

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.

The Truth About Farming.

We clip the following from *Grange Homes* as showing the feeling of farmers in New England and the estimation the officials at Washington have of the real state of affairs in the country at large. If our readers will read Michigan where Massachusetts is mentioned the article will assume a very appropriate character:

AN OPEN LETTER TO HON. JOSEPH H. WALKER.

In your recent remarkable speech in congress you said: "There is no industry in Massachusetts more prosperous than the farming industry."

Sir—I do not believe it is wise for the farmers of this state and nation to let such a false statement go unnoticed. I do not think it is true of a single county or town in the state. I speak from long experience and intimate acquaintance with the details of farming. I have been a practical farmer for the past 40 years. Have owned and tilled farms in Minnesota, in New Jersey, in Florida, and in four different localities in Massachusetts. Have lectured in more than 100 towns and cities in New England, and for 10 years have been engaged in supplying farmers with seeds and agricultural implements, whereby I have become intimately acquainted with their financial condition, their successes and their failures, and I unhesitatingly assert that the farmers of New England work more hours, practice more economy and self-denial in their expenditures, enjoy fewer luxuries that money can buy, suffer more in their business from changes in the weather, from floods, frosts and storms, from drouth and depredation of insects, and receive less remuneration for their labor than those engaged in any other industry. Prof. Perry of Williams College said in a recent lecture: "So far as it now appears, there is not a single prosperous farming community within the broad limits of this land."

We have constantly increased our manufacturing industries for the past twenty years, but during this time our farms and farmers have continued to grow poorer. Even you, Mr. Walker, said in your speech that "there has never been a time when a farm could be bought for as few days' labor of the farmer as to-day." The reason is quite apparent, for, with the present depression in agriculture, many farms can not be sold at any price, hence the hundreds of "vacated farms" in New England to-day.

Again you say—"Modern means of transportation and improved farm machinery are sure to throw out of cultivation all lands not of the richest soil and the most easily cultivated, and reduce to the minimum all farm land values." And yet, "farmers are the most prosperous class." Bosh! In speaking of small farms you say, "all the profit derived from

them for a hundred years has been put into buildings, now valued at 10 to 50 per cent of the cost." Is it any wonder then that so few farmers have any deposits in the savings banks?

The time was, forty years ago, when a young man, with the blessed aid of some healthy, common sense farmer's daughter for a wife, would dare take a farm of a hundred acres of comparative virgin soil, and by the closest economy and the hardest toil of a lifetime manage to leave it free from incumbrances to a large family of happy, healthy children. But where is the young man to-day who will undertake to earn a farm in that way, to say nothing of his finding such a wife as was then often called "mother" by a dozen or more rollicking children? If you find such to-day the occupants came across the water. They have patched the old dilapidated roof, and their children speak with a foreign brogue. Mr. Walker, you well say, "The possibility of saving is the stimulus and encouragement to save and to grow in character." If this is true how can you hope for improvement in character and civilization when it would be a difficult task for you to find a dozen farmers in any town in Worcester county, outside of cities and manufacturing villages who have averaged a net profit above all expenses, of one hundred a year for the past five years?

From statistics presented recently by the Connecticut labor commissioner we learn that he made a careful examination of the accounts of 693 farmers, averaging 110 acres each; 378 of these farms (more than half) failed to clear their expenses and support their families. More than \$1,000,000 of mortgages were on them, at an annual interest averaging 5 2-3 per cent. The net profit of all these 693 farms was \$16,163, which divided by the total capital employed, gives less than one per cent income. If same rate of interest be allowed on the total capital employed, \$3,810,742, as that paid on mortgages (and why should it not be?) then Connecticut farming, which I think is more than a fair average for New England farming, makes a loss of 4 1/2 per cent. Or to take your own statement, as made in congress, showing that the "upper class," the middle class," and the "lower class" of manufacturers (including all who make a profit and all who lose) "average a net profit of 6 1/2 per cent." How is this against less than one per cent made by the farmers?

Mr. Walker, please correct your figures, and then tell us more about this "most promising industry of all!" And this, too, of a class of persons who are obliged to practice the closest economy and toil, toil early and late, not nine and ten hours but oftener twelve to sixteen hours, while the expenses of other persons in other industries for pleasure, travel, recreation and personal comforts average far in excess of that of farmers. For every farmer's home that has been paid for from the profits of farming in Massachusetts in the last twenty years, I will point you to twenty cozy homes, earned and occupied by mechanics, clerks, manufacturers and professional men in all other avocations. In view of such facts as I have given, and they are but the bitter experience of thousands of farmers throughout the land, do you wonder that Worcester county

farmers are surprised to have you state that "The capital deceased farmers leave to their children averages many times larger than that of any other class?"

All or nearly all, farmers who have "got ahead," have done so, not by the profits of farming, but through the advance in real estate, caused by successful men in other industries and professions who are buying and improving small tracts of land adjacent to cities and manufacturing villages for pleasure and comfort, not expecting a profit in farming. Agriculture is the noblest of callings and I love it still; but some of its burdens must be removed. I had intended to speak of possible remedies, but this article is already too long. Mr. Walker I see no satisfactory solution of this question in any plan you propose.

Thank God! at last the farmers of the whole country are uniting and demand to be heard. Believing that "any legislation that benefits the honest, industrious men at the bottom, benefits the whole community." I bid the farmers of America Godspeed in their determination to secure such legislation. Mr. Walker, pardon us if some of us think that a few years of practical working in your "shirt sleeves" on some of our rocky hillside farms would have a tendency to correct some of your extravagant statements regarding the farming industry.

WM. H. EARLE.
 Worcester, Mass.

Nitrate of Soda—Where Found—Its Value as a Fertilizer.

The history of the saltpeter agricultural boom is curious. Let it be first stated that, as the name indicates, nitrate of soda is composed of nitric acid and soda and its plant food value is due to the form under which it presents nitrogen to vegetation. The soda in itself is of no nutritive value. Pure, the salt consists of 16 1/2 per cent of its weight of nitrogen, but in its commercial form only 15 1/2 per cent is guaranteed. The nitrate comes chiefly from the province of Tarapaca, in Peru, and also from Chili, the principal shipping port being Iquique. The beds seemed to be inexhaustible and owe their formation, as Messrs. Muntz and Marciano have established, to the action for years of sea water on animal detritus.

Samples of the Chilian salt were made known to Europe in 1851 by M. de Rivero, and the first exportations date from 1827. The shipments were not encouraging, but the value of the nitrate was not then appreciated. It was only in 1831 that it commenced to be employed in France when it cost 33 francs per cwt. From 1830 to 1834 the total importation of nitrate of soda into Europe was 3000 tons; at present it is 800,000 tons and the price 10 francs per cwt., or 23 francs less than in 1831. It is estimated that the total output of the 52 companies extracting the nitrate in Chili and Peru will be for 1890 nearly one and one-half million tons.

Respecting the agricultural employment of the nitrate; its efficacy tells only on soils that possess all the necessary elements of plant food and especially phosphoric acid. No single fertilizer can bring more than one element of food, and its utility or efficacy will depend on the presence and their proportion of the other food elements in the

soil. This truth must never be overlooked. A soil then dosed with 88 pounds of nitrate per acre may be expected to augment the yield by one-third or one-half as to compared land not so enriched.

From a multitude of field experiments in Germany, Belgium, France and England, it results, that in the case of wheat top-dressed with 88 pounds of nitrate and 18 pounds of phosphoric acid in the form of soluble phosphate, and on an average soil, the increase of grain has been 154 pounds, and 2 1/4 cwts. of straw, over and above average yields. It is not difficult then to establish, taking the cost of the nitrate and the assimilable phosphate at nearly the same prices, but, united, representing an outlay of 16 francs per acre, what the cash profit must be from the sale of an increased yield—by one-third or one-half—of grain. If the dose of the nitrate and superphosphates be doubled the return of produce, winter wheat, barley and oats, can also be doubled. For beets and potatoes the maximum dose of nitrate must not exceed 120 to 160 pounds per acre.—F. Thomas, Paris, in *Grange Homes*.

Better Times—They are Surely Coming.

For the past ten years or more the cultivators of the soil have had hard times. This is the case, not only in our own favored land, but throughout the world. This is not due to bad crops, but to low prices. Farmers have had a terrible struggle for existence. There has been no over-production. That is a mistaken notion. No farm produce has been wasted. It has all been consumed. But buyers, knowing that there was enough, held back and forced down the price. Consumers now know that this was as bad for them as for the producers. When farmers have no money they cannot buy. There has been enforced economy on the farm and extravagance in the city. We are, or soon shall be, the wealthiest nation on the earth. We have no great standing armies to support. We are a nation of workers, and such workers the world has never seen before. We do not plow with a cow and a stick of wood. We no longer quote Franklin's maxim: "He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive." We do both. We drive three horses abreast, and do more actual work in a day than formerly was done in a week. And, in fact, many farmers not content with this, put on two teams of three horses each to a gang of plows, harrows, etc.

Hitherto the consumers have had all the benefit of the producers' enterprise and industry. But the time has come when they will share it with us. The cities are rich and they are spending freely. They are not hoarding. The vast accumulations of money in our savings banks belong, not to the rich, but to the industrial classes. Many a young man and young woman put their money there till they can join hands and join purses and buy a small farm for themselves or start in business. Foreign labor has sought our shores for many years, and now foreign capital is coming by the millions. All this means better times for farmers, and when farmers do well the country is prosperous. Let us be hopeful and go ahead with our improvements.—Joseph Harris, in *Rural Annual*.

Ungoverned Children.

There is nothing more attractive to all well-balanced, healthy-minded persons than a beautiful child. There must be something radically wrong in the disposition of the grown person who dislikes the presence of all children. Why is it that heads of families experience the greatest difficulty in securing boarding places or apartments, or even in renting houses, if there are children in the family? This is an inconvenience which is experienced especially in America; whence it is to be supposed that a great many American children are for some reason allowed by their parents to become nuisances or they would not be universally treated as such. It is curious to note how much attention well-behaved children receive even from those who declare frankly that they do not like children, under, no doubt, the impression that it is natural for children to scream in public, beat drums and generally conduct themselves offensively. A lady who had recently recovered from nervous prostration and who was entertained during her travels home by a two-year-old child who had been given a tea-bell to amuse himself with, could certainly be excused if she had said at the end of that journey "I detest children." During every waking moment of that two days' journey that boy jangled that bell, till she and every one in the drawing-room car were nearly insane with the noise. It is not strange that landlords who have had their cabinet-finished houses hacked up with jack-knives, nails driven in window sills and other injuries done to their property which it will take several hundred dollars to repair, should object to the presence of children as tenants. Any person, whether grown or a child, who utterly ignores the rights of others is liable to suffer. In the case of a child it is the parent's fault and the parent is the sufferer as well as the child, and justly so. The only misfortune is that the innocent must suffer with the guilty. Well behaved children are treated as nuisances on the presumption that they belong to the majority. Nothing but an improvement in the manners of the majority can help the matter. When American mothers recognize their duty to respect the rights of every one with whom they come in contact, to keep their children quiet and orderly, except in times and places when and where they have a right to noisy play, children will be no longer prohibited in hotels and places like flats and boarding-houses. The remedy for the whole evil lies with American mothers, for strangely enough in Germany, France, England and other countries there seems to be no such trouble as we experience.—*New York Tribune*.

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.

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The Men Who Miss the Train.

I leaf aroun' the deopo jest to see the Pullman scoot.
 An' to see the people scamper when they hear the engine toot;
 But wat makes the most impression on my somewhat active brain
 Is the careless men who get there jest in time to miss the train.
 An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some loudly cuss their stars,
 An' some jest gallop down the track an' try to catch the cars;
 An' some with a loud laff an' joke will poutice up their pain—
 Var'us kin's er people get there jest in time to miss the train.
 An' there is many deopos an' flag stations 'thout name
 Along the Grand Trunk railroad that leads to wealth and fame,
 An' men rush to these deopos as fast as they can fly
 As the train of Opportunity jest goes a-thunderin' by.
 They rush down to the station with their hair all stood on end,
 As the platform of the tail-end car goes thunderin' round the bend;
 An' some men groan an' cry aloud, an' some conceal their pain
 When they find that they have got there jest in time to miss the train.
 But the cars puff through the valleys and go a-whirlin' by,
 An' float their banners of white smoke like flags of victory;
 They leap the flowin' rivers and through the tunnels grope,
 An' cross the mountains of Despair to the table-land of Hope.
 The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success—it runs through every clime,
 But the Cars of Opportunity—they run on schedule time,
 An' never are their brakes put on—they won't back up again
 To take the men who get there jest in time to miss the train.
 —S. W. Foss, in *Yankee Blade*.

Facing a Crisis.

In his address before the graduating class of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Prof. C. S. Walker told some very important truths—truths which the farmers of America should know and consider. And not only should the farmer study attentively these truths, but every man interested in the progress of the race should read and reflect.

We quote a part of Professor Walker's address:

Heretofore, in all parts of the world, the farmer has been no match for his adversary. He has never held his own against the soldier or the priest, against the politician or the statesman. In ancient times he was a slave; in the middle ages the serf. In the nineteenth century he is the slave, the serf, the peasant or the proprietor, according to location. American farmers as a class are face to face with a crisis. They have subdued a continent and furnished the raw material for our factories, bread for operatives, and manhood for our civilization. They have sustained the nation's credit with their hard-earned dollars, rescued endangered liberty with their conscientious ballots, and defended, time and time again, the Stars and Stripes with their loyal blood. Vigorous in body, strong in character, striking in individuality, lovers of home, massive in common sense, fertile in resources, devout believers in Providence, the farmers of America will never allow themselves to be overwhelmed by the fate that sunk the tillers of the soil in India, in Egypt, in Europe.

From all parts of this land farmers are coming together. Organization and co-operation are the wonderful ideas that have awakened them as never before. They are grasping hands with a grip that means something, comparing ways and means, uniting upon ends to be gained. They demand for themselves and their children an education equal to the best. They insist upon a fair share of the profits of American industry, claiming that no state can long exist in which the tillers of the soil bear most of the burdens and share little of the blessings of advanced civilization.

But they are in danger of making mistakes in the struggle that shall turn back the progress of the movement. They demand leaders. To supply this demand is the imperative duty of the educated farmer. Whatsoever of bodily vigor, mental power and moral heroism the educated farmer may have acquired from ancestors, college or university, he will need that he may consecrate it to the great work of strengthening his brethren—the farmers of America—so that they shall ever remain an immovable foundation of this, the only Republic whose empire has not been rapidly undermined.

Wild Birds Tamed without Caging.

Some years ago I lived with my family in a suburb, where birds of many species abounded. The house was surrounded with forest trees, and the birds built nests and reared their young unmolested. My daughter, who was then a girl of ten years, took special enjoyment in feeding the birds by casting out crumbs from the table. She never frightened them, but always moved slowly and manifested great gentleness and kindness toward them. By the walk from the front door to the street was an evergreen bush. In this a pair of robins built their nest, about four feet from the ground. By this nest I daily passed and repassed, taking care not to disturb the bird which was hatching out her young. Many times a day my daughter approached the nest, but carefully avoided disturbing the bird. So familiar had her presence become that the robin would sit on her nest till almost touched by my daughter's hand. Finally, when the young were hatched, her delight knew no bounds and she began to feed them crumbs from the table and worms which she searched for in the yard and garden. Between the care of the parent birds and that of my daughter the nestlings fattened and grew with rapidity. Soon the little ones came to recognize my daughter's presence, and the voracious mouths would open wide for the dainty bits she had provided for them. When they were full-fledged and ready to leave the nest, they submitted to being handled and caressed without resistance, and would follow her around the yard as chickens follow the mother hen. If the pair—there were two of them—were up in the trees, she would call, "Robie! Robie! Robie!" and they would fly to her as readily as chickens. Not only would they follow my daughter, but they soon became attached to me, and would often come at my call and perch on my hand or knees, and swallow the earth-worms which I had dug for them. They continued with us on terms of perfect friendship for about six weeks, when cold weather came on and they left for a warmer clime and we saw them no more.
 —W. D. Butler, in *the Swiss Cross*.

The Detroit International Fair.

Among Western enterprises of large note and importance this year, in which many readers will find departments of direct interest to their business, is the Detroit International Fair and Exposition, in Detroit August 26 to September 5, inclusive. The grounds of this exposition are among the largest and handsomest of any fair or exposition in the country. It offers a very large list of cash premiums. This great fair is continental in its scope, and embraces exhibits from all over the United States and Canada.—*Scientific American*.

Here is a man, tired, irritable, probably savage. All day long he has fretted at the bit; but society has held him in. He goes home to spume out his temper. He carries his dark face into the parlor, and one glance at it, nay, the very sound of his foot casts a shadow that can hurt, but can never heal. If his wife is silent, he calls her sulky; if she speaks, he snaps her. If his children come to him with innocent teases he would give a year of his life some day to bring back once more, they are pushed aside, or sent out of the room, or even—God forgive him—are smitten. He eats a moody dinner; takes a cigar—bitter, I hope, and serves him right; takes a book, too—not Charles Lamb or Charles Dickens, I warrant you; and in one evening that man has cast a shadow he may pray, some day, in a great agony, may be removed, and his prayer not be heard.
 —Robert Colyer.

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.
 —Samuel Smiles.

Who Get the Offices.

Can Governors or Presidents afford to leave the party heelers "out in the cold" in order to appoint a farmer to an office that he is particularly adapted to fill with credit to himself and satisfaction to the people? Such a thing would revolutionize politics. Of course, the farmer candidate may have voted for the incumbent, but that does not matter. The farmers always do that, and always get left when the time for appointment comes. Is the Governor or President to be blamed for this? The farmer will vote the ticket anyway, whether appointed or not, but the party heeler is not such a "greeny." He must be taken care of or he will fight. That makes all the difference in the world. These men who must be taken care of get the offices. Do farmers do any better by themselves?

This is a country governed by men who hold delegated power to make laws. The theory is that it is a representative government in which all interests will be fairly represented, and properly protected. But do farmers, when they have the power, delegate farmers to represent agriculture? Nay verily! Not much! They select some newly-fledged law student or doctor—any one but a farmer. Although they must know that farmers are better qualified to represent their interests than a man can be who is not connected directly therewith.

There is not a single farmer in the Senate of the United States, and but very few in the House, simply because the farmers having the appointing power refuse to appoint one of their number. If we cannot trust each other, how can we expect Presidents or Governors to do so?

Betting men say to a man who is doing considerable talking and betting, "Put up or shut up." Why should not the farmers do likewise? If they do not wish to be ignored by the appointing power they must imitate the "heeler" and when they are ignored, await the opportunity and then ignore the "other fellow." It will, no doubt, surprise the President or Governor if farmers remember the snub when the next opportunity to vote comes around, but it will be a surprise that will do good. He is down at the bottom now. And when somebody else drops, the farmer can stand on him and reach the lower round of the ladder.—J. H. Brigham.

The Shortage in Steers.

To-day we discover that the country is absolutely destitute of steer cattle of suitable ages for feeders. The entire list of corn-growing States is steerless, outside of the feeding pens. The range country has but few, and the demand is increasing daily. A practical feeder in Nebraska, who has been engaged in the business for eighteen years in that State and Iowa, told the writer only last week that he had ridden over three counties in Nebraska in search of feeding steers, and failed to secure a single animal over one year old. In order to get a small bunch of 125 he was compelled to take one-half that number of heifers. These he is now feeding corn for the market next winter. A visit to the feeding yards throughout all of the corn-growing States will develop the fact that in a very large proportion of them both heifer and steer yearlings are being grained for the shambles. Why? Not because they are the most profitable, but because there is nothing else to be had. This is the most direct result of the wholesale slaughter of cows, calves and yearling that has been going on for three years in every part of the United States, and the resulting shortage will become more and more apparent for the next three years. Growing out of this condition, the price of cattle on foot must rapidly appreciate from month to month, until there will come a veritable boom in all classes of beef animals. How high prices will go and when the top will be reached are questions no man can answer. That the history of the past will be repeated is certain, and that the day of return to low values is in the far future is equally certain. The men who get in at the present

bottom prices are the men who will reap the sure reward."
 —*Northwestern Live Stock Journal*.

Plowing Too Deeply.

It is many years ago that Horace Greeley, reasoning theoretically on the advantages of more room for the roots of plants, took to advocating deeper plowing as the best means to that end. He was strongly controverted at that time by many practical farmers, but never gave in that he was wrong until some New Jersey farmers on the light, sandy soil, common in parts of that state, tried both deep and shallow plowing, and thus practically demonstrated Mr. Greeley's mistake. Even then the most that the theoretical philosopher could publicly acknowledge was the fact that, under some circumstances, deep plowing was a blunder, and that light soils, with only a thin layer of vegetable matter on their surface, seemed to be especially unadapted to it.

Farmers on many other kinds of land have found too deep plowing an injury to the present crop and to future fertility. The fact is, indeed, becoming generally recognized that on any kind of soil, if deep plowing is to be successful, it must be preceded by clover and accompanied with a heavy dressing of manure of some kind. We have never yet seen a good piece of corn on a timothy sod plowed more than six inches deep. No better test of soil fertility can be found than the corn crop.

If the soil is full of clover roots, a plowing of six or even seven inches deep may do no harm; but if there is no clover in the piece, then all below four inches from the surface will be found cold and inert. If turned to the depth of six inches, the bottom two inches will be made the seed bed—a hopeless, worthless planting place it must prove for a crop which more than any other loves, not merely light, but also warmth and fertility. Cultivation, top-dressing with manure, and mixing this with the soil turned up, will improve it to some extent, but not enough to make the vigorous early growth that is needed if corn is to be a good crop.

After midsummer, corn roots may reach down to the vegetable mold and richer soil turned below. But even this cannot be warmed sufficiently for them to get the same benefit from it that they would nearer the surface. More damage to corn has been done by plowing heavy sods too deeply, so as to smother the grass roots and bring up loose soil for seed bed, than by any other one cause.

Clover sod will bear deeper plowing than will the grasses, because the roots of clover extend into and to a certain extent warm the subsoil. Yet for a corn crop we would not plow generally more than six inches deep, and, unless the soil is very rich, five inches is a still better depth.

Only for winter wheat, where a somewhat hard surface is required, is deep plowing advisable; and even then the compact surface is better secured by judicious use of the roller than by turning up subsoil.

It must be remembered that the under soil, which has never been exposed to light and air, is much poorer than even the poorest surface soil that has long been cultivated. There may be mineral plant food in it, giving the elements of fertility, but it requires to be brought to the surface to be made available, and this can only be done gradually.
 —*Cultivator*.

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The Advantages of a Country Boy.

I have always found it an advantage to me that part of my boyhood was spent on a farm, or rather on several farms. There are so many little domestic arts that a farmer-boy learns and to which the town-bred lad is a stranger. One day, when there happened to be nobody else left on the place who could milk the cow, and the prospect was that my grandchildren would not have a cup of milk for supper, I was glad to show the skill in that line I had acquired on an Indiana farm. My neighbor, Mrs. Murphy, passing by, exclaimed, "Och, now, Mr. Eggleston, and it isn't every jintleman from the city that could find a hand and milk a cow like that!"

I remember to have read of two great poets, Wordsworth and Southey, who once went on an excursion with their publisher, Mr. Cave. All three of them tried in vain to pull the collar off their horse, but it seemed to them impossible to get it off without taking the horse's head along with it. They finally concluded that the horse's head had swelled after the collar was put on. But a milk-maid came up and turned the collar round, and so pulled it off, to the surprise and admiration of the great men, who had not thought of resorting to that plan.

There is no reason why farm life should not be favorable to education. That which makes an educated man is the habit of thinking about what he sees, hears or reads. Reading alone will not do it.

There were many men working in the stone-quarry with Hugh Miller, but Hugh was the only one of them who thought about anything beyond his wages and his dinner. He studied to find out about the fossil animals that he saw in the rocks under his hand. By the time he had worked in the quarry sixteen years, he had become a great geologist, and the world delighted to read the books which he wrote on the subject.

There was once living in Pennsylvania, before the revolution, a Quaker farmer by the name of John Bartram. One day, while plowing, he plucked a violet and pulled it apart. "Here," said he, "are the various parts of this flower, the names of which I do not know, nor their uses. It seems a shame that I have all my life walked over violets without knowing anything at all about them." He then made up his mind that he would study botany. But as all the books on botany at that time were in Latin, he had to begin by studying Latin grammar. Nevertheless, he became a very famous botanist before he died, and he remained to his death a very good farmer, and did much to improve the methods of farming in his time.—*Edward Eggleston, in American Agriculturist*.

Farmers need not fear that their children will be spoiled by too much education. We hear occasionally something said about "educated fools," and sometimes a man is pointed out who is educated, and yet seems to lack all the qualities that go to make a successful man. But such a man would have been a much bigger fool if he had not been educated at all. It is not the education, but the lack of good common sense foundation that is at fault. Give your children all the education you can possibly afford, and rest assured they will be all the better men and women for it.—*Northwestern Agriculturist*.

Never keep a poor milker as long as there is a possibility of getting something better. It is as important to replace a poor cow with a better one as it is to get rid of a balky horse for one more serviceable.

A spirited horse may soon be made slow and spiritless by constant nagging, twitching of the lines, peevish urging, and many other wearing processes invented and practiced by fretful drivers.

Next to "I told you so," the greatest cross a man has to bear in this world is: "If I were you."

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Sugar Maple Screens.

Some twenty years since my buildings in Phillips, Me., were so situated that the northwest winds blew the snow into a lane back of my stable, filling it with big drifts every winter. I transplanted about fifty rock maples (sugar maples) along the lane, interspersed with a few evergreens, chiefly white pine, together with a few cedars. These trees grew nicely and were soon large enough to prevent drifts. This grove changed the whole atmosphere about the premises. I believe it saved a ton of hay and several cords of wood every winter. In driving home through a cold, blustering storm, when coming in the lee of this grove it seemed like a temperate climate. The maples have been tapped and syrup made from them for eight or ten years. Every one who has buildings located in bleak places should set an acre or so to sugar maples. At the edge of the maple grove a white pine should occasionally be planted. The pine is a fast grower. Cedar is also a good tree to transplant, but not so desirable as the pine, because it grows much more slowly. Try this plan, brother farmers, and take my word for it that when the trees are three or four years old you would not have them cut away for five times what they cost. Make your calculations where to set, and fit the ground for the grove this fall. Don't fail to attend to it the coming spring.—*American Cultivator.*

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and lands. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.—*Clay Manufacturers' Engineer.*

Farmers and Politics.

A large amount of the stock in trade in politics at the present time consists of personalities and prejudices. Principle is almost entirely ignored. Hence it is that men engage in partisan strife without any definite ideas of why they are arrayed one against the other. As farmers comprise a large proportion of the voters they are necessarily drawn into the vortex and are dashed against each other; the friction thus created has a tendency to arouse suspicion and jealousy and thereby separate the farming element, thus perpetuating the old order of things to the gratification of the leaders, and to the detriment of the best interests of the country. But as time rolls by, the farmers are made to see their folly in this respect more and more; and indications now point to a complete change which will place the farmers at the head and leave the politicians to be tumbled about in the maelstroms of their own formation. Farmers, unite your forces and use your power for your own and your country's good.—*Ex.*

Railway Men in Politics.

The violent prejudices against railway companies and their management, many of which had good foundations in the beginning, no longer exist. Governmental and state regulations, and a radical change in the relations between the railway companies and the public, have led to kinder feelings and a better understanding. The exceedingly rich and varied vocabulary of opprobrious epithets against railway men has fallen into innocuous desuetude. Railway attorneys find that juries are treating them the same as any other litigants; and in legislatures and before railway commissions the companies have a fair hearing, and the merits of the case are generally impartially acted upon. Railway men in politics are gradually becoming no different from people engaged in any other pursuit. I do not believe there are two states in the Union to-day where a railway man running for office would be cut by any considerable number of the members of his party on account of his business. As to railway men becoming candidates for office, as soon as they know that they are not fighting against a boycott which imposes a stigma upon their patriotism and sense of duty to the public in official positions, few of them will be found willing to take office until they are prepared to quit business. All railway men are politicians, and active ones. Their constant contact with the public, and the habit of being actively interested in everything about them, make them such. But the railway is a most exacting master, and it would be very difficult for one of its officers or employees to hold a position involving his time and attention to any extent, and still continue in the railway service.—*Chauncey M. Depeur, in North American Review for July.*

Babes in Garden Beds.

No man who sees children playing the siege of Vicksburg in his garden, with none of the defences missing, need be at a loss for something to think about. Nothing that I know of is so productive of activity in thought as hard times in the house and children in the garden. A man who has seen blood flow in battle without injury from nervous prostration, has been known to turn blue around the mouth and stutter for two hours at the sight of two strange children and a well-known dog in an asparagus bed, at a time when meat was scarce and but few chickens were kept in the neighborhood, and those under lock and key. Shakespeare was right. The youngster who takes the sweat of a man's brow by pawing out his onions and pulling up his sweet potato vines takes that which enriches him not, and makes the man himself poor indeed, unless he has a father-in-law who will not see him suffer on his wife's account.—*The Ram's Horn.*

Paris Green.

Professor Cook of Michigan tried some experiments, using a mixture which is called "twice the strength which should be used, that the experiment might be more convincing. I used one pound to one-hundred gallons of water." In tree No. 1 a thick paper was placed under one-half of a rather small apple tree. The space covered was six by twelve feet. The dripping was rather excessive and every particle of the poison that fell from the tree was caught on the paper. Dr. R. C. Kedzie analyzed the poison and found four-tenths of a grain. Tree No. 2 was a large tree with a very thick foliage. Underneath this tree was a thick carpet of clover, blue grass and timothy just in bloom. The space covered by the tree was fully sixteen feet square, or equal to 256 square feet. As soon as all the dripping had ceased, the grass under the tree was all cut, very gently and

very close to the ground. This was taken to the chemical laboratory and analyzed by Dr. R. C. Kedzie. There were found 2.2 grains of arsenic. As the authorities say that one grain is a poisonous dose for a dog, two for a man, ten for a cow and twenty for a horse, there would seem to be small danger from pasturing orchards during and immediately after spraying, especially as no animal would eat the sprayed grass exclusively. To test this more fully, Professor Cook sprayed a large tree over some bright tender grass and clover. He then cut the clover carefully, close to the ground, and fed to his horse. It was eaten in an hour or two and the horse showed no signs of injury. The mixture, remember, was of double the proper strength, was applied very thoroughly and all the grass fed and eaten by the horse. This experiment was repeated with the same result.

Thus we have it demonstrated that the arsenites are effective against the codling moth, that in their use there is no danger of poisoning the fruit, and when properly used no danger to the foliage, nor to stock that may be pastured in the orchard.

There is something in the present condition of affairs that reminds one of the granger movement in Illinois in '73 and later. There is now an apparent question as to whether the farmers of the country can have the legislation they want and have it sustained by the courts. This is especially the case in regard to the dressed meat and the railroad questions. At that time the fight was on the railroads. A railroad law had been passed such as was wanted, and a board of railroad and warehouse commissioners appointed. On the first case that came before the supreme court, the law, or part of it, was practically set aside on some technicality and the law made almost valueless. At the next election Chief Justice Lawrence, of the supreme court, was defeated and a farmers' candidate elected, and this in spite of the fact that Justice Lawrence was almost unanimously supported by the lawyers, and was an able and upright judge.

In view of such a fact as this it would seem to be well for the courts to go a little slow in setting aside the expressed will of the people for technical reasons. The foundation principles of right and wrong are of more value than technicalities and should be kept in view in all the work of a court or legislature. The restlessness now pervading the farming community bodes no good to those who put their faith in schemes to get rich out of them without giving an equivalent.—*Western Plowman.*

Suffocated Woodchucks

Bisulphide of carbon—largely used at the West for destruction of prairie-dogs, and recommended against ants-nests in lawns—was lately employed by a farmer, who, with four pounds, exterminated nearly all of the woodchucks from his fields. He adds, in "*Tecumseh Herald*."

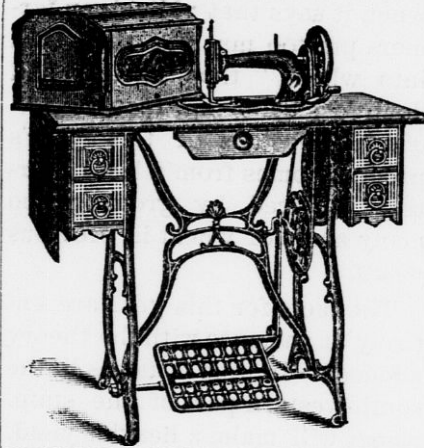
"The bisulphide is in liquid form, volatile and inflammable, and must be kept tightly corked and away from fire. To apply it to the holes, take a piece of rubber hose three or four feet long; put it in the hole, and pour about two tablespoonfuls of the bisulphide in and stop the hole up with earth. They are killed and buried with one operation."

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TIOGA Co. N. Y.,
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Mr. O. W. Ingersoll: Dear Sir:—I am well satisfied with Ingersoll's Liquid Rubber Paint I bought and used on my house eight years ago. It looks well yet. Also bought some six years ago for my neighbors and they are well pleased with it. Fraternally Yours, L. J. VAN WOERT.
[See Ad. Patron's Paint Works.]

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GRANGE VISITOR, Paw Paw, Mich.

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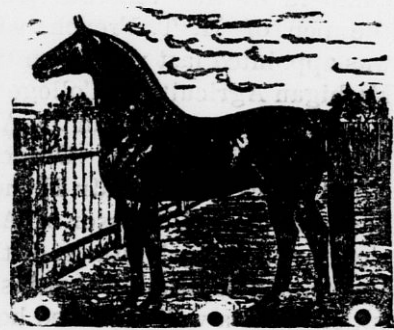
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The Michigan Wheat Crop.

The estimates of this year's Michigan wheat crop, as made by correspondents of the Secretary of State, are not very encouraging. The yield for 1889, about 23,000,000 bushels, was by no means a large one, and that for 1890, as estimated, shows a falling off of 4,000,000 bushels.

We copy the above from the Detroit Daily Tribune of the 11th inst. The facts and conclusions are equally in error, as figures show and as the evidence will prove.

The yield per acre for the state is also exaggerated. In 1885, when the highest yield per acre for the state—19.91 bushels—was grown, the county of Eaton yielded an average of 23.82 bushels, but the entire yield for the state was only 30,376,068 bushels.

The conclusions drawn from the Tribune's array of figures are, that farmers should raise less wheat and more cattle and hogs. Since the year 1885, when the highest average yield of wheat was harvested, there has been an increase of 42,264 in the number of horses, 54,421 in the number of milch cows, of 20,124 in the number of cattle other than cows, but a decrease of 31,297 in the number of hogs.

In a recent number of the VISITOR—June 15—we gave the loss in the number of sheep since 1884—518,918—due to causes which we did not care to discuss, but during and since last year, as recent statistics show, the number

of sheep in the state has been steadily increasing.

The figures show that what the Tribune advises has already begun. The percent of acreage in wheat, to the whole amount of improved land, has been decreasing and is now ten per cent less than in 1876. The low estimate for wheat production this year is based upon causes other than that intimated by the Tribune, when it says that "Michigan farmers put too much of their land into wheat," thus saying, and doubtless believing, that the 19,000,000 bushels of this year's product comes from a loss of fertility induced by growing too many acres of wheat in previous years.

The facts for this year are entirely at variance with the theory adduced. In nine counties in the south-western part of the state, wheat will make a heavier yield, probably, than for many years previous, and the fact is due entirely to climatic causes; while two-thirds of the state, east and north-east, will not make half the usual yield—for reasons hereafter stated and is not due to the fault of the farmer. Rain in abundance fell last year over the area where heavy crops have just been gathered, and drouth and consequent late seeding and slow germination was the rule over all the poor wheat sections. Snow, also, covered the ground in the south-west during the March freeze, while in other portions of the state the small, feeble wheat plant was exposed and nearly killed by the action of frost and cold, dry winds. If the conditions prevailing over the favored portions of the state had been universal, the Tribune doubtless would have extolled the quality of Michigan farmers and their farming, as the best in the Union, for their ability to grow maximum crops, and give an increased yield for the state upon a smaller area of land.

The intelligence of the farmers of Michigan, coupled with their interest in the present and prospective productiveness of their farms, is a sufficient guide for the management of their affairs. This moralizing upon crop results, is a favorite theme for metropolitan papers, and they are usually as empty of real knowledge as this item of information is shown to be. Influences entirely outside of the farmers' ability to control, so affect his plans that he feels a little sensitive when bad results are charged, to neglect or a want of ordinary business sagacity.

Promoted.

Our readers have been treated to some pleasant correspondence from Corvallis, Oregon, in recent numbers of the VISITOR, from the pen of H. T. French, who was appointed last year from the Michigan Agricultural College to a subordinate position in the Agricultural College of Oregon. News comes now that Mr. French has been made Professor of Agriculture and Agriculturist of the Experiment Station in that institution. It is a well deserved honor, reached by merit and a desire and determination to do well whatever was set before him as a duty to perform.

Mr. French has been under our eye as boy and man for many years, and the prophecy of his life and living as a boy is being fulfilled in the man. The management of the Oregon Agricultural College may be congratulated upon securing so capable and enterprising an occupant for its chair of Practical Agriculture.

Hearing Corn Grow.

The editor of a city agricultural paper, in a recent editorial, gets off this superlative gush of information to his country readers: "By listening in a corn-field on such a day as we have had nearly a dozen of lately, one can actually hear the rustle of the expanding stalks and leaves."

Further along in this same article, and the only editorial in that week's issue, he says:

"In our issue of May 31st we explained that the corn plant, like all others, grows mainly upon food gathered from the air, and that light is essential to change the materials thus gathered into a condition fit for nourishing the plants, the stalks, the leaves, the ears and the kernels, when the food is carried to them by the circulating sap which distributes it after its preparation in the leaf surface by the sunlight."

Here is La Salle St., 4th story wisdom for farmers, after a pattern which this sheet frequently hands out for their benefit and guidance. Practically this says: If you desire to know whether the corn is growing, go out into the field and listen to the spreading cells and the crackling of the "expanding stalks."

Shut an agricultural editor up in a city and his egotism grows and expands as his practical knowledge is eliminated and makes room for it. There are notable exceptions, but the venerable editor of this Chicago concern is the cap-sheaf of agricultural quackery. "Corn grows mainly upon food gathered from the air" is too gaseous a proposition for farmers to accept, and becomes ridiculous when he adds "that light is essential to change the materials thus gathered," &c.

In the paragraph quoted he lapses into sense when he adds: "when the food is carried to them (stalks, leaves, ears, kernels,) by the circulating sap which distributes it," &c.

For lack of practical knowledge it is the custom of some people to hide their ignorance under an assumed understanding of the unknowable. Because a large proportion of vegetable substances are reverted to gasses on being burned, the inference is gathered that they come from the air to which they go. So this agricultural oracle talks about "materials" gathered from the air as though the imponderable elements crystallized into palpable food by some "hocus pocus" of sunlight. Stand an ox in the sunlight, or the hired man over a savory stew and refuse them the food through nature's channels, and you will hear or feel something beside the "rustle of expanding" muscle and sinew; although it is necessary that these as well as growing corn should be treated to sunbaths and air diet. We need have no fear for the good offices which air and sunlight bring to plants and animals; our duty is to feed each through the organs of circulation, and if we fail there, no amount of sunlight or atmosphere will supplement our neglect, although, as this Chicago editor says, "the sunlight is striking the corn leaves at a velocity eleven million times greater than that of a railway train running a mile a minute."

While we have this "farmers' paper" on the grid-iron, it is timely to call attention to its efforts last year to induce farmers to purchase binding twine, through its agency, at current rates, holding up meanwhile as an inducement to purchasers the premonition of a short supply

and the prospect of an advance in price. It is now furnishing pages of reading matter puffing and booming "Montana lands," where its editor spent a long vacation last season at the invitation of a railroad company.

It is fair to presume that its "Health Talks" are only copies from advance sheets of a new text book of Physiology for schools, which it hopes to advertise in this way and make popular for a consideration.

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" commend us to an "experienced" Chicago editor, running a paper for a syndicate.

Wheat Values.

Predicting the future of a market is a very uncertain thing; but the indications all point to better prices for the present crop. The quality of Michigan wheat is excellent as a starter, and when the estimates for the outcome of the whole crop are exchanged for the certainties of actual yield, it will be found that the balance carried over from the last crop year, when added to the present product, will not present so formidable a supply as to threaten such a vast surplus as has lately loomed up in the future of the wheat trade. This state of facts is recognized by dealers everywhere, but the conservatism taught by trading in the commodity in the recent past, prevents speculations on this probability, and so the market yields to variations for or against the position assumed above.

That the world's supply is gradually lessening year by year is susceptible of proof, as is shown by the articles lately published in the VISITOR upon that point. Dollar wheat is not a very uncertain vision in the future, and is recognized as a probability in trade circles. This tacit acknowledgment augurs well for its realization, and the struggle will not, therefore, be so unyielding against its consummation. There will be the usual hammering to keep prices down until the product is out of first hands, so that the profits of the rise may be turned from the pockets of those who dig in the ground to the wallets of those who dig in the air.

There seems to be more of a determination and ability among farmers to hold their products up to real values, which is another element of strength in the situation. Any weakening on our part will give strength to the bear side of the contest. If the whirligig of time doesn't bring about a bull movement in the near future, the pointers are all out of joint.

The resolutions of Calhoun County Pomona Grange on another page, which are endorsed so heartily by Sister Mayo, we hope will be discussed by every Grange, and their conclusions sent to the VISITOR for a wider hearing. Some change in the manner of selecting Senators is demanded to rescue the reputation of their appointment from the charge of bargain and sale. That reverence which the people ought to feel for those selected to make the laws, is changed to contempt when a man's ability is reckoned by the expanse of purse, rather than of intellect. One is no measure of the other, in practice, and should not and must not be made so by example. The change suggested by the spirit of the resolutions would place the election of Senators before the people in the form of a choice, and would remove the temptation to subsidize press and persons in the interest of one individual.

When this comes before our readers we shall be off with the Michigan Press Association for a three weeks' trip to the "Soo," Iron Mountain, St. Paul, Yellowstone National Park, Salt Lake City and Denver. VISITOR affairs will be left in the hands of Mrs. J. C. Gould, who has had charge of the mailing list for over a year, and for several numbers, has been Editress of the Ladies' Page. We shall attempt to use our eyes for the benefit of our readers, and the August 1st number will contain some description of scenes along the route. In our absence we hope our readers will not forget to present the claims of the VISITOR to their friends, so that we shall be met, on our return, by an array of new names that will inspire to renewed effort.

The interest at the Agricultural College was never more enthusiastic than at present. Pupils and professors are in perfect harmony, and the growing strength of the Institution seems assured. The grounds are beautiful, the crops excellent, the stock sleek and well handled, and there is a flavor of enthusiasm pervading all departments. Commencement exercises begin the week of August 17th, when the baccalaureate sermon will be preached by President Clute. The graduating class will receive their diplomas on Tuesday, the 19th. Readers of the VISITOR who desire to attend will be welcome.

We have been using Bug Finish, advertised in another column, on our potato vines. It has the following advantages: It is handy and it sticks; quite a shower is needed to wash it all off, and if wind blows to bend the leaves from the rain, it comes out "top of the heap" when the shower is over. If you go through the patch after a day's absence, and find bugs top of every stalk, you grit your teeth, grab the duster and give it to 'em. That is satisfaction; when if you had to find the poison and the plaster, and then mix it, you likely, in the flurry and zeal to kill, get too much poison and kill both bugs and vines. We like it. Patrons, try it.

We have some interesting notes on grasses, taken on a recent visit to the Agricultural College, while tramping over the grass plats in the company of Prof. Beal, the recognized authority on grasses in the United States. These will be written out for the next number of the VISITOR, and if we can again catch the enthusiasm of that occasion, we hope to interest our readers in some thing of the measure of our interest at the time.

A rafting pin appears to be a very simple thing and of trifling importance, but it is not so inconsequential after all, when the number used annually is taken into consideration, and the amount of hardwood timber consumed in their production is understood. The Tittabawassee and several other boom companies in Michigan use millions of these little and simple devices—one pin being required to every log "tied out" by them; and the firms producing them use up whole "train loads" of logs in their manufacture. They are simply a wedge-shaped piece of wood with sufficient of the center of the wedge removed to admit the insertion of a small sized rope, so that when they are driven into the center of each log they cover the rope and hold it firm. When the logs thus fastened in strings arrive at their destination, a slight blow breaks the pin, loosens the rope, and permits the logs to be handled separately. It will thus be perceived that millions of these little devices, costing in the aggregate a large sum, are made and destroyed annually.

Communications.

The Wind Across the Wheat.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have ever heard?
A sweeter than the ripples' plash, or trilling of a bird,
Than tapping of the rain drops upon the roof at night,
Than the singing of the pine trees on yonder mountain height,
And I tell you these are tender, yet never quite so sweet,
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the sunlit billows in a golden sea of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves, to fill the creaking wain?
Have you thought how snow and tempest, and the bitter wintry cold,
Were but the guardian angels, the next year's bread to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the sky,
Just waiting, growing silently, until the storms went by?
Oh! have you lifted up your heart to Him who loves us all,
And listens through the angel songs if but a sparrow fall?
And thus, when thinking of His hand, what sympathy so sweet
As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the wheat?

It hath its dulcet echoes, from many a lullaby,
Where the cradled babe is hushed beneath the mother's loving eye.
It hath its heaven promised, as sure as heaven's throne,
That He who sent the manna will ever feed His own;
And, though an atom only, 'mid the countless hosts who share
The Maker's never ceasing watch, the Father's deathless care,
That atom is as dear to Him, as my dear child to me;
He cannot lose me from my place through all eternity;
You wonder, when it sings me this, there's nothing half so sweet,
Beneath the circling planets, as the wind across the wheat!

—Home Maker.

Pomona Grange.

According to announcement, another of those deservedly popular gatherings was held at the hall of Elk Lake Grange on June 11th and 12th, with increased interest and numbers.

Grange was called to order at 2 p. m. of the 11th by Worthy Master Bagley. After a short session in the 5th degree, he opened in the 4th with a crowded house—many coming by boat. Several were present from Eastport and Kalkaska.

The reports from Subordinate Granges were first called, which showed that the majority of them were in an unusually prosperous condition.

W. M. requested the committee on legislative action to confer and prepare resolutions to be presented next morning.

Mrs. E. S. Gray then read her report as chairman of Woman's Work in the Grange, and urging the committee of Sub. Granges to further action. She also read the report of Mrs. A. M. Barnes, chairman of the same committee in Grand Traverse Grange, referring to the county seat social, the Demorest contest for silver and gold medals.

Mrs. Leighton made her report, mentioning some things that woman can do better than the opposite sex, such as caring for the sick and as the natural custodian of children.

E. O. Ladd called attention to three resolutions presented, but not discussed for want of time, at Monroe Centre, in March:

- 1st—The Australian method of voting;
 - 2d—The election of Senators by the people;
 - 3d—The loaning of money to farmers by the government at 2 per cent.
- Each of these elicited considerable discussion, during which the Australian method was explained and the new election law read—the new law being considered sufficient for the present.
- The 2d was opposed.
- The 3d was favored by some, if limited to farmers heavily in debt. Others thought that the moneyed interest would prevent its passage. It was finally summed up in the following:
- Resolved*, That we are opposed to the passage of a bill to loan money to farmers at 2 per cent., or the following reasons:
- 1st—We can easily see that the proposition is not made in good faith, with the intention of helping the whole farming interest.
 - 2d—It would be impossible for the government to furnish money enough for this purpose to amount to a drop in the bucket, compared with the demand that would arise, should such a bill become a law.

3d—There is strong probability that those who most needed money would be least likely to get it.

A public meeting was held in the evening, at which many were unable to obtain standing room. The exercises were as follows: Readings by Mrs. Dickerman, Mrs. Ladd and Miss Lizzie Tompkins; recitation by Mrs. Lackey; essays by Mrs. E. M. Voorhees and Mr. Munro. The evening session closed with an interesting discussion on practical agriculture, the whole being interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

Thursday morning the committee on legislative action reported the following:

Resolved, That Traverse District Grange No. 17 does not approve the bill now before congress relative to building government warehouses for the storage of farm products, it being in our judgment impracticable and unnecessary. Also,

Resolved, That this Grange request our Senators and Representatives in Congress to do all in their power for the passage of the Conger bill relating to pure lard and the Butterworth bill relating to gambling in farm products. Also,

Resolved, That the proposed reduction in binder twine and the raw material of the same meets the approval of this Grange. Also,

Resolved, That the proposed change in bagging appears to us to be unjust and adverse to the interests of agriculture. Therefore we would recommend that the duty remain as it now stands. Also,

Resolved, That we regard the use of oleomargarine by the trustees or management of any public or charitable institution of Michigan, after the manufacture of the same has been prohibited by law, as opposing the legislative and executive branches of our state government. And further,

Resolved, That we regard it as a grievous burden to the tax-payers to be assessed to pay the expense of prohibiting the manufacture of oleomargarine and then be compelled to pay for the same manufactured at other places, because used in our public institutions. Also,

Resolved, That we are in hearty sympathy with all efforts to so amend our laws that our state institutions shall be supplied with produce raised in the state, so far as practicable.

After giving Mrs. Arnold and Elk Lake Grange a hearty vote of thanks for music and hospitality, Pomona closed to meet at Mapleton Grange hall, Sept. 17th and 18th.

A. P. GRAY, Sec'y pro tem.

Important Resolutions.

The following resolutions were adopted at the June meeting of the Calhoun county Grange, and we ask that the subject matter therein contained be discussed by every County and Subordinate Grange in the state, and that the Patrons of the state co-operate together in carrying out the principles here advocated. By so doing, we may elect a United States Senator by the will of the people and thus prohibit the purchasing of the position by the man who has the most money to pay for the same, irrespective of his ability to fill the office. And furthermore, it lies in our power to elect a man who will use the position in the interest of the farmers and the industrial classes.

MRS. MARY A. MAYO.

WHEREAS, We believe the welfare of the great producing classes of our nation demands that the Senate of the United States be brought into closer relations to the voters, so that it shall represent the millions of the people and not the millionaires, trusts and corporations which now virtually elect its members and control its action; therefore

Resolved, That to this end we demand that the state nominating conventions of our respective political parties shall hereafter in the year preceding the close of each senatorial term nominate a candidate for U. S. Senator at the same time a Governor and other state officers are nominated by such conventions, and that the next succeeding legislature

be expected to carry out the popular will expressed by the result of the election in the same manner as the electoral college now registers and ratifies the national choice of a President.

Resolved, That we call upon all Granges in this and other states; upon all organizations designed to increase the influence and better the condition of the workers and wealth producers of our land, and upon all good citizens, organized and unorganized, to join with us in the effort to secure a National Senate which shall represent the people, and not merely the organized wealth of the Nation.

Superior Grange No. 68, united its Fourth of July and Children's Day celebrations, and so had a doubly good time in the form of a basket picnic. The morning hours were rather chilly to warrant a very lively sale of the "ice cold lemonade," ice cream, etc., offered by the Superior Grange band, which was out in full force, their bright new uniforms enlivening and adding beauty to the scene; but by the time the dinner hour had past and the good things were disposed of, the weather was much warmer.

Special effort had been put forth to secure talent that would insure us a good program. Superior Grange had never called upon the State Grange for anything, and a number of us thought we wanted to see and hear some of the leaders of the Order, and, as the P. of I. are making quite a stir around us, we felt justified in calling on the Worthy Lecturer of the State Grange, Bro. Jason Woodman. He thought he could not come at first, but yielded to earnest entreaty. We were not disappointed in our choice, for he gave us a fine, stirring Grange address that we all enjoyed very much, and which did us all good. It encouraged us to keep right on in our work. It made us better Patrons. We shall remember Mr. Woodman with gratitude, and hope to see him again. Rev. Wallace, of Plymouth made a fine address to the children. The program was interspersed with music, consisting of patriotic songs by the Grange choir and other singers, and instrumental music by the band. It was a glorious Fourth, and all went home well pleased with the celebration.

J. H. HANFORD, Sec'y.

DOWLING, Mich., June 30.
ED. VISITOR:

A few weeks ago, by request, you sent me a bundle of GRANGE VISITORS. I placed them among my friends where I thought they would do the most good. One good veteran of the plow, after reading Brother Ramsdell's documents on National Finances, Banking and Silver Coinage, said he had never read anything that suited him better; and as it is good policy to "strike while the iron is hot," blank applications were brought forward, duly filled out and accepted, and Saturday evening, June 28, in the presence of forty members of Johnstown Grange No. 127, P. of H., the husband and wife took solemn vows to aid and assist us in our Grange home by being initiated as members of our noble Order.

Our Grange is just arousing from a night of slumber, and "Forward!" is the watchword. We have recently initiated eight, reinstated three and have one to initiate at our next meeting. As to our business transactions, we have purchased a new organ from Montgomery, Ward & Co., of Chicago, which was received in good condition and is a dandy. Total cost, delivered at Battle Creek, was \$40.55. Two weeks ago we started to roll the binding twine ball, and ere we left the old Grange hall Saturday evening the ball had rolled up to the tune of 2,800 pounds, which we ordered from Montgomery, Ward & Co., of Chicago.

Brother Grangers, go ye and do likewise.

Fraternally yours,
GEO. R. BOWSER,
Deputy for Barry Co.

The Worthy Master of the California State Grange appeals to the farmers of his State in the following words:
"There ought to be brought

to the minds of every class of thoughtful citizens the importance of sending men to the next session of the Legislature who will not vote to tax every industry to death. Our resources are great, our people are industrious and frugal; but our ability to pay \$7,000,000 annually for State taxes alone is more than overrated. Give us a greater number of thoughtful and determined farmers, artisans and manufacturers in the Legislature, and we will have better laws and lower and more bearable taxes. Farmers, miners, mechanics, manufacturers and artisans, join in this effort to reduce State and county taxes. All our interests in this particular are common. Come, let us reason, talk, work and vote together for better government, and that, too, at less expense! Delays are dangerous; then act this year!

If it be true, as is stated, that the managers of the Farmers' Alliance, in Texas, have "squandered or stolen" \$1,000,000, then it is time for the farmers who have been thinking of joining the Alliance to inquire into the new organization and its management. There has never been any such charge made against the Grange. While the Grange has had its ups and downs, its successes and its failures, its rewards and its punishments, yet, after twenty-three years of all-around work and experience, the Grange stands out bold and strong, growing, prospering, honoring, and being honored. Let every farmer stop and think of his duty to this, the farmers' organization—the Grange,—and if he wants to help in the work of reducing taxation, equalizing burdens, upbuilding society, disseminating popular education—in short, of being a true utilitarian, then let him join the Grange."

The following is an extract from the graduating oration of Alonzo C. Lathrop, of Bucknell Academy, Lewisburg, Pa., delivered June 2d, and published in *Farmers' Friend*:

One cause of the present agricultural depression is the excessive number of middlemen. Their support which must come out of the farmers' produce, necessarily lessens the farmers' income, and at the same time increases the price of product to the consumer. Another cause is the exorbitant rates of transportation companies. Impelled by a greed for gain, railroads have perverted their rights; have discriminated in favor of corporations and have compelled the farmer to make up the difference. Trust and syndicates are parasites upon agriculture. By the combination of capital they compel the farmer to sell at their figures or let his crops spoil. They have inaugurated a system of gambling in his produce unequalled by any system of gambling in our country. During the past year the Chicago wheat syndicate gambled away more wheat than the entire world produced. Jefferson has said, "Any system which destroys legitimate competition is absolute robbery." This gambling in products that do not exist paralyzes legitimate competition. Depression and depreciation in the values of produce follow.

Two Country Boys.

About sixty years ago a Vermont boy, a farmer's son, was sent to East Poultney by himself to sell a load of potatoes. It was a great event to him—the proudest day of his life. He sold out his load, then drove around to the tavern, put up his horses and went in to dinner. How grand he felt, ordering a dinner on his own account and paying his own bill!

A good many people were in the dining room, among the rest a distinguished looking man, no less a personage than the sheriff of a county, who had been formerly a member of Congress. But pretty soon our young fellow's eyes fell upon "a tall, pale, white-haired, gawky boy," sitting at the further end of the table in his shirt sleeves, paying attention to nobody and eating as if upon a wager.

"This is a pretty sort of a tavern, anyhow, to let such a fellow as that eat at the same table with these gentlemen. He ought to come in with the hostler," thought

our young potato merchant.

Before long the conversation turned upon some political subject—some act of an early Congress—and there was a difference of opinion as to how certain members had voted upon it. All at once the sheriff turned toward the white-haired, half-clad boy at the end of the table and asked:

"Ain't that right, Greeley?"
"No, you are wrong."
"There," said one of the men, "I told you so."

"And you are wrong, too," continued the boy; and he proceeded to give the history of the measure in question from beginning to end.

Our potato merchant was astonished beyond measure, the more so because the whole company took these statements as law and gospel, settling the whole dispute at once and forever.

The "gawky" boy was Horace Greeley, who was then at work in a printing office in East Poultney. The other boy became a prominent New York physician. The two did not see each other again for many years. Then the famous New York physician met the famous editor one day on the street and told him this story, to his great amusement.—*Youth's Companion*.

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 go 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.

Happiness is composed of so many pieces that one is always missing.—Bossuet.

Duty is every moment the brother of sacrifice.—Perreyve.

Ladies' Department.

July.

July—for you the songs are sung
By birds the leafy trees among;
With merry carolings they wake
The meadows at the morning's break,
And through the day the lisp'ing breeze
Is woven with their treetop glees.
For you the prattling, pebbly brooks
Are full of tales like story books.
For you a fragrant incense burns
Within the garden's blossom-urns
Which tempt the bees to hasten home
With honey for the honey comb.
The river, like a looking-glass,
Reflects the fleecy clouds that pass,
Until it makes us almost doubt
If earth and sky aren't changed about.
July—for you in silence deep
The world seems fallen fast asleep,
Save on one glorious holiday,
When all our books we put away
And every little maid and man
Is proud to be American!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in St. Nicholas.

Out of Sight.

When the hillsides are flushed with the pink of the laurel,
And green are the meadows where lambs are at play,
Mid snow-drifts of clover, and blush-blossoms of sorrel,
There's beauty broadcast on the fair summer day.
In the distance the mountains are purple and hoary;
And nearer, the valleys are sweet in the sun;
Each turns a new leaf in the brilliant old story,
Which ever is telling, and never is done.
But away, my heart in the midst of the splendor,
Goes roving afar from the beauty I see,
And thought, with affection ineffably tender,
Flits swifter than pinion of bird or of bee.
To pause in the clefts never trodden by mortal,
To climb to the heights where the morning is born,
To rest, like a pilgrim at ease, in the portal
Ajar for the lark soaring up from the corn.
There, swinging their censers, and lighting the altars
In gloom or in grandeur, built only for God,
Where winds are the minstrels, and mountains the psalters,
Sweet, sweet are the flowers which sprinkle the sod.
There, facing the sky when the tempest is over,
And strong with resistance to whirl and to shock,
The pine to the sun lifts the look of a lover,
With head heaven-tossing, and roots in the rock.
Brave beauty, alone for the Lord and His angels,
How quiet and soothing the lesson it brings!
A heart chord struck out from the best of evangelists,
A string for the soul which in solitude sings.
No child of the Father should ever be dreary,
Nor slip from the blessing, the gladness, the light,
For God and the angels will never grow weary
Of guarding and keeping what blooms out of sight.

The Land of Dreams.

O land of dreams! O beautiful land which borders
The unknown shore—
Whose realms are filled with the loved and lost,
Whom we meet on earth no more!
Land where the weary and worn may rest; where
The king and serf lie down;
Where the serf may walk in realms as fair as he
Who weareth the crown.
With the loving and loved of our youth we wander
By golden streams;
We reckon not of care, of wealth or loss, in that
Beautiful land of dreams.
The maid whom we loved in halcyon days, whose
Bed lies under the snow,
Flits back and forth in the land of dreams with
The beauty of "long ago!"
Her bright eyes shine with the sparkling glance of
The olden happy days—
And our hearts again renew their youth 'neath the
Radiance of her gaze.
We live whole years of joy at once as the sunlight
On us gleams,
Whole years of joy that have no night, in the
Beautiful land of dreams.
The joy, the hopes and the knowledge vast that we
Yearn for in waking hours
We gather in as we enter there as the earth drinks
In the showers;
We climb the hills of the unknown land—the land
By no mortal trod—
Behold the palace, wherein our home, whose
Builder and maker is God!
And brightly its walls of jasper shine as the sun-
light on it gleams;
Its gates of gems and its streets of gold that we
See in the land of dreams.
O land of dreams! O mystical land! between the
Known and unknown,
There reigns no king in thy vast domain, each
Dream is king alone.
He knoweth naught of the mystic realm, cares not
Where its confines end;
He asketh not, for upon its shores he meeteth his
Long-lost friend!
O land of dreams! O beautiful land, where the
Sunlight ever gleams!
May we enter the unknown land named Heaven
From the beautiful land of dreams.

That Dish Cloth.

It will be conceded that house-keeping involves a vast deal of sentiment which is voiced in acts and opinions in various ways. Some housekeepers have a penchant for immaculate table linen; a taste for mirror-like cook-stoves; a special style of bed-making; shining tea sets or glass-ware; floors upon which the foot-step of man seems almost a sacrilege; dyspepsia-inviting dinners, or a continual warfare of extermination is waged against the busy and persistent fly. Others have aggressive ideas about house drainage, clean cellars, kitchen gardens, etc. Writers upon household topics give prominence each to his individual predilection or hobby; and there is such variety, and all

urged with equal vehemence as the essential thing, that the young housekeeper or one desirous of improving upon her present methods is disheartened at the outset, knowing well, or soon learning that the strength of the average woman is unequal to the accomplishment of them all.

Perfection is seldom attained in all the minutia and details of any vocation, and some things are very likely to lack the attention the writers mentioned set up as an absolute requirement. Each one must study the matter so as to determine for herself what tasks she can place among the non-essentials, and to which she must give her time so as to secure the health and comfort of her family, for these are of more importance than mere show or gratification of the eye.

Indulgence in these fancies is often carried to such an extent as to make both herself and family very uncomfortable. There are, however, some housekeeping details the neglect of which brings discomfort, disease and sometimes even death. A certain woman in aiding a family where typhoid fever was present came upon a dish cloth which to her mind was a sufficient explanation of all the trouble.

In many a household that has a tidy appearance and care is taken to preserve immaculate cleanliness in other particulars, the dish cloth and dish towels are an offense to the olfactory and a source of danger to the family. Better have dust on the furniture or chairs set awry or many other irregularities than to serve food to our loved ones upon dishes which have been subjected to an ostensible cleansing by such questionable aids. Very much is written at present about house drainage and much attention is being given this matter by householders and very properly, too, but it matters not what close application of the best scientific principles may here be made or to what perfection other things may be carried if the director of the kitchen is neglectful of her dish cloth. Young housekeepers, place this among the first in your list of essentials. Mothers training your girls in household work, look carefully after this matter, and all having servants, it will be worth your while to insist that your dish washing be done in a careful and effective manner, and with cloths which are both sweet and clean.—M.

Summer Literary Poison.

Almost every one starting off for the summer, takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the book-stand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August, than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women, who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I find sitting on hotel piazzas or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yes, there is no need that you take along into a watering place "Hamilton's Metaphysics," or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of rat-bane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the vermin of a corrupt printing press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry, ringing with merry canto; books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? There will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you

can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.—T. DeWitt Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Gentle Sleep.

The Chicago Tribune prints nearly a page of suggestions on how to get to sleep. Sara Bernhardt fixes her mind on a carved Cupid on the foot bed-post, rolls her eyeballs down, says the alphabet and winks off, though how she can concentrate her mind on the Cupid and say the alphabet at the same time is something not easy to be comprehended by anybody but a genius like Sara.

Hen Peck writes that he lets his wife talk him to sleep. Two sarcastic husbands resort to this remedy, and it works like magic. Caroline Corbin lies down and thinks of the good times she has had. She must have had a lot of fun in her time for the effect to be as soothing as that.

George Frederick lies down upon the right side of his body, and fixes his mind on the bright side of whatever duty lies before him to-morrow.

One man eats lettuce. Rev. David Swing used to get up and go out to a fire when he was wakeful, and it always put him into a delightfully somnolent state. But there could not always be a fire when Mr. Swing was restless. So he procured a set of dumbbells, and now puts himself to sleep by taking violent exercise in his room. He used to think that eight hours' sleep was enough for everybody. He has found, however, that it depends on the person. There are those who with six or seven hours' sleep keep in perfect health. Mr. Swing says he is one of these.

Numerous wiseacres inform the public that the cause of the trouble is worry, and advise people not to worry. Perhaps some of these can tell them how not to worry.—Barre Enterprise.

The home-life should be positively Christian in its character. There is a great difference between a religion for show and a showing for our religion. God has come to seek for fruit—for good fruit; not of talking well, but of walking well—the fruits of holiness in life and conversation. Fruits short of this God will not reward. We cannot attain true wisdom by seeking it chiefly in public ordinances. The Lord was not in the strong wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. The wisdom which he imparts is practical and attractive. It fills the possessor with sacred peace, and diffuses around him kindness and joy. It makes the mother in her home speak kindly and pleasantly in the kitchen as well as in the parlor—at home as well as abroad in company. There ought to be no heartaches caused by neglect or cold, cruel words, coming from those who profess holiness. We ought to be able and willing to help our kindred over the rough places in life, to kiss away the weariness from the invalid in our own home, to smooth back the white locks of the aged ones that tarry with us. We should be ready to communicate, to give books and fragrant flowers before the eyes and ears are sealed in death and the white hands clasped upon the quiet heart. We ought to make our children gladder and happier in their own home than anywhere else. The love of God does, if we let it, make us speak more gentle and lovingly to our husbands and wives than to company, and be as truly polite to each other when at home as when abroad. Oh, it means something to live so that our homes may be a paradise on earth, even when flooded with tears! How much the memories of such a home are to me now—the songs, the prayers the tears we shared together! The faces that were radiant with love are now hidden away from me here, but they are shining more gloriously in heaven. Their lives while on earth pointed my soul Christward. I praise the Lord for straightforward, downright, whole hearted holiness living in my childhood home. May we have God walking in the inner temple; then may we go out to win and help others to a holy life!—Mrs. Annie E. Bolton, in "Guide to Holiness."

Hospitality.

Around the very word there lingers a delicate, old-world aroma. It is suggestive of much that is graceful and courtly in history and literature and life. It calls up visions of bread broken between strangers, of salt partaken of by foes, the sweet old story of the woman who broke her box of ointment at Christ's feet, all manner of shows and pageants and stately companies as well as some very homely gatherings and pathetic kindnesses.

And of this thing, so beautiful in itself, so capable of all fine interpretations, we make often a bungling and unlovely matter. We invite our guests, we welcome them heartily, we give them food to eat and a place to sleep. They are a joy to us, and with that our solicitude stops. The question of their joy in our society we either take for granted or leave out of consideration. We open our houses and our hearts, and shut our eyes; and act at once pitiful and unwise.

By way of illustration of what we would say: It is our pleasure to have visited two houses, in either of which our welcome is equally assured. In one, while we were left perfectly free in regard to our manner of spending time, our exits, entrances, conversations, or silences, there was yet, in all the minor arrangements a very evident care, at once gratifying and soothing to a stranger. Without remark of any kind our tastes were consulted, our comfort quietly secured. On going to our room for the night we found that those inventions of darkness—the shams, had been removed, the bed invitingly opened; conveniently near were a candle and matches; on the table, up to which a rocker was cosily drawn, was a lighted lamp, a magazine, and some new books. There were pins in the cushion, hot water as well as cold on the dressing-table, and the towels were fresh and plentiful.

And the other place? Ah, well! an attempt at "entertaining" was glaringly evident; there were apologies for the very well-cooked and abundant food; we groped our way along a dark passage after our own water; having performed our ablutions we dried our face on a new, unlaundried towel that left it in an eminently starchy condition and our temper on the move; we tore off the shams ourselves, put out the gas and plunged desperately into bed, to lose in slumber ungracious thoughts.

Surely the moral is not hard to find! There is an old adage to the effect that a pallet of straw and good-will is hospitality for a king. Good, so far as it goes! Good will is certainly at the bottom of all true hospitality. If you have only a pallet of straw do not apologize therefor, but if you have more to offer look to it that your accessories are perfect in their bestowal. It is not enough to give freely and ungrudgingly; to be of any value your hospitality must be thoughtful and gracious. The best, not merely of food and shelter, but of mind and heart, is not too much for the stranger within your gates, or your friend, the chosen of your heart.—G. E. S., in Golden Rule.

Taffy.

If there is friction, out with your oil-can. If there is a quarrel, pour on oil. Blessed are the peacemakers.

But the oil-can is for the rarer emergencies. It is not everybody that has the gift of putting oil on just the spot that grates; and it is not every day that quarrels occur which call for the oil-can. But blessed be taffy. It is wanted every day and from everybody. It is the universal sweetness of social and domestic life.

Husband, have you come home and do you find your wife tired and hot with the day's work in chamber and kitchen? Give her a little taffy. Say a sweet thing to her. Praise her for something. Tell her how nice the bread is, so much better than the baker's; that the catsup is the best she ever made; that the house looked so sweet and restful when you came in; that she has the dearest children that ever lived; and at your leisure, before she goes to bed, tell her she is your own heart's treasure. It will do her good; it will make the smiles come. She

may box your ears when you say sweet, petting things, and tell you you are talking as you would to the cat; but she will like it just the same.

Wife, does your good man come home weary and burdened, exhausted and—no, not cross, but undemonstrative and silent? Go up to him with a sweet welcome. Say something pretty to him. Men all love to be appreciated and flattered. Give him the sugar stick. Tell him some pretty thing somebody said about him. Tell him how much you admire what he has done; and when you can sit down alone with him take his hand and pet him and tell him you love him more than tongue can tell; don't be afraid of overdoing it and using comical little exaggerations. He may know, and you may know, that there is taffy in it; but it is very nice taffy. We all like it; we all like to be told we are loved, and the saying of it makes it all the truer. It is a great deal better to cultivate one's love with warm expressions than to blight it with frost. Pretty nothings? Why, they are big realities, the stuff happiness feeds on. Give us more taffy.

Did you ever see doves rub each others' bills? What is a kiss? Taffy. What is a compliment? Taffy. What is politeness? Taffy. The good Lord himself praises his loved ones with a well-done far beyond their deserts. For quarrels give us oil; but give us taffy every day, all we deserve, much more than we deserve. Don't be over-conscious about it, let it be full and abundant, and very sweet; sweet with smiles and love and laughter. Give it to your father, your mother, your husband, your wife, your brother, sister, child, friend. How your child loves it! So do you. More, more taffy.—The Independent.

What a Lady Does Not Do.

There are several things always absent in a true lady, which girls will do well to notice and remember.

A lady, for example, will never ignore little kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has a right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can ill spare it.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear on the street a dress fitted only to the house or carriage.

Wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

Fail in answering letters or returning visits unless she is ill or in trouble.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun or the rain, the air or the lack of it.

Make an engagement and then not be on time.

Complain of her family, or discuss personal affairs with strangers.

Always believe the worst rather than the best side of a story.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather and herself. She believes in the golden rule, and endeavors, as far as possible, to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought to promise every morning that we will try and do during the day.—Ladies' Home Journal.

To be true men and women, we must be self-poised, self-directing and self-respecting. We must never hang our opinions upon another's thoughts or a party dictum; we must never indolently shift responsibility or sink into mental captivity to a stronger nature. The most modest of us all, however lightly he may hold his own powers, must remember that they are his own, and on that account are of priceless value to him.

In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it keep it bandaged with hot cloths wrung out of water, or rum and water.

The power to hate truly what is evil must be involved in the power to truly love what is good, and must, indeed, usually precede the growth of the highest kind of love.—Newman.

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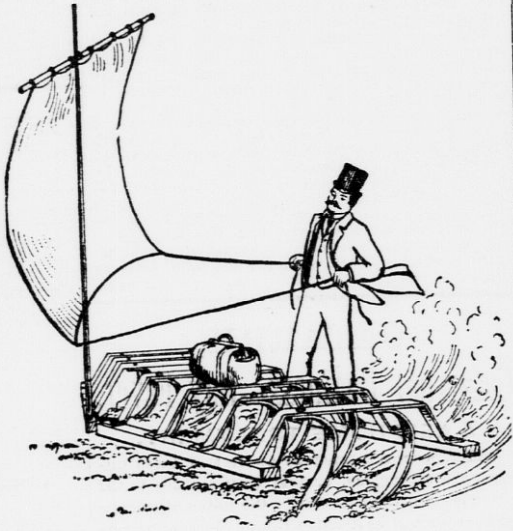
HAS OVER ALL OTHER

Spring-tooth Harrows:

- 1st. It will cut hard ground.
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3d. It will EXTERMINATE weeds.
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5th. It is 25 per cent. lighter draft.

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What a Great Ship Carries.

In the busy season the City of Paris carries about 550 first cabin, 250 second cabin and 650 steerage passengers. There are 400 in the ship's company, including doctors, painters, boiler-makers, six bakers, three butchers, seventeen cooks, hydraulic, electrical and other engineers to the number of thirty-two, 148 stewards and eight stewardesses. So there may be about 1,850 souls on board.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of the passengers are sick from the time they pass Sandy Hook until Fastnet is sighted, they manage to consume in one trip something like 13,000 pounds of fresh beef, 3,000 pounds of corned beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 1,000 pounds of lamb, 2,000 pounds of veal and pork, 15,000 pounds of bacon, 500 pounds of liver, tripe and sausage, 200 hams, 300 pounds of fish, 20,000 eggs, 17 tons of potatoes, 3 tons of other vegetables, 3,600 pounds of butter, 600 pounds each of cheese and coffee, 350 pounds of tea, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 150 pounds of powdered sugar, 670 pounds of loaf sugar, 3,000 pounds of moist sugar, 700 lbs. of salt, 200 pounds of nuts, 560 pounds of dried fruits, 20 barrels of apples, 3,600 lemons, 20 cases of oranges, other green fruits in season, 300 bottles of pickles, 150 bottles of catsup, horse radish and sauces, and 150 cans of preserves.

There are also quantities of poultry, oysters, sardines, canned vegetables and soups, vinegar, pepper, mustard, curry, rice, sago, tapioca, hominy, oatmeal, molasses, condensed milk, "tinned" Boston beans, confectionary and ice cream—fifty pounds of which latter are served at a single meal in the first cabin.

Thirty tons of ice are required to keep the great store rooms cool. Eight barrels of flour are used daily. The bakers are busy from dawn of day. They make 4,000 delicious Parker House rolls for breakfast every morning during the voyage. Thirty 8-pound loaves of white bread and 100 pounds of brown bread are baked each day; also pies, puddings, cakes, etc.

Eight barrels of common crackers and one hundred tins of fancy crackers are stowed away in the store-room, together with 1,000 pounds of wine and plum cake, not a crumb of which is left when Liverpool is reached.

Six thousand bottles of ale and porter, 4,100 bottles of mineral waters, 4,500 bottles of wine and more or less ardent spirits are drunk inside of six days by the guests of this huge floating hotel. About 3,000 cigars are sold on board, but many more are smoked. Two hundred pounds of toilet soap are supplied by the steamship company.

One of the odd sights to be seen on the double-decked Inman pier soon after the arrival of the "queen of the ocean grey-hounds" is the great stacks of soiled linen which are being assorted by a dozen or more stewards. Here is the wash list for a single trip: Napkins, 8,300; table-cloths, 180; sheets, 3,600; pillow cases, 4,400; towels, 16,200, and many dozens blankets and counterpanes. Although the list is very short, it requires four large two-horse trucks to carry the wash to the Inman Company's steam laundry in Jersey City. In less than a week it is back in the lockers of linen-rooms, which are in charge of a regular linen-keeper. There is no washing done on board. Many of the ship's company have their washing done in New York, but the greater number have it done in Liverpool.

Genial Col. Brewster, the superintendent of the Inman line, whose kindness and courtesy have made him a favorite with ocean travelers for the past 30 years, is the man who manages this big business. Col. Brewster is a little man, but he ranks among steamship superintendents as the City of Paris does among ocean racers.—N. Y. Sun.

Thinking and Doing.

The successful man, as a rule, is that one who knows the trick of doing the right thing at the right time, and the trick is not one which comes from inspiration, but from trained habits and

thought. All the untrained genius in the world combined could not have composed in their present perfect literary form the thirty-nine articles—it was genius, schooled and trained, which accomplished them.

Attention enough is now given to physical training, but there is still a somewhat common lack of faith in some parts of the United States with regard to the advantages of mental training. A little "schooling," it is considered, is essential, but boys and girls, it is thought, especially in the country, should not be permitted to waste too much time over their books. The theory was, and, to a lesser degree is, that good men are best made by beginning their working careers early—the earlier the better. But a change is occurring in this matter, as in others, and in these days of great enterprises, in which trained thought, science, and skill play so large a part, the man of educated mind is likely to be preferred to the man of uneducated mind. The man who has been taught to think according to system and principle is the man who, in the most attractive business pursuits, is sought by employers.

The value of such training as enables the man to rise promptly to the requirements of the emergency, was very happily illustrated by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew the other day, in an address he delivered to the boys of St. Paul's school, at Concord. Mr. Depew said:

"In a boat race between a Yale and an outside crew, the other day, the oar of the stroke oarsman broke just at the critical moment. In such cases the great thing is to know just what to do, and to be able to call on all your powers of knowledge and skill. The ordinary man knows how to drive, to go to church and sit in his pew, to come in when it rains, but only the well-trained man knows what and how to do in an emergency. An ordinary man would have said: 'Abandon the race.' This fellow made up his mind in a moment, and, judging just the right moment and just the right place, he leaped from that thin shell of a boat without disturbing the other rowers, thus relieving the boat of his weight, and Yale won."

The difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary man, when it does not arise from extraordinary natural gifts, to quote from the Philadelphia Ledger, lies generally in the superior mental training of the latter. The former may have intellect as quick and bright, but unless it has been trained to act, he is like a man with all the craftsman's tools but without the craftsman's trained skill. The hand does the better work always, the better schooled the thought behind it is; and this applies no less to the ordinary workman of the anvil, saw or loom, than to the man of affairs. The carpenter or mason whose mind has been trained as well as his hand, is likely to put aside the plane and trowel and become the master builder or architect. It is the mental training that tells oftenest in this world's race, and the man who seizes the right moment in it when to stay in or when to leap from the boat, is pretty certain to be found at the end upon the winning side.—Scientific American.

The Thunder Storms.

It is probably idle to tell people that there is a thousand times the danger in the thunder pipes that there is in the thunder clouds, but it is true all the same. The deaths by lightning are few indeed. Who of the readers of this paragraph, says the Hartford Courant, ever lost a friend that way? Who of them hasn't lost a score of friends by the less brilliant and less noisy destruction that comes up out of the drains? The trouble with the lightning, or the trouble that it gives the people, is in its indescribable suddenness and its absolute uncertainty. You know neither when it is coming, nor where it is going, all you feel certain about is that every storm is pretty sure to leave a number of catastrophes to mark its course. The caprice of the lightning defies the explanations of science, and there is no pre-

dicting beyond a few generalities. This much it does seem safe to repeat, even in a lively lightning season, that the increased use of electricity, with the multiplicity of wires, has tended to fewer fatal strokes of lightning in cities.

In the storm of a week or more ago in Hartford, a bolt burst near the Courant building which shivered a few chimneys hereabout, but evidently lost most of its energy in dancing over telephone and telegraph wires. Moreover, a great deal of electricity undoubtedly works off quietly by such avenues and by lightning rods without a manifest disturbance. But all in all, it is a subject and an agency that people know comparatively little about. Our thunder storms come majestically along, the lightning plays about in the clouds, and now and then a bolt goes down to the ground or up from the ground to the clouds. But often there are equally severe electric storms when there are no clouds, and when the disturbance is in the earth itself. The telegraph and telephone are thrown into confusion, while the "spectator" sees nothing of what is going on, though he may feel the effects of the current in his mental condition without knowing its cause.

Tin Roof Painting.

To allow a new tin roof to become rusty before being painted is like closing up the bung hole of a barrel and letting liquid flow from the spigot. A rough surface secures the paint better, but gives the tin a start toward rusting, and the rust will sooner or later destroy it. This is based on the fact, and proved by experience, that iron once started to rust will continue on to rust, when water or dampness is present, until in time it is entirely destroyed, even though the best of paint is laid on to protect it. In these days, when the lowest and most unscrupulous bidder usually receives the contract to build, the painter can hardly be blamed for "closing the bung hole" by means of cheap iron ore paint, and allowing the tin, that should be protected, to waste through the spigot by rust. It is by far the better way to repaint the roof when the paint is too much flaked off, than to permit the tin roof to rust. The main cause of paint flaking or peeling off tin is owing to the polished surface, as no polished metal will properly hold paint. This accounts for painters preferring a slightly rusted roof to work upon, because it fastens the paint better, although it at the same time damages the tin. When iron ore paint hardens, it contracts, cracks, and loses its hold on polished surfaces, which increases to an astonishing degree in cold weather, where the least vibration will loosen its hold. Some of the finest and most costly Chinese paintings on polished metal have been instantaneously destroyed by that means. No competent carriage builder will allow any polished iron axles, springs, hub bands, etc., to pass into the paint shop without previously roughing their surfaces, either by filing, grinding or sandpapering, to prepare them for adhesion for paint. The plan is also observed by the sign painter when using sheet tin. The question now is: What paint will best protect tin on roofs? I have answered this repeatedly in former communications, and still know of nothing better than red lead ground in raw, cold-pressed linseed oil, applied the same day it is mixed, which forms the most tenacious and weather resisting paint known to me. I treated the roofs of my factory, eighteen years ago, with two coats of red lead on both sides of the tin, having since repeated the painting of the upper side every three or four years (through persuasion) with iron ore paint. The result is, there is little flaking of the red lead, but no end of trouble from the iron ore paint, which in some places peels off from the red lead in large patches, leaving the red lead on the tin. I close with the remark, "All paints not poisonous, and requiring driers to insure hardening, are unfit for durable painting."—Louis Matren, in Scientific American.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES Michigan State Grange

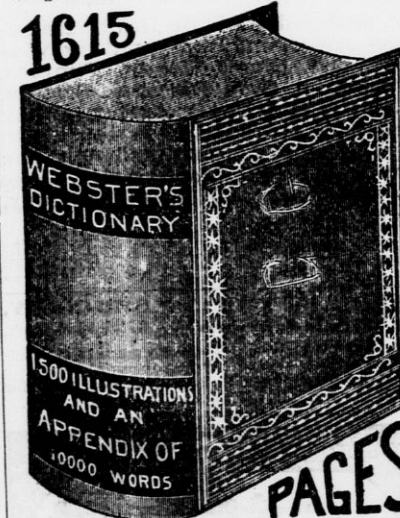
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We have decided to add this paper to the above offer at \$4.35. GRANGE VISITOR, Paw Paw, Mich.

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Says: "German Horse and Cow Powder pays many times its cost in keeping all kinds of farm stock in good health. I have used it for years on my farm, buying a barrel at a time."

Wholesale Prices—viz: Barrels—20 lbs in bulk, 7 1/2 c per pound. Boxes—50 lbs " " 80 " " " 30 lbs—5 lb pack, 10c.

By ALBERT STEGEMAN, Allegan, Mich. THORNTON BARNES, No. 241 North Water St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANE MILLS

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Michigan Crop Report, July 1, 1890.

For this report returns have been received from 820 correspondents, representing 632 townships. Five hundred and forty-seven of these reports are from 390 townships in the southern four tiers of counties, and 150 reports are from 131 townships in the central counties.

In addition to the information furnished by correspondents we print, as is the custom in July, the statistics of the wheat crop of 1889 and acres of wheat in May, 1890, as shown by the farm statistics of the State; also an estimate of the crop of this year based on the acres in May and the estimated yield per acre furnished by crop correspondents. The farm statistics of a number of townships have not yet been received. For these the wheat crops both of 1889 and 1890 are estimated, the crops of previous years being used as a basis.

The number of acres of wheat in the State in May of this year, as shown by returns compiled, was 1,436,261. Multiplying the acres in each county by the estimate yield per acre, and foot- ing the products, gives 18,851,540 bushels as the probable total yield in the State. This is an average per acre of 13.16 bushels in the southern counties, 12.66 in the central counties, and 14.58 in the northern counties.

The number of acres of wheat harvested in 1889 was approximately 1,424,253; yield, 22,945,198 bushels, an average of 16.11 bushels per acre. The area harvested in the southern counties, as tabulated for this report, was 36,205 acres less than reported on the ground in May, 1889. In the central counties the area harvested was 3,886 acres greater, and in the northern counties 4,801 acres greater than reported one year ago. The decrease in the southern counties is doubtless due to the area "winter-killed, ruined by insects, or otherwise destroyed," and not harvested and hence not reported, while in the central and northern counties the increase is spring wheat sowed after the assessment was taken.

The grain aphid is present in most parts of the State, and the midge is reported from a number of localities, but it is not probable that they will very greatly damage the wheat crop. More injury is likely to result from rust or smut. A large percentage of the fields are reported rusted, and the number of correspondents reporting smut in wheat is very much greater than in any previous year.

Harvest is now in progress in the southern counties.

Since the last report was issued, reports have been received of the quantity of wheat marketed by farmers at 316 elevators and mills. Of these 264 are in the southern four tiers of counties, which is 46 per cent, and 42 are in the fifth and sixth tiers of counties, which is 31 per cent of the whole number in these sections respectively. The number of bushels reported marketed is 926,539, of which 232,197 bushels were marketed in the first or southern tier of counties; 252,502 bushels in the second tier; 172,536 bushels in the third tier; 202,284 bushels in the fourth tier; 55,230 bushels in the fifth and sixth tiers; and 1,790 bushels in the northern counties.

At 57 elevators and mills, or 18 per cent of the whole number from which reports have been received, there was no wheat marketed during the month.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in the eleven months, August-June, is 14,012,430, or about 61 per cent of the crop of 1889. The number of bushels reported marketed in the same months of 1888-9, was 15,897,526, or 63 per cent of the crop of 1888. In 1888-9 reports were received from about 66 per cent, and in 1889-90 from about 78 per cent of the mills and elevators in the southern four tiers of counties.

The area planted to corn in the southern counties, and also in the State, is six per cent less than in average years. The average condition of corn is 91 in the southern, 92 in the central, and 103 in the northern counties, comparison being with vitality and growth of average years. The cut worm has damaged the

crop this year more than usual. The crop was planted very late, but it has come forward rapidly and is in far better condition now than on July 1, 1889.

In condition, oats are 96 in the southern and 97 in the central and northern counties.

The area planted to potatoes is three per cent less than in average years, and condition of the crop is 96 of an average. In the State, 291 correspondents report more, and 245 less potato bugs than usual, while 263 correspondents report the number about the same as in previous years.

Meadows and pastures are but slightly below, and clover sowed this year is three per cent above the condition in average years.

The present indications are that the apple crop this year will not exceed one-half of an average crop. The exact figures are 48 in the southern counties, 64 in the central, and 58 in the northern counties. Compared with one month ago there is a loss of 44 in the southern, 38 in the central, and 24 in the northern counties. Many correspondents report that the apples have nearly all fallen from the trees, and that the crop will be a total failure.

The outlook for peaches is hardly more promising than for apples. The figures are 59 in the southern, 62 in the central, and 56 in the northern counties. The corresponding figures one month ago were 81, 87 and 88.

G. R. OSMUN, Secretary of State.

Grange Work.

In a recent address, Rev. Geo. W. Patten, Chaplain of the New Hampshire State Grange, alluded to the importance that all products of the farm should be produced in abundance, and that agriculture should flourish. The Grange means that farmers are instructed in their calling, and determined to move heaven and earth in their efforts to destroy all hindrances; while they encourage and promote all that will aid them.

Where agriculture has flourished, there good government, art, science, literature and all the blessings of civilization have followed. And the Grange means, also, a wider brotherhood and a closer union among those who have formerly been isolated. Every town, village and rural hamlet throughout this great land feels the impulse of this new awakening power, and it is bearing fruit in more intelligence, more co-operation and a closer organization.

It is also bringing about a truer appreciation of woman. It takes her by the hand as an equal. Has she rights not yet accorded? The Grange is helping to achieve them. Has she faculties yet sleeping, endowments yet unrecognized, qualities yet imperfectly developed and utilized? The Grange has become her strong ally—a willing and efficient instrument in bringing out, arousing and developing all the elements of strong and yet beautiful womanhood.

The Grange also offers the opportunity for intellectual culture and social communion and the reception and interchange of ideas and principles calculated to elevate agriculture and make home beautiful and happy.

The Grange has nothing to do with politics, in the partisan sense, but everything to do with politics in its wider scope as the science of government.

One of the most important objects is to educate the farmer to be his own representative, to give him a mental grasp and scope that shall enable him to wrest from the hands of other professions a voice in the control of town, county, state and national affairs which concern him more vitally than any other class. The Grange is doing a much-needed work in every community which has been too long neglected or left to incompetent or listless hands. Its self-imposed business is to elevate, not alone the farmer and his family, but every profession, business and calling, for no class or individual can rise or sink alone.

Handling the Horse.

Have you a farm hand who knows how to take care of a

horse, and delights in keeping his team in good order? If so, you have a man whose work should be with a team as much as possible. Any one who employs two or three or more men will observe that one is a better horseman than the others, and common sense dictates that he is the one to whose care the horses should be consigned. This is not only better in view of the amount of work likely to be done, but the condition in which the horses are to be kept. Many an employe seems to know that a horse is a horse, and that is the extent of his equine knowledge. His very first action with the team shows his ignorance of that kind of work and the risk of placing it in his hands. No man who has taken the pains to gather good horses about him can afford to take the risk of undoing all his work by handing them over to a novice to be ruined. One likes to have a supervision of his horses himself, but with many busy men this is impracticable. The next best thing is to get an honest and competent hand—not always an easy thing to do—and keep him.

—National Stockman.

Notices of Meetings.

St. Joseph County Grange No. 4 will meet with Centreville Grange, Thursday, August 7th, at 10 o'clock a. m. All are invited to attend. Mrs. D. B. PURDY, Sec.

ADRIAN, Mich., July 11th, '90. ED. VISITOR:

The next meeting of Lenawee County Grange, No. 15, will be held with Working Grange on Thursday, August 7, at 10 a. m. Working Grange will furnish program. Fifth degree conferred in the evening. Patrons going on the cars will be met by addressing the secretary, T. G. Chandler, Sylvania, Ohio. Fraternally, E. C. SMITH.

Hillsdale County Pomona Grange will hold its next session with Wheatland Grange, Wednesday, August 6th. A good program will be prepared for the day. The 5th degree will be conferred in full to a large number. M. J. Davis will give the welcoming address. Response by a member of Pomona Grange. Good music will be furnished by Wheatland Grange. All Patrons of Husbandry are expected to be present and take part in the exercises of the day. J. E. WAGNER, Lect.

The Van Buren County Pomona Grange will hold its annual basket picnic in the village of Hartford August 6th and 7th. His Excellency Cyrus G. Luce, Hon J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, Worthy Master of the National Grange P. of H., Hon. J. J. Woodman and others, have been engaged to speak to the farmers and Patrons of Van Buren and adjoining counties, who are cordially invited to be present on the occasion. A full program will be given in the next issue of the VISITOR. The Subordinate Granges of Van Buren county will please take immediate action in their respective Granges. Work the matter up. Attend this picnic as a whole Grange, if possible; it is your picnic. Come, one and all, and greet, not only those from our own county, but brothers and sisters from Allegan and Berrien counties, who have been specially invited. Let this be the picnic of the season. Mrs. J. M. FISK, Lec.

Obituaries.

CONKLIN. Died, Feb. 13th, 1890, Brother Geo. Conklin, a worthy member of Lawrence Grange. He was always at the post of duty, doing what he could.

As a tribute to his memory, Van Buren Co. Pomona Grange, at a meeting held May 12th, desires to express its sympathies with the family and friends and to show its respect for a worthy brother; we therefore

Resolve, That the above sentiment become a part of our record and be sent to the GRANGE VISITOR for publication. A. U. BARNES,

A. C. GLIDDEN, Mrs. J. M. FISK, Committee.

SIXTEEN TRANS-CONTINENTAL PASSENGER TRAINS DAILY.

Under the new train schedule which the Northern Pacific Railroad inaugurates June 15, 1890, there will be sixteen trans-continental passenger trains moving daily on this great line, eight east bound and eight west bound, exclusive of 108 local, main and branch line passenger trains running daily west of St. Paul, Ashland and Duluth in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington on its 3800 miles of track. Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent of the line at St. Paul, announces that under the new arrangement the first through train, the Pacific Express, leaves St. Paul at 8:15 a. m., daily, with a through Pullman Palace Sleeping Car, leaving Chicago daily at 5:30 p. m., via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, running via Helena and Tacoma direct to Portland, and making close connections at St. Paul with all trains leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon of the previous day, arriving at Tacoma at 10:50 a. m. of the third day and Portland the same afternoon.

The second through train, No. 1, the Pacific Mail, leaving St. Paul at 4:15 p. m., daily, making close connections with the "Fast Mail" and all night trains out of Chicago, will carry a through Pullman Palace Sleeping Car and one or more Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars leaving Chicago at 10:45 p. m. daily via the Wisconsin Central line, running through to Portland via Helena and Tacoma. Both trains out of St. Paul will carry Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars, but free colonist sleepers will be run only on train No. 1, leaving St. Paul at 4:15 p. m.

The Northern Pacific now operates the largest equipment of dining cars of any railroad in the world, twenty-four, and also the longest Pullman sleeping car line in existence, namely: Chicago to Portland via Tacoma, and is the only line running these sleepers to the principal trade centers and pleasure resorts in Northern Minnesota, North Dakota, Manitoba, Montana and Washington. The recently completed Butte Air Line of the Northern Pacific makes this the shortest route between Chicago and Butte by 120 miles and enables this company to announce a through Pullman Sleeping Car service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland via Butte, west and the 4:15 p. m. train, east from Portland on the 7:00 a. m. Atlantic mail. 4113043

CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness--Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

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	GOING SOUTH.			
	No. 2	No. 6	No. 8	No. 4
Mackinaw City	9 20	9 00	8 20	2 00
Petoskey	10 40	10 20	9 40	3 20
Traverse City	11 25	11 05	10 25	4 00
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Walton	1 16	12 45	6 00	5 50
Cadillac	2 20	2 05	7 05	7 05
Reed City	3 25	3 10	8 10	8 05
Grand Rapids	6 30	6 00	10 25	11 30
Kalamazoo	8 20	8 05	2 05p	1 35a
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Fort Wayne	12 15	12 10	6 30	5 45
Cin. C. S. T. & P. Dpt ar	6 15	7 00	12 20p	

	GOING NORTH.			
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Cin. C. S. T. & P. Dpt lv	7 55	8 50		
Fort Wayne	6 10	7 05	3 25	3 05
Kalamazoo	7 20a	7 05	5 20	12 20p
Grand Rapids	11 30a	10 30	7 25	4 10p
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Reed City	2 40	1 03	9 45	7 35
Cadillac	4 15	2 17	10 45	9 00
Walton	5 15	3 00	11 31	9 45
Traverse City	6 40		12 25p	10 35p
Petoskey	7 50	5 25	1 50	
Mackinaw	9 15	6 45	3 10	

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Jan. 19, 1890.—Central Meridian Time.

	TRAINS WESTWARD.		
	No. 2	No. 18	No. 4
	Exp.	Exp.	Exp.
Port Huron lv.	7 16am	5 50am	7 34pm
Lapeer	8 10 "	6 54 "	8 31 "
Flint	9 05 "	8 05 "	9 45 "
Durand	9 35 "	8 48 "	10 30 "
Lansing	10 30 "	10 00 "	11 30 "
Charlotte	11 00 "	10 47 "	12 05am
Battle Creek ar	11 30 "	11 25 "	12 50 "
	lv.		
" " lv.	12 05pm	1 00pm	1 00 "
Vicksburg	12 50 "	1 48 "	1 48 "
Schoolcraft	1 00 "	1 58 "	1 58 "
Marcellus	1 22 "	2 20 "	2 17 "
Cassopolis	1 50 "	2 52 "	2 45 "
South Bend	2 35 "	3 40 "	3 35 "
Valparaiso	4 00 "	5 20 "	5 10 "
Chicago	6 25 "	10 10 "	7 30 "

	TRAINS EASTWARD.		
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
	Mail.	Exp.	Exp.
Chicago lv.	8 40am	3 15pm	8 15pm
Valparaiso	11 25 "	5 20 "	10 30 "
South Bend	1 00pm	6 40 "	12 00am
Cassopolis	2 50 "	7 17 "	12 45 "
Marcellus	2 20 "		1 11 "
Schoolcraft	2 42 "		1 33 "
Vicksburg	2 55 "	8 01 "	1 48 "
Battle Creek ar	3 45 "	8 40 "	2 30 "
	lv.	8 45 "	2 35 "
Charlotte	5 00 "	9 27 "	3 25 "
Lansing	5 37 "	9 57 "	4 00 "
Durand	7 20 "	10 48 "	5 03 "
Flint	8 20 "	11 17 "	5 40 "
Lapeer	8 55 "	11 48 "	6 17 "
Port Huron	10 31 "	1 05am	7 35 "

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