

THE GRANGE VISITOR

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

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

From Aurora Leigh.

Be sure, no earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much.
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God's end. No creature works
So ill, observe, that therefor he's cashiered.
The honest, earnest man must stand and work;
The woman, also; otherwise she drops
At once below the dignity of man,
Accepting serfdom. Free men freely work.
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
* * * * * Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.

Extract from a paper read by John H. Forster at the Pomona Grange, Ingham Co., December '91.

SPRINGBROOK FARM, WILLIAMSTON, MICH.

At Pomona Grange Hall, in Williamston, in November, the benefits of a liberal or college education were lauded by many speakers. There was a consensus of opinion that that was the one thing needful for the farmer boys. It appeared further that many of our sons and daughters had attained or were striving for such an education. It appeared, moreover, that our farmers were being robbed of their best and brightest jewels. The towns and cities, offering greater inducements to educated and aspiring young men and women, received them, to be absorbed in the general mass.

It comes out, also, that our cities, those "sore spots on the body politic," were dependent upon our young and vigorous untainted blood from the country for the elementary principles of life. So great is degeneracy in our crowded cities, it is believed that without the pure streams flowing in from the country in three generations the bloated and corrupt inhabitants would become imbecile, or worse. A strong statement, but doubtless verging on the truth.

The more effusive speakers in the Grange referred to, with generous emotion, exclaimed: "Let our sons and daughters receive the higher education; let them go to the cities if they want to; let them enjoy to the full bent of their inclination and ambition the glories of the outer world. Let them go, and God bless them, though we old folks be left to struggle alone and bereft on the farm."

Such self-abnegation, such sacrifice, would be sublime were it really necessary or well considered.

Of course, no wise father would restrain the generous and noble aspirations of youth. We are free men, according to the Gospel of Grace and of the Republic in which we dwell. We being free, our children are also free,—free to work out their own salvation in the world's theatre. If a son determined to become a professional man, a scientist, or a general business man, we would act the part of tyrants if we positively forbade such choice or development. It would be foolish to keep him chained to the farm, like an old-time Saxon serf, if indeed we could command the power to enforce our edicts. He would, under restraint, make "a

poor stick" of a farmer, anyway; sour, morose, inefficient and, most likely, a failure every way. In time we would be offering him a premium to depart from us and go to Dakota.

But when we say "let the boys go," have we well considered our own arguments?

You remember what was said about cities, just now,—how urban people, left to themselves, would soon become effete, losing their original vigor, and degenerating into puny men. In full view of these things, are we not as bad as heathens when we wish our children to pass this fire of Moloch? We educate them, suffer them to take up a residence in cities, and then, in that seething cauldron, we may, in the course of time, expect to see their pure minds and healthy bodies so debased as that they may lose their name on earth and most likely in Heaven too. We are cruel even to anticipate such a fate for our children.

We Grangers boast of our educational advantages, and rightly. We advocate the very best training for our children. We want them to shine in the world as bright men and women. We desire that they may drink deep from the well-spring of knowledge. We want them to be wise, virtuous and happy.

But if education is to rob us of our brightest and best; if the effect of a liberal education is to deplete the country of its best blood, drain it of its hope and stay, leaving only the culls and runts on the farm, are we really acting wisely in favoring and fostering this higher education? It seems to me such conduct is suicidal. It seems to me if such consequences are inevitable—a legitimate outcome of a liberal education—the sooner we disband our Granges, shut up our agricultural colleges, and stop talking about this education, the better for the farmer, his children, and farm pursuits.

But it ought not to follow that because a farmer boy has received a liberal education he must necessarily turn his back upon the farm with disdain. All our Grange teaching is to the effect that farmers, of all men, need and should have the best education attainable. We are teaching that, among all the fields of human endeavor, the farm affords opportunities for the truest culture and the best work. Now, do we err? Are we all wrong? I trow not.

Run through the whole curriculum of our agricultural college and you will not find a study or science that is not of benefit to the student and beneficial when applied on the farm. Not one. When the Botanical building, under the charge of the accomplished Professor Beal, was unfortunately destroyed by fire, and an appropriation was asked for to rebuild, a learned legislator opposed the measure because he could see no use in botany. He claim to be a farmer. I do not believe he was a Patron of Husbandry, and yet could see no use for botany on the farm.

He has yet to learn that "all flesh is grass;" that human beings live on grass, unless they be asses, and prefer thistles. Wheat, oats, rye, corn, clover, timothy, and a long list of kindred plants, are grasses. Without grass our fair Michigan would become a desert and its people extinct.—Now, it is the province of botany to teach us all about these various grasses, as well as trees,

shrubs and flowers, and the innumerable beautiful and useful things embraced in the vegetable kingdom.

Brother Beal, with his compound microscope, can show you, oh conceited brother farmer-legislator, more of the wonders of nature in half an hour than was ever dreamed of in your miserable philosophy.

But to return. I think the game I was after was hardly worth the powder.

It is a source of grief and mortification to me to look at the admitted fact that our farms are not good enough for our liberally educated sons. If farming pursuits are unattractive, affording no room for thought or the application of scientific principles; if labor in the fields is considered menial; if that labor is not rewarded by affluence; no sudden fortune made, no farmer millionaires created, how are the conditions to be improved by absolute desertion? I do not see. The show and glitter of the outside world are fallacious. In this land, notorious for its few rich men, there are not so very many millionaires, when we come to winnow out the 65,000,000 of our people. But there are many, very many, of those people very poor, while a fair proportion live in moderate circumstances only. The hope of the reform is based upon that large class that know neither riches nor poverty; who are intelligent, sound-minded and God-fearing. The American farmer has his place among this class.

Now, why cannot the college-bred farmer boy, unless he have a decided genius for something else,—a genius or bent so preponderating as become a call,—why cannot he, after laying down his books, return to the old homestead, or the new which he ought to be able to carve out for himself, and go to work in agricultural fields? Why should he not resolve to devote his life and knowledge to improving agriculture and to the uplifting of his brother farmers and rural society? Why not undertake to earn an honest living by following the plow? It seems to me there is room on the farm for the gratification of the noblest ambition. Honor, fame, and even wealth, will come to the deserving who reside on a farm.

The so-called depression in the farming world which has existed during the past few years is, I believe, only temporary. With the changing years will come prosperity. We see a strong light a little way ahead. As the country grows older, and the population increases, so will the value of our lands enhance and farm products be in greater demand. Prosperity will be ours. Then will the educated, honorable farmer come to the front as never before. Because he is a farmer, and a worthy one, he will command the respect of his fellow citizens and, what is more and infinitely better, he will respect himself and his high calling.

In my opinion farming—agriculture in its full scope—is about to take a position in this country never before occupied.

The dignified and honorable position held in old Virginia during the Colonial days by her farmers, will be ours, without the drawback of slavery. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and others of the illustrious men of the early days of the Republic, were farmers, or planters. They were the leading class.

I believe that our intelligent farmers' boys, especially those who belong to our noble order and have taken the first step in wisdom, will miss it if they abandon their farms for the enticements of city life—that crowded theatre of intense competition, where the prizes are few and the failures many, and broken hearts abound!

Mr. Editor, permit me to indulge in a little personal reminiscence:

Most of my life had been spent in pursuits radically different from agriculture when I came to this farm, and I do not think I should have come if ill health had not compelled me, having never meant giving up a lucrative business, old friends and associations. But now, after twenty years' residence here, I can truly say that, out of all the seventy that now mark the way of my pilgrimage, those twenty have been the happiest. I have reason to thank my Heavenly Father for my quiet, sweet, rural home. I have found ample scope for all my faculties, and have had to learn a great many things. I have lived in cities and in the wilderness; have traveled far and wide, and seen much of men and diverse occupations; yet, in view of it all, I am free to say that nothing has ever "filled the bill" so completely as a farmer's life. Perhaps I am rather fast in this declaration. I will modify it.—About five or six years ago, finding "all clear," I became a Patron of Husbandry. This has filled my cup to the brim. I rejoice in the helpfulness of the Grange, and am glad to find that while I am helped myself, I enjoy the privilege of helping my young brothers and sisters as they are entering the field to engage in the arduous duties of life.

Weeds.

For the Visitor.

There are weeds, and weeds, from the common ones of the garden that, like Jonah's gourd, "spring up in a night," and make life a burden to the gardener, to the discouragingly persistent yellow dock and Canada thistle. Though widely different in appearance, they all possess the same interesting characteristic—the ability to grow and multiply under difficulties.

On grounds that would utterly disgust any useful plant, the weed will flourish like the rabbit of Australia and, like the grasshopper of St. John, become a "burden, grievous to be borne." Root one up, and a dozen will immediately take its place. Burn it, root and branch, throw the ashes in the middle of the highway, and an army of its kind will spring up along the borders of the road and bring forth seeds, like unto the ancestral weed that troubled Adam after he was cast out of the garden of Eden, that will in turn bring forth, each after its kind, *ad infinitum*. Thus is the earth replenished and made interesting for the perspiring sons of the first Adam, who gained his living by the sweat of his brow.

Since the devil still finds some mischief for idle hands to do, the weed that keeps us so busy may be but a blessing in disguise; if, so, then it certainly proves the truth of the line that "blessings brighten as they take their flight."

Think of it, oh ye granger, as with hoe in hand you bend over your corn rows to uproot the ever-present weed, and be thank-

ful for all your "marcies," the weed among others; for, while you are engaged in an uncompromising warfare upon it, you will have no time to devote to the service of Satan. The thought may give you comfort when the sun beats down upon your aching spinal column as you try to decide where, in the carpet of green at your feet, the potato vine is located.

And ye, future statesmen, whose sorrowful task it is to keep clean the onion bed in the back garden that borders upon the brook, resist the temptation to "go swimming" and cling to the weeds as an escape from the snares of the Evil One.

Let a stray burdock go to seed in some out-of-the-way corner each year, that its kind may not become extinct. Only let it entirely alone, and you will have done your part. The winds and the elements will attend to the scattering of the seeds for the new growth that is to preserve you from the wiles of the person who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. If you are not anxious to be devoured, don't quite exterminate the burdock, as it is one of the best preventatives of idle hands, while its smaller brother, yellow dock, is like unto it, therefore let it flourish along the highway that borders your fields, and have no fear but what nature will do the rest.

There is another thing to consider: The seeds form the chief food of our winter birds, and we should consider the needs of these, our feathered friends, and not leave them to the tender mercies of a cold, weedless earth. Think of the fate of the poor English sparrow, that strays from its city home in search of the staff of life, sorrowfully surveying the broad fields and fence rows and seeing no weed waving above the expanse of snow. And when you come across him with his toes turned up and his poor body frozen stark and stiff, remember that you are responsible for his death, and next year let the weeds grow undisturbed in your fields. It may not be a sign of good farming, but the life of a sparrow won't be upon your conscience.

O, ye farmers! take care of the weeds; cultivate them with diligence; so shall ye be made prosperous, and your goods will multiply upon the earth. A. L. Eaton Rapids.

The ceremonies attending the dedication of the Exposition buildings, October 11, 12 and 13, 1882, are to be very elaborate and impressive. The committee having the matter in hand will devote \$300,000 to that purpose. It is expected that the President of the United States and his Cabinet, many of the Senators and Congressmen and Governors of the States, numerous representatives of foreign governments, and 10,000 militia and several thousand regulars will be present. A dedication ode and marches, written for the occasion, will be rendered with full choral and orchestral accompaniment. Patriotic and other music, a dedicatory oration, a pageant of symbolical floats representing the "Procession of the Centuries," and magnificent displays of fireworks will be among the chief features of the program.

Nothing adds so much to a person's appearance as a fine thick head of hair of even color, and to assure this use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Devil and the Farmer.

There was a conference in the nether regions which were brilliantly illuminated by a thousand eternal fires and resonant with the crackling of unlimited quantities of brimstone. His Satanic Majesty sat upon a throne of glowing coals and gazed upon his minions with delight. Around him sat his faithful imps, Beelzebub, Mephisto, Moloch and a dozen other well-known characters. It was a notable gathering.

"How fares it up on earth?" asked his Majesty, after ordering the chief fireman to throw on an extra shoveful of coal.

Mephisto shrugged his shoulders and answered in that deep bass voice which we admire so much in Gounod's opera: "As usual, your Highness. Mankind is coming to us fast. Everybody seems contented except the American farmer."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Satan.

"Kicking as usual. Grumbling and dissatisfied at everything."

Satan chuckled. "What are the latest symptoms?" he asked.

"Oh, he is dissatisfied with his crops; is swearing about his mortgages, and is trying his hand at politics, about which he understands as much as we do of ice making."

"Nonsense," replied Beelzebub, who had hitherto been a silent listener. "All he wants is a big crop, an unmortgaged farm, free transportation for his grain, cheap money, a controlling interest in the country and the election of Jerry Simpson to be thoroughly happy."

Cried Mephisto, cynically: "I'll bet that if you gave him all that he would be as discontented as before."

"I'll take you," cried Beelzebub, who prided himself upon his knowledge of human nature.

The bet was duly recorded with a sharp stalactite upon a tablet of sulphur, and Beelzebub, armed with the authority of Satan, ascended to earth to try his hand at philanthropy.

It was in the month of April. Somewhere in the interior of Illinois, and aged and grizzled tiler of the soil stood with his hand on the plow urging on a pair of refractory mules. One of them had just kicked clear of the traces.

"Whoa there, Nebuchadnezzar," he shouted. "Goldarn this team. I wish the devil had hold of you this minute."

"What a remarkable wish," said a stranger who suddenly stood beside the astonished farmer and who smelled decidedly like sulphur.

"What's the trouble?"

"Trouble," answered the farmer, wiping his perspiring brow on the back of his hand and thereby leaving a streak of Illinois soil upon his forehead where the perspiration had erstwhile stood. "Trouble? Look at this blankety blank field. There is a rock or a stump to every square inch of surface. I've broken one plowshare in trying to cut through it, and now my mules are going on a strike."

"Give me the plow," said Beelzebub. "Git up there, Nebuchadnezzar, g'iang Jeremiah."

It was astonishing with what speed the plow furrowed through the land. In the hands of the sulphurous stranger it seemed to fly along in spite of snags and obstructions. In three minutes and eighteen and a half seconds by the farmer's stop watch the immense field was thoroughly plowed. It fairly took away the granger's breath.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked Beelzebub.

"Well, yes, kinder. You're purty quick at plowing. But now comes the all-fired hard work of sowing. It'll take a week at least to sow this field, and—"

"Nothing of the kind," cried Beelzebub. "Just watch me."

He took hold of the immense sacks of seed that were lying in a corner and by a dexterous movement, such as the magician Herman uses to throw cards among his audience, he spread the grain over the large field. Before the astonished farmer could say "Fitz-John Porter" it was accomplished. The farm was beautifully sown.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked Beelzebub.

"Satisfied!" The farmer sat down on a stump and a look of pain darted over his sunburnt face. "Satisfied?" he echoed. "Ah, if the grain were only ripe. There will be a drought when we need rain, and rain when we need a drought. Before June the whole crop may be ruined."

Beelzebub smiled grimly. "Here," he said, taking two immense boxes, Herman fashion, out of his coat tails, "in this case you will find concentrated sunshine in a storage battery of my own construction, and in this is one of General Dyrenforth's celebrated rain-making balloons. You are free to use either of them as necessity may demand. Farewell. I will come again in June."

Two months passed before the courteous and obliging Beelzebub put in another appearance. The earth was rich with golden harvest, and corn was growing beautifully. Never had there been such a crop prospect.

"Well, Mr. Farmer," said Beelzebub, slapping his friend on the back till his store teeth threatened to become dislodged, "are you satisfied now?"

A cloud of sorrow overspread the granger's expressive face. It looked as though he were about to weep.

"Satisfied? Great gosh no! Look at that field of corn. They say it will be the biggest crop ever known, and the price of hogs only three dollars a head. What's to become of us poor farmers?"

"My friend," said Beelzebub, visibly moved, "don't weep. Hogs are going up. Here is a private telegram just received stating that Germany is about to remove the restrictions from American pork. Prices will double. Then again look at your wheat. It is simply glorious."

The farmer shook his head dismally.

"I don't go much on the wheat," he replied. "If I alone had a big crop I would be happy, but my neighbors have as large a yield as I and prices will go down to nothing."

"But my friend," answered the commiserating Beelzebub, "your wheat is of a different variety from theirs. See here,"—and he took a handful of the ripe grain and rubbed it gently between his thumb and fingers. Lo, it turned out to be pure gold!

"The whole field," he said, "is shining gold like this sample and will average \$10,000 an acre. Are you satisfied now?"

For a moment a smile of joy spread over the farmer's weather-beaten features, but only for a moment. Then came a look of such abject misery that Beelzebub dropped an involuntary tear.

"Satisfied?" he asked. "Holy Jumbo, no! It's the worst thing that could have happened to me. Why, only yesterday I advocated cheap paper money at a meeting of the Farmer's Alliance. Gold will be at a discount."

"But," cried Beelzebub, impatiently, "gold is gold, and always worth something."

The granger hid his face in his hands. "No," he sighed, "I am a ruined man. By the time I have been robbed of a portion of it by my neighbors, cheated of a part of it by the Mint and paid off my mortgages with the balance I shall have nothing left."

Beelzebub vanished suddenly, leaving behind him only a cloud of vapor and a Fourth-of-July smell.

That night there was another conference.

"You are right," said Beelzebub, sadly. "The devil himself can't satisfy an American farmer."—Milton Goldsmith, in Phila. Times.

Shipping Steers.

You say you will be glad to hear from shippers, for the benefit of your readers; how it may be done with the least shrinkage in transit. Having shipped the major part of 2,000, to Chicago, that were corn fed on the farm, with a varied experience, we write that success is best secured with the well favored, and fat fleshed cattle. Because these, when fully matured, "are always full." Something depends on the distance they travel in transit, the care they get on the road, and the management in the Stock Yards before weighing. Our dis-

tance from the feeding yards to the shipping station is four miles; thence to Chicago by railroad 200 miles, or 15 hours on the cars from the time of loading on, to running off the cars into the sale pens. In fitting for shipment they are fed as usual, having ample supplies of salt and water accessible all the time. They are not watered after the morning feed, because they travel to the depot better, and suffer less on the cars, than they do when filled full of water. In sorting for the cars they are matched in size, quality and strength, so that in their crowding each other after loading, the power of resistance may be equal to the pressure so they keep each other on their feet; when this is neglected the little steers suffer crowding under foot, and often make a serious loss. Bedding the cars so that jerking on the road will keep them on foot, is done by some coarse wild hay or other tough fibre that will not break; slippery car bottoms under cattle often cause serious damage in sick steers and cripples. In the Stock Yards feeding hay and watering is to be carefully done for best results; enough is better than the thing that is over done, "honesty is the best policy." The buyers cannot be deceived very much by the shippers. In drinking, if they sip the water slowly, they fill themselves with air, that weighs little; when they drink "heartily" they should be driven away, at the first signs given of enough water. When these things are all attended to, our best steers suffer a shrinkage of 10 lbs. per head for well bred fully matured steers from the scales at the shipping depot, to the sale scales fed and watered. Thin, half fat, ill bred cattle are in the habit of making a serious loss to their owner every way.—Richard Baker, Jr., in Farmers Review.

How to Measure Hay in the Stack.

Measuring is a very crude, unsatisfactory method of estimating the weight of hay. There are times, however, when it is impracticable to use the scales, and a close approximation to the true weight will answer all purposes. Then, by taking into consideration that fine, soft hay will pack more closely than a coarser, stiffer quality, that when cut earlier in the season it will become more solid than stiff, late-cut hay, that the degree of dryness when stacked will affect the weight, that the compactness of the lower part of a stack or load is affected by the height, the time it has stood or the distance and kind of roads it has traveled over, it is quite possible for a person of ordinary experience and judgment to make an estimate of the quantity in a load or mow. It is estimated that with all the above mentioned conditions, at an average, timothy, in stack of ten feet high and upward, measures about 500 cubic feet to the ton; clear clover, between 500 and 700 cubic feet; new mown hay, about 675 cubic feet; fine hay, well settled, 450 to 500 cubic feet. To find the cubic feet in a circular stack, multiply the square of the circumference by four one-hundredths (.04) of the height. Below is given a set of rules for computing the number of cubic yards in a ton of hay in the field, stack or load, which can be easily reduced to cubic feet by multiplying the result in cubic yards by 27:

1. The number of tons of meadow hay in the windrows is the quotient of the product of the length, breadth and height, in yards, divided by 25.

2. To find the number of tons of hay in a mow, divide the products of the length, height and width by 15, if the stack be well packed. If shallow, and the hay recently stacked, divide by 18, and by any number from 15 to 18 according to the density of stack. In square or long stacks the number of tons is the quotient of the product of the length of the base, the width, and half the height, in yards, divided by 15.

3. In loads the number of tons of hay is found by multiplying together the length, width and height, in yards, and dividing the product by 20.—Curiosity Shop.

Excelsior.

Dr. Talmage said these things in his Friday evening talk:

The Empire State Express, the fastest train in all the world, pulled out from Grand Central Station for Buffalo yesterday morning, and I was on it. It was the third trip. The possibility of going from New York to Buffalo between 9.00 a. m. and 5.40 p. m. had been demonstrated. There was an unwonted flutter of excitement around the depot, and every person who owned a watch was examining it to see whether the train would start on the exact moment promised. At nine o'clock to the second, the locomotive, with four cars, started. The lights and shadows of the tunnel played with unusual swiftness, and out and on and up like some monster, half by foot and half by wing, the train evoked the velocity. At an ordinary season of the year the pageant of the river and shore would have been entrancing, but you must remember this is October, and the woods are so many flaming banners, hung out to greet those who are passing by. The Palisades were a great, long, high wall of fire. The villages seemed to pass us more than we to pass them. They flew to the rear. Yonkers and Peekskill and Poughkeepsie seemed on their way to New York. The first stop was at Albany, we were three minutes ahead and had time to spare. The wheels were hastily tested and then we resumed our flight, and Utica and Syracuse, and Rochester went by, and four minutes before the time announced for the arrival of the train we dismounted at Buffalo, astounded at the miracles of modern railroad locomotion. I had been on the trains in Great Britain and in the United States called by such names as the cannon ball, the thunderbolt, the Yorkshire devil, the flying Scotchman, but this eclipsed everything. Part of the time we went at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. Taken all in all it was the best combination of speed and safety that I ever experienced. Nothing much better than that will travel on the land ever accomplish. Enough for the nineteenth century to have transported passengers 440 miles in eight hours and 36 minutes.—Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Deep Plowing a Failure.

I have been interested for some time in the discussion of intensive farming, new agriculture, and deep plowing of late, writes a farmer to "Colman's Rural World." Ten years ago I purchased a farm, portions of which were high and somewhat rolling. The top soil for six inches in depth consisted of a rich black loam, that was underlaid with clay, sand and gravel. I purchased a three-horse sulky plow and plowed this ground 12 inches deep. That is, I buried six inches of good soil in a furrow, 12 inches deep, leaving six inches of clay sand and gravel on top. I sowed to oats and failed to harvest as many as I sowed, the top forming a crust preventing the oats from coming through. I have continued plowing this piece of ground from year to year and have planted to various crops, including clover, and have failed to get as large crops as were raised on it before the deep cultivation was practiced, and have also failed to get back as good a top soil as I buried in the first deep plowing. Other portions of the farm plowed six and eight inches deep, have universally produced better crops of grain and grass, the soil being the same. I am convinced that too deep plowing all at once on certain kinds of soil is a mistake, as too much soil unsuited for plant food is brought to the surface. Bottom and alluvial lands having a soil of great depth may be stirred to a much greater depth and with benefit, affording drainage and space for the roots of both grains and plants.

Good roads are a great benefit to a farming community; they, by time saved, shorten the distance to markets, save wear and tear of the harness and vehicles. In localities where good roads are the rule, farms are more valuable, and there is less complaint that farming doesn't pay.—Baltimore Sun.

Not Luck, but Work.

"Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a shipyard, twenty young men in a town, all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so," says an old merchant.

"One of the clerks will become partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters in business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this dusty old highway, but the staunch men all go this road."

A Red Ear Calendar.

Calendars are more certain to fly at this season than snow itself. The crop is always large, but the individuals generally lack utility. One of the very best we ever see comes from N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. It is the red ear of the crop. It looks and talks business. Its size is generous, its figures very plain, while it is printed so handsomely as to make one willing to keep company with it the entire year. Like the other productions of the firm, this bears their famous phrase, "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success"—a text which they both preach and exemplify. The calendar is sent by them, post paid, for 25 cents, and what is again unusual in such cases, it is so packed as to pass through the mails uninjured.

LUCK IS A MYTH.—There is no such thing good or bad. Trace out the most marked example of luck (so called) and it will end in every case in good management or bad, according as the "luck" is good or bad. The intelligent, industrious, patient and persevering man makes good luck. He raises good crops and good stock simply because he is a good manager. He can not command the seasons but he can manage to make the best of them. So, on the other hand, the poor manager make bad luck out of everything. His crops are poor, his stock poor and his farm poor, all on account of his own shiftlessness or laziness, and the man who complains of bad luck is but advertising his own ignorance, laziness or shiftlessness, perhaps all combined.—Jersey Bulletin.

The effect of spraying apple trees with London purple to prevent ravages of the codling moth or apple worm is well illustrated by the experience of Mr. Lupton, of Virginia, as stated in a recent issue of Insect Life. The work of spraying was undertaken in Mr. Lupton's orchard, but was discontinued when less than one-third of the trees had been sprayed. From these trees 1,000 barrels of apples nearly free from worms were gathered, while from the remaining two-thirds of the orchard only 883 barrels of sound fruit were obtained, quite one-fifth of the apples from the unsprayed trees being wormy and unfit for use. Mr. Lupton estimates that his returns from the orchard would have been increased \$2,500, had all the trees been sprayed.

Let me say that I never knew a young student to smoke cigarettes who did not disappoint expectations, or, to use expressive vernacular, "kinder peter out." I have watched this class of men for thirty years, and cannot now recall an exception to this rule. Cigarette smoking seems not only to weaken a young man's body, but to undermine his will and to weaken his ambition.—Dr. Andrew D. White, Cornell.

A good way to remove sewing-machine oil from cotton is to rub the stain well with lard, then rub in common baking soda. Let it remain a while, then wash in hot soap and water and rinse well.

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INGERSOLL'S LIQUID RUBBER PAINT.
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Just Do Your Best.

The signs is bad when folks commence
 A finding fault with Providence,
 And balking "cause the earth don't shake
 At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
 No man is great till he can see
 How less than little he would be
 If stripped to self, and stark and bare
 He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
 Contentions, and be satisfied;
 Jest do your best, and praise or blame
 That follows that, counts just the same.
 I've allus noticed great success
 Is mixed with troubles more or less.
 And it's the man who does the best
 That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Free Mail Delivery.

D. F. Carpenter, of Mass., offers good sensible farmer reasons: "The extension of the postal system to include free delivery and collection of the mail in all settled parts of the country has many powerful reasons in its favor. Prompt and easy mail communications is not a luxury, but a necessity, so important that whatever can be done to improve it ought to be done, and this not merely for cities, but equally for country districts, for their rights are equal and their need as great. The cost of using our postal system is the same to all; it is manifestly unjust to make all pay for privileges which benefit only a part. People herd in cities for advantages they cannot obtain in the country. This overcrowding of cities and depopulating of country places is attended with great evils and results in as much loss as gain in the long run. Any movement tending to equalize the privileges of city and country life ought to be made the most of, and no one change can do more or be more easily brought about than the extension of mail facilities. It will greatly benefit all the country and bring many back from the city. From a business and social point of view this reform is needed. Farmers, especially, whose houses are commonly at a distance from a post-office, suffer great inconvenience, spend much time, and are subject to frequent delays, annoyances, and sometimes financial losses, because they cannot get their mail directly and easily. The farmer is, or ought to be, a business man. He ought to be more than he is. Postal extension will give him much needed help in this direction, and place him, as his right, on the same footing with other business men in the important matter of mail communication."

Another good New York farmer, C. O. Gale, says:

"I would name as one reason for the free delivery of mail in the country that it would take less time for a carrier to take the mail to a dozen farmers than it would for the same farmers to go each and get his mail, therefore it would be less expensive for the people as a whole. If it is good for people in cities to have free delivery of mail, why isn't it very good for people in the country? If a business man can't walk a few yards for the mail, how can a farmer spend time to go two or three miles for it? And, after all, why isn't a farmer a business man? Next in order will be to ask for a more practical way to send money by mail. I live two and one-half miles from the post-office, but am unable to get a postal note or money order nearer than nine miles."

Why the Future Looks Bright.

An epitome of the present situation of American agriculture forms a prominent and the most practical and valuable feature of the American Agriculturist (New York) for January, in which issue this old reliable magazine celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. In this epitome our relation to the world's food supply is given, and an estimate of American production and requirements. It is the first complete presentation of the laborious studies of C. Wood Davis, and apparently justifies his predictions of the brilliant future that awaits the American farmer. Mr. Davis's

opinions and data carry great weight in the commercial and agricultural world because of his exhaustive inquiry of production in its relation to population, not only in the United States but in all the principal importing and exporting countries of the world. He shows that from 1890 to 1880 the bread-eating populations increased 11.4 per cent, and the wheat area 15.6 per cent, while the rye area was unchanged, but during the ten years just closed the increase in the wheat and rye area was but 1/2 per cent, against an increase in the bread-eating populations of 14 per cent. In 1871 the total wheat exports of the United States, Europe, India and Australia were only 120 million bushels, while the price in India, on the Atlantic Seaboard, at Chicago and in Liverpool averaged \$1.46 per bushel. The price steadily declined to \$1.13 as the average in 1883, when exports had more than doubled, and has since fallen so 88c as the price for 1889. Hence the probability of an advance in future.

Farmers' Institutes.

ED. PRESS:—Corvallis Grange has just taken in a class of four new members, and we have several applications on hand for the beginning of the new year. The Grange has taken steps to hold a Farmers' Institute again this winter at Corvallis. This meeting will be gotten up by the Grange, and judging from the success of the Institute held last winter, it will be interesting and profitable to all who attend.

The Institute, when properly planned, become a school to the farmer, and it is remarkable indeed at the instruction the farmer is able to impart to his fellow laborers. It is not easy to get the farmers to write papers upon topics related to the farm, but when the discussion is opened the farmer is quite ready to talk upon the themes which are of interest to him. At the Farmers' Institutes it is very common to hear farmers say, "That was a fine meeting," when the time has been nearly all occupied in discussing farm topics among themselves. It is impossible for a dozen persons engaged in the same calling to get together and talk over their various methods of operating their business without gaining some useful information from one another, yet with this fact staring them in the face, there are farmers who will not go two miles to meet their fellowmen who are trying to advance the farmers' interests by means of such meetings.

Wherever the influence of the Grange has been felt there is quite a different state of things, however. The farmers who have once known the benefits of the Grange as an educator are always at the Institutes and are ready to take part in the work with a hearty good-will. H. T. P. Corvallis, Or. Pacific Rural.

Let the People Elect the Senators.

The growth of the Senatorial office in power and influence since the adoption of the Constitution has been more marked than that of any office under the government. The framers of the Constitution never foresaw the spectacle of Senators dictating to the President and heads of departments, the distribution of Federal offices in their States, and claiming as their special perquisites the Federal patronage. When they provided that the Legislatures should "appoint the Senators" they never dreamed of a time when the power of the office would so increase that the Senators would "appoint" the Legislatures; and yet cases have not been infrequent where Senators virtually exercise this power. Senatorial election scandals are becoming altogether too frequent. If there is not an improvement the people, who in the long run may be safely trusted, will find a remedy, though it is difficult to see how anything short of an amendment to the Constitution will avail.—Boston Traveler.

How to Drink a Farm.

Bob Burdette gives this simple recipe: "My homeless friend with a chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get money enough together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the result of a hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating for convenience the land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that 500 foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long it requires to swallow a pasture land enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—100 feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre."

You have read the stories of the Mound-Builders. If history teaches aright, and there are many evidences—mostly circumstantial, it is true—that it does, they were a thoughtful and industrious people. There was much method in their labor. Nor were they devoid of some degree of architecture. That they were over-industrious is manifest from the great amount of work they did to accomplish the end they had in mind. It has often occurred to me that if the members of our Order would but put forth half the effort the original Mound-Builders expended, that we would have architectural monuments, and strong, in the name of subordinate Granges, far more useful, far more honorable and far more enduring than were the structures of the original Mound-Builders. Isn't it worth our while as an Order, isn't it worth your time and labor as a member of that Order, to build monuments in every country and town in our State, that will redound to our credit while we live, and to the benefit of humanity when we are gone? Let us, as an Order, whose entire membership are soil-tillers, begin the work of Grange—Mound Building. Pacific Rural.

U. S. Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C., Dec. 30, 1891.—In order to extend the usefulness of the Weather Bureau in connection with the preparation and distribution of the official forecasts, it is directed that on and after January 1, 1892, the period of time covered by such predictions, which has heretofore been 24 hours, shall be as follows:

The forecasts prepared upon the 8 a. m. observations will be made for a period of 36 hours ending at 8 p. m. of the following day. Those prepared upon the 8 p. m. observations will be made for the following day ending at midnight. The forecasts, as heretofore, will be issued twice daily, based upon the telegraphic reports of observations taken at 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. (75th meridian time).

It is requested that the following rules be observed by all persons displaying flags, or sounding whistle signals, representing forecasts of the Weather Bureau: For the p. m. forecast, received at night or early the following morning, the flags displayed should represent the weather of the current day; for the a. m. forecast, received before noon, the flags displayed should represent the weather of the following day.

Should more than one kind of weather or temperature be indicated in the forecasts, the last

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named kind will show what flags to be displayed or whistle signals sounded.

I am, very respectfully,
 MARK W. HARRINGTON,
 Chief of Weather Bureau.

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that if she were asked to define the meaning of a successful man she would say: "A man who has made a happy home for his wife and children. No matter what he has done in the way of achieving wealth and honor; if he has done that, he is a grand success. If he has not done that, and it is his own fault, though he be the highest in the land, he is a most pitiable failure. I wonder how many men in the mad pursuit of gold, which characterizes the age, realize that there is no fortune which can be left to their families so great as the memory of a happy home."

Tip Top.

HILSBOROUGH CO., N. H.,
 Dec. 23d, 1891.
 Mr. O. W. Ingersoll, Dear Sir:—I have for some time used the Ingersoll Paints, manufactured in Brooklyn, N. H. and finding that they are tip top. I send for more. It has given me great satisfaction in every respect.
 Fraternally yours,
 A. B. EATON.

They whose houses are cold may be glad to know how to protect their house plants through the winter, says a writer in an exchange. I can offer a suggestion which is very good where one does not have a great many plants to care for. I will offer it, believing that a few are much better than none. Procure a box large and keep enough to hold your plants; provide it with strong legs, paint it, and add a cover with hinges. Line it with several thicknesses of paper and old cloth, to keep the paper in-place. Put castors on the legs for convenience in moving about the room. This box may be used as a stand for the plants during the day. At night, put the plants inside the box with a large dish of hot water, shut down the cover and throw a heavy blanket over all, and your plants will keep nicely in very cold weather. One having an old ward-robe or cupboard may make a place for their plants at night with very little trouble. Line it with paper and put in shelves. The plants can be easily placed in it at night.

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To those who may be desirous of sending us more than 20 names, we offer the following cash prizes for the largest lists received, viz:—

For the largest list, \$20.00
 " next largest list, 10.00
 " third " 5.00
 " fourth " 3.00
 " fifth " 2.00
 " next to largest lists, \$1.00 each 10.00
 " 20 largest lists, 50c each, 10.00

Rules Governing this Competition:

- All names must reach us not later than December 31st, and all prizes will be mailed not later than December 10th.
- Put the names of those living in different towns on separate sheets of paper, giving the name of the state and county in the top right-hand corner, and the number of names contained on the sheet in the top left-hand corner. Thus:

KANSAS
 Mrs. Henry Brown, Gladie
 " Amelia Duggan,
 " Charles Semple, box 310,
 " Amelia Warren.

- Give the total number of names contained in your list in the letter accompanying the same.
- Be careful to write as distinctly as possible, and on one side of the paper only.

Names of the prize winners will be announced in January, 1892 number of THE HOME MAGAZINE.

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Send the names of your friends on a postal card whom you desire to receive sample copies.

Down in Dixie.

Jan. 23, 1892.

We are writing this letter at Pass Christian on the Gulf. The outlook from the car window, as we lie side-tracked near the station, is not very inviting. Norway pines of small growth are scattered about in a park-like manner; cows are grazing on the common and the air is as mild as in May.

We shall not attempt a description in regular order of our journey, shall only give impressions of the country so far as we have passed through it. Many of our readers, like the writer, doubtless, have never traveled south of the Ohio river.

Starting from Cincinnati at 8:30 a. m. of the 16th inst., we wind through the hill country of Kentucky once cultivated to their summits, but now evidently abandoned by what little enterprise might have been exhibited at an earlier date in the development of the country. There is now little evidence of material prosperity. The fences and fields are grown up with patches of briars and bushes and clumps of trees. The more productive and easiest tilled patches of the fields are worked, producing corn and occasional small areas of tobacco. We saw very few straw stacks and only occasionally a stack of hay, and what few of the latter were visible were eaten into by stock, until they already looked very much like a toad stool standing on its thick stem. Cattle were fed in racks out of doors or by scattering cornstalks over the ground.

The people ride on horseback generally as was evidenced by the tracks along the highways. There was a little snow on the ground from Cincinnati to Louisville, and some very quaint outfits on runners were seen at the station. Kitchen chairs were generally used for seats in the sleighs, and the wagons were quite primitive in style. The farm buildings, to a northern farmer, appear very inefficient. They are built up cob fashion with poles or logs, and have the merit of ventilation if no other. They look more like crotched barns than like a protection to stock or grain. Scarcely one of the buildings stand erect; everything is on the bias; poles prop up little structures that would be of about as much service in a pile on the ground. Everything except the log barns is whitewashed

—smoke houses and front fences. Limestone is everywhere. Lime and water will make Kentucky paint, and the prevailing fashion can be indulged in to an unlimited extent. The cattle and horses were generally fine and in good condition, and they are an illustration of the value of good stock to a state. Here by the car window is the other extreme. Mature cows weigh about 500 pounds and are of that nondescript character called natives. They look as though they might give about as much milk as a goat, and be as serviceable for beef.

We saw some very good farming lands about Louisville, and good buildings, but around in the vicinity of Mammoth Cave very little good land was seen. The cave itself is worth going a long way to see. The trickling of the surface waters through the lime rock during the ages has dissolved the lime and carried it out through the underground rivers to the sea. A boat ride of 60 rods on an underground stream 40 feet wide through an immense cavern 90 feet high and 300 feet below the surface, in inky darkness except for the lamps carried by the gentlemen of the party, was the grand feature of the occasion. "Rock of Ages cleft for me" seemed an appropriate song, and it was sung with an appreciation and zest seldom experienced. "Shall we gather at the River" sent its echoes through the dark unexplored corridors and into the blackness of darkness beyond where none but the guide dared to venture.

We leave the cave early in the evening, and reach Montgomery early next morning. To a northern man with agricultural tastes and inclinations, Alabama has but little to offer. Cotton is the great staple, and seems to need less natural fertility in the soil than other crops, although the climate stimulates every plant to do its best for the farmer. Cotton lands are held by large land-owners generally, and are rented to the colored people at about 2 to 2½ bales to 10 acres, according to quality and condition of soil. A bale of cotton now brings about \$35.00, but is very low in price, 6½c. to 7½c. per pound. The rent is the first lien upon the crop, so that if only so much be grown as will satisfy the rental, the person who has advanced stores or money to grow it, must wait until a more favorable season for his money. A farm is rated as a 10-mule farm or a 20-mule farm, allowing 20 to 25 acres to the mule. A farmer is also rated as a one mule farmer or a two mule farmer, which has no significance until it is explained.

Improved methods of cultivation have so far stimulated production that there is a glut in the market for cotton, and prices are very low.

The manner of cultivating and fertilizing seems to be suicidal to fertility. Grass for a sod is considered an evil in cotton culture. Artificial manures are resorted to to make the crop, and there can thus be no addition to the humus in the soil, without which no soil can stand constant production. The more intelligent and thoughtful men appreciate this condition of affairs, and are advocating a change with little prospect of effecting any great improvement at once, so firmly is the prejudice against grass in the cotton rows fixed in the minds of the cultivators. A large fertilizer factory is located at Montgomery that sells its product at \$21 per ton, and 200 pounds per acre are applied to grow the

crop. The fertilizer is applied by hand in the furrow, and no improvements to save time in planting have come with the demand for cheaper cotton growing. Every land-owner is desirous of selling a part of his holding to northern farmers with push and enterprise, but he seems to have no desire himself to do the thing he expects another to perform. These southern men seem to know what is desirable, but they prefer to sit on their shady colonnades and see some one else perform the necessary labor. It is a very easy thing to criticize the methods of the negro, but quite another thing to get at the work and show how it should be done. There is no snap to anyone's movements; all business is done on the assumption that there is time enough, so there is no hurry anywhere.

The all-absorbing theme is cotton, and how to get the most out of the renter. All expect the bale per acre, and if it is not produced the fault lies, not in unfertile fields, but in the laziness of the "nigger." When a "two-mule" farmer rents land, he devotes about a fifth of it to corn, and has the whole of it to feed his mules, as the renter in Michigan has the pasture of sufficient acres to carry his animals through the summer.

We cannot recommend that farmers of Michigan go to Alabama to cultivate land and grow cotton so long as there is land here to be had upon which they can practice familiar methods with a degree of success. The whole system of southern social customs must be broken up before northern farmers can take their usages into the state and feel at home there. It is the hardest lesson for them to learn that labor dignifies the laborer; dignity rather lies in folded hands in leisure, and in a competence that is independent of it.

We shall give farther impressions in another letter to follow, but can see now why the Grange has not prospered in the south, and why it never can until the changes which must come are present.

Caricatures Upon the Farmers.

Whenever a city quill driver desires to be funny, he pulls together what little knowledge of country life he has gathered from The Judge, Puck and other funnygraph papers, and plunges in to characterize the farmer.

Such an article appears upon the second page of this issue. We have seen it going the rounds of commercial papers, and find it at last in an "Agricultural Review" (Heaven save the mark), published in New Jersey, with no adverse comment, thus saying to its readers: "Look at the realistic representation of the present generation of farmers."

That this satire comes from a city-bred reporter is evident from the fact of his laying the scene of the meeting between Beelzebub and the farmer in central Illinois, where "there is a rock or a stump on every square inch"—a combination of obstacles very difficult to find in that state. We are not objecting to pleasantries that "take off" the idiosyncrasies of people, but the persistent misrepresentation, taught in these burlesque attempts, ought to be resented. They are a covert insult, and mean more than simple badinage. It says to city and village readers that farmers are boors, and breeds that pharisaical feeling which culminates in the expression, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth." It turns many sensitive boys away from the

farm, who cannot endure the ridicule and stigma which is thrown upon their father's occupation. There are numerous innuendoes and flings at farmers, bearing the stamp of truth, which, unconsciously perhaps, beget a contempt for a profession which is subject to such a sarcastic criticism. There really are no more grumbling farmers than grumbling lawyers, according to numbers. Human nature is about the same everywhere; but there appears to be a sentiment that attributes all the frailties of life as having their native abiding place on the farm. If, however, honesty and integrity should die out of the homes of farmers, they would be nearly lost out of the world. Froude says: "Men sound in soul and in limb can be bred and reared only in the exercise of plow and spade, in the fresh air and sunshine, with country enjoyments and amusements; never amid foul drains and smoke blacks and the eternal clank of machinery."

It may be said that farmers can stand it with such an array of facts on their side, but the attacks are often wanton as well as unwise in that they have a tendency to educate a public sentiment averse to labor or the conditions surrounding it, and thus drive those from the farm who would do it honor.

Master's Office.

BERRIEN CENTER, Jan. 28.—The following General Deputies have been appointed to date: Jason Woodman, Paw Paw. J. J. Woodman, Paw Paw. Mary A. Mayo, Battle Creek. C. G. Luce, Coldwater.

SPECIAL DEPUTIES.

Sister E. D. Noaks, Church's Corners, Hillsdale county. Dwight Arnold, Eastport, Antrim county. John Passmore, Flushing, Genesee county. R. V. Clark, Buchanan, Berrien county. J. W. Ennest, St. Johns, Clinton county. George B. Gibbs, Greenville, Montcalm county. Sister N. A. Dibble, Allegan county.

Field Notes.

Though the train was two hours late at Battle Creek on the 21st, we found Bro. Wm. Simons without a grumble waiting to hurry us to the Pomona Grange at Penfield Grange hall.

Dinner was over and visiting had run pretty high as we dropped in and met the familiar faces of Bros. and Sisters Mansfield, Poorman, Smith, and others, as well as our associate worker, Sister Mayo, and daughter; and they very soon made us know the rest as well.

We then installed the officers of Calhoun Pomona No. 3 and Penfield Grange, after which they favored us with the best attention to our talk for an hour.

After parting from this visit we were taken to the pleasant home of Bro. Simons, of S. Battle Creek, to be ready for our work the evening of the 22nd. And we were glad when Bro. Perry Mayo drove in from his home some eight miles away, and after a chat and supper accompanied us.

Here we found Battle Creek Grange just settled in their new home, having moved from the city, and commenced life anew. The old church was pretty well filled, though other meetings in the vicinity and lagrippe held their share. New applications and expressions outside the gate certainly point to success.

After installing their officers and trying to talk them tired, we left for a night train with Bro. Smith. Long will we remember these people and their earnest entreaties to come again.

A. J. C.

Shakespeare will please excuse us if we mention him thus: Thrice is he clad who hath his system strengthened with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he but naked, though arrayed in furs, whose blood is poor or with disease corrupted. An incomparable medicine!

Our mission as members of the committee on Woman's Work is to try and extend the influence of the Grange, and the attention of every committee in the Subordinate Grange is earnestly desired on this Woman's Special Work.

In calling upon the Subordinate committees on Woman's Work, within my jurisdiction, I earnestly desire the aid and assistance of each and every one to further the good work. As it is a comparatively new field of labor for me, I desire and expect the hearty co-operation of my sisters in this matter; as the old adage, "never too old to learn," is true in my case, and possibly you are just the one to give the desired information and instruction. Start the ball rolling by communicating with the chairman of the committee in your locality; or better yet, communicate with all the members of the committee on Woman's Work; it would not be very serious. I am sure I voice the sentiments of my associates when I say that is just what we desire: to correspond with you, get your ideas, plans of labor, and as we become more able to understand our work more fully, we hope to be able to explain why and how the desired results are to be secured by co-operating through organized committees; believing, if our purposes were better understood, we could enlist many who are now holding back, and they might be induced to unite with us in working earnestly for the golden treasure of increased prosperity of our noble Order.

Past experience teaches that continued efforts are required to hold our own; then, how much greater our's to advance our noble work successfully. What better opportunity could be offered women to render a vast amount of good than through this department known as Woman's Work in the Grange?

At the last session of the National Grange, held at Springfield, Ohio, it was decided that the committee on Woman's Work in the Grange must help to collect the \$30,000 required to be raised through the Grange agency, to assist in building a Temple to Ceres, a Grange Home for the Nation.

My sisters, you see here is a specified object to work for, and let us be energetic in the good work intrusted to us, hoping and trusting that the time will come when we will receive from those who honored us with the mission, the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

MARY SHERWOOD HINDS,
Committee on Woman's Work.

ED. VISITOR: We should be glad to give you our appointments ahead, but it occurs so often that date and final arrangements do not reach us in time for it to be inserted in the paper before it is past. Readers say: "Why do not our Lecturers give us notice of their appointments?" We hope to do so more frequently, and will be able to when the dates are set by us as in the coming work. Answers to our advance circulars are coming in fast, and invariably contain a hearty response, and expressions of their earnest desire to forward the work. This is encouraging in the beginning, and we hope that none will suppose that inspection service means criticism so much as it does improvement, system and assistance.

A. J. CROSBY, JR.

Michigan State Grange, Master's Office, Berrien Center, Jan. 27, 1892.—Ed. Visitor: I again call the attention of Secretaries of Subordinate Granges that it is their duty to forward to the Secretary of the State Grange the names and address of the newly elected Master and Secretary. It is highly necessary in order to get out the new list and to aid the deputies in their work.

Fraternally, THOS MARS.

Almost Dead.

HARMON, Ill., Oct. 26, 1891.
G. G. STEKETEE: Please send me three packages Steketee's Hog Cholera Cure. I had a colt almost dead last spring, and gave it three doses of your remedy, which I borrowed, and it cured my colt.

FRANK EBER.

Read Steketee's ad. in this paper. If your druggist will not keep it on sale send direct to my address.

Special Committees.

I would suggest that the master appoint the following committees for the year:

1. Committee on Delinquent Members and Collection of Dues, whose duty it shall be to continuously labor to secure the return of delinquent and unaffiliated members. Where members are back for several years, it would be as well to reinstate them upon payment of the reinstating fee of \$1.20.

2. A committee on New Members, in each school district whose duty it shall be, in a friendly way, to visit and interest those who would make good and useful members. A Grange however, has no legal right to receive applicants from the jurisdiction of another Grange without its consent.

3. A committee on Program and Entertainment—of which the lecturer should be a member—whose duty it shall be to provide a subject for discussion and a few recitations or select readings for each meeting, and an occasional banquet, such as a dinner or supper, to which each could invite a few friends.

APPEAL TO PATRONS.

Allow me also to add a few words of encouragement to the entire membership of the Order. I know that after the great success that has crowned our efforts in the past that you will cheerfully enter upon the renewed duties that will devolve upon you as Patrons. No matter how devoted, efficient and zealous your officers may be they cannot alone make your Grange a success; but it will require your presence and encouragement to give effect to their labors. The Constitution of our Order requires that each Grange shall meet at least once a month. That implies that each member shall also attend the meetings at least once a month. Each Patron owes something to the Order. If we all would try as we ought, each could bring at least one member into the Grange the coming year. We should bring our wives and children in, as we ought to give them a better opportunity in life for their social and intellectual improvement than we were permitted to enjoy. How many of us have performed the full duty we owe to the Grange and to the community in which we live? I appeal to every Patron to join us in our effort to build up the Grange, and thus better our own condition and that of the agricultural class, remembering that the great and grand object and crowning aim of our organization is to "educate and elevate the American farmer."

Fraternally,
LEONARD RHONE,
Master Penn. State Grange.

Niagara's Great Tunnel.

There is no need of a scientific description of this great tunnel that is to give Niagara Falls village all the power that can be utilized, doubtless, for half a century to come. It is simply a tunnel cut through the rock, beginning at the water level below the falls and running, with a steep ascent, to a point a mile above the fall and continuing on from there a mile and a half further at an average depth of 160 feet below the surface, about 400 feet from navigable water in the river and connected with the river by surface canals, through which the water from the river enters and is drawn through the shafts and wheel pits into the great tunnel below, which forms an immense tail-race for all the mills and factories. The water is to fall upon turbine wheels, which are to be put by the company in a number of the pits, and the power thus derived will be delivered to the mills or factories at that point or transmitted by cable, pneumatic tube or electricity to any other point desired. The tunnel has straight sides and an arched roof and it requires no masonry, of course, as all about it is solid rock.—William Drysdale in an Exchange.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more."—Charles F. Dumterville, Plymouth, England.

Circumventing the Egg Eaters.

In your last issue you made some remarks about the egg-eating hens and recommended dark nests as the best way of stopping the practice. Now that may be a very good plan, but I have succeeded in stopping the practice among my hens, even when all the nests were in the light, and I will tell you how I did it. One February my hens started in to lay as usual, but the eggs not putting in an appearance in numbers that I expected, I began to suspect that rats, or perhaps a more intelligent "animal" was taking them, so I set a watch. That the hens were engaged in a wholesale destruction I did not believe, but resolved to lay bare the mystery if possible. One day I hid myself in the large building that we used for a hen-house and waited developments. I had some time to wait, for one of the hens was just then engaged in the business of laying an egg. As soon as the egg was dropped the hen got off the nest with the usual clatter. But the actions of the flock were extraordinary; at the first sound of the hen's cackle the whole flock left off their hunt for worms in the yard and came tumbling pell-mell into the building, and made a rush for the nest. The biddy that had laid the egg tumbled and became one of the assaulting party and the attacks were directed at the poor egg. The roosters seemed fully as fierce as the hens and it was only a short time till there was nothing left of that egg. To say that I was angry would be but a mild statement, for I not only saw where all of my eggs in the past had gone, but from what I heard of the egg eating habit I did not believe it possible to cure the fowls of this propensity. But I was desperate and resolved to make them very sick if I could do no more. So I went into the house and made the most distasteful mixture that I could imagine. As a basis I took a lot of lard, and put in some cayenne pepper, and to that I added sugar, salt, mustard, and perhaps some other distasteful things that I have now forgotten. I had not heard that these things would break up the habit, but it my object to get the most nauseating mixture possible. This conglomeration I put into some egg shells that I happened to have at hand, and for a trial took out a couple of the eggs and put them into the nests. I had expected to see the birds taste of the eggs and refuse them. Imagine then my astonishment, when the whole flock assaulted and devoured those eggs as if they were the daintiest morsels in the world. I was in despair, but because I knew of nothing else to do I went in and filled more egg shells and continued to feed them to the hens till they could eat no more. Before they had finished the last eggs they seemed to lose their enthusiasm in the matter, and to act as if all were not right with their luxury. To make a long story short, my hens for the next day or so seemed decidedly "under the weather," and moped about as if dissatisfied with something. I watched them again, but they contented themselves now with merely taking a good look at the eggs, and leaving them severely alone. From that time I had no more trouble with those hens eating eggs, and I believe that the dose that I give them sickened them of eggs for good.—MARY ANN, in Farmers' Review.

Recent Legal Decisions.

Warranty of Harvesting Machines—Where a harvesting machine is sold upon a written warranty which provides that the machine is warranted to be well made, of good material, and durable with proper care, and that if upon one day's trial it should not work well the selling agent should be immediately notified, and a reasonable time allowed to get a repairer to fix it, after which, if it did not work it might be returned, it is necessary, in order to take advantage of the warranty to comply strictly with its conditions, and a failure to give immediate notice of a defect is a waiver of the breach, and amounts to acceptance of the machine.—McCormick Harvesting Co. vs. Martin, Supreme Court of Nebraska.—Farmers' Review.

Effects of Shearing on Sheep.

The effect of clipping on sheep and horses, says our Paris correspondent, is generally considered to bring about a reduction in weight. In other words, the animals shorn exhale more carbonic acid, and eliminate more urine, that is to say, part with more nitrogen. It was concluded that the clipped animal in order to maintain its normal temperature would have to consume larger rations. These were the deductions of Weiske, drawn some years ago from his experiments. Mr. Pfeiffer, of the agronomical station of Goettingue, has been testing the effects of clipping on sheep, in regard to the loss of nitrogen, and the elimination of carbonic acid. Sixteen sheep were selected; the experiment lasted 29 days in the month of September; during the last period of 13 days the animals had their fleeces, the nitrogen daily thrown off fluctuated from eight to 7½ grammes. In the second period, extending over sixteen days, the sheep being then clipped, the elimination of nitrogen varied from seven, eight to 6.8 grammers daily. The experiments would thus appear to be contradictory, but only in appearance. The carbonic and test of no importance. It is a fact that clipping excites appetite; and horses which have been clipped lose less than those retaining their long hair, in point of weight. The explanation is this: The appetite of shorn animals is increased for the first few days, then returns to its normal standard, because the animal rapidly adopts its economy to the surrounding temperature, since the elimination of carbonic acid by the lungs and of nitrogen by the urine, instead of augmenting, diminishes.

The conclusion reached by the French experimenters entirely accords with the opinions held by breeders of Merino sheep in the United States. It has always been found that the heavy fleeced thoroughbreds, which are shorn early and unwashed, always do better than if shorn later. In fact it frequently brings about a distinct improvement in the condition of animals which had not been doing well. We have seen sheep shorn when the thermometer showed the temperature to be several degrees below the freezing point, and while some care was shown in blanketing for a few days, the animals seemed to become accustomed to the change very soon, and showed improved appetites and greater activity. The wool soon starts growing, and by the time they are called upon to stand the hot July and August suns, is of sufficient length to be a great protection. That the fibre is healthier when shorn early is certain, and the fleece is much cleaner than if allowed to remain on until warm weather and then shorn unwashed. In this climate, if washing was entirely done away with, and flocks all shorn by the middle or end of April, we believe the practice would give more satisfactory fleeces, and certainly be of great advantage to the sheep.

Of the Nearness of Animals to Men, E. P. Evans, in an article on this subject in the February Atlantic, says:

There is no reason to believe that "time sense," which Prantl claims to be the exclusive attribute of man, and from which he derives the superior mental evolution and equipment of the human race, is wholly lacking in the lower animals. Every creature endowed with personal consciousness and memory must know that it is the same being today that it was yesterday, or, in other words, that it exists in time. The possession of this knowledge does not imply the possibility of indulging in philosophical reflections about it any more than the possession of thoughts necessarily involves the power of thinking about thoughts, although it would be rash to affirm that animals may not be capable of giving themselves up to meditation by recalling mental impressions and making them objects of thought.

Time-sense is very highly developed in domestic fowls and many wild birds, as well as in dogs, horses, and other mammals, which keep an accurate account of days of the week and hours of

the day, and have, at least, a limited idea of numerical succession and logical sequence. A Polish artist, residing in Rome, had an exceedingly intelligent and faithful terrier, which, as he was obliged to go on a journey, he left with a friend, to whom the dog was strongly attached. Day and night the terrier went to the station to meet every train, carefully observing and remembering the time of their arrival, and never missing one. Meanwhile he became so depressed that he refused to eat, and would have died of starvation, if the friend had not telegraphed to his master to return at once if he wished to find the animal alive. Here we have a striking exhibition of time-sense as well as an example of all-absorbing affection and self-renunciation likely to result in suicide.

Love, gratitude, devotion, the sense of duty, and the spirit of self-sacrifice are proverbially strong in dogs, and only a "hard-shell" metaphysician who neither knows or cares anything about them, would venture to deny them all moral qualities, and to assert that they are governed solely by a regard for their own individual well-being. There are also many apparently well authenticated instances of animals deliberately taking their own lives; and without too credulously accepting anecdotes of this sort, in which it is difficult to determine whether the creature was a *felo-de-se* or the victim of an accident, there is no psychological reason for rejecting them as old-wives' fables.

Report of Pomona Grange.

The Clinton County Pomona Grange met at the Hall of Bengal Grange, Jan. 13th, with a large attendance and an interesting meeting. Although some of the members were confined at home with the prevailing disease, la grippe, W. N. Dills and wife among the number. Those present were prompt in the payment of dues; one member was reinstated and two new ones initiated. The report of the finance committee showed the Grange to be in good standing, financially, and the indications are that this will be a good year for Grange work in Clinton county. After a good dinner Sister Jennie, of Essex Grange, installed the officers in her usual impressive style, for which she received a hearty vote of thanks.

Bro. Redfern, of the Executive Committee of the State Grange, was present and helped, as he always does, to make our meetings interesting; wish he would come oftener.

I don't know whether Bengal Grange fed all the Grangers in Clinton county or not, but I do know that they were yet setting tables and feeding the hungry when your reporter left for home at seven in the evening. A good program was reported in the evening. SECRETARY.

Hopkins Grange No. 390, Allegan Co., Mich., Jan. 14, 1892—Ed. Visitor: As we have not sent in any communication to the Visitor for the past year, would like to say we are in a flourishing condition; have purchased a building for a Hall, and repaired it. Nineteen members have been taken into our fold. We have had several socials and one quilt-drawing, for which the proceeds have been satisfactory. Our next regular meeting is installation of officers and conferring the third and fourth degrees upon seven candidates. A feast will be prepared for the occasion by the sisters of the Order, and a pleasant time is expected. All try to respond to the literary work assigned them. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Master, D. J. Rounds; Overseer, Hallie Goucher; Lecturer, Maria Dunwell; Steward, Clinton Baker; Ass't Steward, Chas. Andrews; Chaplain, Sarah Andrews; Treasurer, Nelson Kitchen; Secretary, Frank Andrews; Gate Keeper, Henry Cary; Pomona, Vinnie Rounds; Flora, Ella Kitchen; Ceres, Cora Cary; Lady Ass't Steward, Bertha Andrews. LECTURER.

Hillsdale, Mich., Jan. 22—Ed. Visitor: Cambria Grange No. 74, is in a very thriving condition, socially and financially. We have

just purchased an organ for use in the hall, and are contemplating the purchase of a number of copies of "Grange Melodies."

We received eleven members, Dec. 10th, by the reinstatement plan and two by application, making a total membership of over forty. Our hall is nicely finished, being papered, painted, and carpeted, and we own dishes, including knives, forks and spoons.

The following officers were installed Jan. 1st, by Geo. C. Barker of Jefferson Grange:

Master, Chas. F. Barrett; Overseer, Bert Hall; Lecturer, Bessie Dow; Steward, John Barritt; Ass't D. E. Chestnut; Chaplain, N. M. Gregg; Treasurer, Oscar DeWitt; Secretary, R. E. Perry; Gate Keeper, Cass DeWitt; Pomona, Emma Gregg; Ceres, Sarah Gregg; Flora, Esther Sturdevant; Lady Ass't Steward, Melissa Waterbury.

Yours fraternally, "B."

Battle Creek, Jan. 22—Ed. Visitor: Calhoun County Pomona Grange met with Pennfield Grange, Jan. 21st, for the purpose of installing both sets of officers. Brother A. J. Crosby "did the work" in a way that convinced us that he had been there before. After the installation he gave a very interesting lecture, which was appreciated by all. Following are the officers of Pennfield Grange No. 85: Master, S. E. Woodworth; Overseer, C. C. Poorman; Lecturer, Jennie Brigstock; Steward, E. H. Hicks; Ass't Steward, T. Webb; Chaplain, Sister Anna Lee; Treasurer, C. B. Convis; Secretary, Sister C. C. Poorman; Gate Keeper, Thos. Brigstock; Pomona, Jennie Smith; Flora, Eva McDermid; Ceres, Caroline Struwin; Lady Ass't Steward, Clara Lee. MRS. C. C. POORMAN, Sec'y.

Ed. Visitor: Sparta Grange No. 340 P. of H., held a meeting on Dec. 4, '91, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry. The meeting was well attended. The program, consisting of dinner, speeches, reading, recitations, music, &c., was enjoyed by all. At our last regular meeting Bro. Bradford, assisted by Sister Bradford, installed the following officers for the year 1892: Master, E. S. Carpenter; Overseer, Augustus Grawn; Lecturer, Sister S. Cumings; Steward, Joseph Low; Ass't Steward, Thomas Whittall; Chaplain, Sister Powell; Treasurer, W. S. Duley; Secretary, R. S. Coleman; Gate Keeper, Smith Low; Pomona, Sister Whittall; Flora, Sister Duley; Ceres, Sister, Coleman; Lady Ass't Steward, Sister Symes. R. S. COLEMAN, Sec'y.

Greenville, Jan. 18, 1892—Ed. Visitor: At a grand, good meeting of Montcalm Co. Pomona Grange No. 24, held at Crystal Grange Hall on Jan. 14, the following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

Master, F. S. Fillmore; Overseer, E. Porter; Lecturer, H. H. Hinds; Steward, H. J. Beech; Ass't Steward, George Douglass; Chaplain, Sister C. C. Merritt; Treasurer, George H. Lester; Secretary, B. B. Crawford; Gate Keeper, John Fowler; Pomona, Sister H. H. Hinds; Flora, Sister J. M. Parkus; Ceres, Sister Jerome Pently; Ass't Steward, Sister George Douglass. Bro. George B. Gibbs was elected Department Organizer.

Also at a meeting of Montcalm Subordinate Grange No. 318, held in the Hall in the city of Greenville, the following officers were installed: Master, B. B. Crawford; Overseer, John Moon; Lecturer, Joseph Burgess; Secretary, Severn Thompson. Yours fraternally, B. B. CRAWFORD.

The people of Newfoundland are determined to get even with the Canadians for their non-support of the interests of Newfoundland in the matter of a reciprocity treaty with the United States. They have imposed a differential tax of 50 cents per barrel on flour coming from Canada, which act throws the whole flour trade into the hands of Americans. This means the loss to Canada of the sale of 200,000 barrels of flour per year.

Ladies' Department.

Welcome to Pomona,

Read at the Oakland Pomona Grange, Dec. 5, 1891.

In a noted eastern city
On Potomac's banks so fair,
Where the nation's legislation
Is carried on with care,
Met a band of honest workers,
Seeking rights which others did deny;
For the strength that's found in union
They determined now to try.

That was in eighteen hundred sixty-seven,
A quarter of a century ago,
When Hon. O. H. Kelly,
The founder of the order, you know,
And a few friends he had gathered,
To, with skillful care some plan arrange,
Joined forces in that city
And organized the Grange.

'Twas formed as a school of instruction,
So the noble founders said,
For they thought that the farmers
Had long enough been led.
So they issued a proclamation,
Or something to it, akin,
Stating that a new order of business
Was then about to begin.

And under a wise provision
Which one of their number did suggest,
They decided to make no division,
But admit women among the best.
No cause have they had to regret it,
So our good brothers say,
Especially when the feast is spread
As you see it here to-day.

So now in truth and fidelity,
Our Patrons are striving to prove
The blessings of peace and harmony
When controlled by brotherly love,
And ever are they increasing
And adding to numbers small.
Until o'er all the land to-day
We hear the Patrons call.

And to-day there will be gathered
In towns both far and near,
Large bands of happy people
Full of gladness and good cheer,
Who will, in glad thanksgiving,
Their joyous voices raise
To give to the worthy founders
Their hearty thanks and praise.

And in honor of their labor
To-day we have gathered here,
And are happy to greet Pomona
And be ruled by a goddess so dear.
Gladly here we greet you,
Brothers and sisters large and small,
Our warmest, kindest welcome
We extend to one and all.

MARY GREEN.

Societies for Women. What the Grange has Been.

Read by Mrs. A. E. Green at Farmington before Pomona Grange No. 5 at the Anniversary meeting of the Order of P. of H., Dec. 5th, 1891.

Probably these few words will not startle an audience of to-day as they did twenty years ago, but they embrace, as they did then, thoughts almost too deep to fathom.

Almost innumerable societies for women are springing up all over the land, and are rendering invaluable service, not only to women, but also to individuals of the opposite sex, as well as society in general.

Standing foremost among these we find the W. C. T. U., which, with its emblem, the white ribbon, has belted the world and in whose service some ten thousand women of our own state are found.

Is it necessary for me to stop and point out the good which has been accomplished by these noble women who are battling against the fiery demon, rum? Can theirs be other than a loyal calling, under the leadership of such women as Mary Leavitt and Francis Willard, of whom it has been said:

"Noblest of womankind, loved of the good and true;
Brave in thy gentleness, meet in thy might;
Thou of the trusting heart, ready to dare and do,
Ready to die for the weak and the right."

Our aid societies and foreign and home missions, with others too numerous to mention, are of woman's origin and are carried on by women. But what has created such a radical change? My friends, it is because woman no longer "looks through smoked glass," but, by constant toil and perseverance has groped her way into the bright, clear rays of education and culture.

How has the Grange aided in the work of elevating the position of the farmer's wife and daughter in society? They were hungry and thirsty for some work outside the dairy, the kitchen and the laundry. They were eager to advance, and when the work was given them to do, they seized it with determination and did improve.

The founders builded wiser than they knew when woman was taken into the order as an equal with her brother man, for the perpetuation of the order depends largely upon the untiring devotion and zeal of the sisters of the order. They have an equal voice and vote and are eligible to each and all the offices in the Grange, from the humblest in the subordinate to the highest in the

National Grange. They were apt scholars, and soon learned to conduct business according to parliamentary usage and became as well versed in the political situation of our country as their brothers.

They had acquitted themselves so successfully that in 1888 a new department was added to the Grange—that of Woman's Work, and our state has been well organized by the various committees and is now well at work. At first the work was laid out into districts, then arose a desire for committees from each subordinate Grange.

The work is well understood by our Patrons. It appeals to the finer sensibilities of woman—her deftness of touch, her artistic taste and her devotion and love for the order and the children. This work looks to the education of the youth, establishing libraries, organizing and looking after Juvenile Granges and preparing and decorating for Children's day, etc.

We are ever looking upward and maturing such measures for the future as shall best advance and upbuild the educational and social features, thus honoring our noble organization.

"Knock! It shall be opened" to thee;
Knock away!
That was truly woman's duty
To obey,
So the echoes come a-stealing,
All her faith and love revealing,
"Till the door,
Barred and bolted e'er before,
Barred no more,
Now swings, with welcome, open wide,
To man and woman, side by side.

Waste in the Kitchen.

Waste in the kitchen is often very great from apparently trivial sources. House-keepers should read and ponder. In cooking meats, the water is thrown out without removing the grease, or the grease from the dripping-pan is thrown away. Pieces of bread in the bread-box are left to dry and mold; scraps of meat are thrown away; cold potatoes are left to sour and spoil; preserves are opened, forgotten, and left to mold and ferment. Dried fruits are not looked after, and become wormy; sauce and vinegar are left standing in tin; apples are left to decay for the want of "sorting over; corks are left out of the molasses and vinegar jugs; the tea canister is left open; victuals are left exposed to be eaten by mice; bones from meat and carcasses of turkeys and chickens are thrown away, when they could be used in making good soups; vegetables and puddings left from the dinner are thrown away; soap is left in water to dissolve and waste; dish towels are used for dishcloths and napkins for dish towels; towels are used for holders; brooms and mops are not hung up; coal is wasted by not sifting the ashes; more coal and wood is burned than necessary, by not adjusting dampers when the fire is not in use; lamps are left burning when not used; tin dishes are not properly cleansed and dried; knives and forks are allowed to get rusty for want of proper care and nice ones are spoiled by use in the kitchen; pails and washtubs fall to pieces because left dry; potatoes in the cellar grow and thus become unfit for eating; ashes are thrown out when they could be utilized in different ways; carpets are swept with stub brooms, which wear out the texture; good, new brooms are used in scrubbing the kitchen floor; sheets are scorched and injured by being used as ironing-sheets; silver spoons are ruined by scraping kettles with them; good forks are spoiled by using them in toasting bread; flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan left with dough sticking to it; biscuit is left to dry and finally thrown away instead of making of them a delightful toast for tea; cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when often they can be steamed for the next day, or, in case of rice, made over into other dishes; vegetables are thrown away that would warm nicely for breakfast; cream is left to mold and spoil, and much is wasted by dipping into pans; mustard is left to spoil in the cruse; pickles become spoiled for want of care; pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding; hams become tainted for the want of care; lard is not

well tried in the fall and becomes tainted; tea and coffee pots are injured upon the stove and by leaving contents in them from one meal to another; soap suds are thrown out instead of being used as a fertilizer on the garden; while sugar, tea, coffee, rice and spices are carelessly wasted in handling.

The foregoing is only a partial list of the kitchen wastes—it could be extended almost indefinitely. MRS. C. B. WHITCOMB.

The Possibilities Within Reach of American Women, and their Incapacity for Business.

We are living in the first century of woman—a century exuberant with woman's advancement, and a precursor of her still greater progress, for woman must advance. She must see for herself. The times demand it. In spite of all the antagonism that has been brought to bear upon woman, she could not be kept down.

Now, woman aspires to all the fields of labor. It has become the fashion to work. We have no more use for idle girls and women. There is a field large enough for all to enter and plenty to do. Yes, truly has it been said that all occupations are open to woman, and she has demonstrated her ability to occupy them. But, as a class, how is she filling them? Something is lacking; what is it? Woman lacks capacity for business. I take it for granted that men conduct all branches of business—manufacturing, mercantile, professional, and even educational—more successfully and systematically than women. She who will not recognize the above truth is a shortsighted champion of her sex; and she who, seeing the justice of the reprobation thrown upon "tyrant man" the blame of the present condition of affairs, and in order to reverse the position of governed and governors urges the downtrodden to rebellion, offers, instead of a remedy, only an intoxicating draught.

The young British officer in charge of the signal service in the war of the Soudan, being posted upon the top of the Great Pyramid, was so impressed with the historic associations that he signaled to the admiral's ship, just entering the nearest offing, "Forty centuries salute you!" The martinet superior signaled back, "None of nonsense! Attend to business!" Here is the underlying cause of the unfitnes of the average woman for business pursuits. She who would earn her bread after the manner of men, without fear of social expulsion, or favor offered as a gallant recompense, is fettered, not only by forty, but sixty centuries of precedent. From the time of the first woman down to the present day, woman's has been unpaid labor. For generations innumerable she has had her "keep" and pin money for the asking. Upon the manner of asking and the humor of her lord depended the quantity and quality. It is cruelly irrational to expect woman with her rigid muscles to display such action as a man. An apt representation of the modern woman is the Indian dervish whose arm is upheld in prayer week after week until he cannot lower it. But salary is not the only difference as regards labor. Take, as an example, the stores where women are employed as sales-clerks. Precedent, which they mistake for nature and one of Heaven's laws, decrees that they must be treated according to a certain set of rules—men according to another and a different. This is the defect in the way of equal wages. Women do not work as men do. A man's life depends upon his labor. With woman it is only a means to an end. A man takes hold of his business with both hands. If strength is lacking here he puts his feet upon it, and if worst comes to worst, he seizes it with his jaws. His chosen profession is the rock upon which to build his structure. Men concentrate every energy upon a piece of work, knowing it will be judged by its merit; women work and watch the clock.

I heard a teacher say, "I only get twenty dollars a month, so I shall not work very hard." You were not hired to teach a twenty dollar school, nor a forty,

fifty-dollar one, you were hired to teach school. Do your best, and you will get more for your next. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Put zeal into your work. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Be constant, steadfast and persevering.

Some women, especially those who have seen better times and are forced to earn their living, are always lamenting their lot and belittling the employment which gives them their bread. They consider the necessity of self-support a crime committed upon nature and precedent. To the four winds with such ideas! All such idols must be broken down before woman can become self-supporting and receive equal rights and compensation. Be assured as long as you do not honor your labor, it will never honor you. Many are the instances which might be cited would time permit, in nearly every occupation, where women degrade themselves by belittling their work. These things are not to be smiled at or despised as unimportant.—They are the motives and ideas which seriously hinder the working woman from becoming free and independent. If she would command success, she must cease to make work, with its trials and drawbacks which accompany it, a personal matter. When she takes advantage of being a woman, she begs the question and sinks into pauperism by appealing to sentimentality instead of justice. Our woman criminal appreciates fully that she runs no risk of such punishment as would be meted out to an equally guilty man, and acts upon this persuasion. Native or foreign, young or old, handsome or hideous, she plants herself confidently upon the vantage ground of her sex.—What then must be done? What is essential that this generation shall have a class of business women who shall add dignity to their sex, and stop this hue and cry of being chained by poverty? This clamor of poverty can be quelled in only one way, and that is, first, last and always, to engage in any allotted labor, even the most menial, with a determined purpose of performing it as if it were the one and sole object in life.

A writer in the Christian Union some time since said: "The boy who will succeed in the world is he who is content, for a time, to do two dollars' worth of work for a dollar." This same precept should apply to business girls as well; it should be ingrafted into the heart and brain until it becomes a part of our very being—a living organ as it were. There should be a determination to render even the smallest obligation thoroughly in every respect. The compensation to be received for the work should be lost sight of in the endeavor to do it well. The first, skilled workmanship; last, what price will it command? Some girls fill places with but little interest in them. They work along with no aim at business—only waiting for the proposition that makes them a wife.

Many of those who are left widows are those women who were denied all knowledge of business principles and methods. How can practical, sound business men sit idly by and see their wives and daughters totally ignorant of business in even its simplest forms! This age is terribly in earnest. Girls should receive a business education. A man who is master of four trades can learn the fifth and not be spoiled. The same with woman; let her develop her capabilities, and when the time comes, as come it may, she will not be compelled to fold her hands and ask, "What can I do?" All occupations are open to woman, and when "the laborer is worthy of his hire," then will she fill as well as occupy these different positions; the wages will be equal, and no longer will we be forced to admit that woman lacks capacity for business.—Julia Ball, in Michigan Household.

The first literary society ever formed in India, for native women, is the Bombay Sorosis, formed on the model of the New York society of the same name. Two hundred members are on its rolls.

Hints About Mending.

Good, substantial darning, neat and workmanlike, which keeps clothing in good order until it has yielded its utmost quota of service, is an essential part of the training of a good family seamstress. Clothes worn without mending are almost thrown away, so speedily are they ruined, and bungling, incapable mending is almost worse than none. The girl who cannot mend has been neglected in that important part of her education, which consists of learning to take care of her own clothes. There is a womanly grace in the ure of the needy, and a truly womanly economy in its employment that will never go out of fashion.

The small stitches that require care and promptness rather than skill—the button replaced immediately when it comes off, the little rip fastened, the worn braid exchanged for a new one, the frayed buttonhole neatly renewed—these things betray character. Life is made up of these apparently petty and insignificant daily emergencies, and the way in which we meet them decides whether the aggregate will be order and beauty or confusion and waste. Girls should think of this when they put on something that needs a few stitches.

There is an efficient kind of mending in advance which may sometimes be done by reinforcing the parts of greatest wear. Children's stockings will keep in good condition much longer for running on pieces to line the heel and knee, before they are worn. Stocking tops should be saved for this purpose. The careful house mother will have a good roll in her stocking-bag, so that she can always choose a piece to match. If it is put on flatly, cat-stitching the edges, not turning them under, it will not impair either comfort or good looks, and it saves labor. For older persons, those portions of the foot which should wear first (the ball of the foot with some persons, with others the heel) may be run with soft yarn or darning cotton. It is easier and pleasanter to do this work while stockings are new than to fill up holes in a worn pair.

Coat sleeves in a calico dress should have the lower part of the sleeves made double, taking care that the interlining matches the outside, so that when the elbow begins to wear, the patch is already provided, and it can be mended much more neatly and easily than when a piece has to be inserted.

Broken knees and elbows in jackets and trousers are best restored, when past the relief of a modest darn, by putting in a piece quite across. Make a straight, well pressed seam crosswise, and put the new piece into the seams of the garment on each side. In mending a faded garment, make the new piece less conspicuous by washing it in strong soapsuds and dry in the sun.

Mending has its beneficent surgery; it is often best to resort to extreme measures. If an undershirt is badly "torn down," cut it quite through to the bottom; put on soft, strong facings, with buttons and buttonholes all the way down, bind the neck over with soft binding tape, and it is better than new. A flannel skirt, worn on the bottom, may have the hem cut off and a new one made with a row of feathered-stitching—black is pretty on red flannel, and pink or blue on white; then put on a yoke fitted to the hips to give sufficient length. This yoke may be lined if the flannel is not very heavy. Cotton shirts worn on the edge should be bound, and black dress-braid is sometimes used for this purpose.

Quilted satin, linings in jackets and wraps are apt to get frayed at the edges and are very neatly restored by putting on a flat silk braid to match, just wide enough to cover the worn edge. Winter wraps can almost always be much improved by a skillful needle-woman for the second season's wear. A shabby overcoat is sometime quite rejuvenated by a broad, heavy, binding of woolen braid. Hoods are freshened up by a bow of new ribbon, or a bit of contrasting color in cords and balls.—Dorothy, in Country Gentleman.

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Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad.

Dec. 13, 1891.—Central Standard Time

GOING NORTH.

Table showing train schedules for Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad going north, including destinations like Cincinnati, Fort Wayne, and Kalamazoo.

GOING SOUTH.

Table showing train schedules for Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad going south, including destinations like Mackinaw City, Traverse City, and Kalamazoo.

Sleeping cars for Petoskey and Mackinaw on No. 3 from Grand Rapids.

Sleeping cars, Grand Rapids to Chicago, on No. 4.

Sleeping cars, Grand Rapids to Cincinnati, on No. 6.

No. 1, 4, 5 and 6 daily south of Grand Rapids.

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CHICAGO & In Effect Jan. 3, '92

WEST MICHIGAN RY.

Favorite route to the Summer resorts of Northern Michigan.

Table showing train schedules for West Michigan Railway, including destinations like Hartford, Holland, Grand Haven, and Muskegon.

Hartford, Lv. 1:26 P.M. 8:06 P.M.

Holland, Ar. 1:55 P.M. 8:35 P.M.

Grand Haven, Lv. 3:44 10:13

Muskegon, Lv. 4:15 10:45

Grand Rapids, Ar. 3:55 10:10

Grand Rapids, Lv. 5:17 7:25

Newaygo, Lv. 6:49 8:57

Big Rapids, Lv. 8:15 10:45

Ludington, Lv. 9:50 12:00

Manistee, via M. & N. E. 10:23 12:20

Traverse City, Ar. 10:59 12:45

Elk Rapids, Ar. 11:59 1:45

Hartford, Lv. 11:32 1:55

Benton Harbor, Ar. 12:10 2:25

St. Joseph, Lv. 1:45 3:15

New Buffalo, Lv. 2:11 3:30

Michigan City, Lv. 3:55 5:25

Chicago, Ar. 4:55 6:05

Chicago, Lv. 5:55 7:05

Chicago, Ar. 6:55 8:05

Chicago, Lv. 7:55 9:05

Chicago, Ar. 8:55 10:05

Chicago, Lv. 9:55 11:05

Chicago, Ar. 10:55 12:05

Chicago, Lv. 11:55 1:05

Chicago, Ar. 12:55 2:05

Chicago, Lv. 1:55 3:05

Chicago, Ar. 2:55 4:05

Chicago, Lv. 3:55 5:05

Chicago, Ar. 4:55 6:05

Chicago, Lv. 5:55 7:05

Chicago, Ar. 6:55 8:05

Chicago, Lv. 7:55 9:05

Chicago, Ar. 8:55 10:05

Chicago, Lv. 9:55 11:05

Chicago, Ar. 10:55 12:05

Chicago, Lv. 11:55 1:05

Chicago, Ar. 12:55 2:05

Chicago, Lv. 1:55 3:05

Chicago, Ar. 2:55 4:05

Chicago, Lv. 3:55 5:05

Chicago, Ar. 4:55 6:05

Chicago, Lv. 5:55 7:05

Chicago, Ar. 6:55 8:05

Chicago, Lv. 7:55 9:05

Chicago, Ar. 8:55 10:05

Chicago, Lv. 9:55 11:05

Chicago, Ar. 10:55 12:05

Unreturning.

Three things never come again: Snow may vanish from the plain, Blossoms from the dewy sod, Verdure from the broken clod,

Water from the river's bed, Forests from the mountain's head, Night may brighten into day,

Noon in midnight fade away, Yet the snow shall come once more When the winter tempests roar,

Blossoms each returning spring In her laden arms shall bring, Grass be green where plowshares run,

Rivers flash in autumn's sun, Time shall bid the forests grow, Noon and midnight come and go;

But, though all thy soul complain, Three things shall not come again. Never to the bow that bends Comes the arrow that it sends;

Spent in space, its airy flight Vanishes like lost delight, When with rapid aim it sprang From the bowstring's shivering twang

Straight to brain or heart it fled Once for all its course was sped, No wild wail upon its track Brings the barb of vengeance back,

Hold thy hand before it go; Pause beside the bended bow; Hurltled once across the plain, No spent arrow comes again.

Never comes the chance that passed; That one moment was the last, Though thy life upon it hung, Though thy death beneath it swung,

If thy future all the way Now in darkness goes astray, When the insant hour of fate Passes through the golden gate;

When the hour, but not the man, Comes and goes from Nature's plan; Never more its countenance Beams upon thy slow advance,

Never more that time shall be Burden bearer unto thee, Weep and search o'er land and main, Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word Be again unsaid, unheard, Well its work the utterance wrought, Woe or weal, what'er it brought,

Once for all the rune is read, Once for all the judgment said, Though it pierced, a poisoned spear, Through the soul thou holdest dear,

Though it quiver fierce and deep Through some stainless spirit's sleep, Idle, vain, the flying string, That a passing rage might bring,

Speech shall give it faints of steel, Utterance all its bars reveal, Give thy tears of blood and fire; Pray with pangs of mad desire,

Offer life, and soul, and all; That one sentence to recall, Wrestle with its fatal wrath, Chase with flying feet its path,

Rue it all thy lingering days, Hide it deep with love and praise; Once for all thy word is sped, None invade it but the dead,

All thy travail will be vain— Spoken words come not again! —Rose Terry Cook, in Boston Transcript.

Some New Year Resolutions.

Husband and Father—Resolved, That in my effort to make money this year, I will not forget that I have a wife and children, and that they have some claim on me.

That I will spend less money for tobacco and more for home comforts.

That I will give more attention to my children's education, morals and manners.

That I will pay my boys for the thousand profitable chores they do on the farm.

That I will be just to my neighbors, honest in dealing with men, and civil in my manners to the outside world, if I am not to my wife and children.

Wife and Mother—Resolved, That I will use less of Solomon's prescriptions in governing my children and more humanity.

That I will use more tact and less tongue in managing my husband.

That I will not nag my boys for their dirt and disorder. Boys have feelings and souls, if nature was out of humor when she made them.

That I will let my neighbors manage their own affairs, and not gossip about them if their ways are different from mine.

That I will try to remember that of all objects moulded by the Creator nothing else possesses such power for good as a sweet, loving, lovable woman. And my constant aim shall be to become one.

Young Lady—Resolved, That I will associate with no young man who drinks or gambles; neither will I permit young men to smoke in my presence.

That I will use my influence with my young lady friends to discountenance such evils in their gentleman acquaintances.

That I will use the mind and power God gave me for something besides flirting and social frivolities.

That I will look for something else in the man I am going to marry besides a "lovely" mustache, good dancing legs, and an ability to gush sweet sentiment.

That I will make myself so

loved in the home, so patient with the boys, so kind to the sisters, so companionable with parents that not one will dread lest I become an old maid, or have any sympathy to give to the man who may become my husband.

Young Man—Resolved, That I will be a man. Not a flesh and blood whisky barrel, not a tobacco-juice sprinkler, not a smoke-stack, not a foul-smelling, foul-talking, foul-acting, two-legged thing, but just simply a man, with a clear brain and a clean heart.

That being a man I will fight every evil that tends to lower mankind.

That I will have the courage to say no to hurtful treats offered me.

That I will not associate with young men of bad habits.

That I will be honest and faithful in my work.

That matrimony is a portal as delusive as it is attractive. That cupid is often a blinding little god. But that I shall try to dodge this power in him, and in mating for life do so with my eyes open. I will marry neither a butterfly, a drone, or a tartar. —Plowman.

Electricity in Agriculture.

It is well known that currents of electricity exist in the atmosphere. Clouds are charged and discharged. There is a constant change of electricity from earth to air and from air to earth, the latter being the great reservoir for all electricity. Hills, mountain peaks, trees, chimneys, spires, in fact, all points elevated above the earth's surface assist greatly in charging and discharging the atmosphere.

Again, if two iron rods are driven into the earth and connected by a copper wire with an electrometer in the circuit, the instrument is almost immediately affected, showing that currents of electricity are running through the ground. Now, what is the function of these atmospheric and ground electric currents?—Many scientists are agreed that certain forms of precipitation are due to electrical action; but my observations have led me to believe conclusively that electricity is a potent factor in the economy of nature, and has more to do with the growth and development of plants than has hitherto been known.

Davy succeeded in the decomposition of the alkalis, potash and soda, by means of electric currents. In our laboratories, water and ternary compounds are rapidly decomposed by the battery, and we may reasonably suppose that that which is effected in our laboratories by artificial means, takes place in the great laboratory of nature on a grander and more extended scale.

Plant food is carried throughout the plant by means of the flow of sap; these currents circulate through all the rootlets and center, as it were, in the stalk, carrying their tiny burdens of various elements and depositing them in their proper places.—That this phenomenon of circulation is due to electricity cannot be doubted. Most plants grow more rapidly during the night than in the day. May not the following be a reason for this:

We have already mentioned how electric currents pass from air to earth and vice versa. At night the plant is generally covered with dew, and the plant itself becomes a good conductor, and consequently currents of electricity pass to each through this medium, and during the passage convert soil elements into plant food and stimulate the upward currents to gather up the dissolved elements and carry them to their proper places.—Mass. Ag'l College Bulletin.

The Problem of Aerial Navigation. In the absence of any governmental or concerted effort the Cosmopolitan Magazine has determined to attempt the solution of the problem of aerial navigation, and under its direction a series of experiments will be made which it is hoped will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Unquestionably the greatest mechanical problem unsolved is that of aerial navigation. When one considers the far-reaching effect which it would have upon the civilization of the age, and the benefits which would accrue to mankind, the wonder is that the affair has not been ere this seriously studied by some of the governments of the world. The Cosmopolitan does not enter lightly upon the undertaking. A portion of the plans to be put into execution were submitted to the French government by a member of the Cosmopolitan staff, as long ago as 1867. There are undoubtedly great difficulties in the way, but the attempt will be steadfastly pursued by the Cosmopolitan under the direction of the ablest scientists whose aid can be obtained, until success is secured, even if it has to be carried on through a series of years.

No patents will be applied for as the result of inventions made. If success crowns the work, the result will belong to the public.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison in response to an offer by the Cosmopolitan of \$100 per hour for services in consultation said: "This is of so great interest to the public that I freely give my services without pay—and the use of my laboratory, too, if you need it for experiments." The services of Prof. King, of Philadelphia, who has made more than 300 ascensions, and is recognized as the most experienced living aeronaut, have been engaged as advisor in aeronautics. Capt. Lewis M. Haupt, professor of engineering, University of Pennsylvania, will have charge of the engineering and mechanical work.

Plans and suggestions will be welcomed from all sources, and due credit given for ideas utilized.

The Cosmopolitan offers \$500 in prizes for three essays upon aerial navigation:

1st. \$250 for the most valuable paper suggesting the best methods of accomplishing the navigation of the air.

2nd. \$100 for the second most valuable essay on the same subject.

3rd. \$150 for the best paper on the result which successful aerial navigation would have upon the moral and material interests of the world.

The papers to be in the possession of the Cosmopolitan before February 1st, 1892.

When a railroad company, says the Philadelphia Record, handles as many million tons of coal as the Reading does, the question of weighing it becomes a matter of some importance. Skill and long experience have solved the problem, however, and the bulk of the vast coal tonnage of the leading coal-carrying road of the country is weighed on four scales, and then they are not crowded. The weight of the empty car is marked in chalk on the outside. As the car approaches, a clerk takes the number of the car and its weight, the weigher calls out the gross weight, and the difference is the weight of the coal. The cars run as fast as ten miles an hour across the scale, and it is very seldom that one has to be stopped and brought back for re-weighing, although it is done if the weigher is at all uncertain about his figures. The man at the scales can generally tell within a hundred pounds or so what a car contains. As soon as they see the class of car coming, they know the number of tons it contains, and have the scale so prepared that only the hundred-weights need be adjusted while the car is moving over it. Expert officials of the company can tell at a glance what each class of cars should contain, and if, in looking over the weight sheet, any car appears either too heavy or too light, it is brought back and re-weighed.

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2

Notices of Meetings.

Montealm Co. Pomona Grange No. 24, will meet with Douglass Grange No. 650, Thursday, Feb. 11, 1892.

The next session of Kent county Grange No. 18 will meet at Grattan Grange hall on Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Olive Centre, Jan. 18, 1892—Ed. Visitor: Olive Centre Grange held its installation of officers on the 16th inst.

Douglass Grange No. 650, is in a very flourishing condition. The annual reports show a good attendance of officers and members;

The following is the table of contents of the February number of the North American Review: How to Attack the Tariff, by the Hon. W. M. Springer.

For any specific information desired, address JOSEPH S. HALL, Michigan Passenger Agent, Jackson, Mich. (tf)

An Acre of Clover worth 11-2 Acres Corn to make Pork.

It is not extravagant to say that more pounds of pork can be made from one acre of clover than from the same area of corn.

IF YOU WANT TO GO

to any point in Michigan, or from anywhere in Michigan to any point in the East, South, or West, you will almost invariably find the direct route to be the Michigan Central, whose numerous branch lines traverse the State in every direction.

No other road runs directly by and in full view of Niagara Falls, when (at Falls View) its day trains stop five minutes to give passengers the most comprehensive view of the Falls and River that is afforded from any single point.

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No other road has a finer or more complete through car system, running to all points upon its own line and to points beyond—New York, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Duluth, San Francisco.

Died.—Corneilus E. Peer, a worthy and esteemed member of Gerald Grange No. 136.

New England Magazine

Illustrated Monthly. THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF BOSTON.

It is unique, containing American Legends, Traditions, History, Story and Poetry, Philosophy and Music, Science and Art.

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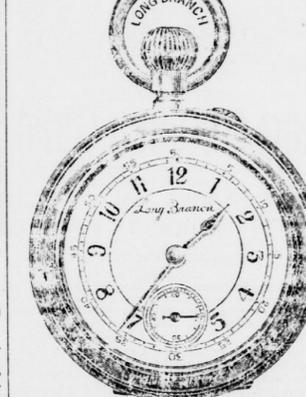
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