

## FAMILY CIRCLE.

### Grange Song.

Respectfully inscribed to Belvidere Grange, No. 64, P. of H. by the author.

Poetry is the language of the emotions, and when men seek to express their thoughts in verse, we may be certain that their convictions have reached down into their hearts.

We print the following, coming from a farmer who has grown old in toil and whose hands are more familiar with the plow and spade than with the pen, for the thoughts that it contains:

(Air, The Fine Old English Gentleman)

1 Come farmers all and loud we call,  
You need not think it strange,  
There is good news for all who choose,  
By uniting at the Grange.

Chorus: Like a true and noble Patron  
That lives in modern times,  
Like a true and noble Patron  
That lives in modern times.

2 While ro'ld and fleeced on every hand,  
It is time to have a change,  
Farmers be bold, a power we hold  
By uniting at the Grange.

3 Come one and all, both great and small,  
Within a certain range,  
Farmers up stand, your rights demand,  
By uniting at the Grange.

4 When ere confusion, worse confused,  
Which must be re-arranged,  
Patrons that's true, this we can do,  
By uniting at the Grange.

5 Come men of toil who till the soil  
And have long been bound in chains,  
We will unite, all errors right,  
By uniting at the Grange.

6 With farmers' right, curb tyrants' might,  
Trust God for he don't change,  
He will help them that help themselves  
By uniting at the Grange.

### Death of the First Born.

This beautiful extract, from Dr. Holland's new book, Arthur Bonnicastle, will be read with deep and tender interest by many whose experience it truthfully portrays:

I stand in a darkened room before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first-born. My arm is around the wife and mother who weeps over the lost treasure, and cannot, till tears have their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child could die—that my child could die. I knew that other children had died, but I felt safe. We lay the little fellow close by his grandfather at last; and I strew his grave with flowers, and then return to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never been united in joy, and with sympathies forever opened toward all who are called to a kindred grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who has been his teacher! He was like me; will his grandfather know him? I never can cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me—how by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self-sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity, and purity.

Ah! this taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship through all their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly kingdom. To no one of these am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from me before the world had touched him with a stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart, and let in among its sympathies the world of sorrowing men and women who mourn because their little ones are not.

The little graves, alas! how many there are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands, that still breast, so often pressed warm to our own, those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life, that sweet, unmoving, alabaster face—ah! we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one, and made us better. There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe miss the blessed influence.

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy, who said: "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, amputation, creation and adoption."

THAT was a good hen; she was near-sighted and ate saw-dust for corn meal; result, laid a nest full of drawer knobs, sat on them three weeks and hatched out a full set of parlor furniture.

### Aunt Betsey "Riled Up."

"I declare if I warn't riled up" said Aunt Betsey Green, dropping the knitting work into her lap, and pushing her spectacles up over her border. "I declare if I warn't! If I could only have taken that man by the collar, as I used to my Reuben when he didn't toe up to suet me, I'd have given him such a shaking as he never heard on, I'll be bound!"

"There he sat in that rocking-chair his feet on the fender, and kept growling out at Lizzy Jane to bring him his boots, or fasten his collar, or some such unreasonable thing, all the while that she was trying to dress them four young-ones, and had the headache so she looked more like a ghost than a created woman. If I was in that ere place they call Legislator, I'll bet there'd be a law passed to build a penitentiary, or some other kind of a pen, for such critters as he is—with no mercy on a woman whether she's sick or well, just keeping up their 'you do this, or you do that,' from sun rising to sun setting."

"But then there's Lizzy Jane, she's most as much to blame as he is. If she'd had a bit of spunk, he never'd have got her under his thumb that way. Most likely he begun to order her round before the honeymoon was set, when she hadn't got her eyes open no more'n a three days old kitten, and thought she be blest forever, cause she'd got her neck in the same yoke with his'n. If she ain't found out her mistake, and had some tears to shed over 'cracked idols,' as they tell about in poetry, I don't know what kind of stuff she's made of."

"When I was married—thank my lucky stars—I didn't get tied to any such kind of crockery. Reuben wasn't uncommon handsome to look at; to be sure, any one might have thought of a brown earthen plate side of a china vase, comparing him with such a whickered, scented up chap as Lizzy Jane's husband; but I can tell you he is just what I took him to be, and never shed one single tear finding that my 'idol' must be handled careful, fussed over, waited on and run for, to keep in good humor without fear of breakage."

"I did feel kind of spiteful when Lizzy Jane set her head up and acted like she'd crow over me cause she'd got a city husband; but every since I stopped there, I've felt real Christian about it."

"I tell you, gals, when a chap asks you to stand up before the parson with him, you find out, whether he can stir out of a rocking-chair long enough to find his boots, or not, and whether you are to be head waiter or helpmeet after you arrive in County of Matrimony, State of Bliss."—*Ex.*

### The Baby.

When a baby comes into a household, it is only a shapeless, red-faced thing, with tiny doubled fists that move themselves about at nothing, and an appetite disproportionately large in comparison with its other qualities.

Yes, it comes as a sort of monarch—that helpless little handful and it begins to reign forthwith.

Its voice—not exactly the voice of the turtle, either—being heard in the land, all other sounds are forgotten.

It matters not who has no dinner so that he enjoys himself. Ordinary occupations cease, and a group gathers about the cradle to see him put his fist in his mouth. A small fringe of hair on the back of his head is more beautiful, in the eyes of household, than the floating locks of any golden blonde on earth; and while some adult is quietly advised to have his aching wisdom-tooth pulled out, and not bother any more about it, the family rush pell-mell to the cradle side, to see that wonderful thing—baby's first tooth, peeping through its gums.

King Baby, do you know anything about all this? If you did, you might look forward very sadly. In after life there will be no such adoration for you. Words of wisdom will fall unnoticed from your lips then, though when you have learned to say "bla! bla!" the household now goes into ecstasies.

Your little natural kicks and wriggles, that are so charming, are nothing to the hardwork that you will do without a "thank you" from any one. Your sleeping, eating and smiling will interest no one but yourself when you are a man. It is well that you do not know it. But now you are a king, and, in truth a home is made happy by such a little monarch. Reign on. I am one of your subjects, and I pity any one so stern and cold that he does not bow a little before the great grand Llama, the Baby of the House.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

JOSH BILLINGS divides the human race into three classes: Those who think it is so, those who think it isn't so and those who don't care whether it is so or not.

## OUR YOUNG PATRONS.

We publish below a number of letters written by little boys and girls to a paper called the *Western Rural*. Now can't the boys and girls of Minnesota do just as well? Who will be the first boy or the first girl to write a letter for THE GRANGE ADVANCE? We shall tell in the paper who wrote the first letter, and who the second, and who the third. Let us hear from the boys and girls.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have a little brother a year old, named Walter. He creeps everywhere. He can almost walk and stand alone sometimes. Sister Nellie is six and she reads in the first reader. Pa is digging a well by the barn. We have two little calves—their names are Rosa and Star. My oldest brother Elmer has some Guinea hens. One Guinea hen stole her nest away and hatched out sixteen little Guineas. My grandmas are both living. One of them was seventy-three years old last August, and she is real smart, too, for she rides down to see us and it's seven miles. My grandpas are both dead. We have a little gray and black kitten. We have a wooden swing and we have nice times in the Summer swinging up in the leaves.

MARY L. VANDERPOOL.

Prospect Hill, Wis.

DEAR WESTERN RURAL:—I am a little girl of nine. We have a dog whose name is Rover. He got shut up in an old house last February and staid there twelve days without any thing to eat or drink. He is all right now. I have a little white kitten whose name is Daisy. I received my premium, the "Chicago Fire," and am very much pleased with it.

JULIA BUNCE.

Wakeman, O.

DEAR WESTERN RURAL:—I am a farmer boy—live on a farm of seventy acres in the town of Colon, Mich. We take both of your papers and like them very much. We haven't got much of a stock, but my uncle, William Snook, beats all. He has a cow which in 1872 had three calves, March 25th, and in 1873 she had two on March 11th. The cow is over five years old. That cow has had seven calves in five years.

ANTHONY PETER.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am nine. I live on a farm of 160 acres. We have three horses, two cows and two calves. Can any one spell cat with one letter?

LEWIS THRONE.

### A Poor Unfortunate.

[London Letter to the Washington Republican.]

The fashionable residents in the neighborhood of Kensington Gardens have just been startled by a sensational piece of scandal and melancholy suicide. A short time since a celebrated leader of the demimonde, who lived in magnificence at Kensington, succeeded in winning the affections of a fast young gentleman of high social position, and, notwithstanding the opposition of his relatives, he married her. The next day they left for Paris. There, it appears, the bridegroom plunged into the most reckless expenditures, and lost enormous sums at gaming. In less than four months he had squandered all of his own and his wife's money. They returned together about a month since, and took up their abode in her mansion. About two weeks since he was induced by some means to leave her, and return to his father's house. His friends insisted on his applying for a divorce, on the ground that he had been duped into marriage. Proceedings were commenced and the summons served on the unlucky woman. Yesterday morning she was found dead on the floor of her bed room, having stabbed herself in the heart. She left a most pathetic letter, directed to her husband, which was clinched in her left hand, together with his portrait. She accused him of being the cause of her death, and with treating her with the basest ingratitude. She begged herself by supplying him with money, and even the furniture and plate in her house, together with the house itself, was hopelessly mortgaged. This "poor unfortunate" was considered one of the most beautiful women in London. She was tall, slender, and exquisitely moulded, and magnificent head and shoulders, and lustrous dark eyes. From documents found in her writing desk it was ascertained that more than a year ago she had saved her husband (then her lover) from utter ruin and disgrace by giving him \$30,000 to cancel his defalcation of some funds in the bank in which he was employed. She had also given him other large amounts of money previous to marriage, and had really married him to try to reform him, and at the same time to reclaim herself. The affair has caused a profound sensation among the aristocratic folks of the West end, as the young gentleman, notwithstanding his known extravagance and fastness, moves in the best society.

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