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BY THE EXECUTIVE



COMMITTEE OF THE

Michigan State

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J. T. COBB, Editor and Manager.

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To Contributors.

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AN ANTI-GRANGER.

The Grange is a humbug the farmer said,
As I stopped to greet him in passing by,
The farmers are fools who are wiled away.
It's a hoax and a humbug and sure to die;
They didn't strike out in good old times
No fol-de-rol nonsense in father's days,
But they lived and prospered to their content—
And I am pursuing their wise old ways.
I looked at my neighbor; his clothes were torn,
His shoes ran out in a fancy heel
His face was wan and his features worn,
And his hogs leaned upon the fence to squeal
Mere shadows of pork that was to be,
His cattle were hides stretched on bones—
While his horses, all hide, and hair, and tail
Were hunting for hay amid the barnyard stones.
His barns were rheumatic, and creaked and groaned

At every blast of autumn breeze,
With side ventilators of broken boards,
Propped up by the bodies of half trimmed trees,
His fences down and his gates awry,
His tools all scattered with careless grace,
Watched over by chickens that scarce could fly—
While the genius of shiftlessness ruled the place.
His house unpainted, with windows out,
Looked much like a relic of Noah's day,
While his children with patches of dirt adorned,
Were raving like ragged recruits at play.
His trees bedecked with the webs of wall,
His weeds peeped over the garden wall.
While holes ran through for convenience sake—
That hogs unable to climb, might crawl,
I thought of my home on a distant range,
Where neatness and plenty were both com-
bined.

Of the hints obtained in our cheerful Grange,
From women of worth and men of mind,
Of the happiness felt in a hundred ways,
By mingling with men of moving kind,
And pitied my friend, as I sought my home,
With satisfied soul, and a heart resigned.

Put Yourself in His Place.

What a difficult thing to do, in this busy bustling America of ours where the strong crowd down the weak and the rich ride over the poor, there is very little of changing places in imagination. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is often sounded in our ears but seldom carried into practice. If a man can drive a sharp bargain he forgets that as he gains, the other person proportionately suffers.

This putting one's self in another's place should especially be brought home to the employer who has a large number of hands in his employ. Too often he thinks only of himself. If he can pile up wealth he does not look to see if his employees have a bank account. He looks after them no further than to see that they are supplied with bread. If he is told that as he is making money he ought also to allow them to make money, he simply replies that he is paying as much as others and if they do not choose to work for that, there are plenty who will. He forgets to put himself in their place. Often in this changing land of ours employees and employers do often change places in reality. The men that are down will rise to the top, while those who ruled fall into the ranks. We smile at other's misfortunes but the day may not be far away when they may smile at our's.

Parents sometimes have no sympathy with the sympathies of their children because they forget the days when they were young. By putting themselves in the places of their children the troubles of childhood would be lessened one-half.

Before speaking unkindly to those who may not agree with us, let us put ourselves in the place of the offending one and see if there would be some excuse for our actions. "Put yourself in his place" is a maxim that is safe to use on all occasions.—Rocky Mountain Husbandman.

The Grange Secret.

The Colleton (S. C.) Democrat, a recently established Grange paper, publishes the following exposition of the "secrets" of the Order:

As there seems to be a desire among outsiders to know the secrets of the Grange, we deem it not amiss to divulge what these secrets are. As a condition precedent to being initiated into the mysteries of the Order, the applicant should understand the principles of the higher law in the "eleventh commandment," which, when reduced to common sense, means that he should "mind his own business, and let others alone." The next step is that he should understand and feel his own individuality, in that he may think and act for himself; that he owes no allegiance to any body or class of men, and that he has certain inalienable rights to protection, life, the blessings of liberty, and which further admits of the pursuit of happiness. That he is to consider himself untrammelled in his modes, as well as he shall not adopt, any lines of thought because they happen to be advanced by an acknowledged profound thinker without severely testing their practicability for himself. That as a class he shall wage no aggressive warfare against others' interests, and shall not permit any to be made upon our own; that no agrarian idea enters into our creed, and shall oppose any tyranny and monopolies that may be attempted against the Order; that we shall regard it as true progress to advance the cause of education among the uneducated masses, by all just and legitimate means in our power, that to this end we shall advocate the establishment of agricultural and industrial colleges, where agriculture and other domestic sciences are taught in their courses of instruction; that as a class we intend to place the science of agriculture along side by side with other sciences, esteeming as we do that success in agricultural pursuits is of paramount consideration, and as the foundation of the substantial prosperity of any country—the pivot indeed, upon which the success of all other classes of business hinge.

That we shall invite rivalry in a fair field and upon equal ground, but shall oppose selfish ambition and unjust discrimination, whether it be found in our own ranks or that of others; that we shall oppose discrimination in favor (whether by legislation or otherwise) of one class of our citizens, in other pursuits, to the detriment of our own; that we are not enemies of railroads, nor of any corporation that does not monopolize to their exclusive benefit, but shall tend honestly to promote in a fair business way their industrial interests or pursuits. But we are opposed, and shall be unflinchingly so, to any enterprise that tends to oppress our people, and rob them of their hard earnings. That we do not regard the principles of our Order to be a new departure from any established rule of conduct in respect to the protection of our interests, but the simple assertion of our right based upon the principles of equity and justice, and upon the old and broad ground of equality of rights of all classes and conditions of men, and in which assertion, and the maintenance of them, we shall deem to be synonymous terms; that we recognize to the fullest extent the laws of trade—of supply and demand—of the distinctive position of buyer and seller; that they were not necessarily antagonistic because they were diverse, and shall not war against anyone because of difference of occupation, of opinion or of interest, but will invite fair competition in buying and selling, holding one condition only to be of paramount importance: That we purchase where we

can get the most and best goods for the least price, and to sell where we can obtain the highest prices for what we have to sell.

Lastly, we recognize emphatically that woman is the helpmeet of man, and hold to a proper appreciation of her usefulness and ability, the essentials of which are to make home happy; to strengthen by the excellencies of character and gentle ministrations the attachment to our homes, and to encourage us in our pursuits by her earnest co-operation. That she presides, and naturally, over our household; engages in the domestic employment and superintendence of the diary, the henny, the garden—vegetable and horticultural—combining harmoniously and beautiful and useful; grace, a natural characteristic, with utility. To beautify and adorn, and embellish; to enlarge the sympathies and broaden humanity are the provinces of woman, and some of the sacred trusts committed to her keeping, as the secrets of the Grange.

A Mercantile View of the Grange.

Extract from an address read before the Farmers' Club of Ingham County, by N. A. Deming.

Everything should tend toward making this feeling more friendly, and all obstructions thrown in the way will sooner or later be removed. For this reason I am not in favor of the Grange movement. They seek to antagonize these two elements of business—to detach a portion of the machinery necessary to run the business of this world, that the other part may run faster. They proclaim open war, instead of intelligent argument. I heard a prominent member of that Order say that the Farmers' club has had its day; that all the time should be given to the Grange. My friend could not have been more mistaken. I could not help concluding "that the wish was father to the thought." That farmers' clubs have no other object than that of disseminating knowledge and practicing the social virtues. While that remains true, its labors and benefits cannot be dispensed with, and in my opinion will go forward increasing in strength and influence until the whole community of farmers will constitute one vast Farmers' club, whose influence will be felt upon coming generations until the end of time. It is founded upon correct principles, and must succeed. The Grange is far different. While bearing upon its banners, "Down with monopolies"—if it should succeed in its efforts it would build up the greatest monopoly the world ever saw. They seek to drive out the buyer, or middle-man (so-called).

Let us look at it a moment. Who ever traveled over a railroad built by the Grange? Who ever walked the deck of a ship constructed by them? Who ever sent a telegram over a line they have established? Where are they in all the vast enterprises that mark the foot-prints of time? Where are their manufactures, their mills, their boards of trade, or great business exchanges, that they must use even in their secluded manner of doing business? They exist only in the brain of some zealous or visionary member. When a comparison of the two are made, it will be found that the Farmers club stands far in advance.

The Grange may succeed for a time in diverting a small portion of trade out of its regular course; but the great bulk of business, like the mighty river rushing with majestic force toward the sea, may have a small part of its waters drawn into another channel to perform some particular work; but the great body of its waters will ever continue to flow grandly on in the old channel.

insects.

channel, made deep and wide by centuries of constant use, unmindful of the trifling interruption. There are many things, however, connected with that order that are commendable and deserving of praise and will doubtless receive recognition.

Communications.

THE GRANGE.

Come listen all unto my song,
For it is rather strange,
'Tis all about that noble man
Who organized the Grange.

Bold Saunders says, one day, says he,
" 'Tis for our own salvation
That we must organize a Grange
For farmers of this nation."

Then the merchants and the lawyers said
The farmers couldn't do it,
They might as well go hang themselves,
They never could go through it.

But Saunders was a valiant man,
A man of firm decision,
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

He went to work with will and power,
And brought into existence
The rules and regulative laws,
With no aid or assistance.

He organized a noble band
Of farmers and their wives,
And all agreed that Saunders was
Most wondrously wise.

O'er all the land the tidings spread,
And soon, through all the nation,
The farmers organized their Grange
With profoundest admiration.

And now, in almost every town,
Although 'tis rather strange,
The merchants, doctors, lawyers, all—
They recognize the Grange.

SECY OF MORENCI GRANGE,

The Necessity of Organization, and How the Grange Meets It.

I shall confine myself in my brief remarks to only two distinct propositions, viz:

First, The necessity of some organization among farmers, and, secondly, I shall endeavor to show how completely the Grange meets this necessity.

There is no trade or occupation the prosecution of which is calculated to be more interesting to the intelligent and thinking mind, or opens a broader field for thought and investigation, than farming; and it is a greater mistake to suppose that a farmer needs less mental culture for the successful prosecution of his business than other men. But such has been the generally received and expressed opinion, and farmers have, until very recently, coincided in this opinion.

They educated their sons who were intended for lawyers, doctors, merchants, preachers, and last, but not least, agents,—but failed to see the necessity of an equal amount of education for those who were to follow the plow.

The consequences of these almost fatal mistakes are plainly discernable, in the fact that our brothers have in many respects taken the front seats. Each successive generation were farming it just as their fathers did, but no better. Not having obtained the mental discipline which education gives the mind, can it be wondered at that, year after year, they run along in this lethargic old rut.

But now and then, some lawyer or agent, perhaps, would suddenly awaken to a sense of their duty, and start out to organize a farmers' (!) club or association, for the benefit of the "poor farmer," preluded by a heavy fee, and after they had extracted all the money they could from the farmer, the club would suddenly collapse.

This has been the history of our country; and now, to sum it up briefly, each farmer was "going it on his own hook," as it were. But, on the other hand, every trade and profession was well sustained by a well-organized and powerful association. And,

finally, the farmers were compelled, from sheer necessity, to organize themselves on some co-operative plan for self-preservation.

Our friends outside of the gate have an erroneous idea in regard to the objects of the Grange. I refer, in particular to the idea that financial benefit is the main object of the Grange. Although pecuniary benefit occupies a prominent position in the Order, it is by no means paramount.

We propose, by bringing the producer and consumer closer together, or in direct communication with each other, to do away with those who stand between us with their large per cents.

If we want a wagon, or any farming implement, we know where to find it, its cost, and all about it. If we need a bushel of clover seed, or any certain kind of wheat, the Grange system is intended to point out the man who has it for sale; and so with anything else the farmer needs.

But some object to this, because it practically ignores the local dealer; and right here let me read a paragraph from the *New York Grocer*, an organ devoted to the interest of the local retail dealers. It shows us how we are regarded by our enemies,—enemies because they please so to style themselves:

"The Grange has made its influence felt in a keener and closer competition amongst dealers and a nearer approach to a cash basis of business. In driving us to sell closer for cash, it still leaves us with a mixed class of customers, who want credit, and are not the most desirable. But the worst feature of the business is that farmers are getting in the habit of clubbing together and getting their orders filled elsewhere."

The first charge here is that the Grange has made its influence felt in a nearer approach to a cash basis. We may as well plead guilty, for this is just our principal, and the sooner this is accomplished the better for all concerned. The next charge for which we are arraigned is that we bulk our orders and send elsewhere to have them filled. The probable reason for this is that we can buy cheaper elsewhere,—and this is the most convincing proof that the services of the local dealer is not needed until he can command capital enough to sell as cheap as we can buy elsewhere.

But, as I said before, this financial benefit is by no means paramount. We have no fight to make against any legitimate industry. Our object is, first, to place the farmer in a prosperous, independent position, controlling the products of his own labor, and then we can present a sound pattern for all other industries.

There are, I believe, about 27,000 Granges now in our land, and we can see that here is a great power, if wielded in the right direction, and that political leaders and demagogues have not succeeded in the least particular, in capturing the Grange, is enough to convince the most skeptical that the Grange is not a political party. Here Republicans, Democrats and Greenbackers "meet upon the level and part upon the square."

The Grange is intended as an educator. By bringing farmers and matrons, their sons and daughters together to discuss questions of interest, and by a comparison of views, they are individually and collectively benefited. It is only by friction, rubbing against each other, that man's best ideas are brought out.

The social feature of the Grange amply pays for all the cost and trouble incurred.

And now, in conclusion, it will not be amiss to say a few words in regard to Forest Grange, No. 362. It received its charter the 6th of April, 1874, with upward of 40 members, many of whom supposed they could now fold their hands and they would soon become rich on their investment of \$3, and the result was that they soon began to wither and die. They did not seem to realize that "the Grange is what we make it."

There has been considerable pruning done among these dead branches, and Forest Grange stands forth to-day as determined to live as ever.

The poor season for crops which we are experiencing, of course has a depending effect on all farmers. But let us not forget that we must take "the bitter with the sweet."

In every country there is always a class of people who are continually croaking about the country. They are always on the sell—just a-going to a

warmer climate. I sometimes think if these men were in Paradise they would want to cross the valley to that other and warmer climate, where they will eventually fetch up, if they do not stop this whining.

And now, brothers, let me say, "Honor your occupation, teach others to respect it, and educate your sons and daughters to it. Let us not forget the precepts of our Order, seek to add dignity to labor; and when the Great Master above shall sound the gavel, may we be found clothed in the proper regalia.

W. D. HOPKINSON,
M. of No. 362.

The State Fair.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

I have just returned from a visit to our State Agricultural Fair, and the oft-repeated question comes to me again, "Why call it an agricultural fair?" How much of the real managing is done by real farmers, and how much of the management is in the interest of agriculture?

Very true, no farmer can go to one of these fairs without seeing many things useful to his business, and without being benefitted by contact with the visitors, which are always in attendance.

But under the head of this agricultural fair, so many things are admitted and encouraged that in farming communities are looked upon as disreputable—if not disgraceful, that the presence of farmers and the fact that these things are under the management of the State Agricultural Society, implies a responsibility which few farmers are willing to accept.

Now why is it that the farmers do not take a greater interest in the management, or less interest in attending them than they do.

I am told that only 75 votes were cast for the officers this year, all told, and that the tickets sold during the fair were 14,000 short of last year, notwithstanding the unusual attraction of President Hayes.

One of the principal managers says that one of the great objects of an agricultural fair "is to get people together to give them an opportunity to get plenty to eat and drink, and enable them to have a good time. High and ennobling object truly!

While men of such notions manage the fairs, the proscribed horse trot will be encouraged, and beer guzzling countenanced. But as to long continued success under this management, the public, with the past history of the society before it, may well entertain a serious doubt.

That the large falling off in attendance of the present year is due largely to the dissatisfaction of farmers with this management there is little room for doubt, but whether this rebuke will be effective in reforming the abuses, remains yet to be seen.

At all events, the farmers of the State owe it to themselves, not to kill the Society, but to reform its management, that they need not blush to have it called an agricultural fair. C.

Quarterly Report of Ronald Grange, No. 192.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

PALO, Ionia Co., Oct. 6th, '79.

As "old reliable" 192 does not often get into print, except on the right side of the column in your figure tables, perhaps a word as to our status and *esprit de corps* will not be amiss.

Our number, as appears by the enclosed report, rounds up 100, the most of whom are earnest, active, vigilant, Patrons, sound in the faith, and animated by an intelligent and inflexible purpose to wage a relentless and exterminating war on all monopolies, of whatever name or nature, and to reap in the fullest fruition the almost incalculable benefits and blessings sure to flow from a faithful carrying out of the glorious principles set forth by the founders of our noble Order in their Declaration of Purposes.

For a period covering nearly two years, Ronald Lodge has never failed to respond to roll call and hold its regular sessions. We meet once in two weeks.

Within the last two years we have built a large and commodious hall,—dimensions as follows: Main building, 28x58; audience-room, 28x50. We also have a wing attached, 18x20, which we use as a store; and the best thing about it is, we owe no man a dollar upon it.

Our meetings are usually well attended, and the interest well maintained.

We would be proud of an occasional visit from our speaking brethren and sisters, and bid one and all welcome to our hall and homes.

Fraternally yours,
W. S. PHILLIPS,
Sec'y 192.

Letter from Lieut.-Gov. Sessions.—No. 4.

HOME, Oct. 8th, 1879.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

If any apology is expected for delay, it will be remembered that I am an old man, and the amount of work I can do is limited. My time is not all subject to my control, and it is more important that what I say should be well considered than that my letters should appear promptly.

There is no present need of haste in what I have to say.

In a very brief space of time, within the memory of many of us, this beautiful State of ours has been redeemed from the condition of a wilderness.

To-day, its beautiful farms teaming with fertility, and made more fertile year by year; its comfortable, commodious buildings being constantly enlarged, improved and increased in capacity and numbers; its busy, intelligent and enterprising people, daily increasing and improving in all the arts of civilization and progress, place it in the first rank of States.

If we look around us, on the whole earth, I think no place can be found where all the comforts of life can be obtained more easily; where the inducements to labor are more adequate, or its results more certain. No place where there is more comfort, more peace, more happiness, more progress.

The foundation of all this, let me repeat, for it cannot be repeated too often—is our farms and our farmers. But, growing from this, and auxiliary to it, we find in almost every township or vicinity, thriving, prosperous, beautiful cities or villages. They furnish needful supplies; they are convenient resorts for the transaction of business, including the sale and purchase of products. They are often convenient, sometimes necessary, adding to the importance and wealth of the place where they are located, increasing the value of products, and stimulating production and enterprise. Yet they are not the State, and while giving due credit for all the benefits they confer, recognizing the fact that good men and women inhabit all our villages and cities, that our most valuable and useful citizens are often found there, we can not, with prudence, ignore the fact that people of a different class often congregate there, and that they are often—too often I fear—the fruitful nurseries of indolence, dissipation, extravagance, pauperism and crime. That this class are often so numerous and busy that they get control and are able to exert an undue influence in our legislation and in the administration of our laws. But if all our cities and villages are controlled by the better class there is no good reason why they should have any wider representation in the Legislature—much less that they should have the power to control it.

In a future letter your readers will be given an opportunity to consider some facts regarding the past history of legislation relating to and affecting town and country, by which I believe both have suffered, though not, perhaps, to an equal extent. There is no purpose to excite jealousy or rivalry, for I assume that the interests of everbody, when they are properly considered, are mutual, that there is no occasion for a charter or special laws for a city or village, more than there is for a township or county.

If it shall appear that the kind of legislation referred to, occasions a heavy expenditure of time and money at each meeting of the Legislature, resulting often in injustice and hardship, always in endless expense and trouble, there will be an effort to seek a remedy and apply it.

My purpose is to give a fair presentation of the matter, so far as may be possible.

Yours truly,
ALONZO SESSIONS.

BASEBALL, it will be remembered by old settlers, is a game played by eighteen persons wearing shirts and drawers. They scatter around the field and try to catch a cannon ball covered with rawhide. The game is to get people to pay two shillings to come inside of the fence.

Meeting of the State Grange.

Now that the election is over, the attention of farmers is no longer completely absorbed by their interest in politics, and as the evenings are getting longer, they will again turn their thoughts to the Grange. During the noise and excitement incident to an active political campaign the calls of the Grange are not heeded, and perhaps not even heard; but now that the dust and smoke that the politicians have raised is settling down, it is seen that the great contest has largely been a scramble for office, and that farmers' interests have not been considered, or even thought of, at all.

In a short time the annual meeting of the State Grange will be announced, and during the few weeks that intervene before this meeting, there are several matters that need thoughtful consideration and discussion, in the subordinate Granges, that representatives may be prepared to act upon them intelligently when they come together. There is a growing sentiment throughout the land that farmers must take upon themselves more largely the direction of public matters, or everything will be soon in the interest of the few, while the rest are forced into bankruptcy and ruin.

We are in receipt of letters almost every day, asking what farmers can do to save themselves. The following is an extract from one written by one of the thoughtful farmers of Maine, who has had large experience, and large observation:

"I think the time is not far distant when it will be expedient for the Grange to consider in a judicious and practical manner what their relations shall be to political parties and questions, and by discussion and deliberation ascertain if there is not some way to open the door, so that farmers can act together with more effect and better results. We want a larger representation, in our National and State governments, of that class of our population who own and till the soil and pay the taxes. Our farmers are tired of issues purely in the interest of the partisan. I rejoice that there are men who are willing to speak out boldly."

We doubt not our correspondent is correct in supposing that the Grange will at no distant day have to define itself with relation to political parties, but we believe the Order of Patrons of Husbandry can never be used as a distinctive means for procuring the legislation that even agriculturists are so badly in need of. But it does not prohibit its members from taking an active interest in the advancement of true husbandry, or acting together for its protection, by securing a fair representation in the State and National governments; but this it must do independent of the Grange. The incomparable value of the Grange lies in this, that it is the training school where farmers are fitted to act well their part both in public and domestic life.

During the time Maine has been a State it has sent over 200 representatives to Congress, only five of whom were farmers. Since the advent of the Grange, farmers have come to think, talk, and weigh matters for themselves, and we shall be surprised if, ere long, they are not found acting for themselves. There are many farmers at this day who could hardly be persuaded to believe that they would not be as well represented if every member now in Congress from this State were an actual farmer.—*Dirigo Rural*.

The History of Wheat.

It is difficult, in the present day, to realize the fact that wheat was at one time unknown in America: yet prior to the discovery of this continent by Columbus there was no cereal in America approaching in nature to the wheat plant.

It was not, observes the *American Miller*, until 1530 that wheat found its way into Mexico, and then only by chance. A slave of Cortez found a few grains of wheat in a parcel of rice, and showing them to his master he was ordered to plant them. The result showed that wheat would thrive well on Mexican soil, and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is at the Mexican capital.

From Mexico the cereal found its way to Peru. Marie D'Escobar, wife of Don Diego de Chauves, carried a few grains to Lima, the entire product being used for seed for several successive crops.

At Quito, Ecuador, a monk of the Order of St. Francis, by the name of Fray Jodosi Bixi, introduced a new cereal; and it is said that the jar which contained the seed is still preserved by the monks of Quito.

Wheat was introduced in the present limits of the United States contemporaneously with the English and Dutch.

Worn out Farms.

I look with sincere pity, says Professor R. C. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, upon many farmers who are settling down into discouragement over the condition of their farm; their crops are light from want of manure, their manure heap is small from want of crops; from want of anything to sell they are too poor to buy fertilizers, and in regular hopelessness they exclaim: "Farming is a poor business." I do not speak of this to add to the discouragement, but to give a word for cheer—to point, if I can, to some way to better the farmer's lot. I believe the cheapest and easiest way to bring up a run down farm—is by green manuring. Suppose your farm is too poor for clover, and grass only makes a feeble growth, put on it a manual crop that will grow, such as rye; turn this under with your plow, and you can then raise something better; keep feeding your soil with everything you can shovel and your team can command—ashes, leached ashes, if you can get them by drawing them within five miles—muck, marl, anything that will bring green mantle over your fields. Soon you can get the clover pump to work, pumping up to the surface the inexhaustible resources of your subsoil. If an animal dies, don't bewail your luck and exclaim, "Everything goes to the dogs on my farm!" Don't send it to the dogs at all, but compost it with muck, or even manure and thus secure a most valuable manure. Sampson performed a miracle by taking honey from the carcass of a lion; out do that wonder by extracting wheat from the carcass of your dead cow. Pick up all the bones you can find; put them under cover and mix with them two or three times their bulk of ashes from the kitchen; moisten them with enough water so that the potash may act upon the gelatin of the bones; stir them over once a week, and in a month or two you will find the bones so tender that you can cut or crush them by a blow from your shovel; beat the whole into a powdery mass, and you will have a manure better than the average of superphosphates which you feel too poor to buy. Give a handful of this to each hill of corn and see how it will wave its banner of green, and pour into your basket the golden ears of corn.

But in bringing your soil into good condition do not neglect green manuring; let every wind that blows over your fields bring them a blessing in the shape of atmosphere plant food. Do all these things patiently and hopefully without urging your soil beyond what it can do, and you will yet get out of the fullness of a grateful heart exclaim 'Bless God for the Farm.'—*Ex.*

The Pay of Foreign Agricultural Laborers.

In Belgium, the most densely populated country in Europe, agricultural laborers are paid 17 to 20 cents a day for men, and 15 to 17 cents a day for women. When hired by the month, with board and lodging, wages are from \$1.75 to \$2 a month.

France has 10,000,000 and upwards of land-owners, and 18,000,000, or about one-half the population, is engaged in agricultural occupations. Farm laborers are paid \$3.19 per week without board, and with board and lodging \$1.36 per week. With these low wages laborers save enough to become land-owners, and are said to be better off than the laborers of the same class in the United States.

In Germany farm laborers are not so well off with \$3.50 a week without board, and \$1.80 with board and lodging.

In England, with the beer drinking habits of laborers paid \$4.25 a week, they are unable to live comfortably; so they leave for the United States hoping to better their condition.—*Ex.*

FOR TAKING OUT SCORCH.—If a suit bosom, or any other article, has been scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sun will fall directly on it. It will take it entirely out.

Fall Care of Calves.

It often happens that calves make a fair growth in the early part of the season, when they get whole milk, or even a plentiful supply of skimmed milk; but when these are withdrawn, if suddenly, they are not able to keep up in condition. If they have been supplied for some time with a good pasture, or fed green food, or hay in racks, and become accustomed gradually to depend upon such food, they will not fall off much in condition. But the skillful feeder will strive to keep his calves constantly growing—constantly developing every part of the system. And as milk is withdrawn, it becomes important to substitute some concentrated food in its place, so that the nutriment may be abundant to keep up its flesh. Any check in growth is at the loss of the feeder, for it will cost more extra feed to regain it afterward, besides the loss of time. The pasture, also, usually becomes less nutritious, and there is the more necessity that some extra food should be given.

Here the most important food that can be given as a substitute for milk, is linseed oil cake, or oil meal. It is the food principally used for this purpose by the best English feeders. The calf is quite apt to become constipated when the milk is discontinued, and the oil meal is slightly laxative, having a small percentage of oil, which has a very soothing effect upon the stomach and intestines. It is also very nitrogenous, being in this respect similar to milk. It is not necessary to feed more than one pint of oil meal per day to each calf. Calves may be accustomed to eat a quart of oil-meal and middlings mixed before the milk is wholly withdrawn. Oats are an excellent food for calves, and they should be taught early to eat them. The calf seems to have the power of digesting oats very well without grinding. A pint of oats given to each calf at first, and soon increased to one or two quarts, will keep the growth steady. Oats are the best single substitute for oil-meal, but wheat middlings and oats make the best combination. A little corn mingled with these will do very well, but corn, as a single food should be avoided for young animals. The albuminoids and phosphates are in too small proportion in corn to grow the muscles and bones.

As a simple question of economy, calves should get a small grain ration all through the month of August and the fall months. This extra food will pay the greatest profit, for it will add, as a general rule, two dollars to the value of the calf for each dollar in food given. Another important consideration is, that the better the condition of the young animal the better it will stand the cold weather when it comes. This is the more important to Western feeders, who do not provide warm winter quarters for their calves. A nice layer of fat on the outside is equal to a heavy overcoat to the human being. Every feeder must see that his success in raising good cattle will depend largely upon his treatment of the calf.—*Nat. Live Stock Journal*.

Vulgar Words.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." His rule and example are worthy of imitation. Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, we cannot think of girls being exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother. Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be smart, "the next thing to swearing," and yet not so wicked. But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul and prepares the way for many of those gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—*Ex.*

TO MAKE candied lemon or peppermint for colds: boil one half pound of sugar in a half-pint of water till it begins to candy around the sides; put in eight drops of essence, pour it upon paper and cut it with a knife.

NORWAY is the smallest nation of Europe in most respects, but its commerce is such that its fleet is the third in the world.

Filtering Cisterns.

Our bread and meat are no more important for our well being than the liquids we drink. The outlay for food is so constant, that purchasing all the variety of which our solid nutriment is composed has become a second nature; but when we see water on every hand, and often are injured by the torrents from above, we do not willingly trouble ourselves with any great outlay to collect and purify this luxury and necessity of every day and almost every hour.

For many years our constant drink at Montclair was rain water collected upon an ordinary tin roof, painted, (not with a white lead paint, however, as we consider that injurious to health, and our builder knew that we wished to use the water for cooking and drinking purposes), flowing thence into a large cemented brick cistern, whence it was pumped into the kitchen. This cistern was made different from the ordinary pattern only on this wise: a part of the bottom of about two feet in width and running across the cistern, and dividing it into two unequal parts, was excavated some two feet below the level of the remainder of the floor; through the center of this canal was built a brick wall, from the bottom of the depressed portion up to the top of the cistern, with some small openings left through it at the very bottom. This cistern was all cemented, bottom and sides of this canal, before the wall was built. Upon each side of this wall six or eight inches of charcoal were laid and covered with well-washed small stones to the depth of six inches. This covering is only intended to keep the charcoal from floating. The rain-water now falling into the larger division passes down through the stones, the charcoal, the wall, the charcoal on the other side and lastly the stones, and is pumped up. It is well that the larger division should cover about three-quarters of the bottom so that the filtration may be rather slow.

We have used this cistern many years and only had trouble once, when some toads got in at the top, which was just at the surface of the ground. Should your house be small and the supply of rain-water therefore from its roof be sometimes inadequate, do not, therefore, lessen the size of your cistern, but rather increase it, for with a small cistern you will occasionally be obliged to let the water go to waste in a wet time, and will suffer in a dry time, whereas a cistern that would never overflow, would be more likely to give a supply even through a protracted drouth. If you are in a dusty situation, several plans will suggest themselves to you, whereby a few pauls at the first of each rain will not be allowed to enter the cistern but practically this is of but little moment. The small quantity of dust that may enter from the roof, will not interfere with the purity of the water unless the house is in a very exposed place. If the roof be steep, much dust seldom accumulates, as the winds both deposit and remove it.—*Iona, in Moore's Rural Life*.

THE *Scientific Farmer* says: "To keep roots sound and plump, Mr. Benj. P. Ware, of Marblehead, a successful gardener, cuts off the fine roots close to the body, and pares away the crown of the turnip, or beet sufficiently to destroy all buds or rudiments of buds. The thus doctored roots are then placed in barrels of sand, or covered with earth in the cellar, to prevent wilting. Removing the buds and rootlets prevents that corkiness so common with these roots when kept till late in winter, which is caused by the support of sprouts and rootlets using up much of the more edible and tender substance of the roots. Turnips and beets thus treated are as nice for the table in late winter or early spring as when first harvested."

No insect which usually infests the house and crawls over the floors or woodwork can live under the application of hot alumna water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders and chintz bugs. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve in three or four quart of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum is all melted, then apply it with a brush (while nearly boiling hot) to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, etc. It, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the whitewash, it will keep off insects.

THE GRANGE VISITOR.

SCHOOLCRAFT, OCT. 15, 1879.

Secretary's Department.

J. T. COBB, - - - SCHOOLCRAFT.

Officers and members of Subordinate Granges in corresponding with this office, will please always give the Number of their Grange.

THE PLASTER BUSINESS OF DAY & TAYLOR.

As we were desirous of getting at the exact facts of the plaster business before the sales of another season commenced, we concluded to make the most of the little time we could spare from the various duties devolving upon us, and include a visit to Grandville in the day we set apart for attending the fair of the Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society.

Leaving home at 4:45 p. m. on Wednesday, the 24th of September, we were at Grandville a little after nine o'clock.

The Patrons of Michigan, and particularly those who attended the State picnic at Grandville, August 22d, and examined the plaster quarry of Messrs. Day & Taylor, will be interested in every important change that occurs there that in any way affects the manufacture of plaster.

Those who went into the pit will remember that there was a constant flow of water from invisible fissures in the rock in many places, so that it was found necessary to run the large pump, which had a capacity of 1,000 gallons a minute, several hours every day, to keep the mine clear of water. This flow of water had been slowly increasing for some months, requiring more working of the pump, until about the 20th of Sept., when the increased flow of water into the mine was so rapid that it soon became evident that the quarry would have to be abandoned, and all hands were set to work to clear the pit of tools and fixtures that were certain to be flooded and lost in a few hours.

The pump was run up to its utmost capacity for some hours, while the work of removing implements, cars, turn-tables, track, &c., was going on, and when, by an accident to the engine, the pump could no longer be worked to advantage, "the tug of war" commenced.

Here was the large pump, weighing seven tons, 50 feet below the surface of the earth, submerged with water, and every moment the difficulty of getting it out was increasing.

But the industry, ingenuity, pluck and perseverance which has enabled Day & Taylor to prosecute the plaster business for the last four years, in the face of the most formidable opposition and competition, was sufficient for the emergency, and the pump, with discharge pipes weighing more than 800 pounds each, were somehow got out of the pit.

Though the larger part was saved, yet considerable property was irrecoverably lost. When we were there, five days later, the pit was nearly full of water, with a mass of lumber and timber floating on its surface, which will be recovered.

Here is a body of water, with a surface, including that portion of the quarry which had been excavated under the rock roof, of nearly an acre. The open space covers about one-third of acre, with water 50 feet deep.

Bro. Taylor thought a body of water of that size was entitled to a

name, and forthwith christened it Weston Lake.

With this statement it looks very much as though the Grangers were at last beaten, not by the enemies of the Order, not by plaster manufacturers or middlemen but by the forces of nature herself.

We have, however, too much confidence in the fundamental principles of the Order to believe that nature's laws were transgressed when the Order was launched upon society, and that therefore she would aid our monopolist friends in destroying the business of Day & Taylor. And so had they, for within a week after "Weston Lake" had quietly come into existence and had evidently "come to stay," Day and Taylor had eight teams and forty men at work removing the earth from the plaster rock some sixty rods from the mill, and before our readers get this sheet well read, a horse railway will have been constructed from this newly opened quarry, and rock will be carried over it to the sheds near the mill.

At first sight, this flooding of the quarry, that had cost so much time and money to develop appeared like a great calamity, yet the cost of running such a powerful pump for so large a portion of the time as was necessary to keep the quarry free from water and elevating that water some sixty feet, was so great, that in the end we believe it will prove an advantage rather than a misfortune. The real loss was in the amount of rock upon which labor had been bestowed, and which was nearly in condition to be drawn out of the pit and corded up under the sheds. This was quite a loss but will not in any way inconvenience their customers, as they have some 5,000 tons of rock under the sheds, well seasoned, which is now being ground. This will be sufficient to supply all orders they will be likely to get before next March, and the rock they are now getting out from the new quarry will be well seasoned before the old stock is exhausted.

The other manufacturers of course were well posted as to the condition of the old quarry, and have looked forward to the time when the deep pit of Day & Taylor would drive them out or make the expense of mining so great that inevitable ruin would overtake the business and close out this tenacious Grange innovation that so wickedly put the price of plaster down fifty cents per ton four years ago. Well, that was a little wicked, when as the combination stated in open court, plaster could not be profitably sold for less than \$4 per ton and afford a fair profit on the investment, and that example of wickedness has been so followed by all manufacturers of plaster in the State that several have gone to financial ruin altogether, and others have been and still are working at a loss.

The flooding of the quarry of Day & Taylor was apparently an event of quite as much importance to the other manufacturers as to Day & Taylor, as it seemed that the "good time coming" had come. But their expectations that this flood of water will prove an ally more powerful than "cheap plaster" are destined to disappointment. These Grange manufacturers are still going to make and sell to other Grangers cheap plaster, and the "good time" that was so near has been indefinitely postponed and the end has been farther removed from the beginning by a new lease of life.

We find that by an unfortunate arrangement in our reports as tabulated, a few Granges that were entitled to representation in the County Conventions held on the 7th inst., were omitted in our published notice.

As these all held our receipt for dues paid for the quarter ending March 31st, 1879, we hope they were allowed to participate in the work of the Convention—have heard of no instances where representation was denied tho' the mistake involved the representation to the State Grange in two instances that have come to our notice.

FARMERS' CLUBS VS. THE GRANGE.

We find in the Mich. *Homestead* of Oct. 2d, an address delivered by Mr. N. A. Dunning, a merchant of Mason, before the Farmers' Club of Ingham County. His subject: "The relation between the Farmer and Merchant" is one that the Farmers' Club might very properly desire to have discussed, and the selection of an intelligent merchant in their midst to write up this subject for their information was suitable and proper, and we do not present a part of the essay with any disposition to find fault either with the Farmers' Club for calling upon a merchant to enlighten them, or with Mr. Dunning, for assuming the place of instructor, but rather to criticize so much of his essay as relates to the Grange. We gather from the published report that Mr. Dunning has great faith in the sufficiency of Farmers' Clubs to meet every want that organization among farmers can accomplish.

Mr. Dunning has stated many truths in that part of his address which, for want of space, we have omitted, and is probably a very fair sort of a man, and would have written a much better essay if his prejudices had not stood in the way, or in other words if he had better understood his subject. He has evidently accepted the ill considered talk of some zealous Granger as the declaration of principles of this Order, which includes within its membership such large numbers, that Farmers' Clubs numerically considered dwindle into insignificance in comparison. This public instructor seems not to have discovered the fact that large numbers of the most intelligent farmers of the country are members of the Order, and understanding the objects and purposes of the organization, and what it has already accomplished for the agricultural class of this country are giving the whole weight of their influence to its support. It is very common for men to talk that sort of nonsense on street corners which Mr. Dunning uttered, but few men of intelligence at this late day venture to advertise their ignorance of the principles of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry from the platform and spread it before the people of the State through the press. Mr. Dunning's mercantile experience has failed to teach him some quite obvious truths which it seems to us that constant contact with men, which belongs to his business, should have made him acquainted with.

Men are not alike, never have been and never will be, and being unlike they always have and always will travel over different roads to reach the same objective point. This is true in religion, in politics, and the various kinds of education which men seek, whether it be agricultural, mechanical professional or scientific.

With some Agricultural Fairs are the more important means of advancing the agricultural interests of the country. With others the Agricultural Press is sufficient to supply every need. These have overlooked the great work of agricultural improvement undertaken by Farmers' Clubs, and which to Mr. Dunning furnishes sufficient foundation on which to build. With some sanguine, eager good people, the Grange is the only instruc-

tor of value to the farmer. Is it wise to ignore any of these various means of progress which belong to our time, but should we not rather encourage all.

Against the narrow view of our merchant friend, we present the fact, that the "Declaration of Purposes" of the Order of P. of H. is an instrument above all narrow prejudices, broad in its conceptions, and breathing in every line a philanthropy that has shielded it from criticism from the hour of its adoption by the National Grange until now.

The Grange presents a complete system—an organization for the farmers of the country, not an isolated association here and there, having no connection except the objects held in common.

That mistakes are sometimes made by individual members, by subordinate and State Granges, no one will deny. But the objects and purposes of the Order cover the educational, social, and pecuniary interests of the agricultural class including both sexes, and the results have so far justified the means employed, and vindicated the founders of the Order. Much has already been accomplished in the brief period of its existence, in the work of elevating the farmers of the country to a higher plane, and securing for his class that recognition which his calling deserves, and we are thankful to Mr. Dunning for publicly expressing his views of the Order as such statements attract attention, provoke discussion, and materially aid the Order in the work it has undertaken.

THE MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE at Grand Rapids, of which notice was given in the VISITOR, was held on the evening of the 7th and continued on the eighth until three o'clock p. m. All the members were present. Some cases of appeal which had been referred to the committee were disposed of satisfactorily, we believe. The usual committees were appointed to make arrangements for the seventh session of the State Grange which will probably be held at Lansing, opening on the 9th of December.

Messrs Day & Taylor were present on the 8th, and a new arrangement for supplying the Patrons of Michigan with plaster was entered into. It is perhaps sufficient for us to say now that by co-operating with Day & Taylor the Order has not only had cheap plaster, but last year more finely ground and really better plaster than that furnished by other mills. Of the truth of this last statement we had abundant evidence of farmers outside of the Order, who purchased our plaster in preference to any other, as they said it was really worth as much again as that manufactured elsewhere.

Cheap as the plaster has been to the farmers of Michigan on account of the successful resistance by our Order to the combination, the season of 1879-80 will find it still cheaper, as the disposition to kill on the part of the strongest companies has not yet been exhausted, and this persistency inures to the benefit of the farmers of the State. In our next issue we shall perhaps have something more to say on this subject.

A very full account of the Convention proceedings of the County of Genesee held at Flint on the 7th inst, sent me by the Secretary, B. Turner, would indicate that the Granges in that County are alive and awake to the value of the Order, and the importance of the work it has to do. He writes that the Convention unanimously resolved to invite Bro. Whitehead to deliver an address to the good people of Genesee in the city of Flint

at such time as Bro. Whitney may determine, and an efficient committee of arrangements was appointed at the time.

Lecturer's Department.

C. L. WHITNEY, - - - MUSKEGON.

Among the Patrons.

The equinoctial storm came on the 13th and 15th of the month, and was a genuine storm, lasting several days. We know, because on the 13th there was to be a grand gala day, with a picnic and boat-ride at Mona Lake, three miles out of Muskegon, towards Kalamazoo. Special trains were to stop at the grounds, reduced rates were to be given on the trains, and Worthy Master Woodman and his wife were to be present and enjoy the occasion,—but rain, it did from morn till eve., and no special trains were needed.

The rain did not however spoil our anticipated visit with Bro. and Sister Woodman, both of whom spent Sunday with us.

On the morning of the 15th, the Master and Lecturer of the State Grange took train to Fremont Centre, en route for Hesperia, where they were booked for the day. At Fremont Bro. Walker took us in charge, and with his strong team soon took us to our destination.

We were much pleased with the character of the County through which we passed, and can see, in the not distant future, many fine Patron homes, with surrounding orchards, gardens and vineyards, backed by well-cultivated fields and pastures, where to-day is forest, or but a beginning made.

Arriving at the little hamlet of Hesperia, we were escorted by the band to an unfinished church, where the speaking was to be. While the procession was being seated we looked about and found that there were some good Patrons here, for fruit, grain and flowers were displayed in abundance. We counted at least twelve fine, large, bouquets of flowers. Pears, apples and other fruit, with the grain, gave evidence that the brothers and sisters of this locality have not heard the teachings of our noble Order in vain.

The programme of exercises was excellent; the choir was well trained, and gave some fine selections, well executed,—they were content to use the old Grange song book, than which we have never had a better. 'Tis true, some of the tunes were old, but all the better for that, old or new, good or bad, they are appropriate—while very many of the selections used on such occasions may be new, they lack appropriate ness. Some choirs might as well sing "Old King Cole" or "Dixie" as those they sometimes select to sing at Grange meetings, whether picnics or private meetings.

Our friends at Hesperia have our thanks for appropriate selections, well sung.

The meeting being duly called to order by the Master of the Grange, and a piece sung by the choir, the chaplain lead in prayer, brief and well adapted to the occasion. Music followed, after which the chaplain, Rev. J. Walker, made a brief but well timed address of welcome, by which all were made to feel that they were welcome indeed. Another selection was rendered by the choir, and the Lecturer of the State Grange was introduced and spoke for an hour to a very attentive audience.

The labors of the forenoon being completed, we went to the hall for dinner, which, as usual, was both good and abundant. At 2 P. M. the rain began to fall, but the church was well roofed and large enough to hold all, while Bro. Woodman made one of his best efforts, which seemed well appreciated by all who listened, and, as the rain continued, the audience would not let the W. M. stop until a late hour, just in time to get home to do the chores, and back to the meeting for instruction in the evening.

We were assigned to Bro. and Sister McCollum for tea and for the night.

The evening session was well attended, many from a long distance remaining. All seemed to enjoy the social, and, when called to order, everything was in place. Fruit, grain and flowers in abundance and in their places; evergreen trimmings added to the gen-

eral effect. In opening, we noticed that the music was adapted to the occasion. The Grange being open in form, every person in full regalia, and worn with dignity and honor, we took especial pride in giving the higher instruction of our forms and explaining the emblematic lessons taught by our simplest work.

When Patrons shall all learn to think as well as to act, the Grange will be better of itself to them, and will exert, quietly but powerfully, through its emblematic instruction, an influence for good, to-day unknown.

Remember that there is nothing done in vain. Every sign and signal has a lesson; every ceremony is made up of a series of lessons, taught, it may be, ever so silently, yet just as truly. Keep every law, obey every edict, follow every precept of the Order, and study its "Declaration of Purposes," its preamble and constitution, and every lesson of its beautiful ritual. In short, be a full Patron.

Bro. Whitehead.

The Worthy Lecturer of the National Grange will visit Michigan again this month. His appointments are as follows:

Tuesday, Oct. 21, To be filled; Wednesday, Oct. 22, To be filled; Thursday, Oct. 23, Centerville, St. Joseph Co.; Friday, Oct. 24, Grattan, Kent Co.; Saturday, Oct. 25, Fremont Centre, Newaygo Co.; Monday, Oct. 27, South Boston, Ionia Co.; Tuesday 28, Berlin Centre, Ionia Co.; Wednesday, Oct. 29, To be filled; Thursday, Oct. 30, Trent, Muskegon Co.; Friday, 31, Flint, Genesee Co.

Let every one spread these notices, and endeavor to attend, and bring his neighbors with him. All, whether Patrons or not, should attend these meetings, and all who have ever been members should be sure to attend the Private evening meetings.

The Lecturer of the State Grange will be with the National Lecturer at all the meetings to assist him, and will be glad to meet Patrons and arrange for future meetings in this—the opening of the winter campaign.

Hall Dedication.

The Patrons of Trent, Muskegon Co., have their new hall nearly ready for use. It will be formally dedicated on Thursday, Oct. 30, 1 o'clock P. M., at which time Bro. Whitehead, Lecturer of the National Grange, will be present and address the farmers present. All are invited.

Worth Preserving.

1,000 laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and 11 pounds of nails put them on. Eight bushels of good lime, 15 bushels of sand, 1 bushel of hair, make about enough mortar to plaster 100 square yards. A cord of stone, 3 bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall. One thousand shingles laid 4 inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and 5 pounds of nails fasten them on. One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface, because of the lap in the siding and the matching of the floor. Five courses of brick will lay 1 foot in height on a chimney; 6 bricks in a course will make a flue 4 inches wide and 12 long, and 8 bricks in a course make a flue 8 inches wide and 16 long.

CUTTING GRASS.—Chemical analyses and common experience has proven that grass cut when in blossom is better for cows than when cut later. For horses and working cattle it is better when more nearly ripe, but not woody. As a rule farmers dry hay too much. Cured grass is far better every way, cheaper to make and better to feed. Grass cut in the morning and shaken up once or twice in a good hay day, is cured enough, as a rule, to be carried to the barn in the afternoon. With a good mowing machine to do the work quickly, time may be saved by not cutting until the dew is off. Or the same result will be obtained by late cutting in the afternoon, the grass lying flat prevents the dew from getting to the ground, and only the top is moistened.

A little girl asked her grandma how many glasses of beer it took to make a person walk lame.

THE THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from the brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where're thy bark is driven,
The calm'st disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this, God rules the hosts of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call.
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou else were blind.
—Schiller.

The Good Conversationalist.

The good conversationalist has many gifts, none of which are intrusive. He or she is called by some general term—charming, delightful, fascinating, but seldom clever. All the gifts are spontaneous; felt, not criticised; but, where the one that possesses them comes into the room, a light seems to enter. Good conversation is never ostentatious; it is facile and simple, gently capricious, gracefully lively; it has the easy charm that makes something of nothing, giving a value to the common place from the fashion of its utterance. It must be Proteus-like—ever changing. It must never be prepared, never be a pre-occupation or a pretension, never seek to be epigrammatic, witty, sentimental, or romantic. Fate has its revenge on those who seek to elude this law of spontaneity. If it be aggravating enough to think of the repartee that would so effectively have capped our friend's last speech, when the discussion between us in a thing of the past, and he is out of earshot, it is yet more mortifying, when next time we meet and cunningly bring round the talk to the point where we left off, and at the proper place shoot off our polished and cherished repartee, to find it fall, nevertheless, like an arrow from an unstrung bow. The secret of conversation lies *par excellence* in its improvisation. It is the word rising fresh and sparkling from the inspiring source of the present emotion.

Home Comforts and their Effect upon Health.

It is not clear, but it may be suspected that there is some element at work in the present state of civilization which renders the more gently nurtured, or more highly cultured, members of society especially unfitted to resist malarial influence. Connected with this, must be born in mind the manner in which the external atmosphere is more and more kept out from our houses. Doors and windows close better. Drafts are more carefully excluded than formerly. Appliances are introduced for artificially warming the passages and vestibules, the natural function of which place is to afford a gradual transition from the warm atmosphere of a chamber to the external temperature. Clothing is much more complex than was formerly the case. In the time of our grandfathers a man was considered a puppy who wore an overcoat. What would these hardy gentlemen have said to the ulster of the present? or the seal skin jacket and coat? Human habit is so much modified by circumstances, that the adoption of all these safeguards against an occasional chill may have a direct tendency to lower the resisting power of the constitution. And there are well-known facts that square with this view. Such is the influence on the constitution of the prolonged heat of tropical or sub-tropical countries. The inference is not unnatural that the greater comfort, as we regard it—at all events, the more staid heat which we are steadily giving to our abodes—is really tending to lower our constitutional power of resistance, not only to the great tonic, cold, but to those influences against which that tonic has the prime function of strengthening the frame.—*Builder.*

Autumn leaves will wear the same colors this year as last. There is no fashionable nonsense about Nature.

Advice to Young Writers.

William Cullen Bryant once gave the following sensible advice to a young man who had offered him an article for his paper:

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well.

Call a spade by its name, not a well know oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home, and not a residence; a place not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak, and as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry, by carrying bladders of strange gases to breathe; but one will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sidney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

A Saving of Time.

It is narrated in the "Works of Dr. Franklin," by W. Temple Franklin, that at one time the youth Benjamin, having found that his father was very long in his graces before and after meals, one day after the winter's provisions had been salted, advised him that "he thought if he would say grace over the whole cask once for all, it would be a great saving of time," a suggestion that poor Richard had an eye to business and time as the basis of wealth even as pertaining to spiritual matters, the practice of which, we think, would be of great benefit in the present day; and could the return of our philosophical friend be heralded, we must needs expect to hear of him in his practical manner greet the old apple woman, who so eager to follow the examples of the printer boy, and that in old age her failing memory to be prompted by them has been pleased to attempt her daily vocation seated at the head of the grave of this venerable seer in Christ's Churchyard, Philadelphia.

INNOCENT MIRTH.—There are a large class of people who deem the business of life far too weighty and momentous to be made light of; who would leave merriment to children, and laughter to idiots; and who hold that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips as on a gravestone or in a ledger. Surely it cannot be requisite to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Is there less of sincerity in Nature doing her gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? And is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode with truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it, and to smile upon it as a kind father or mother, and to sport with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fondle it, and play with it, as a child.

COURAGE AND MEEKNESS.—Courage is always greatest when blended with meekness. Intellectual ability is most admired when it sparkles in the setting of modest distrust. And never does the human soul appear so strong as when it forgoes revenge and dares to forgive injury.

The Electric Light.

The above is perhaps one of the most mentioned and least understood matters of interest at the present time. The general reader is continually reminded that Edison or some other man has just done, or is about to do, or has failed to do something of special importance to the subject under consideration, but what the nature of that something was, or would have been, people of ordinary information are about as much in the dark as if the thing had been put under a bushel before lighting instead of afterward.

Up to the time of seeing, a few weeks ago, such lights in apparently successful operation, I had not been able to obtain from the public prints the least idea as to how the electricity was generated, conducted or utilized in the production of light. My only apology for now attempting a few lines in reference to the affair is found in the supposition that multitudes of others are still similarly ignorant. What little insight I gained of its mysteries was by questioning the superintendent, who was a mechanic and could make the machine, but not being versed in the science of electricity did not profess to explain it. In the first place, the generator is simply a machine, and nothing else, since no battery, combustion, decomposition, or other destruction of parts or substances is involved, save only the friction of the best-oiled journals. It is called the magneto-electric machine, but is said to contain no permanent magnets. The machine proper is about the size of a large threshing-cylinder, and when disconnected from the wires is more easily revolved, since only about one-third is required to move at all, the ends being stationary. What the working parts of the machine consists of, besides soft iron and insulated copper wires, or how they are combined, I am unable to explain, and can find no description of it in works of comparatively recent date. A single copper wire, about No. 9, I should judge, makes a complete circuit of the buildings and grounds where lights are to be used, and has its ends attached to the ends of the electric machine.

This much arranged, producing electricity appears to be simply a question of velocity and power. The light itself seems but an electric spark on a large scale, sufficiently multiplied to make it continuous. For this purpose a simple break in the wire and a separation of the parts, not to exceed one-eighth of an inch, would be all that is necessary, only for the fact that the ends of the wire would be speedily melted, making the separation too great, and thus extinguishing the light. To obviate this difficulty, points or pencils of carbon, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and one foot in length, are used to make what we might term the broken connection. So intense is the heat that the carbons are consumed at the rate of one inch per hour, a piece of ingenious mechanism, regulated by the current of electricity, causing them to approach each other as fast as consumed. The lights are enclosed in glass globes, either of plain or ground glass, and for outdoor use, are placed 20 to 30 feet high. Such lights are estimated at 2,000 candle power each, displacing from 25 to 100 gas burners with a single light. I was informed the light itself was not larger than the sulphur end of a match. Small bugs and flies buzzing around the light cast shadows as large as hawk or pigeons, the shadows being lively as well as large. A single hair passed through the light at a distance of more than fifty feet from the light casts a distinct shadow. A small wire passed through the light meets the same fate as a thread passed through the blaze of a candle. So much for effects, and now a little in regard to causes.

The machine which I saw was called an 18 light machine, smaller ones being made for a less, and larger ones for a greater number of lights. The first natural conclusion would be that where so much is coming out of a machine, something must be done to keep up the supply; but this is an exception. It is only a matter of a little more coal, oil, and attendance, whether the light burns till morning or only until midnight. The material of which the light is formed seems to be everywhere present and inexhaustible. The wire is not luminous, though some faint but lively sparks are seen, as though there was a little crowding among the particles of electricity attempting to get on the wire. The magnetic wheel is run

at a velocity of nearly 800 revolutions per minute, requiring a force of a little less than one horsepower for each light burning. A knife blade, or other piece of steel, held within a few inches of the revolving wheel, becomes permanently magnetized. If watches are carried too near the machine, while in motion, the springs and other parts of steel become permanently magnetized so as to destroy their usefulness forever as time-keepers.

The electric lamps are removed from the circuit in much the same manner in which a telegraph instrument is detached from connection with the wire. Turning off a portion of the lights without notifying the engineer, rapidly increases the velocity of the machine, while turning them all off, or what is the same, cutting one of the wires, has the same effect as throwing off the belt. If an engine were pumping water we can easily see why greater power should be required to run 16 hydrants or fountains than 12, but where nothing is raised or drawn except what can pass along a solid wire without increasing its weight or bulk, it is not so easy to tell just what that extra power is doing—or why the loss of it is so quickly felt. Again, two miles of wire is equal to the resistance of a single light, so that a machine capable of running 16 lights close at hand, could only supply half that number located 16 miles away, unless the power could be correspondingly increased. This fact would show one of the difficulties of using the same method of generating electricity for telegraphic purposes, while regulating the current would doubtless be another. Another natural supposition would be, that the light nearest the machine, measuring on the line by which the current was sent, would be the most brilliant, each succeeding one diminishing according to its numerical position; but I could not learn that such was the case. There was no indication, not even in the last light, that the oil had been burned before.

Judging from appearances, as well as from the statements of those who ought to know, the electric light is a success, economically considered, as a means of furnishing light in large quantities. Since no material is used, the wear of machinery is very slight, the cost of power is about the only one that enters into the calculation. Where power is cheap or already in use, that objection is easily removed.

Whether such lights can be furnished on a small scale, or in small quantities, is yet a matter of experiment, with the chances seemingly favorable to success. The field for such experiments is large and greatly diversified. There are times when, if the farmer had some cheap and effective means of illuminating his harvest fields and barns, the hardest of the work might be done during the coolest part of the day, instead of under the scorching rays of the sun. Think also of the saving that would result from handling grain without any unnecessary waste by shelling. For dwellings, a small machine might perhaps be operated by heavy weights to run down slowly, as in automatic churn powers, etc. By attaching the concern to an alarm clock, a bright light in every sleeping room and a fire in the cook-stove could be started at a certain hour in the morning. Getting up early in cold weather would thus be robbed of half its terrors, and regularity of habits great promoted if the same uniformity prevailed at night. Editors and newspaper correspondents might be furnished with individual instruments operated by a treadle, so that when one stopped to think the motion of the foot would naturally cease, leaving the writer in the dark literally instead of figuratively, as is now so frequently the case. If stopping to think was made the easiest part of the writing and less writing the result, the entire reading public would be put under everlasting obligations to the successful experimenter.

I have no disposition to "make light" of this matter, but most especially am I in earnest in hoping this crude sketch may be the means of provoking some competent person to furnish a plain and practical treatise on the subject, for the benefit of those who are unable to obtain such information from purely scientific works. C.
—Husbaudman.

LABOR and capital are Siamese twins. Together, they must continue in harmony, or neither can be satisfied, and sundred, both must die.

Why am I a Ganger?

While the principles, purposes, and work of the Grange have been uniform and unchanged, it will readily be acknowledged that many persons joined the Order with expectations and designs foreign to what was contemplated by its founders, and what a subsequent experience proved to be the true interest of the farmer. Many were tempted by the baldest and most childish curiosity to see and know what this secret society with a new and untried name was. Others, and not a few—needy, poor, in debt, looking for the sheriff—saw in it a money-making scheme to lift them out of the mire. Still others, with an itching palm for office, saw in it a royal road to preferment and political dignities. And others, looking with undisguised concern at the rapacity, extortion, and far-reaching purposes of monopolies and imposing corporations, saw a remedy in the consolidated effort of the great conservative class of the country. With all these there was still another element, few in numbers, strong in faith and principle, who believed that the Grange was simply a development and outgrowth of the times, having for its object the advancement of agriculture, and the highest good to the tiller of the soil.

With these diverse opinions and purposes, the Order swept through the land like a whirlwind. In the turmoil, confusion, and uncertainty, the National Grange in session at St. Louis, published to the world its "Declaration of Principles," which in eloquent terms stated what the Grange was and what it proposed to do. It tore aside the veil of mystery; held up to the public view the object it sought to attain, and laid bare the secret processes of its machinery. This public paper dissipated the expectations of many who had joined the Order and built their air castles on a false and shadowy basis. That they failed is not a matter of surprise. They who joined in the first instance, from narrow and selfish ends, or who failed to see its beneficent reach and intent, dropped out by the way, and left a moiety to work out the problem which so nearly concerned the entire agricultural class. It becomes pertinent, therefore, to ask the question that forms the caption of the article. With a clear conception of the aims and purposes of the Order, and its methods of accomplishing these ends, there need be no apprehensions of the ultimate triumph over all opposition, and that through this agency will be developed a conservative power essential to the best and permanent interests of the country.—Bulletin.

Causes of Commercial Depression.

The following is the passage in his speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner in which Lord Beaconsfield referred to the causes of commercial depression:

"My Lord Mayor, I should be glad if on this occasion I could congratulate the city of London on the termination of that commercial depression which has now for more than four years weighed, not only on this, but on every civilized community. This is not the occasion on which one can enter into any analysis of the causes of that remarkable depression. Without, however, venturing now to enter into the primary cause of this distress, I think I am not indulging in any unauthorized belief when I say that among its secondary and immediate causes we may ascribe much of what we have been suffering to a reckless spirit of speculation. The course of affairs in these periodical collapses in our general industry seems to be something in this wise: The wealth of the world is suddenly augmented, for example, by a series of good harvests, or by the increase of precious metals. Then there is great enterprise; it generally takes the form of public works, like railroads in this country thirty years ago, or recently in Russia and the United States. All goes on very well till the enterprise degenerates into speculation. Men get intoxicated with prosperity; they act without attempting to estimate the capacity of consumption; they assume that exceptional circumstances will never change; that there will always be exuberant harvests, always an increasing flow of the precious metals, and that mankind will never cease to construct railroads. Acting without any reference to the requirements of mankind, there comes a collapse. I

fear there is no cure for these evils except time and the beneficence of Providence. Considerable time has already elapsed. Those who study the situation with the attention it deserves, have even now for some time observed signs of amelioration; and if these signs of amelioration are supported by the ample harvests of the world generally we may have seen the darkest hour."—Evening Post.

What a Boy Did.

In the report of the poultry committee of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture we find an account of a youth who two or three years ago "took into his head" to keep fowls for profit, and this is what he did: With his own hands he built a moderate sized henry which improved his mechanical ability, purchased a small number of fowls and took care of them while attending school and doing his proportion of the "chores." In about one year and a half he cleared, after paying for everything that his fowls consumed, one hundred and forty dollars, and yet he spent no more time with his fowls than most of his schoolmates did in their amusements, which brought them nothing and without doubt caring for his pets gave him as much satisfaction as anything else could have done. He made his money simply by having a regular daily system of cleanliness and feeding those few fowls, and properly caring for their eggs and increase. Some Saturday in the fall, when "school did not keep," he drew in a lot of gravel, which he piled in a convenient place, kept a layer of that fresh, fine gravel on the floor of his hen house for the fowls to wallow in. He kept the walls and ceiling of the house whitewashed, and sprinkled a little powdered sulphur about to keep off the lice. On a board platform a little above ground, under the roosts, he caught the droppings, which he cleared off every week, sprinkling the floor of course with ashes or sand, or the two mixed. He kept oyster shells before the fowls constantly, and often threw to them cabbage leaves, turnip tops and the like and gave them a variety of food at regular intervals. He generally gave them a variety—usually a warm dish of scalded Indian meal and shorts every morning, and often in cold weather seasoned it with pulverized cayenne pepper. In the afternoon he fed whole grain, such as damaged wheat, oats or corn (we would advise the boys to feed good grain always). Once or twice a week he gave a little chopped meat or scraps, and kept a little tub of fresh water in one corner. The consequence was that many afternoons he collected from fifteen to twenty-five eggs even in the coldest days of winter. Now what is there to prevent the children of the entire "Nation's" family from doing so well as this Yankee boy did? They may not have a taste for the care of poultry but is there not something that may be done about the farm and home that may give healthful, innocent amusement, and at the same time help on to a life of pecuniary independence? Won't they all take hold and see what they can do?—Review.

John Smith—and twenty-six of him at that—is in the Massachusetts States prison.

A Delaware girl calls her beau Lucifer, because he is such a good match.

A lame farmer was asked if he had a corn on his toe. "No," he said, "but I've got lots on the ear."

John Dog petitioned the Massachusetts legislature to change his name, and they made it John Kerr, and he was happy.

Too austere a philosophy makes few wise men; too rigorous politics few good subjects; too hard a religion, few religious persons whose devotion is of long continuance.—St. Evremond.

MILDEW.—Moisten the mildewed spot with clear water then rub over it a thick coating of castile soap. Scrape chalk with the soap, mixing and rubbing with the end of the finger. Sometimes one coating suffices, but generally several are required.

It has been decided that stamps on misdirected letters that have not been transmitted through the mails though cancelled, be accepted as good; also that stamps on letters for foreign countries requiring prepayment, stopped for deficient postage, shall be regarded as an installment of the proper prepayment.

Ladies' Department.

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh! the little arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace;
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of Sorrow and Sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows as weak as a woman's
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of Sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild—
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy,
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses—
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truant from home and from
heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know, now, how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I will pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to my-
self;
Ah! a sinner may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowl-
edge;
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the ki-
ss
And the gush of their innocent glee;
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me

I shall miss them at morn and at even—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of Life are all ended,
And Death says: "The school is dismis-
sed!"

May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

—Charles Dickinson

Bro. Cobb:

Sister Sikes asks where our former contributors are. I can't say, but I wish they would speak for themselves. I am sorry the ague had hold of Sister Sykes when Bro. Whitehead was here. I looked for her at Bainbridge, and wondered why she was not there, but I said to myself, "She will be at Paw Paw." I learned from a neighbor outside the gates that they had a rousing meeting at Paw Paw.

Just following Sister Sykes' letter, I see one from Royalton. I thought I saw many things there (but nothing to criticize), but I cannot point out the good sister who went without combing her hair, or the ones who button their boots on the way. So I guess that is as good a way as any—certainly better than to stay at home, or be late. But, perhaps, I was too deeply engaged in the business before the Grange to notice closely; if so, I hope everyone else was as much interested. I do not often have the privilege of attending the Grange, and when I do get a chance to listen to the discussion of an interesting subject, I give that all my attention. I received more new ideas and old ones expanded and placed in a new light at that one meeting of the County Grange, than I could have picked up in one year of staying at home, as we did before the Grange was organized. The foregoing brings to mind this thought, How much less the "Granger women" visit and gossip about their neighbors than they used to do. If only all farmers' wives could be in the Grange, and once become interested in the work, there would be something besides senseless and oft-

times damaging gossip to claim their attention, when two or more of them meet together; and, again, much of endless neighborhood visiting would be dropped, when all meet together every fortnight; or oftener, we would not be called upon to put in half a day every three or four days to entertain company.

Do not understand me as discouraging sociability among neighbors, but merely hinting the idea of a neighborhood where the women had ideas above gossip and contriving a way to get something good to eat away from home.

Hope some good sister will find fault with this, so that I can have a chance to say something more on the subject.

Fraternally,
H. F.

Banged Hair.

That many of the prevalent fashions are extremely unbecoming it is well-nigh useless to mention. Everybody knows except the women who wear them. They may know it, too; but they are so set on the fashion that some of them would rather be thought fashionable than good-looking.

Of all the positive ugly methods now current, the mode of wearing their hair "tanged," or combed down over the brow, is perhaps the ugliest. It had its origin, we think, among the demi-monde of Paris, where so many fashions rise, was copied in England, particularly in London, and was finally imitated here. It clearly betrays its origin, and is worthy thereof, for it gives a woman a bold, hard, impudent look, such as comports with the character, or absence of character, of its originators.

There never has been a human creature who was not deteriorated by this style of wearing the hair, unless perhaps a person of receding forehead and imbecile semblance. In such a case, as the defect of the brow is partially hidden, banging may be recommended. But very few women who bang their hair could hardly be persuaded that their facial outline denotes weakness of intellect, although the habit certainly does.

Banging entirely destroys the effect of a fine forehead, and lends to the whole face a degree of insipidness, even of vulgarity, which hardly any banger, if she could realize its full force, would incur.

It is surprising how many women, very nice women some of them, bang their hair in this, and in other cities—
N. Y. Tribune.

Tell Your Wife.

The following advice from a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* is well worthy of acceptance, but we would add a little more to it in the form of a suggestion, that in case you are a farmer and have no wife—get one.

If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it—at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, your mother, or your sister, and be assured light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged verdant upon all but purely womanish matters. No philosophical students of the sex thus adjudged them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. I advise a man to keep none of his affairs a secret from his wife. Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved by a man's full confidence in his wife. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? I am certain no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulse or judgment, she will check and set right by almost universally right instincts. And what she most craves and most deserves is confidence, without which love is never free from a shadow.—*Exchange.*

A New York woman says, with much truth: "Were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land, who marry

and support so many men, the number of tramps would be largely increased."

Correspondence.

VERMONTVILLE, Oct. 10th, '79.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

Vermontville Grange is neither dead nor buried, but is trying to work out its own salvation after such method as it seems best able to lay hold of.

For the quarter ending March 31st, our Secretary holds your receipt for 74 members. During May we adopted articles of association, and became incorporated. This course gave some of our indifferent and inactive members an opportunity to slide out, which some of them did very gracefully. This, of course, discouraged us somewhat, but we kept at work, holding meetings, discussions and socials, and are hoping to regain what we have lost.

Books have been opened for subscription to stock for the purchase of a site for a Patrons' storehouse for the shipment of our farm products.

A plow trial was appointed for Oct. 8th, on the farm of Bro. Lockwood Ward, but, owing to the rain, it was not a success. Six plows appeared and were tried only as two-horse plows, in sod. These trials have been held by nearly every Grange in the County, but as some of them have been so incomplete, a general trial has been called for Oct. 14th, near Charlotte.

Recently we have admitted three members, one of whom, Bro. Mears, you will remember seeing at the last State Grange. We have lost by death one of our older and charter members, Bro. W. W. Warner (also a pioneer of Eaton County), who was buried with our ceremony last Tuesday.

So we pass, mingling trial with toil and pain with pleasure, learning to labor and to wait.

Fraternally yours,
B. E. BENEDICT.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

A few words in favor of Grange business. I met more earnest working members this year at the convention than ever before. The Order appears to be reviving a little in our County, and with a little help I think we can have a grand revival. The convention gave a unanimous vote to have a County Grange formed here. It was left with Bro. J. Dennis to communicate with the General Deputy. The committee extends an invitation to all to be present when we meet for that purpose.

Yours fraternally,
R. C. N.
ORANGEVILLE, Barry Co. Mich.

Grange Meetings.

The regular meeting of the Livingston County Council will be held in Knapp's block, Howell, Tuesday, Nov. 4th. Festival at 11 o'clock, prompt. Business of importance will be brought before the council at one o'clock.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON,
Secretary.

Cass County Pomona Grange will hold its regular quarterly meeting at Cassopolis, on Wednesday, Oct. 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M. All members of the Order are cordially invited to attend.

Respectfully,
WM. E. WILLIAMS,
Secretary.

THREE RIVERS, Oct. 13, 1879.

Bro. J. T. Cobb:

St. Joseph County Grange will hold a special meeting in Burr Oak, at the Grange Hall, on the first Thursday in November, at 10 o'clock A. M. All members of the Order are cordially invited to attend. Fraternally,
W. G. LELAND, Sec.

ON a railway line, recently, a passenger stopped the conductor and asked, "Why does not the train run faster?" "It runs fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed get off and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the passenger settling back in the seat, "but my friends wouldn't come for me until the train comes in, and I don't want to be waiting around the station two or three hours."

Grange Politics.

The politics as taught in the Grange are intended to enable the farmers to fit themselves to fill, with ability, any position in the government. Not that we desire any class legislation, but that our profession and interests shall no longer be ignored.

In the Grange meetings we can come together as good citizens, looking not only to our own welfare and interests, but the welfare and interest of the whole country, and of all people of whatever class or profession; and calmly and intelligently consider some of those expensive trappings of government, both State and National, and see if they cannot be dispensed with, without any very great injury or detriment to the public service. We will go further, and see if some very important improvements may not be introduced to enhance the general prosperity, and while doing this we will also have an eye to our own great agricultural interest upon which rests the prosperity of all others. We will constantly and persistently insist that the Agricultural Bureau shall be recognized, and shall be conducted in the interest of the farming community, instead of partisan politicians, and that it shall have at its head a Cabinet officer, who will see to it that it shall be so conducted.—*Virginia Granger.*

Discipline in the Grange.

The value of discipline is seen in a well trained army, or any other body of men, when contrasted with those where there is no order or discipline. Proud achievements mark the course of one, disaster and ruin the other. The sailor, the soldier, the mechanic, the merchant, the lawyer, and the doctor must each be trained and skilled in his calling or he is a failure. Why should not a farmer be trained to do his work skillfully and in accordance with approved scientific principles? The farmer works as hard perhaps as an average of other trades and professions, but very often not to so good purpose. Does not a farmer frequently seize a stump a log, or a stone and move it by main strength, when a little management would have done the same thing just as well and easier. It is the duty of every one to use his faculties, and not to waste his strength; the farmer who uses his brains and his hands succeeds much better than he who uses his hands alone. But to be effective, the work of the farmer must be done with precision and exactness, for work but half done is better not done at all. One who would succeed is like a marksman firing at a target—if his shots miss the mark there is a waste of powder. So it is in the Grange, it is a great school for farmers, but what we do must be done so it will count or we will make but poor headway.—*Derigo Rural.*

DIVERTING ATTENTION.—A child naturally cries when it is hurt, and it is cruel to try to hush its cries by threats. A thousand times better it is to soothe it kindly by stories, by explaining pictures, or by providing it with new toys. "We have, many a time," says a famous doctor, "in our professional experience, as to sick children, found more benefit to be derived from a beautiful or interesting toy than from a dose of physic." The greatest humanity a mother can exhibit in respect to her sick child is to divert it in all pleasing ways possible, as we ourselves, who are larger children, feel sometimes really sick, when a cheerful face and much-loved friend has come in, and before we know it, we have forgotten what was the matter with us.

If you would have any friends at all, don't set yourself up for a critic. If you do not like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, do not put your feelings into words. If anyone's manner does not please you, remember your own. People are not made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, and the speech of that one, the dress of one, and the opinions of another, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will be pleased with you; and if it is known you are hard to suit, few will take the pains to suit you.

What Not to Kill.

The French Minister of finance has done a good deed in causing a placard to be posted which it would be wise for citizens of all countries to have before their eyes. It tells farmers, sportsmen, boys, and others what creatures not to kill, as follows:

Hedge-hog.—Lives mostly on mice, small rodents, slugs and grubs—animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedge-hog.

Toad.—Farm assistant; he destroys 20 to 30 insects per hour. Don't kill the toad.

Mole.—Is continually destroying grubs, larvae, painter worms, and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in the stomach. Don't kill the mole.

Birds.—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies capable of contending against them. They are the great caterpillar killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests.

Lady-bird.—Never destroy, for they are the best friends of farmers and horticulturists, and their presence upon aphid-ridden plants is beneficial.—*G. E. Democrat.*

Salt or no Salt for Stock?

Certain inorganic substances are required in the field—chloride of sodium is one of them. It is just as essential that chloride of sodium should exist in the food as phosphorus, iron, lime or sulphur. They are all necessary to carry on the function of nutrition. Then when we find salt necessary, and we find it in all good soils, but in different quantities in different localities. Near the sea-coast the common articles of food contain more salt than those produced in the interior, because it is inhaled with the atmosphere. Therefore it is necessary that we should feed more salt to stock in the interior than we do near the sea-coast. Take a person from the mountains of Virginia or North Carolina and drop him at Norfolk. For a few days he will salt every article of food he takes, but after a while he will forget to salt his oysters. Why? Because he inhales an atmosphere saturated with salt. Cattle require but little salt given them within thirty miles of the sea-coast.—*Cor. Am. Farmer.*

"BUB, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out a peck of potatoes, that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy: "but I heard mother say that you put beans and peas in your coffee, and about a pint of water to every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right here.

The Jackson Patriot comes up stiffly in support of a practical common-school education, and declares that "from year to year the dreary farce goes on until our country is fast becoming filled with graduated ignoramuses."

Prof. A. Hennequin of the university has been invited to read a paper at the December meeting of the state teachers' association in this city, on the teaching and study of modern languages in American schools and colleges.—*Lansing Republican.*

W. J. Parsons

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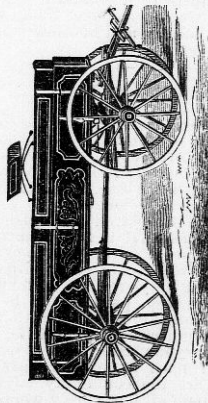
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E. MURRAY.

MASTER'S OFFICE,
Paw Paw, Mich., April 20th.

DEAR SIR.—Your's of the 7th came in my absence, hence this delay to answer. In reply to your inquiry, I will state that the wagon you sent me, and which has been run one year, is entirely satisfactory. As yet, every part is perfect. There are several of your wagons in this vicinity that have run for several years, and I have heard of but one complaint, and that I do not regard as strictly reliable.

Yours truly,
J. J. WOODMAN.

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