

CHICAGO

GUARANTEED CIRCULATION,
300,000 COPIES.

liberating itself along the lines. Brimson saw, growing more and more nervous-looking, and his forehead beaded with sweat. He pronounced scholarly and with ever-increasing insistence, and the negro, though now well along in middle life, was beginning to show the first signs of genuine advance towards self-regard in the matter.

"How kin dis book-fo' ninn' eber do me any good? Ain't I er nigger, all de same."



AN ILLUSTRATED FARM AND FAMILY PAPER.

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PUBLISHED BY THE
 McCormick Harvesting Machine Co.
 CHICAGO.

"TO HELP THE FARMER."

The last legislature of Minnesota authorized the State to purchase machinery for the manufacture of binding twine by the penitentiary convicts at Stillwater. When the State committee got out to buy the needed machinery, what did they find? Simply this: That every manufacturer of the machinery for making binding twine—both in this country and in Europe—was practically tied up by the National Cordage Company. To this concern the committee went asking "permission" to buy the desired machinery. What did they get? They got a letter to John Good, of New York, the only American maker of binding-twine machinery, telling him he might sell to the State of Minnesota, if he would give them (the National Cordage Company) an indemnity bond in the sum of \$300,000 as "protection," etc. This was, of course, out of reason, and the conditions were very promptly not accepted by Mr. Good and the committee went home.

This was the gracious "favor" this magnanimous, philanthropic promoter of National Union-help-the-farmer schemes granted the State of Minnesota.

Remember this: The McCormick Harvesting Machine Company is not a tool of the National Cordage Company. If all the other twine dealers are in the combine, they are welcome to the honor of their positions. The McCormick is satisfied to remain upon the outside with honest people.

"THE RESPECTABLE ELEMENT NOT IN IT."

The line is being pretty sharply drawn in the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union on the question of the National Union. The respectable element is rapidly arraying itself against the game. There may be a few honest men who are yet supporting and attempting to defend it, but it is no credit to their judgment. The reform press is largely against it.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*, February 13, 1891.

Two weeks have passed since the foregoing was published. To-day no honest man is lending his influence to the support of the National-Cordage-National-Union Twine-Combine. There may be men working for it and telling the farmers that "everything is gold that glitters," but men who talk thus are "in with the deal," and the farmers know it. They know that the whole scheme was a supposedly well-laid plan to draw the wool over their eyes and eventually "spring the trap." The McCormick Harvesting Machine Company sets no trap for its patrons. It has ever been the farmer's friend and will prove to be his friend in this instance. As matters stand to-day, it is the McCormick Company against the Twine Trust. The dealings of the one have always been open and honest; there is ample evidence to prove that the dealings of the other will be underhanded, insidious, and finally treacherous.

Farmers, will you buy honest twine sold by an honorable house, or will you buy dishonest twine of a dishonorable concern, whose highest motive is plunder?

Will you endorse honesty or dishonesty?

HONESTY AND DISHONESTY ARE ENEMIES.

The Hon. Jerry Simpson says: "Yes, the Alliance made a narrow escape from getting into the clutches of the gigantic twine trust, but the scheme was happily discovered in time. In my opinion, there were men in the Alliance anxious to sell the order out for a consideration in this matter, and because I ferreted out their schemes and exposed them, they have followed me with deadly enmity ever since."

Don't forget that the various improvements which make the McCormick machines so far superior to all others are protected by letters patent. It not infrequently happens that the selling agent of the cheaper machines is told by the contemplating buyer that he likes this or that feature about the McCormick, to which the unscrupulous agent will reply "Why, our machine has the same thing," and he will no doubt attempt to prove it by calling attention to the machine. One word: Do not be humbugged thus. McCormick improvements are patented; you can't get them on any other machine.

No reader of this paper should fail to get a copy of our handsome Catalogue, just issued. It is printed in all languages,

A BRAZEN SCHEME

ALLIANCE MEMBERS IN A DISREPUTABLE CONSPIRACY.

ALONZO WARDALL EXPOSED.

Will the National Cordage Trust Capture the Alliance?

It is Trying It Through the National Union Co. A Wine Supper and Theatre Party.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

For the past few months a big scandal has been brewing in Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union ("Polk Alliance") circles that now bids fair to involve the whole order before it is settled.

It has become so bitter, and is of such serious import that those on the inside have become quite familiar with the terms "treachery," "rotten-dealing," "infamous," and the like, when the names of certain "reform leaders" are mentioned. And THE INTER-OCEAN, after a most searching and thorough investigation, is satisfied the gentlemen making the charges are correct, for there never was a more deliberate,

witness which THE INTER OCEAN will summon in this article.

As is well known by everyone, the "National Cordage Company" is one of the worst trusts in this country. It is not so old as some, but it is fully as reprehensible in its methods as the oldest. As stated above, it owns or controls the sisal fiber in Yucatan; it also owns or controls the manilla fiber in the Philippine Islands; it does the same with the New Zealand fiber. After that it got control of the vessels and all shipping agencies that carry it to this country. It then was in a position to force all other dealers to either sell out or lease to them. There was no alternative. They could get no raw material. They yielded. Then for fear of State or other competition this great "friend of the people" induced John Good, the only manufacturer of binding-twine machinery, to sign a contract to sell to no one but the "National Cordage Company," giving it absolute control of the binding-twine product of the United States. This briefly is the history of the concern that starts out to get control of

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Absurd! says the reader.

Nothing is absurd in this day, if there is plenty of money behind and a lot of rascals in front.

Follow the scheme. Of course it would

in each county, and 10 per cent. to the national organizations, in accordance as the Board of Directors may order.

Should any State agent be particularly energetic and successful in developing the trade in his State, he will be entitled to an extra allowance, or he will be promoted to a division superintendent at increased compensation.

To each local manager 1½ per cent. of the gross sales made by him, and to return 2 per cent. on gross purchases to the individual members of the organizations in good standing. From experience this would be about 2 per cent. on 75 per cent. of the gross sales. In this way every agent, manager, and customer would be interested in making the company a success. Such unity of strength, properly managed, would in a very short time build up a company having no equal in the world, and practically solve the question of selling direct from the manufacturer to the consumer.

An office was at once opened up, and as it was more convenient, and no trouble was expected to come of it, it was located at the other end of the same building with the National Cordage Company; and so secure did the officers feel that they at first used in common clerks, stenographers, etc.

Having things all right now at headquarters, President Balch started out on his "roping-in" tour. He soon got hold of Oswald Wilson, the secretary of the Na-

about forty alliance men in attendance, among whom were such prominent leaders as Oswald Wilson, Secretary of the National Business Agents' Association; Alonzo Wardall, President of the Dakota Alliance and member of the National executive committee of the alliance; Frank J. Claypole, "reform" editor, Indiana; M. D. Coffeen, trade commissioner of the F. M. B. A., and F. A. and I. U. for Illinois; George G. Crose, President Dakota Alliance Co.; C. W. McCune, editor *National Economist* and Chairman of the National executive committee of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union; A. E. Cole, President State Alliance, Michigan; J. A. Wickham, business manager Michigan Alliance; J. F. Tillman, Michigan; W. W. Hollan, Kentucky; George A. Gowan, Tennessee; A. T. McIntyre, Georgia; J. T. Crawford, Texas; James M. Massy, Georgia; C. E. Hamlin, Nebraska; George F. Gailther, business manager, Alabama; W. H. Worth, business manager, North Carolina, and a dozen others.

THIS MEETING

was, of course, "harmonious," and the cut-and-dried plans of President Balch went through with a rush, for by this time this wily gentleman had gotten such a hold on the "honest reformers" that all disguise as to the parentage and financial

MCCORMICK AGAINST THE TRUST.

It (the National Cordage Trust) aspired to be not only the sole manufacturer, but also the sole jobber and the sole retailer of the twine which farmers must purchase. Its grasp was to be more firm and more large than that of any other monopoly that ever existed, or that ever was planned, or even dreamed of.—*Editorial, Chicago Inter Ocean*, February 13, 1891.

It "aspired" to be the only "manufacturer, jobber, and retailer," but it had, and has, and any similar combine in the same line of goods always will have, the opposition of the McCormick Company. With harvesting machines at work on every soil where grain is grown, we guarantee to their purchasers facilities for their operation—and this includes twine—at prices which no combination of capitalists can "fix" or interfere with. As in the early years of the twine industry, when manufacturers went into a combination to dictate prices, the McCormick brought out its own brand of twine, through the Pearson Cordage Company, of Boston; and again, as when the Yucatan hemp-growers resorted to the "squeezeing" process for inflating the prices on raw material, the McCormick invented a wire-binder attachment to its twine binder, and thus brought the conspirators to their senses; so now, in holding out against the National Cordage Trust, in the interest of the farmer against monopoly, we say to the latter: "Enjoy, while you may, the pleasing dream of mulcted millions and unconquerable power, for it is only a dream; the McCormick and the people are against you, and they will shortly rouse you to your senses."

Judging from the reports of our agents all over the country the demand for McCormick machines the coming season will be in excess of our enormous output for 1891. As is well known, the demand last year exceeded the output (by about fifty thousand machines), but added capacity at our works will tend to obviate a repetition of a similar nature.

Over one hundred and twenty thousand McCormick machines sold last season. The procession is now forming for 1892. Are you getting in line? The difference in the cost of a McCormick and an inferior machine will be saved the first season. No annoying failures to operate, no stoppings and breakings are incident to the McCormick. Estimate your delays during the summer, together with crops spoiled by reason thereof, and let us know how much you save by buying a machine whose greatest merit seems to be that it is "cheaper than the McCormick."

Suggestions for Stockmen.

Don't imagine that when you water your horses three times a day, you are doing that nature demands.

Don't use heavy harness. Light ones properly made of good leather are stronger, last longer, and are easier on horses.

The person who has never tried feeding a limited amount of grain to thrifty hogs on a good clover pasture would be surprised at the results.

Flies frequently startle horses by entering their ears. This can be prevented by touching the inside of the animal's ears with a few drops of the oil of juniper. The odor of juniper is so disagreeable to flies that they will avoid any spot where it is.

A Positive Hint.

A man can be more politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world. A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed. Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long attenuated lamplighter, inserted the small end in his ear, and turned the other end toward the speaker. It was a rather ludicrous performance, but not a laugh was heard among the polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the audience was turned into an ear-trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with a sort of mammoth porcupine, whose nearest quills almost touched him. He at once spoke louder.

Too Economical.

The celebrated physician, Dr. Jacoby, was walking along Broadway one day, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Jacoby without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly." "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely." The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd who supposed he was crazy. Dr. Jacoby had, in the meantime, disappeared.

I wish to live ever so as to derive my satisfactions and inspirations from the commonest events, every-day phenomena so that what my senses hourly perceive in my daily walk, the conversations of my neighbors may inspire me and I may dream of no heaven but that which lies about me.—*Thoreau*.

THE DIFFERENCE IN THE VALUE.

Of the McCormick "MACHINE OF STEEL" and any other Binder is worth five times what it costs the purchaser. To all outward appearance we could build the McCormick for \$35 less than its present cost to manufacture. We might make the joints to fit awkwardly and loosely, and the average buyer would not detect the slight; we might build a platform of less durability than the one of steel which we do build, and the buyer would be none the wiser when looking over the machine in the agent's warehouse; we might omit the removable brass bushings from the bearings—might use cheaper duck in our canvas, and, in short, cheaper grades of material from first to last, and

still show the prospective purchaser a machine that would be fair to look upon. Did we do so, however, the McCormick would possess little individuality distinguishing it from the common harvesters. Of course the patented improvements peculiar to the "MACHINE OF STEEL" would always make it the first choice of the progressive farmer of to-day, but aside from these the cheap machine on parade in a charitable coat of paint might seem the equal of its

++ INTRINSICALLY MERITORIOUS ++

neighbor. We might, as do other manufacturers, take advantage of these "tricks of the trade," but first we must candidly ask ourselves: Will it pay? Can the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company afford to take the risk? And in view of the reputation which we have made for honest dealing—a reputation which we have been steadily upbuilding for more than fifty years—in view of this we can only answer these questions in the negative. No, the "MACHINE OF STEEL" is not made simply to sell, nor can we afford to make it solely for that purpose. It is made for actual work in the harvest field. It is made to do this work better than it can be done by any other machine, and we are at all times

++ READY TO PROVE ++

by actual tests, to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced committee of farmers or mechanical experts that it does this—that it has no equal as a grain harvester. Is that fair? Demonstration of the truthfulness of this assertion is being made every day in the year, in some part of the world. In every country where grain is grown the "MACHINE OF STEEL" will be found to be the favorite by an overwhelming majority.

++ WE SUPPLY THE WORLD ++

with more than one-third its needs in the line of grain and grass cutting machinery. This is fact, not fiction, and to the contemplating purchaser its meaning can not well be misconstrued. Remember that in getting the McCormick you get the McCormick guarantee, and this has always been worth

++ 100 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR. ++

bare-faced fraud, a more brazen three-card-monte, now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't-see-it game than that now being attempted by the Farmers' Alliance—National Cordage—National Union Company combination.

Not content with controlling every agency that enters into the production of binding twine, from the poorly-paid, half-starved Mayas, who gather the sisal in Yucatan, to the millionaire in New York, who manufactures the machinery to make it up, this young giant in the monopolistic arena, the "National Cordage Company," began looking around for more worlds to conquer, and determined to control likewise all the channels of trade through which this product must pass to reach the consumer.

THIS MEANT TO CAPTURE

its natural and most vicious enemy, the Farmers' Alliance. That such a daring scheme was contemplated, was planned, and, with the aid of certain unscrupulous and hypocritical leaders, came near being carried out; that trusted leaders of an organization whose very existence should be a standing menace to all trusts and combinations would dare enter such a conspiracy, is almost past believing, and yet it is true, as will appear from the unimpeachable

not do for the "National Cordage Company" to be known in the job. The promoters were too cute for that, so a trusted agent, one H. H. Balch, who was then doing their lobbying in Washington, was summoned to New York and put at the head of the company, which was chartered in New Jersey to dodge the trust law in New York. The name of the company is the "National Union Company," and its purpose, so far as the outside world is concerned, is best stated in the language of a prospectus circulated in Europe to float the bonds, from which the following is quoted:

The plan of this company embraces the consolidation of the present State exchanges of the farmers' organizations, the farmers' stores, and securing one or more merchants in each of the 4,000 or more counties in the United States, where there are farmers' organizations. To pay for the goods in stock by the first debenture bonds of the company, and to retain the present owners as managers. To pay each State agent ½ per cent. on the gross sales in his territory; but should the said ½ per cent. exceed the amount of compensation authorized by the company, the surplus shall be divided as follows: Fifty per cent. to the reserve fund of the company, 40 per cent. to the treasury of the county organizations, in proportion to the amount of gross sales

tional Business Agents' Association of the Alliance. He then captured McCune, the editor of the *National Economist*, the national or an of the Alliance. From this it was smooth sailing.

With these two big alliance men and the additional inducement of one-half of 1 per cent. commission, it was not difficult to capture the majority of the State agents who were at the Ocala conference, and they in turn secured the indorsement of other leading members. Of course the "National Cordage Company" was never dreamed of in connection with the scheme. It was presented as a great philanthropic plan of cooperative stores on the Roachdale plan in England, and what had proven a great success. Everything was working lovely. They adjourned from Ocala to meet at New York, which they did June 22d, the cordage trust paying their transportation both ways, hotel expenses and all other bills, including the room for the meeting.

IN ORDER TO ESCAPE NOTICE

the meeting was held at Ceredo's Hotel, near Arrochar Station, on the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad. The proprietor, Ceredo, said it was a profound secret, and no one but the members of the "committee" allowed in the room. There were

backer of the scheme was thrown off, and, as we will show in this article, this noble band of alliance leaders, these self-constituted reformers, whose stock in trade consisted largely in inflammatory attacks on the iniquitous trust for land and monopolies, were dealing directly with the National Cordage Trust, and knew it perfectly well. After being "dined, and wined, and threatened" by the cordage folks, they adjourned to go back to their respective States and boom the great National Union, and "rope in" the rest of the State agents and the alliance in general.

But while succeeding in "roping in" a good many of the alliance leaders, there were some both too honest and too smart for the National Cordage Trust. One of these last was Mr. D. M. Fulwiler, State business agent for the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union for Illinois. He didn't like the scheme, and wanted to know more about its source than it was thought safe to trust with an honest man who was smart enough to see through a "skin game." He didn't bite, and when the meeting at Indianapolis was held he was there loaded, and made an attack on it.

TO GET THE PARTICULARS

a reporter for THE INTER OCEAN called at (Continued on page 5.)

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

"The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more."

And he worried about it;

"It will surely give out then, if it doesn't be fore,"

And he worried about it;

It would surely give out, so the scientists said in all scientific books that he read, And the whole mighty universe then would be dead.

And he worried about it.

"And some day the earth will fall into the sun,"

And he worried about it;

"Just as sure, and as straight as if shot from a gun,"

And he worried about it;

"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps, Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse! It will come in a few million ages, perhaps,"

And he worried about it.

"The earth will become much too small for the race,"

And he worried about it;

"When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space,"

And he worried about it;

"The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt, That there'll be no room for one's tongue to stick out, And no room for one's thoughts to wander about,"

And he worried about it.

"The Gulf Stream will curve, and New England grow torrid,"

And he worried about it;

"Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida,"

And he worried about it;

"The ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens, And crocodiles block up our mowing machines, And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans,"

And he worried about it.

"And in less than ten thousand years there's no doubt,"

And he worried about it;

"Our supply of lumber and coal will give out,"

And he worried about it;

"Just then the Ice Age will return cold and raw, Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe, As if vainly beseeching a general thaw,"

And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing (a dollar a day), He didn't worry about it;

His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay, He didn't worry about it;

While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub, He sat by the stove and he just let her rub, He didn't worry about it.

—S. W. Foss.

MERRY WILDER'S GOSSIP.

I was taking a hard think in the darkest corner of a hotel reading-room the other day, when I was found by a comundrum fiend—one of the worst of his species—one of the kind that would joke about his dead wife if he could do it in the form of a comundrum. This fellow dragged me into the pitiless light of the front window and shouted:

"Say! Who lives longest, a bachelor or a married man?"

"A bachelor," said I, "for he's ashamed to die without making a record."

"You're wrong, little fellow," said he, "They live about the same length of time, but the married man thinks his life is a good deal longer."

I wonder what makes men think there is any fun in abusing married men and women—saying ugly things just because some people happen to be married? I haven't any personal reasons for finding fault with such jokers, for I have been a bachelor as far back as I can remember, and no blushing damsel ever tried to take me at disadvantage in leap year; still, I don't think such jokes are entirely fair. No square man will bet on a sure thing, and no decent fellow ought to twit man or woman about what they can't help unless they get themselves into divorce courts and their names into the newspapers. I always think that particular class of jokers have drawn blanks in the matrimonial lottery, and want to think every man they meet is as bad off as themselves.

As for the men they make fun of, they can afford to put on the style of the private soldier, in the late Civil War, who was ordered by his company commander to come from behind a tree which was keeping a great many bullets from exploring his true inwardness. It was in the midst of a lively engagement, and the private felt very uncomfortable at receiving such orders, but at last he shouted:

"No you don't, captain! I know what's the matter with you; you wish you were in my fix, and had this tree yourself."

I'm sorry enough for such chaps when I meet them to squander a pitying word or two upon them, but I must own up to feeling a good deal like an ex-Confederate officer of whom I once heard. He chanced to be traveling somewhere up North, where he ran into a town and saw the railway platform full of G. A. R.'s and other war veterans, who were going somewhere on a little demijohn picnic. While "the boys" were waiting for their train to come along, and were swapping war stories and chews of tobacco to while the time away, there was wheeled up a poor chap who had lost both legs and one arm during the unpleasantness, and who hadn't yet received the comforting unction of a pension, so he was passing the hat with the hope of keeping out of the poor-house a little longer. When the Confederate dropped a \$10 bill into the hat, the old fellow was scared almost out of what little life was left in him, but when he examined the bill and found it was genuine, he got back enough breath to say:

"Much 'bliged, comrade. Reckon you was there yourself, eh?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but not on your side."

"That so? Gosh! Then I reckon your conscience is touched after all these years, an' you think that 'twas mean of the South

to make so much trouble for us Northern troops?"

"Not a bit of it!" roared the ex-gray-back, with some highly expressive scriptural language.

"Gosh! Then what did you gimme all this money for?"

"What for? Gratitude—that's what for. I've seen a good many Yankees in my time, but you're the first that's been trimmed to suit me."

That's the way I feel toward the fellow who's always saying things about other men's wives and then ties himself to a female terror until death or divorce do them part.

Dropping from the sentimental to the practical, as the young fellow said when he fell from a tree in front of his lady love's window and right into the mouth of the family bull-dog, to whom he had never been properly introduced, I wonder how we ever smiled in New York before we had the elevated railroads? There's nothing funny about the railroads themselves, of course; they're as serious and matter-of-fact as a tramp who hasn't the price of a drink; but there's more to laugh at on the trains, if you have your eyes in your head, than there ever was in a circus. Whenever I want to freshen up a little and have some good laughs all to myself, I invest a nickel at the nearest elevated railroad station, and very soon I find myself getting back my money's worth about once in every two seconds. People who always do the sensible thing in business, and could give points on manners to some of the Four Hundred, can make themselves as awkward and ridiculous on an elevated car as if they were clodhoppers who never had traveled nearer first-class than on the tow-path of a canal. I've heard a brakeman about the name of a station three times, clearly, within six feet of the car of a Wall street magnate, who afterward got up and asked, in good faith, the name of the station. I've seen well-dressed women meet each other on the cars, both being on the way to some of the shopping places that women delight in; I've heard them get so interested in telling each other what they wanted to buy that they forgot there were other people present, and when the car stopped and they started to go out they've stopped right in the aisle, just as lovely woman sometimes does when promenadeing with another lovely woman and suddenly hears something that astonishes her. Meanwhile the brakeman has stood with his hand on the bell rope, in the attitude of somebody's statue of "Expectancy," but also with a suggestion of John L. Sullivan about him, and all the other people in the car have been frowning or grinning, according to their dispositions and the amount of time they have to spare. Then, all of a flash, those two women would take in the situation and take themselves out with a dash which would make the fortune of a lightning-change artist, and with a couple of blushes that would make the fortune of a society debutante.

The passengers don't make all the fun, though. A company employing several thousand men can't help once in a while being afflicted with some fellow who hasn't any more sense than a "green-goods" buyer, or the man who puts his savings into lottery tickets. A little while ago the company took a fellow who had been a policeman three whole years, so it stands to reason that for exactly three years he had not been required to use his brain, so that organ was as torpid as a mud-turtle at Christmas. He was put on a train as brakeman, and a veteran conductor tried to teach him his duties. It didn't take long to show him how to hustle out drunken men at their respective stations, for, as I've already remarked, the fellow had been on the police force. When it came to the various calls, however, the new man's previous experience wasn't any good to him, for all the calling he had done while a guardian of the peace was on his favorite servant girls on his beat, and at the side doors of saloons. At length the conductor got tired and remarked:

"See here, cully, when we stop at a station you listen to me an' then holler out the same for your end of the car. See?"

The new man thought he did and the train went on. The first station was Chatham Square, and the conductor roared:

"Chatham Square! Change cars for Second Avenue!"

"Same at this end," shouted the new man, and everybody laughed—everybody but the conductor.

The elevated railroad is the biggest and cheapest funny show in town. Merrily yours,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

The Power of the World.

An interesting calculation has recently been made by the statistical bureau in Berlin. Four-fifths of the power-machines at present in activity in the world have been erected during the last twenty-five years. The country which possesses the highest amount of horse-power is the United States, with 7,500,000 horse-power; then follow England, with 7,000,000; Germany, with 4,500,000; France, with 3,000,000; and Austro-Hungary, with 1,500,000. These figures do not include locomotives, of which there are 103,000 at work, with a total horse-power of 3,000,000. Thus the total horse-power in the world is 46,000,000. A steam "horse-power" is equivalent to three actual horses' strength, and each living horse represents the strength of seven men. Thus the total horse-power of the entire world represents the work of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than twice the total working population of the earth. Steam has thus tripled the entire human work power of the earth.

DIDN'T KNOW THE PRAYERS.

A good story is current in London—says the New York Recorder, concerning George of Wales, who was recently in command of the British cruiser *Thrush*, belonging to the North Atlantic squadron. It was the prince's duty as commander of the vessel to read prayers to the assembled crew every Sunday morning, his secretary reading the lessons.

There's Nothing Bigger Than the Big Bargain In Our Big 4 Mower.



Improved shipping facilities and the modern baling press have combined to influence land-owners in many sections of the country to pay special attention to grass-growing. Each succeeding year do we find thousands of additional acres of land devoted to this particular branch of agriculture. Where

+ EXTENSIVE FIELDS +

of grass are thus grown the haying season is the all-important period of the year, and the prompt, successful gathering of the crop is of paramount interest to its owner. The measure of his season's gain or loss is based almost wholly upon the good or bad outcome of the work done in a few days' or, at most, in a few weeks' time. Time is the great desideratum, and with an idea to its saving we build our BIG 4 MOWER with a six-foot cutter bar. If you want to

+ CUT A WIDE SWATH +

in the world it can be most successfully done with this Mower. The McCormick Big 4 combines all the best ideas of mower building. It has the tilt-rod for locking the bar in any desired position; the draft-rod is properly hitched to the shoe for floating the bar over obstructions; and the SUPERB MCCORMICK FOOT LIFT is the neatest, handiest, and most easily operated device for the purpose ever put on to a Mower. If you want to cut lots of grass in a brief space of time get the McCormick Big 4, the unexcelled wide-cut Mower.

One day a brother officer ventured to suggest at the mess-table that the captain would do well to study the prayers a little more.

"Why, I read 'em every Sunday!" was the prince's astonished reply.

"Yes, sir; but you do not read 'em correctly," answered the officer.

"I don't?" exclaimed the prince.

"Not quite, sir. You invariably say, 'We have done those things which we ought to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought not to have done.' Of course, it is very flattering

pendin' on me not to whoop agin 'em, and so I dun went down cellar an' sat on de head of a cider bar'l an' let 'em fit it out de best way dey could."

Many story of elephants comes from the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. A

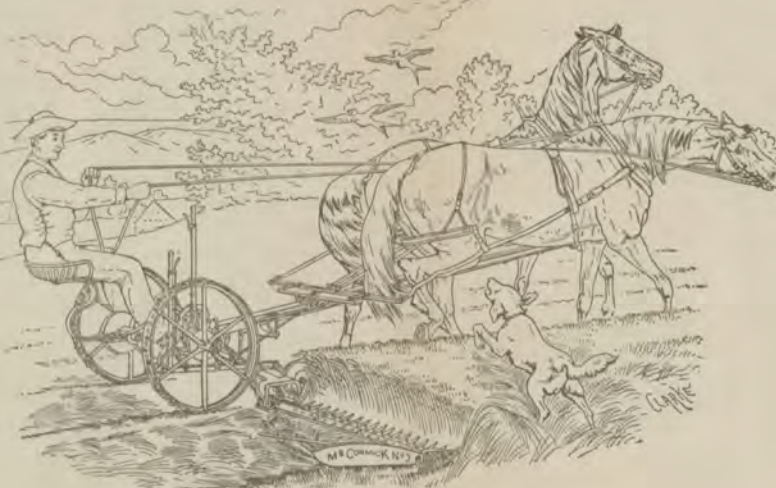
quite correctly, answered the officer, "I don't?" exclaimed the prince.

"Not quite, sir. You invariably say, 'We have done those things which we ought to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought not to have done.' Of course, it is very flattering

pendin' on me not to whoop agin 'em, and so I dun went down cellar an' sat on de head of a cider bar'l an' let 'em fit it out de best way dey could."

All Who See The Smooth Work

Of the McCormick Mowers, and note the ease with which they are handled, the superiority of their cutter-bars, and their ability to cut grass under any and all conditions, invariably pronounce them the Monarchs of the Meadow. The accompanying illustration is that of our



+ NO. 3 STEEL MOWER. +

It is a model of excellence and durability. Our agents take a pride in showing this Mower, and in recommending it. James A. White, of King William Court House, Va., says, writing to one of our agents: "I started your Mower at 9 o'clock in the morning on a six-acre lot of clover, pronounced by competent judges to be the best they had seen in this section of country. When standing it was almost waist high, but it was lying hugging the ground, having been beaten down by wind and rain. I stopped at twelve to feed and rest, started again at two, and by four in the afternoon not a sprig was left, the Mower working most satisfactorily. It far exceeded your commendation of it to me when I purchased." And Mr. White's experience is common to all purchasers of McCormick Mowers. As grass-cutters they can not be spoken of too highly by either makers, agents, or users.

to us all and the ship's company, but—"The speaker got no further, for his remarks were drowned in a roar of laughter, led by the prince himself.

He Was Neutral.

In traveling over the battlefield of Antietam, writes M. Quad, I met an aged negro who seemed to know the lay of the ground perfectly well, and after a time I inquired: "Were you here when the fight took place?"

out the stalls. When not in use the hose is stretched at length on the floor, immediately beneath the elephant cages. In reaching for nuts, one of the beasts had accidentally found the hose and drawn it into the cage. All had then taken a share, and when discovered had succeeded in ruining the entire length of the hose.

While crying over spilt milk, a man might milk another cow.—Kansas Philosophy

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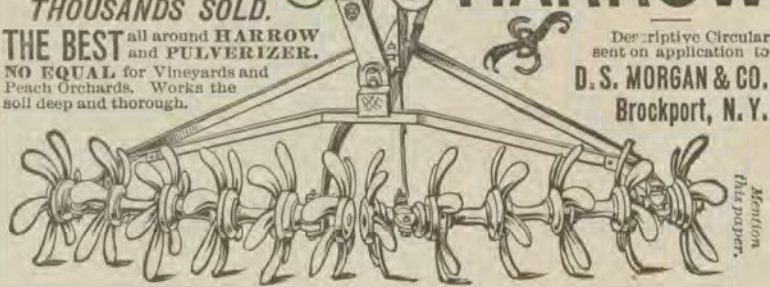
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THE DIFFERENCE IN BINDERS.

GOLDWAIT: "Well, Mr. Squaredale, I've been looking around for a good binder, and this McCormick of yours just strikes my fancy."

SQUAREDAL: "It's a splendid binder, Mr. Goldwait, and even at the price we ask for it, it is the cheapest grain harvester in the market—in any market."

G.: "And what is your price, Mr. Squaredale?"

S.: "We are getting — dollars for this binder and —"

G.: "You're getting — dollars! Man alive, you must think I'm just out of the timber to pay such a figure as that for a binder nowadays! Why, I've just been looking at a right smart machine at Scraggs', and he doesn't pretend to ask that for it."

S.: "No doubt, Mr. Goldwait; but surely you are not comparing such a binder with this one? Why, I tell you this machine is cheap at double the price—"

G.: "Why, Squaredale, you must think me daft! You've got a good machine all right enough, but unless you cut your price considerably I shall go around and close the deal with Scraggs'."

S.: "I have given you the bottom figure, Mr. Goldwait. As you well know, nothing but first-class material is used in McCormick machines — specially made

it is to day. The first little shock on your — p' binder and the frame 'gives,' and soon has a rickety appearance. 'Cheap' binders, too, have 'cheap' knotters and they are chronically out of order, and if the value of the time spent in tinkering them were taken into account I think the 'cheap' binder would be found to be one of the dearest investments a farmer could make."

G.: "Your machine is all right, but it's a fact that your price knocks you out."

S.: "Look here, Mr. Goldwait, you bought a fine mare last week, and I understand that you paid \$250 for her."

G.: "So I did."

S.: "If that mare had been spavined or ring-boned, you wouldn't have paid any such price for her."

G.: "Well, hardly."

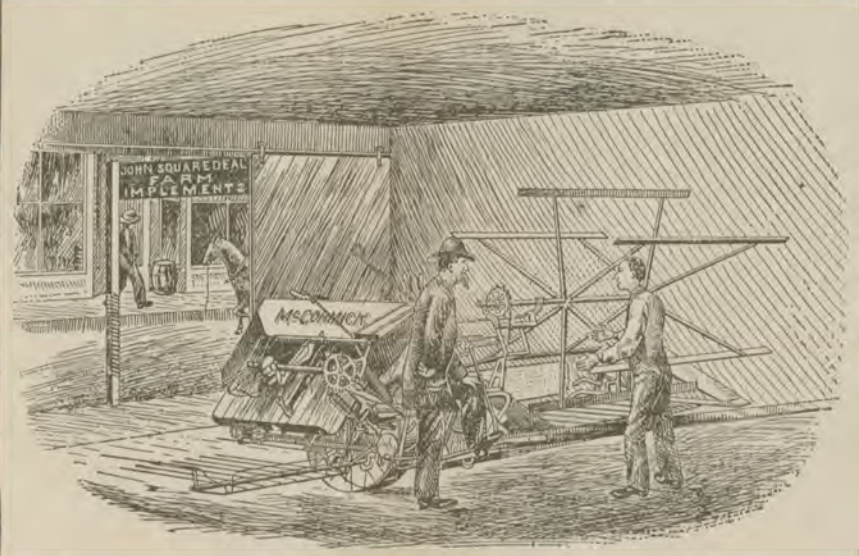
S.: "If the animal had been subject to the 'botts' or had been slightly stringhalted, you could not have been induced to take her."

G.: "Well, not much."

S.: "And if she had been wind-broken or had gone around like a stump-sucker, you wouldn't have taken her as a gift."

G.: "No, you are right about that."

S.: "Then why don't you use equally good judgment in buying a binder? If you will carefully examine Scraggs' cheap binder, I think you'll find defects much



forms of steel being used, in fact—and I am only asking you a legitimate profit. The price of the McCormick isn't regulated by its competitors."

G.: "That's all right, Mr. Squaredale; if that's your price, good morning. Scraggs' cheap binder is good enough for me."

S.: "Really, Mr. Goldwait, I'd like to sell to you. I know that the difference in price seems too great to you now, but you will certainly realize your error when it is too late. But here is a binder built practically of steel—especially patent forms, possible to no other manuf— a machine built not merely to make such a record in the field as to ensure the sale of more just like it in community where it is owned. Just examine this main frame and look at the brace. I tell you it's the best and stiffest harvester frame ever constructed, and is alone worth the money asked for the whole shooting-match over at Scraggs'."

G.: "Yes, I kind of looked 'em over. Good, strong-looking wheels so far as I could see."

S.: "Yes, naturally. A look at most harvester wheels would certainly impress one with their strength. Now, look at this McCormick main wheel. It's built on the bicycle plan, you see; lightness is a feature of it, and still, with its patented tension double spoke, it possesses the greatest of strength. See the wide tire on the grain wheel, and note the removable box in the hub. Look at this gear and this raising device; I tell you, Goldwait, you'll have to travel a long way to find such simplicity and neatness of construction as are combined in the McCormick."

G.: "Oh yes, it's the old story. Yours is the best."

S.: "Oh, well now, Mr. Goldwait, see here: You and I have been friends too long for me to have any desire to 'get the best of you.' Selling the McCormick, it is quite natural that I should talk in its favor; but my anxiety for the almighty dollar isn't so great that I'd want to sell you a machine with which you would not be perfectly satisfied when you came to use it. But you know very well that it isn't necessary to take any agent's word concerning the McCormick. Ask your neighbors. I sold Rogers one of 'em last season—and Sanderson—and Green—and Olson—and Pete Martin; they all live out your way; just ask them what kind of a machine the McCormick is. Talk with Bill Rogers about it; he's tried all the best binders and I sold him three of these last year—one for himself and one for each of his boys, Joe and Charley—all got big farms, you know, and they know what good machines are, it don't make any difference whether you're talking about harvesters or husking pegs."

G.: "What you say is no doubt all true; but you must admit, Mr. Squaredale, that Scraggs' machine finds some purchasers."

S.: "Very true; but what is the experience of the world in buying cheap articles, as the term 'cheap' is commonly understood? In legitimate business one article is sold 'cheaper' than another simply because it is less valuable. Take your cheap binder, for instance. Will its frame stand the strain this one will? Look at this brace—see these joints; here's a frame that will be as true after ten years' use as

more glaring than any of the weaknesses I have supposed in the mare."

G.: "Yes, no doubt—and as a matter of fact I know your binder is all right; but really—"

S.: "At our price it is a bargain, quality considered."

G.: "Well, I guess you're right about it. At first the difference in price seemed most too much, but there is some satisfaction in owning such a machine as the McCormick, and you may come out and set one up for me the first of the week. Got a blank check? I'll settle for it now." Exit Goldwait and Squaredale into

The Aspinwall Potato Planter.

The excellent picture on this page represents quite a new claimant for public favor, and one that seems to win its way very thoroughly wherever tried. The machine will plant from five to eight acres per day, and all the work of marking, furrowing, dropping, and covering is done in a single operation. The planting can be varied in depth from three to nine inches, and the covering is uniform. Instead of the dry earth on top, the covers of the Planter draw upon the seed the moist or under earth, the value of which is well known to all potato raisers, for few things are more fatal to the starting of the seed than to cover it with dry earth. The work is superior to hand planting. The furrow being V-shaped, the seed must necessarily be dropped in a straight line at the bottom, and cultivation can be made early and close.

The Planter is adjustable for planting either whole or cut seed, planting from ten to twenty-six inches apart as desired. At all these variable distances it drops the potatoes with absolute regularity. The distance of planting is exactly the same in each row.

A fertilizer attachment can be used which deposits the fertilizer above the potato, just as a portion of the earth has



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fallen upon it; thus all chance for injury to seed is avoided.

The mechanical construction of the Planter is good. The materials are of the best, and it will last for many years. There is no cog gear or fast motion. Except the pole and hopper, the whole machine is made of steel and iron.

A corn-planter attachment can be had if desired. By means of a few slight changes in the Potato Planter proper, the machine is converted into a corn-planter tool working with the same accuracy and precision as the Potato Planter, and owing to the large demand for this attachment, its great value has been clearly demonstrated. Considering the many uses to which the combined machine can be put, it is a tool that few progressive farmers can afford to be without.

If you have a desire to inquire further into the construction and merit of the Planter, the catalogue of the makers can be secured by addressing the ASPINWALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Three Rivers, Michigan.

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