provision for themselves and families outside of politics. We have concluded to reconstruct business in Congress on a different basis. We have had some men in training at home who understand what we want, and we calculate they will attend strictly to business until it is done, and then come home. They have never been fighters at home, and they would not go to Congress to exhibit their pugnacity nor their subserviency to a clique in their District. They might not be "up" in "the traditions of the party," but they would have all the more time to make tradition for the future, to which posterity could "point with pride." The men who "vote with the party" are common enough; what we want is men who feel that "one with the right is a majority," and who will stand for principle, though the heavens fall.

The situation in home affairs is also interesting, except to those who have "aspirations;" to these the beclouded sky is portentous of disaster. "My turn next!" is not likely to be a victorious slogan in the coming campaign. A new and a fresher element that cannot be "handled" will figure in affairs. These will have opinions of their own, which have not been cyphered out and set down on the slate, to be added to the other sums.

If farmers' organizations have any meaning, it is that less than 500,000 of them will have a representative in Congress, and it will take more than 213 lawyers to entitle one to a seat. Farmers will exchange the merit of voting "straight" for the privilege of selecting whom they will vote for.

A New Plant Wanted for Light Land.

We received a letter last week from an old friend who had located on the sandy land in the northern central part of the State, making inquiry as to what we know about cow peas to plow under for a fertilizer. He says: "I cannot get clover to stay. It catches and grows the first summer and comes out all right in the spring; but by July none

can be seen. I have watched it close and have come to the conclusion that cut worms eat it off; the ground seems to be alive with them. I hardly know what to think of the land here. After taking off two or three crops it seems to be used up. If I could find something I could grow to turn under I could have a nice farm. If you know of anything to help poor land, and will write me, I will be much obliged."

Yours,

HOWARD CITY, May 23, '90.

REPLY.

The trouble seems to be cut worms rather than failure to get clover to grow. The mature insect—the mother of cut worms—is a brown miller, plentiful in July and August, between boards, in cracks and under boxes and barrels when moved in the day time. They fly nights and deposit eggs near the ground on the stems of plants in a cluster. The earlier laid eggs hatch and the young worms go into the ground. Some of the eggs remain until spring and wait for warm weather and then hatch out, thus keeping the supply good for two or three weeks longer. The large worms we first see in spring change to the miller about the first of June, but the younger, ravenous ones sort out the tenderest plants and feed entirely upon them. Where the soil is almost free from vegetable matter, they feed entirely on the surface on foliage and grasses. The same trouble which our friend experienced wiped out the clover on the State Experimental farm at Grayling last year. The other side to this calamity is the fact that cut worms do not prove such a scourge every year. They are, like other noxious insects, periodical in their ravages. Our advice would be to abandon land where this scourge is an annual visitation. Before giving up such fair faced land, however, we should try keeping the ground entirely clean during July, August and early September, to provide no appropriate place for egg laying, then after frost, sow to winter rye and clover, mixed with one quarter timothy and perhaps a little alsike as an experiment. If the clover is winter-killed, sow again in spring and turn on cattle to tramp it down and compact the soil. Turn off the rye the last of May. If the clover remains, don't feed it down, but let it grow until mature; then cut the first crop for hay and let the aftergrowth stay and fall on the ground. Keep doing this as long as the clover pays for hay; then plow for corn, sow winter rye in the corn and seed in spring to clover. Get sheep and turn on the unimproved land and pasture it until there is a sod strong enough to become the foundation for a crop or two, then subdue and seed to clover as soon as fairly rotted and before the vegetable matter is all sucked up in growing crops, or burned out in the sun. Put all manure on the growing clover and not on worn out land. It is nearly all lost there by the descending rains. There are no living roots to trap it and hold it at the surface. Try field peas to grow for sheep feed in winter. Fence in your entire 200 acres, cut the brush and keep sheep enough to kill the sprouts. They will enrich the land faster than any plant you can get to grow, and become your maintenance while the land is getting in condition for crops. Don't be beguiled into the belief that forty acres of such land is enough. Your 200 acre farm is none too large—better add another 100 than to reduce the area. Such land needs more rest, and you

cannot give it unless you have room for crops while other fields are recuperating under grass. Watch the fellow whose land improves under his management and "follow copy," if at the loss of some self-conceit. If your land and all your neighbors' land steadily declines in fertility, in spite of all known means of restoration, be the first to "dig out."

Every county in the State has a center or two, at some distance from the village and post-office, where farmers gather at the school-house or country church as a sort of headquarters for assembling. Here the Sunday school flourishes during the summer, and the debating or literary society draws the young people and some of the older ones in winter. At this center a Grange should be organized to furnish opportunity for that stretch and expansion of the mental faculties so necessary for rural people. Members of the Grange should keep an eye on these locations and next fall invite the State Lecturer to address the farmers and young people on the subject of organization and its benefits. There ought to be seventy-five new Granges organized in the State to occupy such fertile fields. It is a missionary work one may well be proud of, if the endeavor culminates in such a worthy enterprise. The Grange is the farmer's school to fit him for the duties that come with better opportunities.

The editorial page of the last number showed the effects of a nervous and overwrought system. The limitations of physical and mental endurance was reached at the time when the proper work should have been done. Typographical errors were overlooked and several topics we had proposed to consider, failed for want of strength to execute. A week's rest and a three day's trip has relieved the pressure somewhat, and we hope to be able to perform the duties as they come acceptably hereafter.

The Grand Rapids *Eagle* compliments the VISITOR on its enterprise in sending out the papers of Judge Ramsdell in supplement form, and adds that every progressive, thinking farmer should read them both. Remember the offer to send to every new subscriber until Jan. 1st, next, the VISITOR and supplement for 25 cents, including the present number—June to January for a quarter. Did you say cheap? See what your neighbor says to the proposition.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., May 19th, 1890.

BRO. GLIDDEN:

On returning from Charlevoix circuit, Saturday, I found the VISITOR and supplement awaiting me. There are some grievous typographical errors in the supplement which I wish you would notice and correct in your next issue.

On second page last column, near top of column, the type says, according to Secretary Chase's report, there was but \$60,000,000 of gold and silver left in the country, when it should have said \$50,000,000. Again in my answer to Chipman, 3d page, last column, paragraph 3d. The type makes me say: "In the United States and Canada, over 500,000,000 bushels of wheat, etc., when it should be 200,000,000. Again on 4th page, last paragraph of first column, the type makes me say: "We see again when the compromise tariff of 1833 had reduced exports," etc., when it should say: We see again when the compromise tariff of 1833 had reduced the tariff, imports again exceeded exports, etc.

Yours Fraternally,
J. G. RAMSDELL.

Hoeing and Praying.

Said Farmer Jones, in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor Gray;
"I've worn my knees through to the bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.
"Your corn looks just twice as good as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shinin' light in the church to shine,
An' tell salvation's free.
"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times
For to make that 'ere corn grow.
An' why you're beats it so, an' climbs,
I'd gin a deal to know.
"Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,
In his easy, quiet way,
"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones,
They don't make farming pay.
"Your weeds, I notice, are good an' tall,
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,
If you don't dig up the tares.
"I mix my prayers with a little toil,
Along in every row;
An' I work this mixture into the soil,
Quite vigorous with a hoe.
"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.
"So while I'm praying I use my hoe,
An' do my level best,
To keep down the weeds along each row,
An' the Lord he does the rest.
"It's well for to pray, both night an' morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.
"You must use your hands while praying, though,
If an answer you would get,
For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe,
Never raised a big crop yet.
"An' so I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win the day,
From plowing, clear to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."
—Leader.

The Farmer as an Educator.

[Extracts from a paper read by Samuel H. Warren before the Pomfret Farmers' Club, March 6th.]
Away with the false idea that there is no education except in letters, and let him who is the practical husbandman hold up his head and awake to the fact that his influence in society, his practical good sense and desire for improvement and progress, are each and all potent factors in the world's progress
When one speaks of an educated person he generally refers to his knowledge of letters. A man is educated who is thoroughly fitted for his calling, whether it be professional or otherwise. Let the classically educated come to have the care of a farm and they soon learn from sad experience that the practical knowledge of those versed in agriculture is something to be desired. The theoretical and the practical educators go along hand in hand. The hand cannot say of the foot, "I have no need of thee" nor the foot of the hand. Strong minds and close thinkers are often the result of farm life. Reading but little, compared with men of more leisure, or of different callings, they better digest what they do read. They are generally close listeners to the lecture or sermon and can comprehend by their habit of thought the subject matter. The lecturer or minister, when they have such persons for an audience, prefer such a one to that composed of those who do less thinking and want more show.
Everything that pertains to first class agriculture calls from the manager of the farm his best talents in this line of thought and quickens his intellect to a marked degree. Not only the soil, but the arrangement of the buildings and the care of the stock as well as their comfort must be considered. The progressive farmer shows his desire for improvement in keeping the best of stock, having considered that it costs no more to keep the better than the poorer classes; he is not satisfied until the poorer ones are weeded out of live flocks and herds and the more profitable take their places. The educational value of this class of farmers is great. Their acts speak louder than words to their brother farmers and suggest to them to go and do likewise. The influence of such men is wider than their immediate circle; their town by no means circumscribes their influence, but the county, the state, and sometimes a wider circle know well their zeal to be among the foremost in their line.
Consistency is an acquired habit and of slow growth. The conditions necessary for its acquisition are right and fixed principles of faith and morals, sincerity, simplicity, singleness of aim, contentment, high temper enough not to be trifled with, honest pride, temperance and fortitude.

Harrassed from Home.

The Rural does not mean to intimate that no restraint should be exerted, but it solemnly warns father and mother to remember that there is one place where that boy will never hear "don't do that!" and "now, you stop that!" and "if you don't stop that I'll put you to bed!" It is the saloon, the gaily lighted, beautifully mirrored, elegantly furnished saloon. We have seen homes that the saloon was getting the best of just as steadily as the moments went by, and father and mother were helping to do it. The boy could scarcely stir without being forbidden to stir; if he wished to run, mother said "now stop that!" If he wanted to jump mother forbade it. If he wanted an extra room lighted up mother said no. If he brought some of his playthings into the sitting-room, mother told him to take them out. It was "don't!" "stop!" "quit that!" "do keep still!" until the boy feels that all mother has to do is to oppose his wishes. It had become a fixed habit with the mother to antagonize the boy. We have sometimes shuddered to see it.

By-and-by, when the boy gets bigger, mother will not be troubled with his noise. It will not be his presence that will annoy her, but his absence; and perhaps the time will come when she gladly would permit him to tear the whole house down, if he would but spend his hours with her. Oh, parents! while the warm welcome of the saloon comes pouring from so many doors, don't turn the boy's face toward it; don't sharpen his ears to hear; don't create in his soul a longing for some place—for any place but home. Bear with his noise; let him have his liberty as long as it does neither himself nor or any one else injury. If he shakes the nervous system a little, it is only for a time. He will not be a boy long, anyhow. Those soft, sweet cheeks will soon lose their boyish freshness; but while they harden with age, let father and mother do nothing in the direction of wrinkling them with vice. Make home pleasant for the boy and permit him to have his fun. It will make him a better man, and the influences of such a home will follow him all through life and be a softening, inspiring influence.—*Western Rural.*

A Rural Means of Grace.

There is seldom a case of blues that is not due to pie, or man, or woman. Care does not want to follow you when you leave the beaten ways and strike out "across lots." It does not enjoy the company of only God and yourself. It is not often bold enough to dog your steps through field and forest. It left me at the meadow fence. I shouted. I sang. Yes, I did. No one was around to think within himself that I was not a good singer. I sat on an old tree overhanging the creek, whittling and watched the shavings coquette with the eddies, and sail off, "to join the brimming river." I threw stones into the water to see ripples, like those I made when I was an unshod, sun-tanned boy.
Verily, this country stroll was not only a tonic for my spirits, but a tonic for my soul. I adored God and loved the creatures and works of His hand more because of my coming to these pleasant haunts. Go abroad where you may be face to face with God and his untouched works, and tell me if it does not draw you to better things. But you say, "This is not the way to conquer depression and to find strength. You must help some one who needs you." True, my friend. I preach that. Sometimes I practice it. But despite all this I pity those poor souls who never knew the delights of rural vagrancy and the renewing power of communion with God through nature.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

Better than many Kinds.

INDIANA CO., PA., March 11th, 1890.
Mr. O. W. Ingersoll.—Dear Sir: Your Liquid Rubber Paint has given great satisfaction. We have used many kinds and yours is far superior to all. Will order soon.
Fraternally Yours,
[See Ad. Patron's Paint Work's.]

Foreign Distribution of our Wheat Surplus.

The following extract is taken from the May report of the Secretary of Agriculture:
The inquiry is frequently made for the destination of the grain exports of the United States. Where are the "markets of the world?" The record of the last fiscal year, 1888-'89, makes foreign shipments of wheat which were from the crop of 1888, 46,414,129 bushels in the form of grain and 42,186,616 bushels in the form of flour, a total export of 88,600,745 bushels. Of this aggregate 78.2 per cent. went to Europe and 8.2 to Canada and Mexico, mostly the former. Canada acknowledges over 1,000,000 bushels of grain of this country in her exports, and records only an importation of 1,418 barrels of flour and an exportation of 156,360 barrels (all of which except 25,179 barrels was of domestic wheat), while our records of export to Canada for last year include 933,354 barrels, most of which was evidently en route to Europe, and should be included in our exports to Europe. Something like 4,500,000 bushels of wheat, therefore, are wrongly charged to Canada, which would increase the European percentage to at least 83, or five sixths of the total exports.
The other sixth goes to other than European "markets of the world." To all the countries of Central and South America were sent 7.1 per cent.; to the islands of the seas 5.3 per cent., and only 2 per cent. altogether to Asia, Africa, and Australasia. Less than 2,000,000 bushels, either as flour or grain, represent the markets of three continents and nearly two-thirds of the population of the world. A single county of Dakota could supply from its surplus this requirement, and in any good season each of five principal counties could do it easily, viz. Brown, Cass, Grand Forks, Pembina, and Walsh, and possibly each of several others, and yet all the back counties of the two Dakotas are pushing forward in their search for more markets of more continents to conquer. It is an ambition that has already seriously reduced the price of wheat of the United States.

The question of hours of labor is discussed by General Walker in the *Atlantic* for June. The author of the article will be remembered as the writer of a criticism of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which appeared in the *Atlantic*, and to which Mr. Bellamy replied at some length. Gen. Walker has made social questions a study, and his criticisms and suggestions on the present "Eight Hour Law Agitation" come from a man more fully fitted to speak with authority than almost any one in the United States. Charles Dudley Warner's article on "The Novel and the Common School," is a keen analysis of the duty of the public schools in the supply of reading for our young citizens. This and Hannis Taylor's consideration of "The National House of Representatives: Its Growing Inefficiency as a Legislative Body," are the two articles which make up the solid reading of the number. Miss Repplier has a whimsical paper called "A Short defense of Villains;" and Dr. Holmes discusses "Book Hunger," the uses of cranks and tells a curious story, entitled "The Terrible Clock." Speaking of cranks, he makes one of the Teacups say, "Do you want to know why that name is given to the men who do most for the world's progress? It is because the cranks make all the wheels and all the machinery of the world go round. I suppose the first fool that looked on the first crank that was ever made asked what that crooked, queer-looking thing was good for." Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" and the second part of "Rod's Salvation," furnish the fiction of this issue, and there are two poems, an account of a pilgrimage to the localities immortalized in the legends of King Arthur, and several short papers of interest. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

OFFICE OF MASTER OF NATIONAL GRANGE, DELTA, O., May 12, 1890.—Dear Sir and Brother:—Hereafter, until announced to the contrary the third Saturday in June of each year will be observed as Children's Day in our Order. Make it an occasion of pleasure and profit to all.

It has been suggested by an earnest brother in our Order, that the Master of each State Grange appoint a committee in each county, where there is an organization, to furnish and secure the publication of matter of interest to our Order and the farmers, in the local or county papers. I think such action on your part would be beneficial, and recommend that you give in your careful consideration, and if it meets your approval act accordingly. I suggest that care should be exercised in selecting such committee, and it is desirable to have both political parties represented on the same.

BINDER TWINE.

The Committee on Ways and Means have reported jute, jute butts, manilla and sisal grass on the free list, and a corresponding reduction on binder twine. The association of binder twine manufacturers are not satisfied with the proposed duty of 1 1/2 cents per lb. and will ask that it be increased to 1 1/4 cents; asserting that unless this is done they cannot compete with foreign producers. With free raw material the duty of 1 1/4 cents will give them the same protection now extended. And as but little has been imported we are of the opinion that no advance beyond the rate fixed by the Committee should be made.

BAGGING FOR COTTON.

The removal of duties from the material of which bagging for cotton is made should have been followed by a corresponding reduction of duties upon bagging. The committee has reported an advance upon grades sold for 6 cents or less from 1 1/2 to 1 6-10 cents per lb., while upon the dearer goods the duty has been reduced from 2 to 1 8-10 cents per lb. We think this an unjust discrimination against the cotton planters, who use the cheapest material; and as their interest does not seem to receive much consideration from either side now engaged in the partisan duel at Washington, we think it a good opportunity to extend fraternal assistance by asking that justice be done our brethren engaged in growing cotton.

PURE LARD.

The men who have grown rich and impudent in the manufacture and sale of a compound composed of tallow, cotton seed oil and lard, which is sold to consumers as pure, refined lard, are doing all in their power to defeat the Conger bill, which places wholesome restraints upon these unprincipled rascals. We should counteract their influence by prompt support of this measure.

GAMBLING IN FARM PRODUCTS.

The men who have for years manipulated the markets of the country are desperately fighting the Butterworth bill to prevent gambling in the necessities of life. It will not do for us to remain silent spectators. We must martial our forces and meet the enemy at every point where their influence is concentrated. PROMPT ACTION NOW will accomplish more in a few days than will months, and perhaps years, of effort in the future. Urge our members every where to prepare letters and memorials and forward them at once to their Senators and Representatives in Congress. If the men whom we have trusted to represent us fail to respond to our just demands, we must permit them to retire to private life, and elect men who will represent faithfully the material interests of their constituents.

To Masters of State Granges.
J. H. BRIGHAM,
Master N. G., P. of H., and
Chairman of Legislative Committee.

"You are the twentieth in the class, Hans. That means you are at the very foot!" "Well, papa, how can I help it if there are no more boys in the class?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Her First Housekeeping.

Mrs. Youngbride—How does your breakfast suit you this morning, darling?
Mr. Youngbride—Just right! I tell you, Annie, it may be plebeian, but I am awfully fond of calf's liver.

Mrs. Youngbride—So am I. Don't you think it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf, then we could have calf's liver for breakfast every morning?—*America.*

The Northern Summer Resorts

of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, not forgetting the famous Excelsior springs of Missouri, are more attractive during the present season than ever before.

An illustrated Guide Book, descriptive of a hundred or more of the choicest spots of creation on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, will be sent free upon application to A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to HARRY MERCER, Mich., Passenger Agent, Chi. Mil. & St. P. R'y. 90 Griswold St. Detroit Mich. 14

Church's Bug Finish.

Bug Finish is an important and valuable discovery, as it affords a way by which Paris Green, the most effective of bug poisons can be safely used. It was discovered by the inventor of Bug Finish that by grinding and uniting Paris Green into a base-like Gypsum, as is done in making Bug Finish, the Green would not effect the vines or make the potatoes watery. Every consumer of potatoes will testify to the fact that late potatoes, as a rule, are watery or soggy and quite unpalatable, as compared with the mealy potatoes we once had; it has now been proven that this is caused by the use of Paris Green in water, or by applying particles of clear Green in any way, such as simply stirring it into plaster, lime and other bases, whereby the plaster simply acts as a carrier to distribute the Green, and the small particles of Green on the vines in a clear state; during certain stages of growth, the clear Green enters the fiber of the vine and effects the potatoes, as explained.

A very thin dust of Bug Finish on the vines or trees is sufficient to kill all of the crop of insects then existing on the vines, and it remains on the vines for many days, except where very heavy rains occur and sometimes until other crops of the insects are hatched and destroyed. Bug Finish is composed of Sulphate of Lime (Gypsum) with a little rye flour to make it stick, with one pound and six ounces of Pure Paris Green to each 100 pounds of the above mixture, the whole compound is reduced very fine and thoroughly combined by patent process, so that every grain of the whole mass is sufficiently poisonous that a small amount will kill any insect the same as though it had eaten pure Paris Green, hence only a very slight dust is necessary, making it cheaper than any other known preparation, unless it is Paris Green and water, and when the expense of handling and applying so much water is considered the Bug Finish is fully as cheap, and if the difference in effectiveness and QUALITY OF POTATOES is taken into account, Paris Green and water will not be considered in comparison at all.

Bug Finish is also a fertilizer, will help the growth of the vines, instead of retarding their growth, as does water and Green, especially when the water is applied in the middle of the day.

One pound of Bug Finish will prove more effective than six times the amount of plaster and Paris Green as mixed by the farmers. In addition to the saving in this way, it saves the time of mixing, is safe to handle and does not injure the potatoes. No farmer should allow a pound of clear Paris Green to be brought on his farm. ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The tender words and loving deeds which we scatter for the hearts that are nearest to us are immortal seeds that will spring up in everlasting beauty, not only in our own lives but in the lives of those born after us.—*Ex.*

Ladies' Department.

June.

When June lights all her fires
Through melting mists of morn,
With roses on the briars,
And dewdrops on the thorn,
With scents that pierce the brain with bliss
Blown from some sphere embracing this,
One brief bright hour and fleeting
Oh, then, with blind entreating,
Love in her heart is beating,
With shy, wild wings is beating—
Love in her heart is beating.

When June wakes all her choirs
Through under-heavens of green,
With bursts of sweet desires
In warblings wild and keen,
When all the leafy world of June
Breaks out in blossom, out in tune,
In joys as blest as fleeting,
Oh, then, with blind entreating,
Love in her heart is beating,
With shy strong wings is beating—
Love in her heart is beating.

—Harriett Prescott Spofford.

The South Wind.

Over the fields, where the dew was wet,
Over a meadow with daisies set,
Shaking the pearls in the spider's net,
The soft wind came stealing,
It was full of the scent of the sweet wild rose;
And it lingered long where the streamlet flows,
Till it made the forget-me-nots' eyes unclose,
And started the blue-bells pealing.

Under the measureless blue of the sky,
Drifting the silvery cloudlets by,
Drinking the dew-brimmed flower-cups dry,
The warm south wind was blowing,
It was sweet with the breath of a thousand springs;
And it sang to the grasses, as ever it sings,
With a sound like the moving of myriad wings,
Or the whisper of wild flowers growing.

Over the fields, in the evening glow,
Stirring the trees, as the sun sank low,
Swaying the meadow-grass to and fro,
A breeze from the south came creeping,
It rocked the birds in their downy nest;
It cradled the blue-eyed grass to rest;
And its good-night kisses were softly pressed
On pale willow roses sleeping.

And only the stars and the fireflies knew
How the south wind murmured the whole night
through,
In scented fields where the clover grew
And soft white mists were breathing,
For it stole away, when the night was spent,
And none could follow the way it went;
But the wild flowers knew what the wind's song
meant,
As they waked to its last low breathing.

—Charles B. Going, in *St. Nicholas*.

If and Perhaps.

If everyone were wise and sweet,
And everyone were jolly,
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labor
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbor—
Oh, what a happy world 't would be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry,
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry,
If we would grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Perhaps in some near-by-and-by
That good time might get started,
Then what a happy world 't would be
For you and me—for you and me!

—Harper's Young People.

A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him: yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it; do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joys you may impart?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them; trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Reading.

[Paper read before Paw Paw Grange by Mrs. N. H. Bangs.]

Reading, in the sense of to know fully, to comprehend rather than with the idea of glancing over the printed page, is, with some an art unknown, nor even dreamed of; but such a person now, in this last part of the 19th century, is the exception. An age of ideas, and of thought, and of writing—everybody writes, and everyone must read,—it is like bread, a necessity, the staff of life. To read well, when reading aloud, is an accomplishment we envy our favored few; yet the one who reads well, in that other sense of reading silently, to comprehend, is still more to be envied, and yet this art may be acquired by each and all.

There is much printed that may be glanced over without giving much thought to it, and "all is well," but no real benefit is gained. Narrow and exclusive lines of reading should be avoided. In being liberal in the use of literature you enlarge your capacities of enjoyment, you extend the discipline as well as the delights of the mind. It is with books as with nature, travel wide-

ly, and while at one time you may delight in the glories of mountain and sea, you will, in some other view of valley and brook, find a pleasure as keen.

A wide acquaintance with books is to be desired. It is said that "Daintiness is disease, and fastidiousness, weakness." One writer has said, "Our purity of taste is best tested by its universality."

A knowledge of ancient literature gives a deeper insight into modern. Acquaintance with foreign literature may help to a better estimate of our own; extensive reading is essential in making us familiar with different eras of our own literature, and there is a succession of these eras beyond the mere sequence of time—a continuation of literary life, as well as political life. To the mind that cultivates a thoughtful and well regulated variety in reading, this reward will come; you will feel the brotherhood in all true books. I would strive to cultivate a catholicity of taste. I do not believe that a prescribed course of reading, however elaborate, is desirable or practicable. It does not leave freedom enough to the reader's own mind. Our reading should be spontaneous, to be intelligent. It is not possible to anticipate how or when an interest will be awakened in some particular topic or author, and it is better to follow out that interest while it is an impulse.

It would be a tame intellect that would not work its way out of any prescribed course. Our tastes need to be cultivated, and this disciplined freedom will prove its own safest guide.

Often a taste for reading is quenched or destroyed by a rigid and injudicious adherence to a prescribed course of reading or study, in which there was no interest. You can turn the course of a stream, change the bed of the river, but you cannot make it run up hill.

Being a Women—Some of the Trials and Tribulations of the Fair Sex.

A vigorous, but unknown writer, who has evidently had an experience, writes:

It is a dreadful bother to be a woman and do the business up in good shape. In the first place you've got to look well, or else you are nobody. A man may be ever so homely and still be popular. Whiskers cover up the most of his face, and if he has a big mouth nobody mistrusts it, and if he does wrinkle bad on his forehead, his friends speak of his many cares and thoughtful disposition, and tell each other that his wrinkles are lines of thought. Lines of thought, indeed, when in all probability his forehead is wrinkled by the bad habit he has got of scowling at his wife when the coffee isn't strong enough.

A woman must always be in good order. Her hair must always be frizzed and banged, as fashion demands, and she must powder if she has a shining skin; and she must manage to look sweet, no matter how sour she may feel; her dress must hang just so, and her boot buttons be always in place, and her finger nails clean; and then she musn't whistle, nor climb fences, nor stone cats, nor scold when she's mad.

She can't go out alone, because ladies must be protected. She can't go anywhere when it rains, because her hair won't stay frizzed, and she'll get mud on her petticoat and things. She can't be a Free Mason, because she would tell their secrets, and everybody would know about the goat and gridiron. She can't smoke, because that would be unfashionable; she can't go courting, because that would not be womanly. But she must get married before she is 25, or everybody will feel wronged. People will sigh over her, and wonder why it is that men "don't seem to take," and all the old maids and widows will smile and keep quiet. Oh, these smiles and these significant looks! They are ten times more than open slanders.

It is terrible to be an old maid. Everybody knows it, and the women who are married to drunken husbands, and who manage to quarrel with them six days out of seven, will live in agony of spirit over the single

woman, and call her the poor old maid.

A woman must marry rich or she don't marry "well" is the end and aim of a woman's existence, judging from the view which people in general take of this matter. It is everybody's business whom a woman marries. The whole neighborhood put their heads together and talk over the pros and cons, and decide whether she is good enough for him. (There is nothing said about his being good enough for her.) And they criticize the shape of her nose and relate anecdotes how lazy his grandfather was, how her Aunt Sally used to sell beans and buttermilk. A woman must wear No. 2 boots on No. 3 feet, and she must manage to dress well on 75 cents a week, and she mustn't be vain, and she must be kind to the poor, and she must go regularly to the sewing society meeting, and be ready to dress dolls and make tidies and aprons for church fairs. She must be a good cook, and she must be able to "do up" her husband's shirts so that the Chinese washerman would groan with envy and gnash his teeth with the same unholy passion at the sight of them.

She must always have the masculine buttons of the family sewed on so they will never come off while in use, and she must keep the family hosiery so that nobody would ever mistrust there were toes in the stockings while there were not. She must hold herself in constant readiness to find everything her husband has lost—and a man never knows where to find anything. He will put his boots carefully away on the parlor sofa, and when he has hunted for them half an hour he will suddenly appear to his wife with a countenance like an avenging angel and demand "What in thunder she has done with his boots." She must shut all the doors after her lord and master, and likewise the bureau drawers. It would be as unnatural for him to do it as for a hen to go in swimming for recreation. But he sits to "just finish this piece in the paper," and waits till she has got the sheets to a comfortable temperature. Ah, there are a great many tricks in the trade of living together. A woman is expected to take care of the baby even after the first infantile wonder has multiplied into a round half-dozen. And if he doubles up with the colic or trials of cutting teeth, or the necessary evils of mumps and measles and whooping cough and scarlet fever and rash and throat distemper and short sleeves and bare legs and pins sticking into him and too much candy and a bad temper, why her husband tells her that he "does wish she would try and quiet her baby," and he says it, too, as if he thought she alone was responsible for its existence and as if she was considerably to blame for it, too. And when she has the headache nobody thinks of minding it—a woman's always having the headache. And if she is "nervous enough to fly," nobody shuts the door any quieter, and nobody tucks her on the lounge with a shawl over her, or coddles her to death as a man has to be coddled under such circumstances.

We might go on indefinitely with the troubles of being a woman, and if there is a man who thinks a woman has an easy time of it, why just let him pin on a pound of false hair and get inside a pair of corsets, and put on a pull back overskirt, and be a woman himself, and see how he likes it.—*Farmer's Review*.

The True Queen of Home.

Comfort is our birthright. Wealth, fame, happiness may pass us by, but to this quieter, simpler blessing we are justly entitled. It needs only a little thought, a little love, a little patience, a little unselfishness, and it is ours. The wife who keeps her home beautifully ordered, who cares for her husband's comfort in the small matters of buttons and strings, who is always cheerful, when to be cheerful even requires heroism, is the true queen of home. Of her may be written by and by the touching epitaph: "She was so pleasant!" And the pleasant people are the real dispensers of comfort.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Prevent Nervous Prostration by Taking Care of Your Physical Resources.

There are many women whose strength would only suffice for their own homes, and the demands in them, if a reserve is to be left for the future when the strength-producing powers are gone and physical life is pauperized, who give more strength outside than inside their homes. Men and women shrink from financial poverty in old age, but the wealth of nations can not save from physical poverty if strength has not been administered wisely.

Every man and woman has a right to a spiritual, a mental life that will minister to the future. It is the reserve fund on which they must draw when the world forgets them on its onward march; when enfeebled vision and halting step leave them at the roadside for the chariot of death. How many men and women who are busily hoarding money for that future are hoarding the strength that will make it doubly rich? It is appalling, the rate at which we live, using every day every ounce of strength we make and drawing on future strength. It saps life of pleasure. The grandest music fails to wake the souls of many who listen, "because they were too tired to hear it." The noblest picture is but half seen because of a mind cluttered with worthless cares more often than those that are truly worth bearing. Faces grow old and wrinkled and voices shrill and dissonant, not in service, but worry. We do live in a busy world. And who would rather not wear out than rust out? But let us live to a purpose; let us wear out evenly, not in holes that require patching. What service we render let it be given in health, not disease; in joy, not in pain; and we can give this service only as we administer our strength with wisdom, not dissipate it in extravagant waste. As there are men and women who watch the outlay of every penny, so there are men and women who must watch the outlay of every physical and mental effort. The value of the individual to himself and the world depends on the nicety of his adjustment of his relations to its demands upon him. We should develop a wholesome shame for disease; we should see in it the result of transgression; and, when so seen, it leads to repentance and conversion. Two women were overheard conversing recently. The conversation ran something like this:

"You do not seem very well, Carrie; what is the matter?"

"I'm not well at all. I have all the symptoms of nervous prostration, just as I had them two years ago. Charlie is worried to death."

"Why do you try to do so much? Why do you not give up some things?"

"I just can't. I must keep doing all the time, or I am unhappy."

The woman was an efficient worker in a number of charities; but poor Charlie!

An earnest looking man about forty, and unmarried, was talking to a group of his friends, men and women. The subject of the nervous, not to say irritable, condition in which so many men and women were living had been the subject of conversation, when with strong emphasis, he said: "I would not allow my wife, if I had one, to belong to Dr. —'s church. Every woman in it is filled with an evil spirit she calls work, and every woman in the church is suffering from nervous prostration. Is that the rest religion gives? I tell you that church is a woman-killer."

All men and women should study their own natures enough to know where to call, Halt!—to place the legend, "Thus far, and no farther," and live up to it. Then, when the emergencies make large demands, the exchequer will not be empty; poverty will not be added to the other burdens.

Treat your strength as you do your income—getting the best results for the amount expended, and leaving a margin for use in the non-productive days.—*Christian Union*.

Self-Reliant Women.

A person's successes and failures in life depend upon the faculty of executing whatever is undertaken accordingly as he has been trained; if any task has been undertaken, no matter how trivial a thing it may be, and always ends in a decided failure, their whole life will be apt to terminate in a failure also, unless measures are adopted to overcome that failing. And for this reason (if no other) I would urge that every daughter in the land should be so educated in some particular branch of industry that, if thrown upon her own resources, she would have some vocation on which to rely, to attain a useful and noble life. In a portion of the public schools of twenty-five American states, industrial training is included in the course of instruction. And those who have not the privilege of such schools can secure other places to aid in this one important direction; generally a "will" and mind that tries to accomplish any deed, brings success. There are some people who seem to let their education lie dormant, for they do not know how to put it in working order, simply because they were not disciplined in anything save mental culture. "For exclusively mental training, which is only theoretical, is incomplete and one-sided until that which is practical is added."

If every one was educated for some particular vocation, as she should be, there would be more self-reliant girls and women.

'Tis said that by cultivating laziness in a child you cultivate poverty, poor health, unhappiness and crime, and to avoid this, some occupation should be given, whatever the individual's abilities are most adapted to. For surely there may be a time in one's life when a knowledge of some particular branch of industry would be a great help, although it may seem quite the contrary when a family has all that heart could wish for. But we are aware that the wealthy class of people often meet with reverses that change the whole course of their lives. What pursuits can one follow in order to become self-reliant? Almost anything that is good and honorable, if well done, will more than compensate for the time given; and as honor lies in doing all things well, one will be honored in so doing. As I understand, there are continually new fields developing themselves, in which women stand on an equal footing with the "sterner sex" in which they can find remunerative industries open to them. It is needless to enumerate all the different work women are capable of performing, but those of a more recent date are telegraphy, stenography, medicine and law. Though these are few, with them in our minds we can see that there are higher callings for those who aspire to climb the hills of knowledge with a true and noble purpose in view.

As this nation grows older it certainly grows stronger, on the same principle that a child does; it began in infancy, and as age continues, develops new ideas, new occupations and new resources. No more do we hear of the manufacture of linen and woolen goods for family use, as a domestic employment; for the advanced race has brought about scores of inventions and modified the work of years ago to a higher degree, so that it has taken from our homes much that we would in this age deem a drudgery. As wealth has organized a scheme for doing this work it has taken off a great deal of hard work from the household and left opportunities to do that which is more profitable to the mind and body.

Then why not learn to do something that will enable you to support yourself if necessary? One of the best lessons to learn in early life is to rely on one's self; this will be a staff on which to lean in declining years, should friends and fortune fail; for there certainly is, in this prosperous world, something to do adapted to all classes of people, whether old or young, man or woman, as a means of gaining an honorable livelihood.—*Mary D. Thomas*.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

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Is of the highest value of horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry. It assists digestion and assimilation and thus converts feed into muscle, milk and fat which otherwise would be wasted.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD

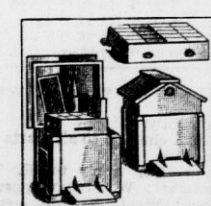
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Bedrock Philosophy.

When worries and troubles surround you,
Don't fret.
Go to work!
You will always have trouble around you,
You bet!
If you shrink,
The man who is busy his worry forgets.
His mind isn't worried by thoughts of his debts,
And the harder he works the more happy he gets,
Till he's gay as a Turk.
If fortune won't smile, let her frown, if
She will.
Never mind.
Don't sulk, and look wholly cast down, if
She still
Seems unkind.
If you smile at her, soon she'll smile back at you.
You are certain to win her, if you will pursue
Her with cheerful persistence, and hope ever new,
And then Solace you'll find.
The world doesn't care for your woes,
Oh, no!
Not a bit!
The man who is wise never shows
His foe
That he's bit.
Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his own.
He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone,
And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you groan,
So take warning and quit!
—Somerville Journal.

The Children We Love.

All people are not blessed with good sense in dealing with the practical questions of life; if so, this article would be wholly unnecessary.

When issues arise in which heart interests are at stake, there are those who lay reason aside and act wholly on the impulse of their feelings. It is this class who, disregarding the feelings and rights of others, have enemies among their neighbors.

Among the causes in this way, from which trouble arises, children have a prominent standing. It is among the things of nature that parents should regard their own children as being among the exceptionally good ones in life. Mothers, particularly, are loth to believe that the mantle of sin has found a resting place on their offspring. It is no difficult matter for them to see how their neighbors' children are guilty of all the misdemeanors charged up to them. But when it comes to the idols of their own hearts, the picture assumes an altogether different hue.

If mingled with this strongly biased affection, there is but a slight sense of justice to others and a laxity of discipline, the children of such mothers are apt to become a nuisance to the neighborhood surrounding them. For instance: Mrs. Jones has three or four children who, to her mind, are paragons of sweetness and goodness; while to all the rest of the world they are nothing but a common-place, mischievous set of urchins. Her neighbor, Mrs. Smith, also has children. As there is but little restriction on the young Joneses, and as children naturally possess strong social instincts, the Smith household is invaded at any and all times by their too familiar young neighbors. Mrs. Smith's life is made uncomfortable by the annoyances resulting from their too frequent visits. They are a disturbing element in the government of her own children. They are mischievous—often perpetrators of annoying little damages. The Smiths endure this unwelcome invasion until forbearance is no longer a virtue, and then a rupture comes. The neighboring families become enemies, all for the lack of some good sense in dealing with the children.

Now I wish to ask, why is it that some mothers are so silly and unreasonable as to believe that their children are superior to other children, and why do they allow them to become an annoyance to others? Why will they not accept the fact that children are very much the same the world over—noisy, mischievous, without discretion, and soon become unwelcome intruders, if permitted to bore their neighbors with their presence.

I have, a few times, had neighbors who had no sense whatever on such subjects. When their children wished to go to neighboring houses they were at liberty to do so. Their mothers, perhaps, felt it a relief to be free of their noisy presence, and were indifferent to the discomfort they were inflicting on their neighbors. There were two or three families of children that I recall with the same degree of pleasure that I would an experience with small-pox. The privacy of our household was disturbed by their almost constant presence. They

were so mischievous that they had to be constantly watched. The annoyance from them was so great that it taught me a most impressive lesson, and resulted in making me very careful as to the liberties accorded our own children.

I do not believe in isolating children from a social life with their neighboring playmates—far from it; but their visits should be only occasional, and timely at that—not so often that contempt will be born of familiarity.

The mother of the children living nearest to us has much the same opinions as my own on the relations of neighboring children. We have discussed the subject and a very harmonious feeling exists as to our little ones. Living near together, the children would be in almost constant communication if there were no restrictions placed upon them. So, to avoid any annoyance and unpleasantness in any way, the following arrangement was adopted by the mothers:

One afternoon in each week, generally on Monday, my neighbor's children visit mine. Then on Friday my little ones return the visit. Thus twice each week they enjoy a good play with one another. They always anticipate the forthcoming occasion with much pleasure. They are not together so often as to become tired of each other's society, and, being expected, their visits are never inopportune.

Where children are together almost daily, they become so familiar that there is less harmony between them than though their intercourse was less frequent. Childish squabbles often ensue, which in turn engender hard feelings between mothers.

Another way in which children are the promoters of mischief, is by the free use of their tongues as to what they see and hear in the homes they visit. When they are such frequent visitors, they see much of the private life of their neighbors, and having none of the discretion and wisdom that belong to older years, they repeat things in a distorted manner. In this way gossip and scandal often arise.

However much we may love our children, we must ever bear in mind how weak and immature their judgment is. Their young, untutored minds need to be under a constant, kind, firm discipline. Not only will it benefit those outside the home if they are so governed, but the sooner children are taught the principles of justice and the rules of propriety, the better it will be for their own lives.—NELLIE BURNS in *Farmers' Review*.

Last month we visited Washington through the pages of *Demorest's Family Magazine*, and enjoyed the very interesting views of the exterior of the White House and its surroundings. This month, in the June number of this popular Magazine (which has just arrived), we enter the Executive Mansion, and are treated to a ramble through its corridors, its executive and private apartments. We thus participate in the special favor shown to *Demorest's Magazine*, as we are introduced to many features not usually seen by the general public. The White House has never before been so fully and beautifully illustrated; and the numerous handsome pictures which the article contains, including portraits of "Baby McKee," Mrs. Harrison, and four generations now residing in the White House, make it especially interesting to every American father, mother and child. This number also contains a picture of four of "mother's darlings" "Out for an Airing," which is a superb water-color, equal in design and execution to those selling at a high price at the art stores; "Athletics for Women" is also finely illustrated; and "The Lady Tramp" will no doubt start many of "Our Girls" off on that healthful exercise, for it tells them just what to do and what to wear when doing it. All the other Departments are full of overflowing with entertaining and helpful matter, and the stories are particularly good. A remarkable 20 cents worth, surely. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th street, New York.

Poison from Spraying.

The *New York Tribune* publishes the statements of Prof. A. J. Cook, giving an account of his experiments in feeding the grass under sprayed trees to domestic animals. He pastured hungry sheep under a tree which had been sprayed with London purple, two pounds in 200 gallons of water; they ate the grass at once and received no harm. Another tree was sprayed with this same overstrong mixture, and the grass under it was all cut at once and fed to his horse, which before had only dry hay. It was eaten in half an hour, with no harm. He then caught from a third spraying, on paper, the poison that fell, and had it analyzed, and less than half a poisonous dose was found. He concludes that there would be no danger in feeding animals after spraying with the common or weaker mixture of one pound in 200 gallons of water.

It will do no harm, however, to examine the subject. Paris green often contains 50 per cent. of arsenic, 30 grains of it will kill a horse and 10 a cow, and 1 or 2 grains are fatal to a human being. One pound of Paris green in 200 gallons of water is about 15 grains to a gallon, and about one gallon is required to spray a full-grown apple tree. If the spraying is carefully done, it is not probable that more than one-third will drop from the tree to the ground, or five grains. This quantity repeatedly fed to a horse or cow during the day might do serious harm. But there are several conditions that would lessen the quantity. Dropping from 10 to 15 feet, much of it would be likely to glance off from the grass to the earth below, and the earth contains ingredients to neutralize the poison. If the grass should happen to be small and thin, it would probably retain but little of the arsenic. One gallon of the poisoned water to each tree, would be several gallons to the daily range of a horse or cow in the orchard. The quantity of arsenic consumed by the grazing animals being uncertain, a prudent caution would point to the importance of avoiding danger.

The quantity of arsenic received and required by the young larva of the codling moth is less than is often supposed. It would require about twenty when first hatched to weigh a single grain. A man of medium weight weighs 150 lbs., or over a million grains. If two grains will destroy human life, the half a millionth part of a grain would be enough for the minute larva of a codling moth, and it is therefore probable that a greater dilution than that commonly used would answer every purpose, and be less attended with danger. Possibly we have made the newly-hatched larva too small; but if twice as large as we have estimated, it will be seen that a minute quantity of the poison would effect its purpose. The quantity required for the potato beetle is many times larger than for the minute codling larva. Further investigation is required to ascertain the degree of caution needed in feeding animals under sprayed trees.—*Country Gentleman*.

A bright young Chicago workman told a Chicago reporter the other day that if he would take the trouble to look around he would see hundreds of women and children 'hacking bricks' every day for twelve cents a thousand, and added: "You will probably find their men folks at home rushing the growler, or at some saloon drinking beer, talking strike and damning the country."

Voters in Nebraska when they vote on the liquor question should not fail to remember that Governor Larabee, of Iowa, in his last message says that the proportion of convicts in Iowa is only about one-fourth as great as in the rest of the country, and even in Iowa the number in the penitentiaries has decreased more than 19 per cent in two years, or almost 10 per cent a year. Such facts mean a great deal.

Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening.

The swallows.

O, mother, will the swallows ever come?
Feel my cheek, 'tis hot and burning,
And my heart is sick with yearning.

A Spring Song.

Old Mother Earth woke up from sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the Spring was near.

Communications.

BATTLE CREEK, May 17.
ED. VISITOR:
Home Grange No. 129 had a grand feast on Saturday, May 10th,

GALESBURG, Mich., May 13.
ED. VISITOR:
The Kalamazoo County Pomona Grange will hold a meeting Thursday, June 5th,

PHELPS, N. Y., May 23d 1890.
ED. VISITOR:
Dear Sir:—We have now been selling direct to Michigan Patrons since Feb. 1st, 1890.

Remember the offer of seven months' subscription to the VISITOR for 25 cents to new subscribers,

Ammonia—Popular Misconception About the Depreciation of Manure.

A blunder, and a big one, is the notion which has got into the heads of so many agricultural writers in regard to the loss of ammonia from manure exposed to the air.

It would be far better if this needless fear of unreal loss were transferred to the great and ruinous loss of combined nitrogen in stable manure,

Stock Farming Without Dogs.

I have known sheepowners to band together, and taking matters into their own hands, ried a section of country of the sheepkilling pests in short order.

We once owned what we considered a very fine dog, and were very fond of him. He was one of the quiet, peaceable, stay-at-home sort.

Obituaries.

TREAT.
Samuel M. Treat was born March 13, 1816 and died April 10, 1890.

Again death has entered our Grange family, this time to take from among us one whom we all looked upon as a true friend,

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Treat this community loses one of its best citizens, the Grange a true patron,

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days;

Resolved, That we tender the bereaved husband and daughter our heartfelt sympathy,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the bereaved family and also to the VISITOR for publication.

Resolved, That the Grange extend its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in this their trying affliction;

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be spread upon the records of this Grange; that a copy thereof be presented to the bereaved family,

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CAUTION. Beware of Jute twines, which many dealers are waxed to imitate hemp, and are sold under such deceptive names as "New Process Hemp,"

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N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious.

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See our Plows Before Buying. OUR POTATO PLOW is the best hilling plow in the market, worth double any shovel plow in use.

OUR GANG PLOWS for Vineyard, Orchard, Hops and Small Fruit culture have no equal. Takes the place of Field Cultivator, and for fallowing plowing do better work than any other implement.

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Table with columns for names and locations, listing various officers and members of the Grange.

Table with columns for names and locations, listing special deputies and committee members.

Table with columns for names and locations, listing Michigan Grange Stores.

Table with columns for names and locations, listing G. R. & I. RAIL ROAD schedules.

Table with columns for names and locations, listing C. & G. T. RAILWAY schedules.

Table with columns for names and locations, listing various railway schedules and times.