

THE AGRICULTURAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



BY JOHN ^{WITH A} BUNION."

human constitutions, and piling up a mountain of troubles. No, no, gentlemen, I determined to burn up those things, just as I would so many weeds. We will sell the old iron that is left, and give the proceeds to the poor. But walk into the house, gentlemen; the women folks would like to see you. The old woman makes me feel a little jealous sometimes, by telling me that 'Old Sauerkraut,' that's what *she* calls the Flying Dutchman, is worth more on the farm than I am. Shouldn't wonder but she's right though, for if it had'n't been for 'Old Bowlegs,' where would I be now?"



MANUFACTURERS OF THE
CELEBRATED

FLYING * DUTCHMAN

THE LIGHTEST DRAFT AND MOST SUCCESSFUL
PLOW EVER MADE.

New Western, Pearl, Imperial and Little Joker

CULTIVATORS,

BESIDES A

FULL LINE OF HARROWS, WALKING PLOWS
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MOLINE PLOW CO.
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PILGRIM SINKING UNDER HIS BURDEN IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND IS DIRECTED TO THE WAY TO PROSPERITY

"Eureka!" All doubts and fears now vanished, and the burden rolled from his shoulders. The way to Prosperity was now clear to him, and as the singing farmer came within hailing distance he shouted:

"Ship ahoy! What ship is that?"

"The FLYING DUTCHMAN!" rang out the clear response. "The invincible craft that will take you straight to the Port of Prosperity."

"But tell me truly, brother," said Pilgrim, "does this wonderful plow sustain in the field the strong claims that are made for it? I am only a poor Pilgrim trying to find my way to Prosperity, and I want my information from an unprejudiced and reliable source."

"Then you have come to the right place, for I was prejudiced against this plow before I bought it, and only took it under the guarantee that if it did not do all that was claimed for it, I might bring it back and I would be paid for my time. But one day's plowing satisfied me. This little light team plowed with it all day, and never turned a hair, and just look at this plowing. Did you ever see anything nicer? No, no, friend; don't lose an hour, but go straight to the Palace of Progress and get a sure passport to Prosperity in the shape of the FLYING DUTCHMAN."

PROSPERITY FARM.

"Gentlemen, I am indeed glad to welcome you to Prosperity Farm. Anyone from the Moline Plow Co. is my personal friend, and he shall have the best that this farm affords."

"Finely fixed! Well, I fancy I am. Look at those fields, will you? Every one of them was plowed with a FLYING DUTCHMAN, and did you ever see finer crops? My oldest boy is now plowing, for we thought we would give the team a little light exercise to keep them from getting too fat. Yes, gentlemen, the FLYING DUTCHMAN proved indeed a passport to Prosperity; but I am afraid it is making me lazy. You see, the boys want no better fun than to plow with 'Old Bowlegs,' as they call it, and they have made the old man take a back seat, and are running the farm themselves."

"What are those little chaps doing, do you say? They are making a bonfire of all the old horse-killers that piled up the awful burden that was on my shoulders before I got on the right road to Prosperity."

"What! sell those things, do you say? Never, sirs, never! Money couldn't buy them. I would as soon sell my brother farmer an animal with a contagious disease, as to sell him something that would act like a blight on his farm, killing horses, breaking down



LYIN' REPRESENTATIVES OF OLD-FOGYISM OBSTRUCTING THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF PROGRESS.

you are plowing, but in order to prevent your weight from materially increasing the draft of the plow, you see the seat comes almost over the furrow wheel, which has a clear hard track to travel in, and is very little affected by the weight on it."

"That is a good point," said Pilgrim.

"Again," resumed the guide, "a man when working wants to look at his work, he wants it constantly under his eyes, and for this purpose we have placed the plow *in front* of the driver."

"Splendid! Splendid!" exclaimed Pilgrim, "why didn't somebody think of all this before? But is this all that is needed to guide me to Prosperity?"

"No, we have other members of the same family. Here is the Moline Smoothing Harrow, for instance, which you can use with straight or slanting teeth as you may need, by merely reversing the hitch. Then in the Cultivator line we have the New Western, provided with springs, as you see, so that you can raise the shovels with one finger. If you want to ride, here is the Pearl Cultivator, provided with foot-levers so that you can raise the shovels over a stone or any other obstruction without taking your hands from the lines. Again, here is the New Imperial, which you can use either as a walking or as a riding cultivator."

"They are all very fine," said Pilgrim, "and I see that I need their help in getting to Prosperity. But I should like to see one of those three-wheel contrivances in the field. Where can I see one at work?"

"Take any road leading from the Palace, and stop at the first farm you come to. No farmer in this section of country starts to Prosperity without first securing a FLYING DUTCHMAN."

THE PASSPORT TO PROSPERITY.

Pilgrim did as he was directed. He took the first road leading from the Palace of Progress and traveled on until he came to a farm. Hearing the voice of a man singing, he turned in the direction of the voice and saw the object of his search. It was a farmer driving two horses attached to the FLYING DUTCHMAN. The plowing was done with such apparent ease, that the horses made no more effort than if they were drawing a half-loaded wagon across the field. The farmer sat on the seat singing merrily, occasionally glancing down to the plow, but giving it no further attention. The plow seemed almost a thing of intelligence. It cut a clean, uniform furrow, turning under and covering completely all trash and vegetation. Pilgrim had never before seen such perfect work. It was a revelation to him, and throwing up his hands he shouted