

Perry Brigham. Agt.,
 Piquette, Pa.



Quoth the spirit of old "Mother Goose"
 From her ghostly abode: Its no use!
 I must go back to Earth,
 There to praise up the worth
 Of the "DEERING MACHINES" strong and:

So she harnessed
 And ro

Seate
 M

Out her "Melodies"

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PERRY BRIGHAM & SON,
 AGENTS,
 PIQUETTE, PA.

Young Farmer Hubbard went home and blubbered,
Like a dog that's been robbed of a bone;
Just because at a fair; in the trial-field there
He saw - when the Binders were shown,
How the "DEERING ALL-STEEL" did easily wheel
Roundabout, cut and bundle so nice,
While he'd made the mistake another to take
A horse-killing, wasteful device.



Skip, skop, to the blacksmith shop,
to get a piece of casting.
'Tis; lest one owns the DEERING "ALL-
STEEL BINDER" everlasting.

\$ 12.50



Daddy Rugg, Daddy Rugg, hurry right home:
Our barn is on fire - the old mower will burn.
"Son, darned if I care, it's worthless and snide,-
I'll buy that fine 'GIANT' of DEERING'S, we tried".



- Peter Peter harassed creetur,
Had a wife and couldnt keep her:
This "ALL STEEL BINDER," so they tell,
Tied up and kept her very well.



Rock-a-bye babe, on "ALL-STEEL BINDER" top,
When the CARRIER is full the bundles will drop;
When they go down, oh, the infant will fall
So soft on the pile, it won't wake or squall.





Jack Sprat
 waxed rich and fat:
 His neighbor poor and lean.
 The first did with,

(the latter not)

Our ALL-STEEL BINDER glean.



Deacon Farley,
Cut his barley
Mid the rain and lightnings' flame;
With a DEERING
—REAPER, cheering:
Whoop, it gits thar just the same



Cheap machines are falling down.

Falling down, falling down,
Built of pine and weak iron.

Most imperfectly,

While the DEERING wears the crown.

Wears the crown. Wears the crown,
"ALL-STEEL BINDERS" ne'er break down.

From our Factory.



Hark; hark, the dogs do bark,

The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags of old grain-bags,

And some in home spun brown.

They're farmers who've been plunged in debt,

And lost their lands, you know;-

But had they used the **DEERING** wares,

'Twould neer have happened so.

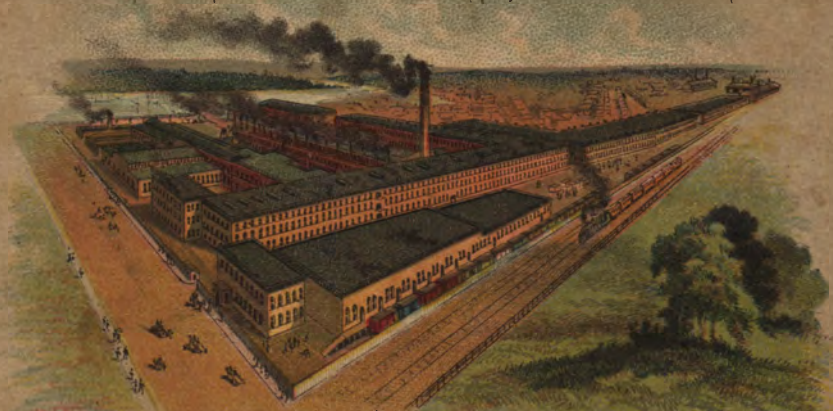


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Taffy sold machinery. Taffy was a thief.
Taffy swore his implement was the Binder Chief.
Taffy sent me his old "trap" But it wouldn't work;
I took the "clogger" back and cursed him like a Turk.
Then I bought an "ALL-STEEL" one of the Deering A-
Gent-which Taffy called "no good" but with me 'twill stay.



This is the bee-hive of the West!
Where implements are made - the best
For Farmers' use to reap their grain,
And from their crops bring double gain.
Over Acres forty it spreads,

And covers Eighteen hundred heads
Of skilled mechanics daily, - Who
Build those machines so good and true,
Of which this little pamphlet's shown
Each agriculturist should own!



WILLIAM DEERING & CO'S FACTORY. CHICAGO, U.S.A.