

# The Worthington Advance.

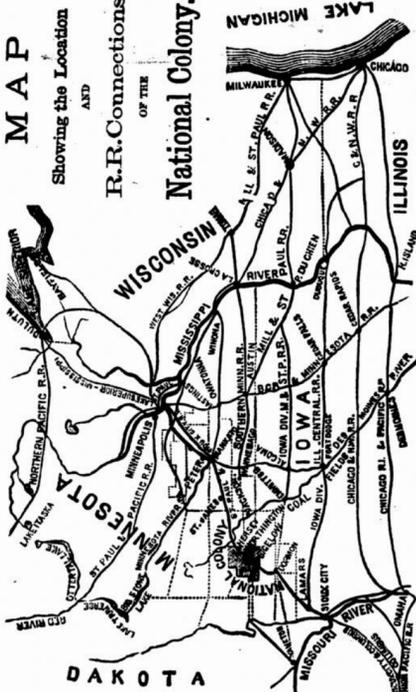
VOLUME V.

WORTHINGTON, NOBLES CO., MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1876.

NUMBER 6.

150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

## NATIONAL COLONY



### The National Colony.

The national colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one-half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this colony lies in the very heart of what is called the "Chestnut or oak prairie" of the Northwestern Territory, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

### Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Oketama, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

### Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making. The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Best cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

### Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the prairie in daily view with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 95 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to La Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

### Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hecsey.

### Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Oketama Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meat markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam sawing mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodist own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a school building, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better.

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HECSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc., and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

### Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A. F. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here, and are realizing the advantages which would result from the National Colony. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

### Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilarating and invigorating constitution which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

### Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no dependence on Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates.

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn.

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**THE STUBBORN BOOT.**  
"Bother!" was all John Clatterly said; his breath came quick; and his cheeks were red; He flourished his elbows, and looked about him; While, over and over, his "bother!" I heard.

Harder and harder he tugged and worked, Vainly and savagely still he jerked; The boot, half on, would dangle and flap—"Bother!" and then he burst the strap.  
Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed; Harder than ever he tugged and tugged; He wringed his heel and tugged at the leather, Till knees and chin came bumping together.

"My boy," said I, in a voice like a flute, "Why not—ahem! try that troublesome boot On the other foot?" "In a groove," laughed John. As he stood, in a flash, with his two booteen

In all the affairs of this busy life (As that same day I said to my wife), Our troubles come from trying to put The left-hand shoe on the right-hand foot.

Or vice versa (meaning reverse, sir), To try to force, as quite of course; Any wrong foot in the right shoe, Is the silliest thing a man can do.

### "GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

BY GEORGE DUDLEY LAWSON.

"Heigho!" said Sammy Millet; "this is the straw that fits both proverbs; 'it shows how the wind blows,' and 'breaks the camel's back,' betokens a cold blast and a complete fracture." "What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. Sammy, who rested her brush-armed hands on the stove slip, which was blacking. "You haven't lost your place, have you, or been warned out again because the tormenting rent is two whole months behindhand?"

"Worse than that, Uncle Polydor is coming. He writes to say that we may confidently look for him on Thursday. Here it is Monday, and not a cent in the house; how in the world will we manage his soups and chickens and jellies—not much of either, but a little of all, he is such an invalid? I wish Uncle Polydor was in Labrador, frozen several miles deep in an iceberg."

"For shame, Samuel Millet!" cried Mrs. Sammy, rising to her feet, and tracing in black lead the course of her finger in following and replacing a stray lock of reddish hair which swept her face. "Think of little Sammy and Jennie and Willie and Minnie, and—There, there, my love, enumeration is both useless and suggestive, and I have heard it twice a year, ever since we have been married. The old story, my dear—his relation and poor expectations. His money keeps him alive; your poverty is killing you; and you and I and all of us will be under the daisies long before Uncle Polydor Millet thinks of dying, and then where is all our sacrifice, our pinching, or scraping, that he may have luxurious ease for a fortnight, and we comfortless toil the other fifty weeks of the year?"

"Let us make the best of it, and hope for even better return," replied Mrs. Sammy, who was a bright little body, ever prone to look on the sunny side of everything.

"Very fine, my dear, but hope is a poor diet; you can't fry it, or butter it; or pledge it at the pawn shop." "But you can enjoy it, and dream about it, and be just as grand as the princes and princesses in the fairy tales; and when the castles tumble down they don't make any dust or noise or hurt anybody. Uncle Polydor has never given us anything but his company as yet, but he is, O, so rich! and we'll get the more by biding our time."

Samuel hadn't the heart to dampen her spirits by telling her how miserably he felt over the prospect. Only by the closest economy was he able to keep bread in the mouths of his family now; but when at least two dollars a day more expenses were to be incurred, even his trustful reliance on good luck was powerless to cheer him.

Uncle Polydor has sold out a prosperous business in the ship-chandlery line some fifty years ago, and simply because (he did not scruple to avow it) the seven or eight boys of his three brothers in the country would or might be thrown on his hands in the capacity of clerks, to be taken care of and instructed in the mysteries of trade and commerce. But when the boys grew up and married, the retired ship chandler divided his days among them, visiting them all twice or thrice a year, and gracing their respective households from a week to a month at a time. He was rich, and by interest and parsimony, was adding to his wealth year by year. But never a penny fell among the generation of the Millets he patronized in Chicago.

Even his travel was wrung from them in the guise of drives in the country or little company trips on the railroad, when he was ready to leave town. He was an invalid by profession, and could only subsist on the daintiest and choicest food, and contrived to keep each nephew and wife disposed to cater to him by equal vocal hints which the hearer always interpreted into promises of sole legatee-ship, with attendant conveniences.

As a consequence, no poverty was discernible in the houses where he sojourned; tables were always furnished with his favorite viands, and shabby apparel was replaced by week-day use of Sunday suits; plenty seemed to reign where he appeared, and with the children he was a prime favorite, for his advent meant meat at every meal, and pie after dinner. Uncle Polydor had a distaste for stale food, and so took the children's part that few scraps were left for return dishes, hushers, or stews. But the heads of the family groaned in secret, and only smothered their resentment when the thought of "I will and bequeath" came into their minds.

Sammy Millet, underpaid clerk in an attorney's office, was about to be made a periodical victim once more, and the notification by letter—stamped kindly supplied by his brother Bob in Marshville—was the inspiration of his con-

versation with Mrs. Millet. It was a regular thing, and he knew every stage of the discourse by heart; so he ended his wife's anticipatory effort by walking out of the door, round the corner, and into Solomon's sign of three golden balls, where he left his watch to represent a loan of twenty dollars.

"If he doesn't stay more than a week," said he, "we will pull through; but I won't get poor old father's watch out again as soon as I did the last time."

He returned to the house, and placed the money in his wife's hands. The smile with which she received it ran the gamut of reflection and sorrow till it melted into tears, as she saw him fastening his guard to his bunch of keys, which he on such occasions transferred to the left-hand pocket of his vest.

Uncle Polydor came in time. He was as punctual as an undertaker or a tax-collector, and made sunshiny in the house for several days. He congratulated Sammy on his apparent prosperity; everything so neat and abundant about him; such profusion and order and pretty servant-girl—they had to hire a neighbor's daughter for the days of uncle's stay.

"An!" he said, "this is as it should be. I knew you would get along, Sammy. Industry and economy, my boy, always succeed. Look at me! I when I was one-and-twenty I hadn't a dime; now I am worth \$200,000 and over. But you won't have to work always any more than myself, my dears. When old Uncle Polydor is dead, his will will be opened and read, and the money will be mightily astonished. I warrant you, Sammy."

Then Sammy and Mrs. M. and the oldest girl would protest. They knew that if they didn't pronounce Uncle Polydor as young or younger than he was ten years ago he would get sulky, and if he did not promise him forty years of life yet, he would set them down as meddlesome and interfere with a shilling. He could not abide contradiction, and so his conclusions as to their comfortable and prosperous condition were never disputed.

When little Polydor asked his Chinese kite for a dime to purchase a kite, he was sharply reproved and packed off to bed, with a chamber injunction to abstain from such impertinence in the future, for uncle must not be led to suppose that they would sponge on him for a cent.

And so it went all the time of his stay—hypocritical assurances of condolence, exuberance of welcome, and disastrous lavishment of expense, until by the time Uncle Polydor started for some other devoted Millet, the indicted and tortured ones were regularly eaten out of house and home. Their last resort was to punch and repeat his prediction concerning the surplus of the rest of the family when the reading of his last will and testament should occur, and Sammy took a sip and a puff and a quantum of courage.

"Didn't I tell you so, Sammy?" said Mrs. Millet, when the day was done. "Haven't I always said that the biggest share of that two hundred thousand would come to this field of Millet named after me, and all our boys Polydor and our girls Polydora."

"I can't see how we could have done it, except in the style of One-polydor, Twopolydor, Threepolydor Millet, and so on. But I hope you are right, my love. Even so near right as a little legacy of two thousand dollars."

"You are actually mean-minded," said Mrs. Millet; "two thousand indeed! It'll be a hundred thousand or nothing."

"The latter is like as not. But in either event it is tedious waiting for dead men's shoes."

Sammy was wrong for once. Uncle Polydor went up the river to Scragboro; next week he went fishing, and had to be fished for himself, and when caught was as perfect a specimen of a drowned ship-chandler as ever the coroner had jurisdiction on. He was buried with his fathers, if interment in the next State but one fulfills the conditions of the statement, and on the afternoon of the funeral one his will was opened by old Tapewax, the attorney, in presence of all the Millets, great and small.

Each individual was there to witness and bear testimony to the astonishment of every other member of the family, and receive the forced congratulations of the others on his particular elevation to the important post of being the biggest Millet-seed in the measure.

"To that nephew who has really been most generous in his entertainment of me," read the lawyer, "I will bequeath one thousand dollars, the matter to be settled by my said nephews, comparing notes and agreeing on the subject. Item: To that nephew who needs it most, the same amount, to be applied in the same manner. Item: To each and every one, one hundred dollars, to buy a black suit and mourning ring. Item: All the rest and residue of my estate to the hospital for idiots and insane, situated in the town of—," &c., &c., &c.

know they can do well without any aid from me, and to insult their industry, frugality and prosperity by bestowal of gifts of a kind or degree that would imply necessity on the part of the recipients."

Such an outcry as there was then never heard before. Only "ammy served his wrath, and remarked to the lawyer:

"The old man was right; he mightily astonished the family. 'Well, peace to his ashes. I have struggled through thus far, and can continue to make my way.'"

All the rest execrated the memory of Uncle Polydor, and bewailed their collars spent for his comfort, and not one would cast a vote or express an opinion as to the disposal of the two one thousand dollar legacies. When they had exhausted their wrath, and were ready to depart, Mr. Tapewax begged audience a moment.

"I have here," he said, "another document which revokes all others, and directs the executors of Polydor Millet's will to turn over all his property to that nephew who is least astonished by the provisions of the will just read, and who has a good word to say for his memory. In compliance therewith, I am happy to announce that Samuel Millet, Esq., is sole legatee, and under his direction the necessary steps to probate will be taken."

"What's that?" said a long one and a heavy one, but it turned out that it bore a good head of plump grain. As might be expected from his easy nature, he healed the wounded feelings of his brothers and cousins by handsome donations, erected a splendid monument to Uncle Polydor, and lived happily ever afterward.

Obedience to superior orders ceases to be a duty the moment those orders endanger life and general safety. Pressing cases like the following may occur where a subaltern is aware of something unknown to his officer, and must act before he has time to explain. The Army and Navy Journal tells the story:

In 1833, the typhoon of the Northern Pacific was not so well understood as it is now, and that sea was little known to our naval vessels. In that year the Potomac, commanded by Com. John Downes, was crossing its waters on a cruise around the world.

Reuben R. Pinkham was her third lieutenant, a thorough sailor; born in a northern whaling port, he had made several voyages to the North Pacific as a whaler, and was comparatively familiar with that region, where the other officers were strangers. He and Com. Downes have both been long dead.

The day was drawing to a close. Pinkham had the watch, and the Commodore was walking the deck. The wind which before was fresh, had increased to a gale; topgallant sails were handed, topsails reefed and spanker brailed up; when all at once Pinkham gave the order:

"Man the weather head braces—weather main brace—weather main top sail brace—lee cross jack braces."

"What is that for, Mr. Pinkham?" asked the Commodore.

"We shall have the wind out here in a moment, sir," said Pinkham, stretching his arm out and pointing to the leeward.

With that the Commodore ran over to the lee rail, and looked anxiously out in the direction indicated. Presently he returned and said:

"I see no signs of it, Mr. Pinkham; let the men leave the braces."

With that a number of the crew dropped the ropes, and Pinkham called out:

### Farm and Garden.

**Horse Shoe and Shoeing.**  
The following excellent advice on the above subject lately appeared in Forest and Stream.

On an average horses require shoeing once a month. The length of time a shoe will wear depends much on the kind of service a horse is doing, and on the kind of road he is daily traveling. A team horse in heavy draught does not wear out as many shoes as one used in a hack; quick motion grinds shoes down more rapidly than slow use.

Some pavement is harder on shoes than an ordinary road, while the friction of a gravelly road wears them away rapidly. Wooden pavement is but a little saving to the wear and tear of shoes, for the grit and dust which become impacted in the interstices of the wooden block grind away shoes like the friction of an emery wheel.

The hind shoes wear out first, and there is more strain and friction on them than on the fore-shoes. It is impossible and improper for a horse to wear shoes more than six weeks, for the growth of the foot shortens the shoe, as well as changes the shape otherwise. The neglect will cause the shoe to encroach upon the soft textures of the foot and produce lameness.

The greatest amount of custom to the blacksmith comes from the teamsters, expressmen and livery men. Omnibus and railroad companies have their own forges and do their own shoeing.

The process of making a horseshoe is familiar to every school-boy, who has often lingered at the smithy door, and listened to the wheezing of the asthmatic bellows, and when the foot is paired wondered why it did not bleed. Again he has seen the strong-armed workman pluck the piece of glowing metal from the bright fire, and with the hammer give it repeated blows, and give it shape by curling over the anvil point. Heating again, and again, the iron he pounds maliciously, causing the hissing sparks to fly in all directions, until at length a shoe is formed complete.

This tedious process is superceded by machinery, and now, like a doughnut, a shoe is cut out of a piece of steel, shaped, creased and punched, precisely as if done by hand. More shoes can be made by machinery in one day than a blacksmith can make by a forge in a week, and equally as good, too, in all respects.

The matter of horse shoeing is of great interest to owners of horse flesh, for everyone has an idea how the shoe should be shaped and fitted to enable the beast to travel to his motion. If he overreaches, interferes, or stumbles, the blacksmith is held responsible. It is true, a skillful mechanic can do much to remedy these evils. There are but a few practical mechanics who have sufficiently studied the foot of the horse. It is not enough to know the anatomy of the foot, and where to insert a nail not to cause pain, but the foot should be studied in the state of nature before the mechanism of man has by artificial appliances distorted it.

The shape of the hoof of the wild horse, or of one who has never been shod, should be taken as a model. The foot is then properly balanced, neither too long nor too broad, but it has adjusted itself to nature, and the muscles or tendons are not strained by travel. Confinement and unskillful shoeing changes the anatomical relations of the foot, and the best judgment of the mechanic is often taxed to correct the growing deformity—from unskillful shoeing. When a reasoning, skillful mechanic is found, the horse is safe in his hands, for he only preserves the normal shape of the hoof, and adjusts the shoe to protect it.

The frog in the hoof of the horse is placed there for a particular purpose, and should not be cut by the shoer. If this is allowed, contraction and lameness will follow. The shape and weight of the shoe should be accommodated to the purpose to which they are designed. The track horse requires a shoe lighter and without corks, while the draft horse must have a heavy, broad shoe, with corks, to enable him to obtain foothold and travel with the least possible strain. The sporting horse should be shod lightly, with a swell at the heel and toe; the best nails should be selected, and care used in clinching, for the casting of the shoes during the chase is of great inconvenience, and might throw the horse and jeopardize the limbs and life of the rider.

Carbolic Acid.—A small quantity of carbolic acid is recommended to be used in whitewash and in paste for laying paper hangings. It will repel cockroaches and all other insects, and also neutralize the disagreeable odor consequent upon the decomposition of the paste.

It is a good sign, when you go into a young man's room, to find a well-thumbed bible lying upon the table. It is a sign that there are pious servants in the house.

### MINNESOTA STATE FAIR.

Some of the Notable Items of the Exhibition.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather during the week of the State Fair, at St. Paul, the attendance was large and the exhibits in most departments complete and large.

In the line of stock, especially the exhibit has never been excelled, while in manufactures and products there was a full representation, which reflected great credit upon the State.

The machinery on the ground was the great centre of attraction, and crowds of people were continually going from one machine to another and wondering at the rapidity and ease with which all worked. They were all run by steam and made a great rattling and clattering. They consisted of all sorts of reapers, mowers, binders and such like implements. Between these machines and the thrashers there was a good deal of music.

The races and ball games were greatly interfered with by the inclement weather, so that the programme for Thursday was postponed to Friday and the Fair continued through Saturday. On that day the sun succeeded in clearing away the clouds, and the business men of St. Paul closed their doors to give all employees a chance to visit the grounds, in consequence of which the gate receipts were greatly increased.

The address of Hon. I. Donnelly was full of good advice and valuable information, though delivered to a limited audience.

One of the entertaining features was the art and other display of the St. Paul Business College. The "Centennial" piece of penmanship by two of the College faculty was truly a wonder, as were numerous other handsome pen pictures and specimens. Not the least interesting portions of the display, was the specimens of penmanship by students when they entered the College, and the work of the same hands after a brief period of instruction. This College has been established eleven years and from a small beginning has grown to be one of the large and important institutions of the Northwest. One of the most striking features of the 1876 catalogue, is a list of five pages of names of former students now holding responsible positions, chiefly in banks and wholesale houses, all of which they were enabled to obtain by reason of having secured a business education at the St. Paul Business College. These former students unite in a testimonial, commending the institution, and the single young man should regard his education complete without taking a Business College course.

Pr. W. W. Deering, the able principal, has secured the first premium at State Fairs for five successive years, and has nine diplomas for plain and ornamental penmanship, text books, and business blanks, he work of students. Any person desiring to obtain a business education should send for a catalogue of the valuable institution and learn the details of its workings.

HARVESTERS WITH GAMMON & DEERING'S SELF-BINDERS.

In the machinery department there was much displayed to interest the farmers. During the entire progress of the Fair a large crowd surrounded the machinery on exhibition and being operated by Griff Jones of Minneapolis. Their machinery consisted of the "Marsh Harvester," with Self-Binder attachment, also the "Warrior Mower." Every one knows that these harvesters have proved a complete and magnificent success after years of trial and sharp competition, but the Self-Binder is a recent attachment and it attracted an immense amount of attention at the Fair. The great desideratum of the harvest field has been found in this Self-Binder.

Farmers who have used them certify that they cut and warranted fifteen and sixteen acres per day with the greatest ease. The binding is far more square than hand binding and superior in every respect to any binding heretofore attempted. It works to a charm without getting out of order. The twister hook renders the bundles firm and secure and the cost for wire is only the trifling sum of from 30 to 35 cents per acre. The expressions of delight with its operation were universal among the crowds which witnessed its workings and numerous farmers declared that they would never make another harvest without Gammon & Deering's Self-binding attachment. It fairly captured the spectators by storm. Griff Jones also exhibited the famous Gammon & Deering Warrior Mower, and this machine like the others worked admirably. The whole display was of immense value to the farming communities of this section of the world as it gave ocular demonstration of the great perfection to which farm machinery has been brought, and enabled farmers to see for themselves where to secure the best.

THE TRIAL OF THRASHING MACHINES.

Perhaps no one thing attracted more attention or proved of greater interest to those present, or to farmers throughout the State, than the grand trial of threshers. The contest having narrowed down to the "Minnesota Chief," manufactured by Seymour, Sabin & Co., of Stillwater, and the "Giant," represented by the inventor, Wm. Leyde. Of course the two machines had their friends, but the admirable qualities displayed by the "Chief" fully warranted the judges in giving it the blue ribbon, which they did, accompanied by the following testimonial:

"Your special committee appointed to decide upon the merits of the two threshing machines—the 'Minnesota Chief' and the 'Giant,' would respectfully report that upon the trial, the 'Minnesota Chief' with a 22 inch cylinder threshed 42 bushels of wheat in 25 minutes, being an average of one and seventeen twenty-fifths of a bushel per minute, making clean work with very little waste over the stacker, and no waste under the machine. The 'Giant' threshed 16 1/2 bushels in twelve minutes, with a 36 inch cylinder, being an average of 1 1/4 bushels per minute. The character of the work was fair, with much waste over the stacker and considerable waste under the machine. Your committee, therefore, award the diploma to the 'Minnesota Chief.'"

(Signed.) C. H. CHADBURN, C. R. SMITH, A. A. DAY.