

THE GRANGE VISITOR

Library Agri'l College

"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.



Michigan's Great Teacher.

William J. Beal, A. B., M. S., Ph. D., Professor of Botany in the Michigan Agricultural College, was born in Lenawee county, Michigan, March 11, 1833, of Quaker parents, his father being a farmer. He prepared for college at the Raisin Valley seminary, and afterward entered the classical department of the University of Michigan, from which he was graduated in 1859. The two following years were spent in teaching in an academy at Union Springs, N. Y., but, still unsatisfied with his attainments, Professor Beal went to Harvard College to study under Dr. Asa Gray, Agassiz, and Wyman. Returning to Union Springs he continued teaching there until 1868, when he accepted the professorship of Natural History in the Chicago University. During two years he lectured in many places throughout the West, and began laying the foundation of a reputation for scientific attainments that has increased and broadened with each succeeding year. Since 1870 Professor Beal has been connected with the faculty of the Michigan Agricultural College, and it is during this score of years that a large part of his permanent contributions to science have been made. He is a broad man, and, while giving much of his energies to special lines of research he has not permitted these to draw his attention away from many others. Thus Professor Beal has been a teacher in the broad sense. While carrying forward large college classes he has at the same time been a leader in many State and National educational societies of his State. He was president of the State Teachers' Association, secretary of the American Pomological Society for four years, a founder of the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, a vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, as well as an active member of many other societies.

Whether as teacher, lecturer, or investigator, Professor Beal has always had (perhaps partly due to the influence of the boyhood years upon his father's farm) a fondness for the practical things of life. His writings for the public press (and they have been many and various, from the town or college paper to those which circulate among crop-

growers the world over), show not only a vast fund of information but a marked directness toward some definite end. Dr. Beal has long been an authority upon the grasses, and many persons who make a special study of forage plants are looking forward with pleasure to the completion of the second and final volume of his "Grasses of North America."

Few persons in this country have been more successful than Dr. Beal in bringing the discoveries of science to the people; or, to restate the noble fact in a better form, few if any have given the masses a greater uplift toward the appreciation of laws and principles. His love for truth is so great, and his devotion so complete, that there remains no room for selfishness and no possibility of deceit. The farmer, the student, and the world of science have a conscientious friend, teacher, and upholder in Dr. Beal.

Science Says Sound Can't Cause Rain.

Now let us consider sound as an agent for changing the state of things in the air. It is one of the commonest and simplest agencies in the world, which we can experiment upon without difficulty. It is purely mechanical in its action. When a bomb explodes, a certain quantity of gas, say five or six cubic yards, is suddenly produced. It pushes aside and compresses the surrounding air in all directions, and this motion and compression are transmitted from one portion of the air to another. The amount of motion diminishes as the square of the distance; a simple calculation shows that at a quarter of a mile from the point of explosion it would not be one ten-thousandth of an inch. The condensation is only momentary; it may last the hundredth or the thousandth of a second, according to the suddenness and violence of the explosion; then elasticity restores the air to its original condition and everything is just as it was before the explosion. A thousand detonations can produce no more effect upon the air, or upon the watery vapor in it, than a thousand rebounds of a small boy's rubber ball would produce upon a stone wall. So far as the compression of the air could produce even a momentary effect, it would be to prevent rather than to cause condensation of its vapor, because it is productive of heat, which produces evaporation, not condensation. . . . But how, it may be asked, shall we deal with the fact that Mr. Dyrenforth's recent explosions of bombs under a clear sky in Texas were followed in a few hours, or a day or two, by rains in a region where rains were almost unknown? I know too little about the fact, if such it be, to do more than ask questions about it, suggested by well-known scientific truths. If there is any scientific result which we can accept with confidence, it is that ten seconds after the sound of the last bomb died away, silence resumed her sway. From that moment everything in the air—humidity, temperature, pressure, and motion—was exactly the same as if no bomb had been fired. Now, what went on during the hours that elapsed between the sound of the last bomb and the falling of the first drop of rain? Did the aqueous vapor already in the surrounding air slowly condense into clouds and

raindrops in defiance of physical laws? If not, the hours must have been occupied by the passage of a mass of thousands of cubic miles of warm, moist air coming from some other region to which the sound could not have extended. Or was Jupiter Pluvius awakened by the sound after two thousand years of slumber, and did the laws of nature become silent at his command? When we transcend what is scientifically possible, all suppositions are admissible; and we leave the reader to take his choice between these and any others he may choose to invent. —From "Can We Make It Rain?" by Professor SIMON NEWCOMB, in North American Review for October.

The One Menace to Our Prosperity.

Not only is the world short of food by reason of a deficient cultivated acreage, but the disaster which has befallen the crops of Europe renders it certain that the last of the reserves will disappear and the grain harvested in 1892 go into empty granaries, and that the supplies for the 1892-3 cereal year will be trenced upon by enormous drafts made upon India, South America and Australasia early in 1892 for the purpose of feeding the famishing people of Europe. This exhaustion of all reserves, the trenching upon future supplies and the well established deficient acreage would assure high prices for a long term of years but for short selling upon the "boards of trade," such practices constituting an evil of great magnitude, as well as a great menace to the prosperity of the farmer, and, by lessening his purchasing power, a like menace to the prosperity of all employed in production or distribution.

So long as the market-wrecking-option-dealer, without owning or controlling a pound of the products that he offers to sell in limitless quantities, can determine prices by placing his fictitious products in competition with the products of the farm, just so long will the farmer be uncertain of a reward for the labor and capital employed, and just so long will short periods of great commercial activity be followed by prolonged ones of stagnation.

The immoral practices of the short-seller have yearly deprived the farmer of from ten to twenty-five per cent. of the price he otherwise would have obtained for his products, and in this way his purchasing power has greatly been lessened, resulting in equal loss to the artisan, laborer, manufacturer, merchant and transporter and a like loss is menaced so long as the short-selling-market-wrecker is permitted to pursue the nefarious calling of placing his fictions in competition with the products of the farm.

It requires land upon which to grow real products; and in the United States there is employed, in the production of food, fibre and forage, 750,000,000 acres or more, and every pound of the products of the soil, which the farmer offers, represents the expenditure of a definite amount of money and labor, and the volume of product which he can offer is limited by the amount of land in cultivation, its fertility and meteorological conditions, which last render the result sufficiently uncertain without the baleful work of the short-seller. On the other hand, the short-seller-market-wrecker neither owns nor needs lands; he expends no

money in producing what he offers, neither does he toil; his crop is subject to no climatic contingencies, is harvested without labor, and the amount offered is limited only by his assurance and lung power, both of which are phenomenal; and yet it is these limitless offers of fictions which have cost neither money nor effort—and not what the farmer has produced at the cost of such infinite care and labor—which determine the price which the farmer shall receive for the products of his land and toil. Thus does the market-wrecker reap where he has not sown; thus does this worthless drone despoil the industrious of a just reward for his labor.

How much longer shall the farmer's products, grown at an enormous expenditure of capital and labor, be forced to compete with the limitless and costless products of the lungs of the short-seller?

Would other than farmers submit to such gross injustice when they have the power to control legislation, and could, by the enactment of laws taxing the "board-of-trade-gambler" out of existence, secure the reward due for their labors and yet fail to do so while their products are forced to compete with the imaginary products of a horde of parasites and harpies?

Are not the harpies of the "boards-of-trade" as much worse than the managers of a "bunko" or "skin game" as the stealing of hundreds of millions a year from those who take no part in the game is worse than the taking a few dollars from some fellow who voluntarily goes into a skin game thinking that he has a sure thing of turning up the right card and thus beating the dealer? In the market-wrecking game the farmer is not even given a chance, by the three-card sharps of the boards-of-trade, to see the cards that rob him of the fruits of his labor.

For years the market-wreckers have been able, by the short-selling device, to deprive the farmer of a due reward, and notwithstanding the deficient—world's—acreage they will remain a grave menace to his prosperity, and that of the country, so long as permitted to pursue their nefarious calling of selling the crops before they are grown; of selling the property of the farmer without consent, and thereby fixing a price for property in which they have no legitimate interest.

Although existing abnormal conditions may enable the farmer—despite the baleful work of the short-seller—to get more than usual for this year's crop of grain, even if much less than what they should receive, yet the wreckers have taken and are likely to retain complete control of the cotton market until they have forced the cotton grower to the condition in which they had placed the grain-grower until short crops enabled the market to get partially from under their control, but let there be but the promise of fair grain crops next summer and the wrecker will resume entire control of the markets and prices be again hammered down to an unremunerative level, and the process of depressing prices below a natural level will continue until the market-wrecker shall have been taxed out of existence. Is not this the worst evil the farmer has to contend with?—C. WOOD DAVIS, in Country Gentleman.

An Impudent Demand.

A so-called "irrigation congress" was held last week at Salt Lake City, on the invitation of the governor of Utah, and is said to have been attended by some 5,000 delegates, all the States west of the Mississippi being represented. The object, apparently, is not to discuss methods of irrigation or to consider what may best be done by a few persons whose property needs artificial watering; but to unite in a demand on the national government for a free gift of all its arid property to the government of the States in which it may happen to lie! The idea has been mooted before; but this is, we believe, the first occasion on which it has been deliberately formulated; and though there ought to be no danger that such an exhibition of unparalleled rapacity will ever receive serious consideration in congress, an expression of indignant protest on the part of the eastern press seems to be in order. The simple facts of course are that the arid lands, like all the rest of the national domain, belong to all the people—just as much to the farmer of Maine as to the farmer of Utah; and that the government has no sort of moral right to give away the property of the former for the benefit of the latter—particularly as the agriculture of the East, where lands have cost their owners hard-earned money, has already such heavy burdens to bear from the competition of the lands of the West, given mostly to their occupiers without any consideration worth mentioning. To propose that this already unfair competition be greatly intensified by the outright confiscation of all the eastern man's interest in the western domain, turning it over bodily to his western rivals present and prospective, strikes us as the height of impudence.—Country Gentleman.

Among the many valuable items that we find in the last report of the Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture is the following suggestion for making a good fruit ladder. There is hardly a farmer that does not need a ladder for gathering his fruit, and this is the best one I have ever seen: Take a pole of any desired length, but not of large diameter; sharpen it at the top to a slim point, and several feet from the top put a flat iron band about it, or, in case a band is not at hand, it may be securely wrapped with wire, to keep it from splitting; but the band should not be thick, nor with sharp edges, else it may cut or chafe the bark of the tree. If the grain is straight the pole may be split with wedges from the butt to this band, or it may be split with a rip saw. Now spread it at the bottom to several feet in width, and, if the ladder is to be tall, this should be five or even six feet or more. Nail a brace temporarily across the butt ends to hold them apart, and bore holes at proper distances and at proper angles. If the spread is not too great they may be bored before the pole is split. Rounds of tough, strong material may now be inserted, beginning at the top and first removing the brace. Such a ladder can be thrust upward into a tree and placed in a fork or against a branch without danger of falling or being unsteady, and it has the additional advantage of being very light at the top, and consequently easy to handle.

The Liberty Farmers' Club.

The September meeting of the Liberty Farmers' Club was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Choate Jr., on Saturday, the 5th.

The name given the farm was "Pleasant Home View." A parliamentary drill, conducted by Mrs. H. Winans, proved both interesting and instructive.

Toasts being the order of the day, "Farmers' Clubs" was responded to by Geo. Shafer. I can scarcely say more than has been said heretofore. In regard to mental, moral and social improvement too much cannot be said. They enlarge our thoughts and fit us better to fill our places in life. Socially, they fill a great want. Farmers have not the opportunities for social intercourse which people in cities have. They are a means of recreation; we can lay aside our cares and enjoy ourselves. I hope they will be long-lived and prosperous.

"The Farmers of the Past"

Capt. H. Tuthill: I will go back some seventy years; that is as far as I can remember. The plow had one handle, on the top of which was a cow's horn, with a pin just below the horn to take hold of if you wished to use both hands; the mould-board was made of wood, with a band of iron; the point was called a shear; it was a three-cornered affair with a band of iron on it. The harrow was used for cultivating corn; was three-cornered, with a loop over the top from one corner to the other. The cradle for cutting oats was a straight stick with a handle, with straight sticks for fingers, which run out from the standard. I cannot describe the fork and hoe, they were very primitive affairs. In planting corn one dug the hole, another dropped the corn. After the corn was covered it was stamped with both feet, to prevent the crows from digging it up. We put seven kernels in the hill: "One for the blackbird, one for the crow, one for the cutworm, and four to grow." We first used the harrow and then hoed the corn. We used to catch fish and scatter over the ground for manure—1,000 lbs. to the acre; they were drawn up to the hill the last time we hoed the corn. This was on Long Island. We used a cart; had no wagon. Used oxen; had no horses. Till I was fourteen I never saw a cradle used in wheat; they used a sickle. When they had cut across the field they put the sickle in the back of their suspenders to carry, and bound the sheaves as the went back. Usually, three gares made a sheaf. The bands were made of wheat and tied in a square knot. The weather was very warm in harvest, and it was necessary to have something to keep the heat out. We had no threshing machines. There were men who supported their families by threshing with a flail; they would thresh ten bushels per day. Threshers often got very cold and had some kind of beverage to keep the cold out—the same as that used to keep the heat out; it was a poor rule that would not work both ways. In sowing wheat they had no drills; it was sowed broadcast. Many plowed it in; they sowed it on the ground and plowed very shallow, so when it came up it looked very much as it does now after the drill.

"Farmers of the Present"

R. D. M. Edwards: To-day there is no name more recommended than the farmer; other people are calling upon us for our name. Now, as they enter society, they are counted as among the first. We are looked upon as the first in everything, and it is our duty to prepare ourselves to be first. True, there are some who do not care; they are unworthy the name; they never attend the Farmers' Club meetings or seek to improve themselves mentally, socially, or politically. But, taking them as a rule, the farmers of today are ambitious. You find their houses as well furnished as any. You can't tell farmers' wives; their homes are filled with books and papers, and we are on an equality with any, intellectually. Politically we are preparing to fill any place. If tariff adds to the value of things the farmer has an equal chance. We lack this: we are not united, we

will not stand together on an agreement made in our conventions. Soon as we have the stamina to say we will take a certain price for even one thing, and stick to it, we will establish the fact that we will establish the price.

"Entertaining Company"

Mrs. B. Hill: I would endeavor to make company feel welcome; meet them at the door with a good, hearty handshake. I dislike these stiff, formal handshakes, so cold they almost freeze us. We should treat every one kindly; do the best we can for them while under our roof. Do not bore your guest with too much entertaining, give them time to rest and make them feel at liberty to do as they please. I would set my table with a bill of fare sufficiently good for my family, with such dainties as my garden and purse will allow, then my company will not feel that they are making too much trouble. Don't be always making excuses, it isn't pleasant.

"The Farmer is King, Shall He Rule?"

Pres. Dunn. If he is king he ought to rule. The farmer, in one sense, stands first; he calls into use the things to sustain life; he don't create them. It is a worthy occupation; we can hold our heads high. We must work in harmony with the divine hand; we must study His laws and be governed by them; there is no class so in communion with the Lord as we. All people look to the agriculturist for the comforts of life. All other occupations may be suspended for a time without seriously deranging anything, but let the agriculturist stop and what a wail goes up. An ambitious man seeks these things: power, popularity, and influence. If he uses honorable means to gain these ends we respect him. There are lines where the farmer has the right to attain to power. When he gains power, so as to dictate to the world, certain results will follow. Is it right to withhold our produce from the market till we get a certain price? The people must be fed. I believe these things will take care of themselves in the long run. The farmer is making his power felt in this country; those in authority are taking cognizance of what he wants and demands.

"Temperance"

Mrs. J. D. Crispell: Tracing the history of the Anglo-Saxon race back far as they have a history, we find it has always been addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks. Thus the appetite for alcohol has been handed down from generation to generation. Its influence on the brain is direct, weakening the will and moral powers so that, before the person is aware of it, he has not the will power to resist temptation, and usually seems to have no desire to resist it. He is rendered incapable of properly judging between right and wrong. Statistics show that over 80 per cent. of the crimes committed are committed through the influence of alcohol. Also that there are 215,000 saloons in the United States, costing the people annually \$1,484,000,000, and 164,000 public schools, for the support of which the people pay annually \$80,000,000. The value of the food products is about \$600,000,000, and the cost of all the clothing about \$400,000,000, making the saloons cost \$404,000,000 more than the public schools, food and clothing combined. In 1865 the national debt was \$2,680,647,860. If the saloons cost annually \$1,484,000,000 the amount in two years exceeds the national debt by \$288,368,131; enough to have paid it, principal and interest, in two years. These figures only cover the money expended, and that is of the least consequence of anything in the whole list of evils. The loss of manhood, the destruction of home and home happiness, the insanity, crime, debauchery and degradation to all connected with it in way is of far greater importance than money can be. Notwithstanding the appalling amount spent in alcoholic liquors each year, there never was a time when there were so many strictly temperate people as now; so many who are spending time, money, influence, everything which they possess, for the suppression of the traffic and education of the people in regard to its evil results. Once it was thought

as honorable to sell liquor as to sell food. Now screens are used in all places where it is publicly sold, to hide from the passer-by what is going on within. It seems to me intemperance is the greatest cause of hard times which there is. If the money the saloons cost the people (and which is no real good to anyone, not even the saloons themselves) were used for the comfort of the people, how much comfort and happiness it would bring to them.

Rev. Wm. Taylor, Chaplain of the club, said, as this was the last time he would meet with the club, he wished to be granted a few moments. I think these gatherings are of great benefit to all who participate in them, not only socially, but you are led out mentally, morally and spiritually; that such remarks as are made cannot but help make people think, and lead them to higher and more earnest endeavor. I am very thankful for what has been said here. Before I came here I had read the published reports with great interest, and felt that the clubs were doing a great and good work; since meeting with you I have felt that their good influence cannot be over-estimated. I can only say go on, as you have been doing, and you will not only have the approbation of good people but the assistance of the Father in heaven.

It is with regret that the club parts with Mr. Taylor. All have been thankful for his assistance and co-operation in the work which it is the aim of the club to accomplish. We hope many years of usefulness will be spared to him, and that there may be a similar organization in the vicinity of his new home, where he may render such assistance as he has given us.

There was not time for all the toasts and the program committee thought best to carry the remainder over to the October meeting.

Adjourned to meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Buck, on the first Saturday in October.

MRS. J. D. CRISPELL,
Club Reporter.

Building the Fair.

It takes a fence six miles long to enclose the World's Fair buildings. All these structures are to be of extraordinary dimensions, but the largest of them, on which the foundation work has just been commenced, will be something stupedous. It is the Hall of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. The site for this vast building is a broad, highly situated plateau overlooking the lake. A railroad track runs through its center, and on each side rise tremendous piles of lumber, iron and all sorts of construction material.

A similar scene is witnessed at the other great buildings, on which further progress has been made. Within the enclosure the Exposition site resembles one vast workground, surrounded by freight cars and lumber yards. Looking out towards the lake, the breakwater, the long pier and foundation for the naval exhibit present the appearance of a mammoth dockyard.

Changed, indeed, is Jackson Park, and those who visited it three months ago would not know it now. A world's workshop, employing an army of builders, envired on three sides by the foliage and flowers of the south parks, and on the fourth by the infinite expanse of the lake.

The Exposition site has undergone a wonderful change since last spring. Then it was a soft, marshy ground, shelving in irregular stretches to the water line. Now it is a firm level, a smooth sandy surface upon a clay subsoil. A perfect and admirably improved building site. The hundreds of visitors who view the grounds cannot immediately appreciate the immense difficulties that have been overcome and the great labor involved in the earth-work accomplished on this lake shore site. It is now a level surface to the line of the lake, a surface a mile and a half in length and, at its southern extremity, nearly a mile in width. This has been created, graded and leveled by constantly employing a small army of men and now, within the six miles of fence

that surrounds it, the work of constructing the great buildings is being pushed with activity.

From the slight eminence already known as "Administration Hill," which the lofty administration building is destined to effectively crown, the observer can even thus early gain a realistic sense of the distinctive features and general magnitude of this stupendous undertaking. At this point he is practically in the center of the sites allotted to the principal buildings and the system of terrace work which will surround them. He is also in the center of a complex network of railway track, 50,000 feet of it extending in every direction and connected with the trunk lines by fifty switches, all of them in constant use. This system of railway is laid upon what, four months ago, was wild park land, untouched by the first improvement. The tracks are covered with cars, loaded with lumber, iron and every description of building materials. These roll into the ground unceasingly and are switched up to the buildings to which the materials belong. Gangs of men take hold with a will and as if by magic towering piles of material rise in every section of the grounds. Mounted superintendents ride from point to point urging things forward. The word is "rush" in every department and branch of construction.

The big buildings are beginning to rise. Already some of the principal structures are not only in evidence, but progress on them is marked from day to day. Looking northwest from the administration building the visitor sees the "Womans' Building," already so far advanced that it looms up imposingly against its background of imposing trees.

Rising in the vista are the Electricity and Mines and Mining buildings, on which the foundations are already completed. Upon the sites of the Horticultural and Transportation buildings all preliminary work is completed, and hundreds of tons of material are ready to be placed in position.

Hundreds of men are engaged on every possible sort of construction work. Laying water-mains, electric-light plant, modeling for the exterior decorative work and developing landscape effects around the ornamental waters.

From one end of the grounds to the other everything is pushed, and that too, in all sections of the work. In the landscape system, which includes the lagoons, basins and ornamental waters, the breakwater and lake shore terrace, the great pier and casino; in fact, all principal departments and even their minor divisions are being pressed forward with a business-like ambition thoroughly in accordance with the impelling spirit of this gigantic enterprise.

A Lump of Sugar.

Horses, old and young, are as fond of sugar as children. It is their most delicious condiment; and no matter how salt hungry, they will choose sugar in preference every time. Numerous fractious, wild, "scary" colts and horses have been tamed with this sweet. When once they get a taste of it, if they think a person has it they will follow and tease for it as a kitten will for milk. Once having had a taste, it will start a balked horse sooner than all the whips or other coaxing in existence. Sugar has other uses in equine economy. It is better than condition powders. When off, it will put the horse on his feed and help keep him on. It is a good digestive when off dry food. It will make his coat shine equal to flax seed. The way to feed it is to cut the hay, dissolve the sugar in water and then moisten the hay with it. Stir it all over several times and let it stand awhile for the sugar to be absorbed. After the hay is eaten, the horse may be found licking his manger all over wherever the sugar touched. To make your horses the most friendly towards you, give them a lump of sugar occasionally.—Exchange.

Start the Shoats Early.

The following suggestions are from a man who always makes money on hogs: One of my old hobbies becomes dearer to me in proportion as it grows older. I

am sure it has a big money value that has never been anything like fully appreciated, and if by touching on it now I can be the means of putting money into the pockets of even a few of the many who look to these columns every week for ideas out of which cash can be evolved, or if I can point the way by which some of them can, if they will, realize 50 or 60 cents a bushel for a whole lot of corn that they would otherwise market at 30 or 40 cents, your space and their time will not be taken up in vain.

I allude to the subject of getting the winter's output of fat hogs to fattening right away—utilizing to the fullest every one of the next hundred days, the best of all the year for the purpose, and not relying for good results on the old and flintlike corn of last year or the year before, but on the green corn now growing in the fields in full milk. If there is anything on earth better to put promptly a lean and hungry shoat, fevered, constipated and discouraged—made so by an alleged pasture of sun-burned stubble, alias grass, and wallow water—in a condition of peaceful, prosperous, profitable and smiling plumpitude than an unstinted (mind I say an unstinted) supply of green corn with all its stalks, blades and ears, morning and evening, I have never yet encountered it face to face. However, I have never known such shoats to be retarded in their rapid progress toward healthy obesity by having a little that was fresh about noon time. Some good breeders think disturbing their hogs in the middle of the day to induce them to eat at that time is not altogether desirable; but they will not eat more than they can digest, and all they will digest and assimilate is, I take it, about what they should have during such an important period of their lives.

They will eat an astonishing quantity of the fodder as well as ears, but by no means all of it; all that they eat seems to do them good, but if compelled to eat more of the fodder by having an insufficiency of corn they will not thrive so fast, the stalks and blades alone not possessing the necessary fattening properties. To feed not less than twice a day as much as they will clean up the ears from—besides much of the fodder—while making more work and being less convenient than giving a larger quantity at once and not so fresh, pays well, as the fresher it is at each feeding the greater the avidity and relish with which it is eaten.

At first blush it may seem to feeders who have not tried it to be a reckless waste of their immature new corn to chop it down, wagon load after wagon load, and dump it day after day before a lot of swine that act for a time as if they would never get quite enough, but I am free to say that whatever the price of hogs, or corn either, I have never realized such satisfactory returns for any other corn I raised as from that planted early and shoved right out to the hogs in generous abundance, stalks and all, from the time it was in fair "roasting ear." This does not apply alone to late varieties of field corn, but to early sweet corn, some of the larger varieties of which yield tremendously of fat ears rich as cream, with much fodder. A small tract of fertile ground affords a great deal of this sort of feed, because it can be planted much more thickly than would be best with larger dent corns that are intended to stand in the field until matured.

None of this talk is intended as argument against giving the hogs fed with green corn some from the old crop; put it where they can get at it and eat all they will, be it little or much. If convenient to soften it by soaking so much the better; it cannot help doing them good. The point I would make is, do not fritter away the most valuable, the golden months of all the year, because you may be out of old corn and you think the shoats will get along somehow in the "pasture" until the new corn is ripe, for it is profitably possible to well nigh "make" the hogs before the season for ripe corn, and nearby storms make easy, quick fattening quite uncertain.—F. D. Coburn, in Breeders' Gazette.

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Going to Leave the Farm.

The work of the farm was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the eldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big, comfortable kitchen Farmer Harewood, his wife, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around the center table. The farmer was reading the paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knicker-bockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was a silence in the kitchen, save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big, eight-day clock in the corner, and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harewood sighed deeply, both her sister and husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered his wife. "And it is a load which you must share, Eli; I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is a great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he repeated at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Harewood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said. "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about the work and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him to say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had had enough of farm life and intended to leave; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay, if I have to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on him, all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan. Eli; a plan I have been thinking of all day."

"The best plan I know of is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush; and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now, and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have heard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but here he worked from dawn to dark, and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Tom Blythe, who is in a grocery store in the city, gets twelve dollars a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, Eli. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever

since he could talk plain. He has had his food and lodging and two suits of clothes a year, to be sure, but all that he actually owns is that collie dog, which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle. And George was extraordinarily fond of Vixen."

"It seemed a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for work. I am a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get who would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do his share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you, now that every year makes his services more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway. And it is only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave, weather-beaten face. His gentle sister-in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind.

"I believe you are more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli; remember that," said Mrs. Lucas; feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work and, taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, went up stairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was roused from a sound sleep by the sound of horse's hoofs in the yard and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on old Roan.

"Where can he be going at this hour?" she thought.

When she went down stairs at six o'clock, George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two full pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's cheery "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows, and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at daybreak."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy. I sold Vixen to Lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference, and starting at his father as if he thought he had not heard aright.

"Yes, deed it over every inch of it, to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice breaking a little. "I am going to give it to my son, George Harewood, to have and to hold, as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish

I were able to do more for you. But I am not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and the three little ones to provide for, too. Still, I want you to have a start, and this fifty-acre lot will yield a handsome profit. You can have three days a week to call you own, and that will give you a chance to work it, and if you choose to break in that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This—this seems too much, sir," stammered George. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you, my boy."

"Vixen!" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the little black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms about her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world."

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed aloud.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about the hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness.

In fact, Eli Harewood was won't to say occasionally in confidence to his wife that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in his advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortunes.—Grange Homes.

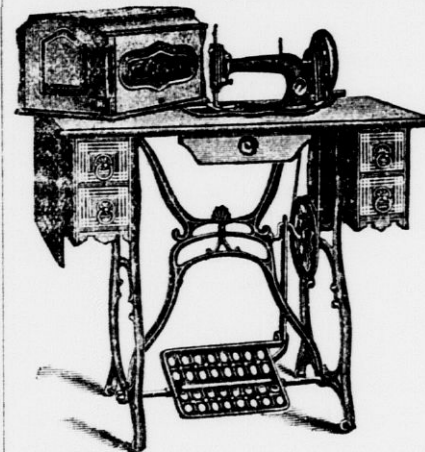
The following was prepared for a special edition of a California paper by E. W. Davis, Master of California State Grange, and we reproduce it as applicable and pertinent for readers of the VISITOR:

On the 4th day of December, 1891, the Order of Patrons of Husbandry—more familiarly known as the Grange—will celebrate its silver (25th) anniversary. The Grange was organized shortly after the close of the civil war by a few loyal men and women whose purposes were: To form a more perfect union between the farmers and their families of the several sections of the then disturbed and trembling government; to elevate and educate the farmers of the nation; to develop a better manhood and womanhood; to arbitrate, rather than litigate, personal differences; to sell more and to buy less; to discountenance the mortgage system, the fashion system and all systems tending to prodigality and bankruptcy; to advance and encourage women to be more self-dependent and better fitted to battle with the rules and laws of the business world; to care for the children of the nation, knowing that without good schools, and universal intelligence, no Republican form of government can long exist; to care for the sick; their widows and orphans; to inculcate lessons of loyalty; to scatter words of kindness in Faith, with Hope and with Charity and with Fidelity. In short, the Order of Patrons of Husbandry started out to till the soil of North America, and to so fertilize it, that the annual product of "The greatest good to the greatest number" might be largely increased. This work has been, and is now being, faithfully, intelligently, successfully performed. No organization or association of humanity is perfect. Nor is it claimed that the Grange is a perfect organization. But it is claimed for the Order that much good has been accomplished by, and through its efforts.

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cational matters, it has none the less exerted a powerful influence for good in all these things. Even the Congress of the United States, hard of hearing as it is, has heard the voice of the National Grange calling for the control, by just laws, of corporations; for reduced postage rates; for government control of telegraph and telephone lines; for lower rates of taxation; for more government aid to public education, and for a score of other important questions now before the public eye and attention. And stupid, indeed, is the man who, for one moment, thinks the farmers of this nation, through the oldest farmer's order—the Grange—have not done their full share in bringing these questions to the front. In this connection it is safe to say that no man, without regard to party politics, need hope to be elected to public office who is not earnest, pronounced and honest in his efforts to bring these results about, and that, too, as speedily as possible.

To tell the good things accomplished by the Grange would be to write a book; interesting and instructive it is true, but altogether too long for this article.

To promise what the Grange is going to do, would be to anticipate the pages of history for ages to come. For, on every page where honest progress for the right, for truth, for justice, for equality before the law for rich and poor, for high and low, for male and female, is recorded; there, also, will the work and influence of the Grange be recorded.

The Grange will be in the future, as it has been in the past, ready to take sides with right and against wrong; with the oppressed and against the oppressor; with the temperate and against the intemperate; with progress as against sloth and superstition; with intelligence as against ignorance; with the honest and against the dishonest; and the Grange will do this because it is right, and not because it may or may not be popular, for be it known that the men and women who compose the Grange have, in the main, minds as clear as the crystal streams which flow through the meadows; purposes as clean and bright as the sunshine which tans their hands and faces; aims as pure as the flowers, buds, leaves and grasses which are their constant companions. How long the cities of this nation would prosper without the pure food, pure men and pure women furnished them from our farms and farm homes, is a question more easily asked than answered.

The work of the Grange is not for to-day. It is for all men and for all time. He who is eligible to membership, and wants to help the needy, correct the erring, raise the fallen, cause two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, scatter seeds

of kindness, make himself a bigger man intellectually, a better man morally, and a more useful man generally, can find no better opportunities and no more willing associates than are to be found in the Grange.

The farmer's wife and her daughter will find no more golden opportunity for extending their sphere of influence and usefulness, without trespassing on the rights of any one, than is found in the Order of Patrons of Husbandry; an Order that knows no section and no sex; that has a local, a county, a State and a National organization; that says the office must seek the man, not the man the office; that believes an honest man is the noblest work of God, and a virtuous, industrious and intelligent woman is his counterpart; an Order that joins with all other Orders and associations in doing good. Such, in short, is the Grange. It comes to you without boasting, yet it is not ashamed of its record. It asks your favorable consideration; it promises faithful work for the protection of your families; the improvement of your homes, loyalty to your country and for every cause that is just. More, the Grange cannot do; less, it will not do.

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Cheap Notoriety.

There are yet a few papers and speakers left who are either blindly ignorant themselves, or assume that their readers or hearers are, and so consequently they can inoculate them with the virus of distrust and discontent, and not be disputed in their statements. This kind of fiction is fired at farmers at every opportunity. The brazen effrontery and bare-faced assurance of some of the statements made, or the twist that is given to a half truth to fashion it into the semblance of fact, would shame into perpetual silence all of these effusive voices, could the exact facts at the same time be presented in contrast. Here is what one of these talking machines said on a recent occasion at a farmers' gathering:

The people are going to have cheap money, just as the banks get it now for one per cent a year with their bonds as security. We can offer real estate security, the best in the world, worth four times the amount issued, and so do away with the surplus middlemen who take the cheap money, and good money of the government, and loan it out at high rates of interest, making it good money and dear money. It makes a difference who is doing it, that's all.

Now the inference is—and that is the idea that was intended to be inculcated—that the government sorts out a few individuals to whom it distributes money at one per cent. This speaker gets a lot of cheap applause from the unthinking and credulous, by such arrant nonsense. It is this kind of argument that begets a clamor for the two per cent. loan scheme and other financial vagaries.

Before pricking this bubble we append another sample paragraph, taken from an Alliance paper, to show how intentional is the deception, and how necessary it is that people be misinformed to gain adherents to a poor cause:

"One of the strongest arguments against national banks, next to the power given them to inflate or contract money volume, is the tax imposed upon the people to maintain their bond basis of circulation. For every \$90 of national bank circulation there has been a government bond of \$100 as a basis. This bond draws say 4 per cent. interest. This interest the people pay. That is for every \$90 of national bank money in circulation the people pay an annual tax of \$4, or \$100 every twenty-five years. Thus have gone millions of the people's money since the adoption of

this iniquitous financial measure."

The plain inference of this, to those who do not know better, is that the bond was made in consequence of, and to favor the banks. A review of the lessons from this schooling would bring such an answer, and people are expected to believe it, for it says that the argument against banks "is the tax imposed upon the people to maintain their bond basis of circulation"; and further along it says: "This bond draws say 4 per cent. This interest the people pay." Here again it is left to be inferred that the interest on the bond is a tax imposed in the interest of National banks, and but for them would be remitted, for it says, "for every \$90 of national bank money in circulation, the people pay an annual tax of \$4 or \$100 every twenty-five years." Papers that retain their hold upon the confidence of farmers by such deceit are a perpetual libel upon the intelligence that supports them.

Let us attempt to untangle this web of practical falsehood. Before the law creating National banks was enacted by congress, the debt for which the bonds were given was made. The bonds are only evidences of the debt made necessary by the exigencies of war. The interest on these bonds must be paid in whomsoever's hands they are found, and the interest or "tax," as the writer of the above extract is pleased to term it, is no greater nor more burdensome because it is held by a bank as security for a faithful performance of its functions, than if held by an administrator in trust for minor children, or as a safe investment for the funds of an institution. Any one who has the money, and is satisfied to receive a low rate of interest, can purchase these bonds, and if he has money enough to purchase \$50,000 of these bonds, can go into banking with all the privileges which it is said the government lavishes upon such individuals. There is a restriction, however, made by the government which says this fortunate individual shall not issue shillings upon this bond basis, but shall only be allowed to circulate nine-tenths of the amount of its bonds in good currency, which the government furnishes, and guarantees. For this trouble of printing and keeping a record of, Uncle Sam charges the banks one per cent. How this one per cent can be construed to mean what the orator referred to says: that the government loans the banker money at one per cent, is a mystery past finding out. In the first place it has taken \$50,000 of his ready money and locked it up, and has handed over \$45,000 of National bank currency in lieu of it. If this currency is lost or burned up the government is the only one who is the gainer by it; the bank must return the whole of the original \$45,000 or its equivalent when it ceases to do business, in order to get its \$50,000 back again. This system of banking may not be the best that could be devised—we are not lauding the system—but we do not like to hear it misrepresented for ulterior designs or to have prejudice in kindled for no good purpose. The GRANGE VISITOR is not interested in forming a new party, and its only interest in party measures is to get at the truth, so it cannot be expected to give currency to the unwise and untruthful harrangues so frequent in farm papers in the column of Alliance literature. We shall

watch over the farmers' interest with a jealous eye, and it will be found that the Grange whose sentiments we shall try to reflect, is a better friend to agriculture by its conservative independence in politics, than the crazy pettifoggers who excite the envy and malice of the people against capital and all forms of organized industry by senseless tirades in the press and on the rostrum. We are not in it.

Who is Responsible.

There is a degree of responsibility in every organization that must be assumed by some one to further its interests. Members as a rule expect to be notified in some way regarding their duty. Custom has made this necessary. Salesmen come regularly to the country merchant, as a hint to him to replenish his stock. There is a duty as great in the Grange, although there is no compensation for the labor. The Master must assume many of these necessary duties, or appoint competent members for the work. We refer now particularly to the necessity of a solicitor in each Grange for subscribers and the VISITOR. Other orders and all organizations have to do this necessary work. That very excellent publication, the School Moderator, would cease to exist if school boards did not require their teachers to subscribe for some of the school journals, and see that they take them. Every business has its trade paper, and it is pushed into notice. There is no other way. The Grange is lamentably derelict in this matter. Every other person we extend a "VISITOR" to at the fairs says: "Oh, yes! we used to take it. I want to see a copy again." Such subscriptions have lapsed for want of an invitation at the proper season to renew for the paper. It is true we have a large list of subscribers that we can count on year after year, and we believe we are adding to this class of readers who manage their own renewals; but nevertheless there are three or four thousand more who expect to be asked for their subscriptions, and will probably not renew unless solicited. We greatly desire also to add many of the old names to our list, which can be if the proper and seasonable solicitation is done. Every Master of a Grange in the state ought at once to appoint an energetic canvasser for the VISITOR, not to please the Editor nor the Executive Committee of the State Grange, but because it is essential to the success of the order in the state and to every individual Grange. How would a Grange know what representation its district was entitled to except for the report of the Secretary printed on the last page of this issue. The paper is also the medium for the announcements of meetings, and for the general information of the members in the state and out of it of what is going on in the order. Every Grange family, and many families who ought to belong to the Grange, should be asked to take the paper. Will you appoint the canvasser?

Our readers will be pleased to see the genial face of Dr. Beal on the first page of the Visitor. He has faced an audience in nearly every county in the state in institute work, or at the meetings of the State Horticultural Society, and no man in it is more familiar with its resources and its productions than he. We hope to induce other well-known men to visit our readers in this familiar manner.

Local Option in Van Buren County

Lest it may be forgotten in other parts of the state, we wish to remind the public of the fact that "Local Option" is being tested in this county. Circuit court has been in session for nearly two weeks, and eight liquor cases have been disposed of. There have been six convictions with fines running from \$50 to \$200, with costs of suit of \$25 added, or on failure to pay the fines, an imprisonment in the county jail for 60 days. There has been one disagreement of the jury—eight for conviction and four for acquittal—and one case put over the term, because of a failure to find the witnesses, which looks like collusion on the part of the defense to get rid of, or delay the trial.

The principal case came up for a new trial, under disagreement from the previous term, with such added evidence, as made it almost certain that conviction would follow. The respondent was the hotel proprietor, and the complaining witness a citizen of the town. A second case had also been made against the same party, and was on the calendar. The complaining witness swore on the trial that after the examination in the second case, the respondent came to him in his office and offered to put \$15 in an envelope and place it in the post-office at the end of each month, so long as he was left undisturbed in his business. There was no denial of this fact, but the defense produced four customers who had been coached into swearing that they called for and drank "Harter's Bitters," and that it was not whisky that they drank in the presence of the complaining witness. While the jury were out in the first case, a plea of guilty was made in the second, to avert the probable wrath to come, which a change in the papers to a second offense would have brought. The penalty of a second offense is both fine and imprisonment. This running to cover of the king bee created consternation in the guilty crowd, and they piled over each other in their eagerness to enter their pleas of guilty.

There is no doubt that some of "the very elect"—those who carry the sign-manual of their sincerity and fealty to whisky on their visage—can still get into the locked up places, and exchange their nickels for a drink, as there are persons who will continue to steal, notwithstanding the penalty for such a crime.

An abstract temperance sentiment standing back and looking on, thinking the law will enforce itself, doesn't work here. Prohibition *per se* is free whisky. It takes grit in the citizens, as well as effective work by the officials to enforce the law. In every town in the county, this everybody's—business has been taken up by individuals, backed by a strong sentiment in the legitimate business on the street. One man in Paw Paw—the Visitor is proud to mention his name, Aaron Van Auken—has been the persistent, consistent fighting front of the temperance sentiment of the town. If other counties adopt local option the same methods must be employed to combat unprincipled tactics and unscrupulous testimony. The worst elements in human nature are arrayed against sobriety, and it is folly to expect the *ipse dixit* of law to be obeyed, without active fighting to enforce it. The victory is not complete in Van Buren county. "Eternal vigilance" is the price that must be paid for a temperance town.

Market Report and Indications.

The receipts of cattle at Chicago during the last two weeks of September have broken all previous records, the receipts averaging 15,000 cattle daily. Under pressure of this flood, prices fell rapidly on all grades, except strictly prime stock, until on all medium cattle the prices range the lowest for months. The causes for these immense receipts are easy of solution. The western ranchmen have been realizing good prices for their stock and are sending forward all the stock possible, and the drouth in the farming states west of Illinois have helped to swell the receipts, until the market, except for fancy stock, was badly demoralized.

The hog market is fully in as bad shape as the other market; thousands of hogs are sent to market that would, by a little feeding, bring good prices and find ready sale, as shippers are willing to handle them at prices ranging around \$5.00 per cwt.

In the sheep trade the receipts are less than last year, and prices are lower; the greater proportion of the receipts are lambs, until dressed lambs are costing less than prime muttons, a state of affairs rarely if ever prevailing before.

E. A. WILDEY.

Members, and especially Masters of Granges, will examine the Report on last page of this number of the VISITOR to see if their Grange is entitled to representation in the District convention which meets next Tuesday, the 6th inst. The State Grange meets on the second Tuesday in December, which is on the 8th this year. The report is intended to be corrected to date of issue, but some delays may have occurred, which can be arranged by getting an endorsement from the State Secretary, certifying that the grange is "entitled to representation."

We have said nothing about Sewing Machines lately, but our subscribers have, and keep ordering them. We have sold three since our last issue, and as yet have heard not a word of dissatisfaction regarding any of those sold. If our readers hear of persons in want of a machine they will be conferring a favor upon both them and us, by calling attention to our offer to sell a complete machine for \$15.00 and give a year's subscription to the GRANGE VISITOR.

There are three articles in the Atlantic for the month of October to which the reader will at once turn. First, to Oliver Wendell Holmes's tribute to James Russell Lowell, a poem touching alike for the public sentiment of grief that it expresses as well as for the personal note of sorrow at the loss of a friend and fellow-poet. The next article, Henry Stone's account of Gen. Thomas, will be of great interest to the many people who liked and the few who did not like, the much talked-about paper on General Sherman by Mr. John C. Ropes. The third contribution which will command attention is the paper by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, on "Emily Dickinson's Letters." Such extraordinary letter writing as Emily Dickinson's has certainly never been seen in print before. Her letters are interesting precisely because every tradition as to what makes a letter interesting is absolutely ignored, and her style is one that would make the eighteenth-century letter-writers turn in their graves. Her life in her family, strange as it was, only partially accounts for the peculiarities displayed both in her character and in her correspondence. No one who wishes to gain some idea of a woman who has of late come so prominently before the public can afford to miss the paper.

Grange Melodies.

Address Secretary National Grange, Washington, D. C.
Single copies or less than half-dozen, postage paid, 40 cents; per dozen, postage paid, \$4.00; half-dozen, postage paid, \$2.00. Or the purchaser to pay freight or express, per dozen, \$3.50; per hundred, \$27.00; per half-hundred \$13.75.

Pay As You Go.

A short time ago Mr. Palmer, of Kalkaska, delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, Spencer Creek, on "Grange Life and Work." As a lecture it was very good. Among the many good points made he said: "Just go a little slower, and pay as you go." I hereby take the liberty to embody the sentence in a poem, for the Grange VISITOR:

Some precepts are good, some are better than gold:
They come home to our hearts and their meaning unfold.
Ours will suit every station, the high, and the low:
Just go a little slower, and pay as you go.
For the man that goes slowly and keeps himself free,
Also keeps himself happy, if happy can be;
He says to his family, when they'd make a fine show,
"Let's go a little slower, and pay as we go."
And the precept is good for the men of low birth,
And it's equally good for the great ones of earth,
And the rich, and the poor, nothing better can do
Than to practice our precept and pay as they go.
For the one that's in debt never knows what it is
To sit down in his house with his mind all at ease;
He has learned the great lesson that all men should know,
For there never was better than pay as you go.
But to him that is free there's joy in his eye;
It's all glowing and bright, like the blue in the sky
He says I am happy and this one thing I'll do,
I will practice the precept and pay as I go.
I will practice the precept—may it never grow old;
I will pay as I go—it's as good as the gold.
They say I'm old-fashioned, very poky, and slow,
But I'll stick to the fashion and pay as I go.
For pay as you go is like a bright, rosy boy—
Eyes sparkling like sunshine and beaming with joy;
Hands willing to work, and so eager to show
That they're fully determined to pay as they go.
Oh, don't give a mortgage, for it's heavier than gold;
Lay it not on the farm, or the home will be sold.
You can say to your wife, if she thinks you're too slow,
"Dear wife, let us have patience, and pay as we go."
There's a better day coming some time we've been told;
Oh, would it were here ere we're laid in the mold:
Half the burdens of life would be lifted, if so
They would practice our precept and pay as they go.
If the Church learned our lesson, how much better 'twould be
If, instead of the strife, they would learn to agree;
If, instead of the hatred, more love they would show,
And go a little slower and pray as they go.
If Christ lived on earth, at this age of the world,
Wiser precepts would be on his banner unfurled;
He would add to Life's Lessons, so blessed and true,
Do your duty to others, and pay as you go.
We should do unto others as we'd have others do,
For it's both sides alike, and clean all the way through.
Better teaching than this the world never will know;
Will we follow the teaching, and pay as we go?
We must pay as we go, there's no end of the strife,
It will follow us all 'till the end of our life;
When we lay down to die, and no more we can do;
There's the last debt of nature to pay as we go.
SAMUEL TROTMAN.
Helena Grange 676, Spencer Creek, Antrim county, Mich.

Quail or No Quail.

ED. VISITOR: There is considerable interest being manifested by the farmers in this vicinity in regard to the new game law, which allows quail to be killed from Nov. 1st to Dec. 15th, and as the hunting season for most other game opened Sept. 1st, the "slaughter of the innocents" was pretty sure to begin then, law or no law.

Now some of our farmers are of the opinion that the quail is worth more to them as insect exterminators than it is on the toast of the aspiring nimrod from the city, who, with gun in hand, tramps over the possessions of the granger, helps himself to fruit, throws down fences, and takes a crack at the farmer's turkeys, just for a variety. Acting on this idea quite a large number have published a notice in the local paper forbidding any hunting or trespassing on their lands.

It's time the hunters from the city began to recognize the rights of his rural brother. Sections 2221 and 2222 of Howell's annotated statutes make it unlawful to "hunt with firearms, dogs, or otherwise on the enclosed premises of another, without the consent of the owner or lessee," and provides a fine of not less than five or more than twenty dollars for violations.

A few arrests and fines would put a short stop to the lawless trespass of the men and boys (some scarcely yet in their teens) who scour the country far and near, blazing away at every kind of "game" in sight, from robins to ground-hogs.

It's very evident that the farmer has some rights, but he has so long neglected to assert them that the city sportsman appears

to have forgotten their existence; hence a gentle reminder is called for, and if that does not serve the purpose, an arrest and fine undoubtedly would.

During the boyhood of the writer large flocks of quail were often seen, so tame that they came up around the buildings, but for the past fifteen or twenty years not a flock has been seen, and rarely a single specimen, until, under the influence of the law passed a few years ago, whereby the shooting of quail was forbidden. Under the influence of that law the quail has multiplied rapidly, proving that it only requires a fair chance to make a living. At the present time small flocks are met with quite frequently, but unless the farmer steps in and forbids hunters shooting on his lands, the fifteenth of November will ring the death knell of the best feathered friend the farmer has.

This would be a good thing for the Grange to take up, as it requires united action. If the members of the Grange would all put up notices on their farms, and persuade their neighbors to go and do likewise, the poor quail would have some sort of a show. If they should, like the rabbits of Australia, multiply so rapidly that they become a nuisance, the farmer and his sons can easily reduce their numbers, without the assistance of his city cousin.

"Quail on toast" has ever been a synonym of all excellence; but the farmer, though feeding the birds, has not had his share; now that he is beginning to reach out after his portion of the good things of life let him not overlook the quail. A. L.
Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Report of Pomona.

A call for a Pomona Grange meeting never has to go begging for attendance. Neither did the one called at Fowler, Sept. 16th. Some of the members were there quite early, considering the long drives most of them had to make. The first ones there being W. M. Dille and wife, just as he should be—first in position, first in attendance. The members kept coming until afternoon. Dallas Grange did not turn out to welcome us, but we found the hall in excellent order for our arrival, and Patrons never go empty handed, but each carried a supply of eatables, and the want of tablecloths was supplied from the pile of Grange VISITORS that W. O. Bronson had brought for distribution, and when the contents of baskets and pans had been spread thereon it was really a Grange Feast, and as well enjoyed as though the sisters had spent the whole forenoon in preparing a warm dinner.

After dinner the W. M. called the Grange to order, found most of the officers present, and seven Subordinate Granges reported; some as good, some fair, some poor. It was a more thorough report than we have had since the hurry of farm work begun in the spring.

Bro. Carpenter read a selection on the Money Question, which called out considerable discussion, but to repeat it would only be a waste of paper—it has been told and re-told in all the papers. There were selections by Sisters Dille and Ennest, and an essay by Sister Jewett, of Maple Rapids, which, by request of the Grange, I send for publication.

The meeting was interesting—some said it was the best we have had this summer. The meeting closed with the afternoon session. A drive home in the cool of the evening, and supper under the beautiful shade by the roadside, finished our part of the program.

MRS. J. W. ENNEST.
Clinton County Pomona Grange, No. 25.

The following item is from a late issue of the Farm and Herald of Colorado:

"That the Grange is an active, working organization is well known to those of its members who take pains to keep themselves informed. But hundreds of thousands of people, including, unfortunately, many members of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, who think that because the Grange makes no bluster, it is dead or out of date. But the Grange is not without a defi-

nite purpose and policy. Its foundations were laid broad and deep. It has little or none of the toadstool character. Jonah's gourd grew up in a night; but the worm at its root caused it to wither almost as soon as the sun was up. During the twenty-four years of its existence the Grange has steadily developed the original idea of its founders, working patiently to educate its members and all who come within its influence. It aims to make of its members manlier men and more womanly women; to make each and all of them more independent in thought and action; to teach the broad and liberal truth that man's duty to his country is measured by his intelligence and his ability to be useful; and to enforce the idea that each man must think for himself, and act on his own responsibility, if he would do the best for himself and his country. Holding, thus, that independence in thinking and independence in doing are among the first duties of an American citizen, the Grange cannot and does not ask its members to support any sect or party except as independent citizens. As an organization, it knows neither sect nor party."

The Cause of the Unpleasantness in Chile.

Chile had for more than half a century enjoyed peace and tranquility within her borders, and her citizens, realizing that the uninterrupted progress and prosperity of their country were owing to this fact, were determined to maintain peace at any cost. They had before their eyes the example of their less fortunate sister republics in South America, whose slow development has been due to the instability caused by their frequent revolutions. Mr. Balmaceda, who knew the Chilean citizens' inborn abhorrence of revolution, took advantage of it to abuse the powers conferred on him, and attacked the most cherished rights of the people, such as their right of public meeting, the liberty of the press, and their electoral right. All our administrations under the rule of honest Presidents had been so free from corruption that we believed implicitly in the honesty and good faith of our magistrates; and it was not till we became convinced that Mr. Balmaceda was determined to name his own successor, in case he could not, even against constitutional provisions, perpetuate himself in office, that we came to suspect that his determination was prompted by his anxiety to screen himself from the exposure which would result in case his successor was freely elected by the people. This insistence on the part of the President that he should name his successor was what led the different parties to unite against the President in order to insure to the people the free choice of their candidates.—[From "Chile and Her Civil War," by Captain Jose Ma. Santa Cruz in North American Review for October.

The Moderate Use of Liquor.

We hear a good deal of the "moderate" use of liquor. We are told that a drink occasionally does no particular harm, but "tones up" the system. Just so long as a man doesn't get drunk and his physical system shows no bad effects from the use of an occasional drink, he is a temperate man, and no one should try to take a harmless privilege away from him. So far, so good; but we know a case in point which will do just as well as an argument: A father of a family of our acquaintance had convivial habits. He would take a glass of beer occasionally. He would even on rare occasions get slightly "fuddled," but he was never known to harm himself, his family or his friends by his bibulous indulgencies. He was a good business man, a good neighbor, a kind husband and father, and was respected by all who knew him. He was considered temperate because he could "leave liquor alone" when he wanted to, and he kept his appetite well under control. Personally, it did him no harm. No one would suspect from his fine physical appearance that he ever indulged in a drop of liquor. But there is a sequel. He was the father

of a family of boys, and these boys loved and respected their father. What father did was right as anything could be to them. But it does not follow that they could all do just as father did. One of them indulged in moderate drink, just as father did, but unfortunately he did not possess his father's strong will power. His appetite for liquor increased and his power of resistance decreased, resulting in his becoming a confirmed drunkard. He neglected his business, he abused his wife and family, and he is now a mental, physical and financial wreck. "Moderate drinking" did the work for this young man—not moderate drinking on his own part, but on the part of his father who set him the example.

Can the head of a family judge of the effects of a habit only by its effects upon himself? How can that father of a drunken son pat himself and complacently observe: "I can keep from making a hog of myself; I know when to drink and when to let it alone." Such a boast is a lie. There is only one time for letting it alone, and that is before it is touched. The man who drinks "in moderation" and shows no bad effects from it is far more dangerous to the community than the lowest and most abandoned drunkard. His example encourages, while the condition of the drunkard warns. There is no such thing as temperance in the use of liquor. In total abstinence is the only safety.—Western Plowman.

Resolutions accepted by Lawrence Grange, Aug. 15, 1891:

Whereas, The voters of Van Buren county have, by their ballot at a special election, declared that the local option law shall be in force in this county.

Whereas, Certain persons in the township of Lawrence do persist in violating said law; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, citizens of Lawrence and vicinity and members of Lawrence Grange, P. of H. No. 32, do hereby pledge our influence and money, if necessary, to enforce said law, and do here append our names.

E. L. Northrup,
H. Place,
C. E. Robinson,
Committee.

By request of Lawrence Grange I forward you the above resolutions for publication in Grange Visitor. Will add that we have succeeded in keeping up a fair amount of interest in our Grange during the busy season. We had a picnic for the children the last of July, which was intended for a substitute for Children's Day, which was enjoyed by young and old. Am humiliated to say that we have not accomplished as much in the line of woman's work as we anticipated in the spring; but I am no "faint heart," and hope we shall all take hold with renewed vigor, as the lovely weather of autumn approaches, and make a success of our undertakings.

MRS. ABIAH BUNNELL,
Com. on Woman's Work.

The next meeting of Branch County Pomona Grange will meet with Batavia Grange on Thursday, Oct. 15, 1891, at which time papers by Mrs. D. D. Buell, Mr. J. D. Studley, J. L. Kilbourne, G. H. Wagner, S. E. Lee, W. S. Mowry, and what work that was left over from last meeting, will be presented. Suitable time will be given to memorial services to the memory of Albert C. Roe, deceased. Music will be furnished by Batavia Grange.

WALLACE E. WRIGHT,
Lecturer.

Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B—. She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

That Anti-Convention Didn't Ante.

The convention of anti-sub-treasury and anti-third party Alliance men, in session last week at St. Louis, did practically nothing beyond adopting strong resolutions against these features and pledging themselves to work to bring the Alliance back to its pure principles. This will be about as hard to accomplish as to wash the smell from a dog which has been tousing a polecat without being yourself ungratefully perfumed. The proceedings so disgusted Hon. U. S. Hall that he absented himself

from the last day's session. A committee was appointed to go before the next National Alliance and protest against the sub-treasury and land-loan schemes. A resolution was adopted that there was no intention to form a new organization. As we view it, this leaves the anti as a very small minority in an organization now controlled by tricksters, and the majority of whose members are little less than anarchists. Without organization and without money, of course this minority is practically powerless. Yet, Texas Farmer thinks it was more wise not to organize. There are already too many farmers' organizations. Any who entertain the faintest hope of reforming the Alliance should never abandon the effort. Those who believe with Texas Farmer that no such hope remains ought to go into the Grange, and aid that noble body to whip out the frauds, liars, thieves, black-mailers, bribe-takers, cheats and cranks who are now prostituting the Alliance to basest ends and aims.—Texas Farmer.

Woman's Work in the State.

We fear, from the absence of reports received from the Committee on Woman's Work, throughout the State, that the prize speaking contests recommended at the commencement of the year have not been generally adopted. Capital Grange is the first to report. Two weeks ago an excellent evening's entertainment was given by competitors for prizes on essays and declamations, which reflected much credit on all who participated. The Master of Capital Grange, A. D. Banks, took first prize on declamation. All pronounced it a masterly production, both in sentiment and oratory, and excellent talent for a public speaker was exhibited in every requirement.

The 2d prize was indeed a study for judges and all to decide upon, so evenly was the rendering of the two recitations of Miss Mary Shaffer and Miss Fannie Oviatt, but the decision must be made, and the former received second prize. The essay on Woman's Work, by Mrs. Ayers, received first prize, and was justly merited. It was indeed a grand essay, and we wish every woman in the State, in or out of the Grange, could have heard it for the excellent thoughts it contained. It should be the duty and pleasure of many more of our younger, and even older members, to take advantage of all these inducements held out to improve them and help make the Grange a greater success. If no other Grange in the State responds to this call Capital Grange, at least, will have a hearing, both at the County and State Grange. We hope soon to hear from many others and report a like progress. In no better way can you break the monotony of your meetings than by adopting new methods, and strive to create enthusiasm among your members. Every new plan will have a tendency to enhance an interest, especially among its younger members. Committees on Woman's Work throughout the State, try these contests and do not let Capital Grange be the only representative. We do not doubt but there are as good live Granges somewhere in the State, and we shall look in our next issue to see who they are, and we wish their success. MRS. A. GUNNISON,
Ch'n on W. W. in the State.

In its November number the Cosmopolitan will publish a series of letters written by Gen. W. T. Sherman to one of his young daughters, between the years 1859 and 1865 and covering most of the important events of the war of secession. These letters present graphic pictures of a great soldier amid some of the stirring scenes in which he was a giant figure, and in them the patriotic spirit of the Federal general is seen to have been most attractively tempered by a strong affection for the Southern people. The fraternal feeling which glows in these letters is in refreshing contrast to the sectional bitterness which characterized the period, and they will constitute an interesting and important contribution to the literature of the war.

Ladies' Department.

The End of Summer.

There's a mellow brown hue creeping over the grass,
And the air is so soft and so still
That each stream and each pool lies unruffled as glass,
While a hazy blue veils the low hill—
A dreamy blue, melting into the soft sky,
The colors meeting in fair harmony.

All Nature seems drowsy, preparing for sleep:
The crickets drone low lullabys;
Brown birds utter notes full of sadness, in keep
With the year's minor-keyed melodies;
The butterfly lazily wanders to where
Some late blooming flower still perfumes the air.

Where the peaches' pink buds spread their beauty
in spring,
The ripe fruit has dropped from the bough;
Where the oriole hung her light castle to swing,
The old elm is desolate now.
There are rumors of songsters preparing to go
Where song-folk are safe from all dread of the snow.

GERRITT SMITH.

When Love is at its Best.

As tired children go at candle light,
The glow in their young eyes quenched with the sun,
Almost too languid now that play is done
To seek their father's knee, and say, "Good-night!"

So to our Great Father out of sight,
When the brief gamut of the day is run
Defeats endured, and petty triumphs won,
We kneel, and listlessly His care invite.

Then with no sense of gain, no tender thrill,
As when we leave the presence of a friend,
No lingering content our souls to steep,
But reckoning our gains and losses still,
We turn the leaf upon the dull day's end,
And, careless, drift out to the sea of sleep.

Not such is prayer, when life is at its best,
And if our lagging soul do not outsoar
The words we utter, though our chamber floor
Be hallowed by our knees, 'twere vainly pressed,
Nay, be each prayer with our soul's seal im-
pressed.

And let us send no courier to Heaven's door
To speak our thanks; and further gifts implore,
In any of mask or lively-dressed.

Rather as friends sit sometimes hand-in-hand,
Nor mar with words the sweet speech of their eyes;

So in soft silence let us off'ner bow,
Nor try with words to make God understand,
Longing is prayer; upon its wings we rise
To where the breath of Heaven beats upon our brow!

—Congregationalist.

The Over-Frank Person.

Did it ever occur to you that under this appearance of extreme frankness a spirit of pure malice might be hidden?

You say she is so "charmingly frank, a law unto herself," and kindly excuse her many over-frank speeches. It is very charitable in you to do so, and far be it from me to try to restrain you in that; but isn't this spirit of so-called frankness in danger of being carried too far?

In this realistic age, the frank person more than ever speaks her mind. She boasts of her honesty—that she always says just what she means, that she never talks about people behind their backs.

You say she is kind-hearted, and she may be "only thoughtless." True.

"Many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant,"

but how is it that her shafts all find the weak places in your armor—always fly straight to the mark?

We excuse thoughtlessness in a very young person and the dreadful speeches of the "enfant terrible;" but in grown women we look for self-control—a due amount of caution and reserve in the use of the sharp little weapon, mightier, in some ways, than pen or sword.

You met some extremely pleasant people on a recent visit. The frank person is so sorry to tell you, but—how much harm, under some circumstances, this little word, but, can do.

You mention the happy engagement of a friend. "Jones, did you say the name was? Oh, yes, I know; his uncle was a defaulter."

We do not say that this is the way the over-frank person always talks, but she too frequently talks and acts from impulse.

No true, kindly spirit will, after her attention has once been called to the fact, go on inflicting cruel wounds by her uncalled-for over-frankness.

She will labor unceasingly to subdue this tendency; will ask herself seriously if it is always unbiased frankness that actuates her; if some of her remarks are not prompted by unworthy, unkind feelings?

Much is forgiven in the young, even over-frankness; but, as the years go by, bad habits unchecked are only strengthened, and the over-frank person may find herself, even in the "serene meridian of middle life," almost friendless.—L. R. in Household.

The Young Woman—Her Place in the World and Why She Has Reached It.

A great deal is said and written in these days about the modern young woman's own sex that does the writing and the talking. The average man is quite content to take the modern girl as he finds her, bright, self-reliant, helpful, distinctly stronger in mind and body than the carefully coddled, but sternly restricted young woman of the "good old times," when mental ignorance and physical fragility were deemed essentially proper feminine characteristics.

But while the father and brothers and the future husbands of the girls of the day do not trouble themselves to philosophize over their being, the case is very different with women themselves. There seems to be a decided tendency among feminine writers to regard the modern young woman as though she were something startling—something not quite natural and not to be accounted for by natural processes. Enthusiastic believers in woman's rights on one hand, and deeply-grieved advocates of the old regime like that clever English writer, Mr. Lynn Linton, on the other, alternately take a hand at praising and deploring the characteristics wherein the girl of to-day is most unlike her grandmother.

The curious thing is that neither class seems to think of her, other than as a young person who has persistently and successfully pushed herself forward until she stands pretty nearly on an equality in most things with her big brother; whereas the truth is that the typical young woman of 1891 stands in her present position not because she has crowded herself into it, but because she has been carried there by the irresistible force of circumstances. She is neither obtrusive nor unwomanly. She is more self-reliant and self-sufficient than her mother before her, because the conditions of her existence have made her so.

The world's onward movement is bearing the modern girl along with it, that is all. She has moved with swifter strides than the other sex simply because she was behind them at the start. The quickening, broadening tendencies of an era of unprecedented intellectual life have caught her and molded her as they have molded the rest of us. The young man of to-day is thoroughly unlike the youth of the age of shoe buckles and powdered wigs. The young woman has merely taken her rightful place by his side.

She has learned that it is just as honorable and necessary for her to seek perfect physical development as for him. She has discovered that rigorous mental discipline in high school and college is no less valuable to the student in a pretty gown than to the student in coat and trousers.

She has found, where work for self support is imperative, that there are a hundred avenues of business activity in which she can maintain herself more easily than at household drudgery and yet keep her womanhood free from spot or stain. And in acquiring this knowledge she has become neither less feminine nor less adorable in the eyes of the masculine sex.—New York Post.

For Girls.

It is surely to be wished that every one of our girls, on leaving school, or rather upon finishing the course prescribed in their text-books, should take another course of shorter or longer duration, and that in a hospital training-school for nurses. They are all taught, as much from observation as anything else, that a fainting person should be laid on the back and fanned, and freed from any constraint of clothing about the waist or throat; that a piece of hot flannel is good for rheumatism and growing pain; that hot lemonade at bedtime is good for a cold; that bicarbonate of soda is good for acidity; that they had best not sit between a fever patient and the fire, or attend, before eating, any one suffering from a contagious illness, or come into such presence while perspiring; and that is about all they know in relation to illness.

It might not be desirable that they should know anything more of the life of the sick-room, since their youth is the time for light-heartedness and joy, and one would spare them all that was possible they might be spared. But by-and-by, youth passing, or the necessity having arisen through love, the need of knowing more may come to them with a force bitterer than any direct knowledge of pain and suffering they could have gained in a three or six months' course in a hospital ward. What suffering would be saved to themselves as well as to those they love in that by-and-by, for instance, they knew enough, at sight of the swift-pulsing jet from a severed artery, to tie the bandage between the heart and the cut; if they knew that hot water shuts up the blood vessels, and prevents congestion and the black-and-blue mark of a bruise where the little toddler has bumped his head; if they knew that the wasting and fatiguing night-sweat of consumption could be lessened, if not hindered by a sponge bath with salt water just before sleep, or that the disgusting after flavor of cod liver oil could be turned into the taste of a delicate little Blue Point oyster by a quickly drunk glass of water in which a bit of iron has rusted; that in sudden cases of poisoning, warm, thin mustard water will empty the stomach as soon as anything that can be ordered in the apothecary's cabalistic characters; and that if corrosive sublimate has been swallowed, following it at once with the white of an egg will turn it into what is known as blue mass, and let the victim escape the salivation; that a patient can be bathed in bed without letting any moisture escape upon clothes or sheets, if the sponge being squeezed, the back of the bather's hand is hurriedly turned and wiped on a handy thick towel before applying the sponge to the surface of the skin. If they knew how to make a panada, or an agreeable decoction of toast water, to cure a hiccough, to make a poultice, to administer an enema, how much better off they would be than where their ignorance obliges them to see those they love suffer, or else have some one else, better informed than themselves, give the dear ones the relief they themselves are longing to give.

How much better off would they and all concerned be if they only knew how to make the bed for the sick—not in the fashion they have always thought sufficient, with the under sheet well tucked in at the foot, but with that under sheet drawn tightly as possible, and fastened by means of strong safety pins at the four corners, the sides, and top and bottom, so that not a wrinkle may come to tease the poor sleeper wretch, tossing and turning for relief. In fact, the things seem countless with which a woman, as now educated, finds herself unacquainted. And for the sake of their own future happiness, to say nothing of the well-being of those for whose comfort in time of sickness they are responsible, it would be well if, before our girls began their careers of pleasure—their dances and lunches and teas and other amusements, however innocent—they had first received the diploma that might be given them for skill in some of the simpler branches of the great art of nursing the sick.—Harper's Bazar.

Conversation Entertainment.

A new amusement particularly adapted to the traditional talent of fair women is the "Progressive Conversation Party," which had its birth in the East. Its popularity is established by its possibilities to entertain any number of guests, though more than twenty cannot be easily managed. Its modus operandi is somewhat as follows: As many chairs as are required by the number of guests invited are arranged in pairs in a continuous line, one behind the other, and are yoked together with broad ribbons of different colors.

The topics of conversation for the evening are announced on the invitation cards. A card on which is written a topic of conversation is tied with a narrow ribbon to the connecting ribbons

on the chairs, and tally-cards, as in progressive euchre, with a tiny bow which matches the colors on the chairs, are arranged for both ladies and gentlemen, as in the game when played with cards. When all the guests have drawn a card they take their seats according to the color designated by the tally-card, the ladies on the left and the gentlemen on the right, the hostess taps a bell, and the buzz of conversation begins.

Ten minutes are allowed to each topic, and the topic of each set of chairs differs from all the others. The judges chosen pass down the line and criticize, and at the end of the time specified affix a gold star on the card of the best conversationalist, a silver star on the card of the vanquished. The entire company change seats, the gentleman retreating one seat, the lady advancing one, and the buzz begins again. When ten changes have been made, ten topics dished up and discussed, the person having the greatest number of gold stars is the winner.—Entertainment.

Your Daughter.

Olive Thorn Miller writes that if you can interest the daughter, just out of school, in the home, in keeping your house, taking charge of your table or some other department, having the allowance to manage as she chooses, with a salary or whatever arrangement is most satisfactory, you are a fortunate mother. If she wants to study "art," grumble not at oils and turpentine, and allow her, if she wishes, to hang her efforts on the walls, but privately try to educate her taste by visiting galleries, by proper books, by an art atmosphere, by all the instruction that you can devise. If she leans to music, pursue the same course. If her taste is for using tools don't be alarmed and call it unfeminine. You may be assured it is the rarest thing for a woman to be unfeminine; and when she is, it is caused by something quite different from a taste for pursuits usually considered masculine. The "feminine" is planted in the depths of her nature; you can't eradicate it, though a bitter experience of life will sometimes do it.

The Care of Books.

A very little child can understand that a book must not be thrown on the floor, or torn, or bent backward, or maltreated in the fifty small ways in which children are permitted to abuse books. Such habits in children are due quite as much to ignorance as carelessness on the part of parents. Those who have no interest or affection for books themselves are not likely to expect it from their children.

There is much negligence shown in the matter of returning borrowed books, and this often by persons of whom one would expect better things. For months after a book is read it is allowed to lie about the house, and no effort is made to return it to its owner. That a book should be returned as soon as read, just as particularly as one would return a tool after using it, or a garment after wearing it, would appear to go without saying. Yet it is not always the case.

It is right to insist that our children shall be exact in this respect. That they shall, after borrowing a book, cover it neatly, treat it carefully while in their possession, and return it promptly when finished.—Ex.

The Best Fifty Books.

For those busy people who cannot take time to read many books, and yet who long to know about some of the best authors and their works, there is a valuable book of 600 pages, condensed from such masterpieces as Homer's Iliad, Ben Hur, Don Quixote, Les Miserables Paradise Lost, etc., compiled and edited by Benjamin R. Davenport, called, "The Best Fifty Books of the Greatest Authors, Condensed for Busy People."

With the story of each book is a sketch and portrait of its author.

About a dozen pages are devoted to each book, and yet from these few pages one can glean a

knowledge of the plot, characters, scenes, situations, quotations, etc., that could not be acquired otherwise than by weeks of reading. The bit of information will be very gratifying whenever the subject matter of any one of these fifty books comes up for discussion.—Household.

Baby's Here! What Next?

Few young mothers have access to the latest information regarding the diet of infants and young children, and it is therefore with pleasure we recommend for the perusal of all who have anything to do with children, the exhaustive article "How and What to Feed the Baby," in the October number of the progressive periodical, Demorest Family Magazine. This article is by a successful physician, and tells what food to give, how to prepare each kind, just how much and how often the child should be fed, when and how often the diet should be changed, and gives bills of fare for different ages, so that the most inexperienced mother may know just how to feed her baby from its birth until it is able to eat the regular meals of the family. And this is only one of the many attractions of the October number of this comprehensive family magazine, which is bright with charming stories, including one by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "In the Woman's Ward of an Insane Asylum" tells a pathetic tale; the article on "Sloyd" is instructive and entertaining; and there are other splendid articles, and nearly 200 fine illustrations. It is published by W. Jennings Demorest, at 15 East 14th St., New York. Price 20 cents. Any of our local news-dealers will supply it.

During two seasons of field work on the Geological Survey of Canada I have found pyrethrum powder an excellent thing to burn in the tent to stupefy and kill mosquitoes and black and sand flies. This powder is known by all druggists as "Insect Powder," or as "Pyrethrum Powder," and sometimes as "Dalmatian" or "Persian Insect Powder." It is a perfect "God-send" to tired men in the field after a hard day's work. Have also seen it used in houses and stores. When you retire to your tent at night, or for a nap at midday, close all the sides and the door of the tent, and burn about enough to cover a penny. Make the powder into a little pyramid or cone, on top of bark, stone, tin, or any other article, and light the top with a match. It will smolder away, and the fumes will quite stupefy all the mosquitoes in the tent.—A. M. Campbell, in U. S. Dep't. Agricultural Report.

God meant us to be happy. For that reason he made all things beautiful. For that reason he put us in households—and ordained all the joys of wedded and family life. It is not the only existing Christian duty to save souls, but it is also a duty to make people happy in common, prosaic ways, as we go along. Christians have a special right in whatever is beautiful or happy. If any one can honestly laugh, and shout, and sing, and dance, it is one who has done his duty to his God, and is trying to live a life that will please him. If any one has a right in a festival and in all its joys, if any one can "eat the fat and drink the sweet" and make a feast for household and friends, it is one who loves his neighbor as himself, because he has first loved God with all his heart.—Independent.

An inexpensive "form" on which to drape dress skirts may be made this way: Take a block of yellow pine eight inches square, bore a hole in the center; place firmly in it an upright stick, three and a half feet high, and nail a round block firmly on it, so that a small inverted peach basket may revolve upon it. About a foot from the brim of the basket suspend a hoop by twine strings. I have one which cost nothing but the time consumed in making it and which answered the purpose well.—Subscriber.

"THE BUYERS' GUIDE."

Nearly a million households use it as a reference book.

A million purchasers learning how to make four dollars do the work of five.

Sent only upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps to pay the postage. (550 pages, 30,000 quotations, weight two pounds.)

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Revised List of Grange Supplies. Kept in the Office of Sec'y of the Michigan State Grange.

GERMAN HORSE AND COW POWDER. Is of the highest value of horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD. Says: "German Horse and Cow Powder pays many times its cost in keeping all kinds of farm stock in good health."

ANNUAL IMPORTATIONS.

Auction Sale of Choice Breeding and Show SHROPSHIRE SHEEP, Sept. 29, 1891.

Address, THE WILLOWS, Paw Paw, Mich.

G. R. & I. RAIL ROAD. July 19, 1891.—Central Standard Time.

Table with columns: GOING NORTH, No. 1, No. 3, No. 5, No. 7. Rows: Cincinnati, Fort Wayne, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Cadillac, Petoskey, Mackinaw.

CHICAGO & WEST MICHIGAN RY. Favorite route to the Summer resorts of Northern Michigan.

Table with columns: Hartford, Lv., Benton Harbor, Ar., St. Joseph, Mich., New Buffalo, Mich., Michigan City, Mich., Chicago, Ar.

MICHIGAN FEMALE SEMINARY. Opens Sept. 10. College Preparatory and advanced courses.

PEACH TREES and APPLE TREES. 3 1/2 to 4 feet, and 5 to 6 feet.

FOR SALE in sma and lar quantities. Address GEORGE ACHELIS, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa.

If We Had the Time. If I had the time to find a place And sit me down full face to face With my better self that stands to show In my daily life that rushes so;

Let me tell you a tale of a little gray mouse, That left its snug nest at the top of the house, To cut capers and play on the old kitchen floor.

Prehistoric Man and the Horse in North America.

The genealogy of the horse has been most admirably worked out in various publications, and the fact has long been established that the genus originated on the North American continent.

What inference was to be drawn from this? In the first place it has been suspected and considered probable that early man on this continent had been contemporaneous with a horse.

This fact opens several questions. What became of the race of horses that once lived on the continent? Were they exterminated by savage man as civil-

ized man has exterminated the bison? Did they once serve as beasts of burden or were they used only as food? Were they wild or domesticated?

Boys, Prepare to be Men. Much has been written about encouraging young men to stay on the farm by giving them a piece of land to work.

Halidon Orange Groves. Putnam Co., Fla., Aug. 2, 1891: Mr. O. W. Ingersoll—I take pleasure in sending you names of several of my neighbors requesting you to write them.

Wanted, a Smart Young Man. "Wanted, a reliable, capable young man as foreman on a gentleman's farm."

Miss Sophia Hayden is said to have made the drawings for the woman's building at the World's Fair, in three weeks, taking only the spare time between the hours she gave to teaching.

Price of Rare Metals. Iridium, a very heavy metal of the platinum group, so named from the iridescence of some of its solutions.

Use of success lies in the line of this advertisement. In our travels about and over the New England farms nothing makes a deeper impression on us than the demand for honest, brainy young men to fill good positions.

A MAMMOTH CLOCK.—A clock that might be safely stated to be the eighth wonder of the world is to be placed on the tower of a public building now erecting in Philadelphia.

Wanted, a Smart Young Man. "Wanted, a reliable, capable young man as foreman on a gentleman's farm."

Miss Sophia Hayden is said to have made the drawings for the woman's building at the World's Fair, in three weeks, taking only the spare time between the hours she gave to teaching.

General Notice.

MICHIGAN STATE GRANGE, SECRETARY'S OFFICE. The following Granges are entitled to elect delegates to the County Conventions to be held in the various counties on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, by virtue of Sec. 3, Article IV. By Laws of Michigan State Grange:

- Allegan—3 Representatives; 37, 53, 154, 247, 248, 296, 338, 339, 364, 390, 407 520-669. Antrim—1 Rep.; 470, 676 691. Barry—2 Reps.; 48, 55, 127, 145, 256, 424, 426, 472, 648. Berrien—3 Reps.; 14, 40, 43, 80, 81, 84, 87, 104, 122, 123, 188, 194, 693. Branch—1 Rep.; 88, 95, 96, 97, 137, 152, 400. Calhoun—1 Rep.; 65, 66, 85, 129, 200, 202, 292. Cass—1 Rep.; 162, 291, 42, 695. Crawford—1 Rep.; 673. Charlevoix—1 Rep.; 689. Clinton—2 Reps.; 225, 226, 358, 370, 439, 456, 459, 659, 677. Eaton—1 Rep.; 67, 134, 260, 301, 360, 619. Genesee—1 Rep.; 387, 694. Grand Traverse—1 Rep.; 379, 469, 624, 655, 672, 663. Gratiot—1 Rep.; 307, 391, 500, 521. Hillsdale—2 Reps.; 74, 106, 108, 133, 251, 269, 273, 274, 275, 286, 568. Huron—1 Rep.; 662, 666, 667, 668, 678, 684. Ingham—1 Rep.; 115, 241, 262, 289, 540. Ionia—2 Reps.; 175, 185, 190, 192, 270, 272, 325, 640. Jackson—1 Rep.; 45. Kalamazoo—1 Rep.; 674, 664, 692. Kalamazoo—1 Rep.; 8, 11, 16, 24, 49. Kent—3 Reps.; 19, 39, 63, 110, 170, 219, 222, 337, 340, 348, 353, 563, 634. Lapeer—1 Rep.; 246, 448, 607. Lenawee—2 Reps.; 167, 212, 276, 277, 279, 280, 293, 384, 509, 660, 383. Livingston—1 Rep.; 90, 336, 613. Macomb—1 Rep.; 403, 657. Manistee—1 Rep.; 557. Mecosta—1 Rep.; 362. Montcalm—1 Rep.; 318, 437, 650. Muskegan—1 Rep.; 372, 373, 585, 546. Newaygo—1 Rep.; 494, 495, 544, 545, 654. Oceana—1 Rep.; 406. Oakland—2 Reps.; 141, 257, 259, 267, 283, 323, 335, 443. Ottawa—1 Rep.; 30, 112, 313, 421, 458, 639, 652. Otsego—1 Rep.; 683, 682. St. Clair—1 Rep.; 491, 528, 463. St. Joseph—1 Rep.; 22, 76, 178, 215, 303. Saginaw—1 Rep.; 574. Sanilac—1 Rep.; 417, 549, 566. Shiawassee—1 Rep.; 160, 252. Van Buren—2 Reps.; 10, 32, 36, 60, 158, 159, 230, 237, 346, 355, 610. Washtenaw—1 Rep.; 52, 68, 92. Wayne—1 Rep.; 268, 331, 368, 389, 618, 636. Wexford—1 Rep.; 690.

POMONA OR COUNTY GRANGES.

According to Sec. 5 Article IV, State Grange bylaws.

Each Pomona Grange shall be entitled to representation in the State Grange by one brother and his wife, if a member of a Pomona Grange, but each Pomona Grange shall bear the expenses of representatives so sent by such Pomona Grange.

By the failure of a few Granges to report for quarter ending March 31st, 1891, they are not named in the above list. A card, stating this fact, has been sent Secretaries of those Granges, and they may yet secure representation in the State Grange by a prompt response. A receipt for dues for that quarter, with the endorsement, "Entitled to Representation" will be sent all secretaries remitting between this date and Oct. 6.

Masters may very properly look after this matter and know that their Granges are entitled to representation. JENNIE BUELL, Sec'y.

The question before the farmer should not be, "Shall I educate my children or not?" but it should be, "How can I best educate them without, in that process, driving them into other pursuits?" The proper solution of this question is one of the most important things now commanding agricultural attention.—Ex.

Resolutions.

Whereas, One of our members has gone into the saloon business, we, as a Grange, feel it our bounden duty to express emphatically our condemnation of the course taken by our brother, and the traffic in general; therefore,

Resolved, That, although our government gives the business a moral support in giving a man the right to sell intoxicating liquor, we hold that a member of our Order in doing so forfeits the solemn obligations of a Patron.

Resolved, That we condemn the licensing of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes. We believe that license, high or low, is bad in morals, bad in finance, bad in politics, a sin against God, a crime against man, a disgrace and peril to christian civilization.

Resolved, That we, as good citizens, should be zealous and persistent in united effort, by voice and vote, to suppress this giant evil of our land.

Alice W. D. Carpenter, Della Kimble, A. L. Kimble, Committee.

Inland, Sept. 10, 1891.

Program of the regular meeting of Oakland Co. Pomona Grange No. 5, to be held with Davisburg Grange, Oct. 13:

Grange opened at 10 a. m. Report of the condition of subordinate Granges, to be followed by discussion of the question: "The best method of sustaining an interest in Grange work." Opened by A. J. Crosby and E. Foster.

Music—Davisburg Grange choir. Election of a delegate to State Grange.

DINNER.

Open meeting from 1:30 to 4:30. Male quartet—Davisburg Grange.

Recitation—Miss Hattie Lyon. Discussion—"What obstacles stand most in the way of successful wheat growing?" Opened by C. E. Dewey and Hiram Andrews. Solo—Milo Ballard.

Recitation—Fay Hubbard. Discussion—"The duties of farmers as citizens." Opened by J. R. Van Hoosen and E. J. Bigelow.

Music—Mrs. Dr. Hubbard. Sentiment, "Our Order"—Mrs. D. M. Garner.

Music—C. S. Bartlett. At the close of the open meeting a short business session will be held. D. M. GARNER, Master Davisburg Grange.

Third quarterly meeting of Berrien Co. Pomona Grange will be held at Pearl Grange hall Oct. 13 and 14. Business session at 10 a. m. sharp on 13th. No public session. Subjects of importance to the Order will be discussed, among which may be some desirable changes effecting the Order, to be presented at the meeting of the State Grange. Worthy Master Thomas Mars will be present, if he can make suitable arrangements in his appointments. At least one hour will be devoted to the use of members present in which to present suggestions for the good of the Order in its local and state management. Members will please come prepared with well-considered and thoroughly boiled-down suggestions for campaign work during the coming winter. Members, let us give our Pearl brethren a rousing shaking up. R. V. CLARK, Lecturer.

The many remarkable cures of catarrh effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is conclusive proof that this loathsome and dangerous disease is one of the blood, only needing such a searching and powerful alternative to thoroughly eradicate it.

Notices of Meetings.

ED. VISITOR: The next meeting of Huron Co. Pomona Grange will be held with North Burns Grange on Tuesday, October 20. Fourth degree members are invited. MRS. R. NUGENT, Secretary.

Queen Victoria has a remarkably fine head of hair, for a lady of her age; but her son, the Prince of Wales, is quite bald. Had he used Ayer's Hair Vigor earlier in life, his head might, to-day, have been as well covered as that of his royal mother. It's not too late yet.

Kent Co. Pomona Grange will hold its next regular meeting Oct. 14th, at Rockford Grange Hall. Following is the program: Session commences at 10 o'clock a. m. Reports from Subordinate Granges.

Lessons of the Past Year—H. C. Dennison, Cascade. AFTERNOON SESSION.

Marketing Farm Products—H. C. Hogadone, Harmony. Are Potato Diggers a Success?—W. H. Myers, Courtland.

Music—George and Alice Dock-eray. Woman's Work in the Grange—Mrs. Marcene Cummings, Sparta.

Woman's Influence in the World—Mrs. H. G. Holt, Cascade.

Progressive Farming—O. I. Watkins, Grattan. Our Young People—M. W. Les-siter, Grattan.

MRS. ROBT. DOCKERAY, Secretary.

For Bilious Attacks

heartburn, sick headache, and all disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels,

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

are the safest, surest, and most popular medicine for family use.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass.

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At the PAW PAW HERALD OFFICE, continues to do all kinds of JOB PRINTING, such as Address and Call Cards, Business, Ball and Wedding Cards, Envelopes, Blank Notes, Orders, Receipts and Checks, Labels, Posters, Circulars, Staff Signs, School Blanks, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Programs, Dog-gers, and all Commercial Printing. Prices as low as can be afforded with good work. Orders by mail have prompt attention. All are invited to try the HERALD JOB OFFICE before placing their orders for printing. Office, third story brick, corner Main and Kalamazoo streets, Paw Paw, Mich.

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THE ZIMMERMAN THE Standard Machine Different sizes and prices. Illustrated Catalogue free. THE BLYMYER IRON WORKS CO., Cincinnati, O.

FOR LADIES ONLY. I will send you Secret, that cost me \$3.00, & a Rubber Shield for 30 cents. MISS J. A. KILSMAN & CO., 25 River St., CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR BEST HAY PRESSES

STEEL PRESSES. SELF FEEDER. ADDRESS P. K. DEDERICK & CO., 20 DEDERICK'S WORKS, ALBANY, N.Y.

FREE TO EVERY READER OF THIS REBUS.

Advertisement for a rebus puzzle. Includes an image of a pocket watch and text: "1300 of these beautiful Watches given absolutely free to each of the first 1300 persons who will read this advertisement and send us the correct answer to this rebus." The rebus image shows a pocket watch with the letters 'A', 'R', 'M', 'E' arranged around it.

Farmers' Wholesale Supply House!

A. R. HANO & BRO., 117 and 119 N. 8th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA. WHOLESALE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Hosiery, Underwear, Ladies' Coats, Sacques, Wrappers, Millinery, Fancy Goods, etc.

Send for our New Catalogue and Wholesale Price List. We mail it Free to any address. All Goods at the Lowest Market Wholesale Rates.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. We ship all goods to the P. of H. on 30 days' time when orders are signed by the Master and Secretary, and bearing Grange Seal.

Our CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is the greatest success that we have ever attempted. We manufacture nothing but the best quality goods, and sell all goods direct at lowest market wholesale prices. SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE and COMPARE PRICES.

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ALABASTINE.

THE TIME TRIED AND BEAUTIFUL COATING FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS.

ALABASTINE IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WALL COATINGS. It is recommended by Sanitarians and is not dependent upon glue for its adhesiveness.

Walls can be decorated with Alabastine in any degree of elaboration, from plain tinting, plain tinting with stencil ornamentations, to the most elaborate fresco, and decorating in relief.

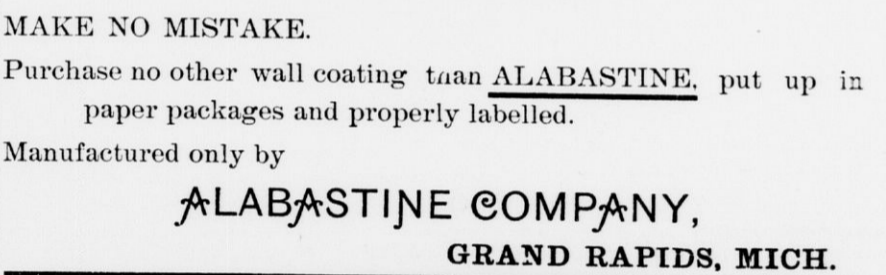
Finer effects can be produced for the same money with Alabastine than with wall paper.

Send for article taken from the report of the Michigan State Board of Health, entitled "Sanitary Walls and Ceilings," condemning wall paper and showing the evil results following its use.

We will also send free, on application, a set of colored designs showing how walls and ceilings may be decorated with Alabastine and the stencils we manufacture.

MAKE NO MISTAKE. Purchase no other wall coating than ALABASTINE, put up in paper packages and properly labelled.

Manufactured only by ALABASTINE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



A \$90 BUGGY FOR \$70!

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

The demand for a good side-spring buggy has been gradually growing for several years, and there have been several new springs put on the market in consequence. The most of these have proved failures, the construction being such that there was no chance for the side-spring to lengthen when loaded, hence the motion was short and sharp, or the gear was thrown out of "track." In the "Wolverine" these objections are avoided. There are four springs which are put together in such manner that each is allowed full play without straining any part of the gear. It has a wrought iron fifth wheel, clip kingbolt, and a double reach. Every buggy should have a well braced reach to make it keep in "track."

The GRANGE VISITOR has made arrangements with the manufacturer, Arthur Wood, of Grand Rapids, to sell to subscribers to this paper the above buggy at a price within the reach of every farmer who needs a buggy. We have examined every part of the works, and stake the reputation of the VISITOR on the good qualities of every job. A two-horse two-seated wagon with three springs, just right to take the family to church, for \$55.00.

Hear what those say who have used them: After using one two years, Dr. H. H. Power, of Saranac, writes as follows: "There is nothing to compare with the 'Wolverine' for ease, comfort and durability." COLDWATER, Mich., April 24th, 1891—Some years ago I purchased two single buggies of Arthur Wood, of Grand Rapids, and found them to be strong and durable. They have been in use eight or ten years, and have proved to be satisfactory in all respects. CYRUS G. LUCE.

Paw Paw, May 1st, 1891—In 1875 I purchased an open buggy of Arthur Wood. It has been in constant use since and promises several years service. I have now ordered one of the Wolverine top buggies on the reputation they sustain for excellence, workmanship and durability. J. C. GOULD.

Send the money to the editor of this paper, and the buggy will be sent direct from the factory.

Advertisement for the ROYAL TREAD POWER. Includes an image of a horse-drawn machine and text: "Buy the ROYAL TREAD POWER. Self-adjusting boxes, dust proof oil cups, heavy steel shafts, perfect automatic speed governor, light running. Ample room for largest horses. Can belt backwards or forwards. The best power for running our American & Hero Grinding Mills, Hero Ensilage & Fodder Cutters, Chief Self-Feed Corn Sheller, Wood Saws, Drag Saws, Peck's Husking & Shelling Attachment, etc. We also have the BEST LEVEL TREAD POWER MADE. Appletan Manufacturing Co., 19 So. Canal St., CHICAGO, ILL.

It will pay you to send for our handsome Illustrated Catalogue and reduced prices of these celebrated goods. APPLETAN MANUFACTURING CO., 19 So. Canal St., CHICAGO, ILL.