

FARMING BY MACHINE.

The Modern Revolution in Agriculture.

Farm machinery may sometime do work for us that will be worth \$1,000,000,000 a year. Theoretically it is already saving us nearly three-fourths that sum; for as far back as 1899 if all the crops to which machinery is adapted could have been planted and gathered by hand they would have cost nearly \$700,000,000 more than if they had all been planted and gathered by machinery. It has not only added so much to our wealth, but it has made us the foremost exporting nation and it is changing the character of the farmer by freeing him from monotonous hand toil. More than that, it is changing the immemorial conception of agriculture and the pastoral and idyllic associations that have gathered about it since the time of Abraham. Wealth, industry, commerce, the character of men and even their sentiment are all affected by it.

GANG PLOUGHS.

The ploughman no longer trudges slowly and wearily back and forth across his field. He rides a sulky plough with a spring seat. There are special ploughs for every need: turf ploughs, stubble ploughs, subsoil ploughs, ploughs for heavy work, ploughs for light work and gang ploughs turning three furrows at once. So simple are many of them that a boy may drive one. Ploughing by steam is not commonly practiced in the Middle West, but out on the great wheat ranches of the Pacific coast it is common. On the table lands of California a sixty-horse-power traction engine drawing twenty-one feet of disk ploughs will break the ground to a depth of ten inches at the rate of forty-five to sixty acres a day. With mould-board ploughs, designed especially for this work, a strip twenty-eight feet wide can be broken. This means that a man and a pair of horses with a single mould-board plough would have to cross a field twenty-eight times to do the same work that the traction engine does by one trip of its ploughs. A farmer of the Central West who uses a small traction engine and a gang of four fourteen-inch ploughs says that it costs him from 50 to 62 cents per acre to break his ground. He considers steam economical.

The ploughing done, the manure spreader replaces the hand fork and its backache. While the farmer with a pair of horses drives back and forth across his fields, from the rear of his wagon the fertilizer is mechanically spread evenly over his land. Manure, commercial fertilizer, cornstalks, straw, lime, ashes or litter from the barnyard are spread with greater economy, because with greater evenness, than by hand, to say nothing of the saving of time and of toil.

AUTOMATIC SEEDERS.

The hand made ready for the reception of the seed, machinery still does the work that muscles used to do. The sower goes forth to sow, but as he goes he drops his seed into the soil, nudging backward and forward from dawn till twilight. His grass or his grain is broadcasted or drilled in with mechanical evenness. The automatic seeders register the acreage sown. In like manner his corn is drilled in, listed or planted in hills, his potatoes are planted and even his cabbage, his cauliflower and his tobacco plants from the seed-beds are set out by machinery and the work is done better than it could possibly be by hand—this, besides the saving of time and toil. Even in the vegetable garden seeders for all kinds of seeds are now extensively used. The machines are pushed in front of the operator and they automatically drop and cover the seeds at the desired distances and depths and at the same time mark off the next row.

Promptly after the crop is planted come the weeds. They once meant the hoe, blistered hands, weary backs and, in a wet season, a long and weary battle. Today the farmer has his choice from a great variety of cultivators, either guided by handles, the driver walking behind, or made with wheels and a seat, the driver riding in comfort. Tans corn and potatoes are ridged up and the ground is kept clean and in good condition. There are hand-cultivators worked on the same principle as the hand-seeders, and there is a great variety of hoes, rakes and ploughs for the cultivation of special crops which have supplanted the old hand tools on the great wheat farms and market gardens.

But it is when we come to the harvest that we find the greatest marvels

in mechanical ingenuity. Everyone is familiar with the mower, the tedder and the horse rake to save the hay crop. To these have been added the hay-gatherer and stacker, drawn by horses, and a press operated by horse-power. To harvest and to press a ton of hay by hand requires thirty-five and a half hours of labor; with modern machinery, seven hours and thirty-four minutes. The greatest saving is in the cutting and the curing of the crop, which by hand requires seven hours and by machinery one hour and thirty-nine minutes.

REAPER AND BINDER.

But it is the harvesting of the two great crops, wheat and corn, that the greatest advance in agricultural machinery has been made. Drawn by horses, the self-binder cuts an eight-foot swath across the field of ripened wheat. But instead of leaving it strewn behind as the mower does the grass it gathers it and automatically binds it in bundles. Or, if a header be preferred, the heads of the standing grain are taken off cleanly and poured in a steady stream through a chute into the wagon that is driven beside it. But even more than these—the most spectacular scene of agricultural progress is the combined harvester and thresher which is used on the great grain ranches in California. As far as the eye can reach stretches a sea of golden grain. It is a glorious sight, the food of a nation awaiting the hand of the reaper. Where are the harvesters who shall garner a crop so large? Measured by the methods of small Eastern farms the problem of saving such a crop seems hardly less than the emptying of the great lakes with a dipper. But the steam harvester moves steadily forward into it. On one side the grain falls in a great swath. It melts away before the majestic advance of the machine. On the other side with the same regularity, drop sacks of grain ready for the miller. The ranchman following with his team picks up a sack filled with threshed and winnowed wheat from the very spot where but five minutes before the wheat stalks stood in the sunshine. In the broad path between the standing grain and the line of brown sacks has passed one of the greatest triumphs of American machinery, the combined harvester and thresher.

What Ails Railroads?

The railroads—what ails them? It seems more wrecks are chronicled, more lives are snapped out and more property is destroyed this year than ever before in the history of railroads. It seems so, we say, and our statement is based on the daily chronicle of such disasters in the newspapers.

Hardly a day passes now but that we read of another terrible railroad smashup. The front pages of the papers are filled with the lists of killed and wounded. Black type headlines setting forth the announcement of such catastrophes have come to greet the reader with such regularity that they are conspicuous when they are absent. The old railroad superstition that one wreck is followed by two more has been put out of business altogether and may with some propriety be succeeded by one which predicts three down instead of three.

There may be some explanation for this growth in the number of railroad wrecks. It may be that as the total mileage of roads has increased the accidents have only increased in proportion and the average now is no larger than the average was in the past. The increased number of fatalities, though, is undoubtedly due to the desire for higher speed than was formerly maintained by the roads. Trains do run faster than they did, and of course the chances for killing passengers when the wreck does come are greater than if the slow speed had been maintained.

On the other hand, it may be that the railroad managements are growing more careless as they become more experienced in running trains. This should not be the case, for the aim in railroad management has been steadily advancing towards perfection in this country and the standard of character for railroad employes has been steadily raised each year. Nevertheless, it may be that carelessness on the part of the one incapable employe out of the hundreds of capable men is responsible for many of the wrecks of today.

Whatever the explanation may be, it remains an obvious fact that something is the matter with railroads at this juncture. Not only are the roads of this section of the country subjected to terrific blows of collisions and derailments and falling bridges,

but the roads of other sections as well and likewise the roads of other countries are suffering similar blows.

It is high time for the expert in wreckage to come forward and make his statement.—Atlanta Journal.

At The Second Call.

Two men were arguing in their club. One, a fellow of ineffable conceit, was boring everybody with boasting of the power of his will, maintaining with much violence that his will was stronger than that of anybody present. An English paper records the conversation.

"You are wrong there," said one of the gentlemen, "and I will prove it. Go and stand in that corner, and I will have you out of it before I have commanded you the second time."

The smart one stood in the corner, and the quiet one said:

"Come out of that corner."

The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and then the smart man said with a sneer:

"Don't you think you'd better give it up? I don't feel any influence at all, and I can stand here all the evening."

"Oh, as to that," replied the quiet man, "there's no hurry. I am perfectly comfortable. You recollect that there's no time limit; you are simply to come out before I ask you twice. And as I don't intend to ask you again until a week from today, in order to give you strong will a fair and vigorous trial, we might as well take it easily."

The man with the iron resolution sneaked out of the corner, and the experiment was declared off.

Presidents as Workers.

Says Jerry Smith, the veteran of the White House, to the Chicago Post correspondent:

"Mr. Roosevelt is not like any of the other presidents—he doesn't ever take any rest unless he goes away from town. Gen. Grant would come to the office about 10 o'clock and work until 2, then he would take a lunch and go for a drive. Generally he and Gen. Beale would start out at the same time, each in a single buggy, and they got to racing outside the city limits almost every time before they came back. Grant never went into the office after 2 except by special appointment. Mr. Hayes kept about the same hours as Gen. Grant, but he was much more of a church-going man than any of the presidents.

"Mr. Garfield left his office about 2 o'clock every day for a lunch and a drive. The Garfield boys were a merry crowd, and many a prank they played, riding their pony into the cellar and jumping into the big fountain in their bathing suits. Mr. Arthur was the finest gentleman that was ever in the White House in the ways of having an elegant time. He usually left his office till past 11 and then left at 2. As for dinner, it was often midnight before that was finished, and the servants were in rare luck when they got home before 12. But he was always very kind and gave more liberal tips than anybody else."

The Wrong Suggestion.

A good planter's wife "befo' de wab" was teaching a jet black house girl, just fourteen and fresh from the plantation, the letters of the alphabet. Betsy had learned the first two, says Harper's Magazine, but always forgot the letter "O."

"Don't you see with your eyes? Can't you remember the word see?" said her mistress.

"Yesum," answered Betsy. But she could not. Five minutes later Betsy began again bravely, "A—B—" and there she stopped.

"What do you do with your eyes, Betsy?"

"I sleeps wif 'em, mis'."

Sneezed to Death.

Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 12.—Miss Lizzie Bell, 16 years old, daughter of a farmer living in Mercer County, died as a result of protracted and continuous sneezing, which physicians were unable to stop.

Miss Bell was stricken with the affliction in March, and for several weeks was seized with spells of sneezing at intervals of not longer than a minute's duration.

The return of the spell came over her early this month and did not leave her until she completely wasted in strength, resulting in death. She suffered extreme pain.

"No, Mr. Wooster," said the frigid maid with the imported complexion, "it's a never be. I'm satisfied I would not make a good wife for a poor man." "I guess that's the unadulterated truth," rejoined the young man, "but you will undoubtedly make a poor wife for some good man."

A little Miss Becker who has lately arrived in St. Louis is the object of an interest not wholly local. She is the first girl baby born into the family for 140 years.

Schlitz
THE FAMILY BEER

Visitor: "Does your whole family drink beer?"
Host: "Just Schlitz beer—no other. Our physician says that Schlitz beer is good for them."
Visitor: "Why Schlitz beer and no other?"
Host: "Because Schlitz beer is pure. There are no germs in it. Schlitz beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness, and cooled in filtered air. The makers go down 1400 feet for the water they use in it. They filter the beer, then sterilize every bottle—by Pasteur's process—after it is sealed."
Visitor: "But beer makes me bilious."
Host: "Schlitz beer will not; that's another advantage. Biliousness is caused by 'green' beer—beer hurried into the market before it is sufficiently aged. Schlitz beer is aged for months in refrigerating rooms before it is bottled."
Visitor: "And what do you pay for it?"
Host: "Just what you pay for other beer. I secure the most careful brewing in the world for what you pay without it. I get a beer that costs twice as much as common beer in the brewing, by simply demanding Schlitz."
Visitor: "I'll do that next time."
Host: "Yes, and ever afterward. People are learning these facts, and Schlitz sales now exceed a million barrels annually. Ask for the brewery bottling."

For sale by all Dispensaries in the State in quart and pint bottles.

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Cures Cholera-Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child and Makes TEETHING EASY.
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We have just received nearly a solid train load of
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I would like to trade a few Buggies and Wagons for some nice Buggy Horses and Draft Mules. I have the largest stock of Vehicles and Harness in the country to select from, and can certainly please you.
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A VARIETY OF
ODD PIECES
AND
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