ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is next to mine—
And I feel I fancy the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks, and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a word of blessing and love
In the "baby bye" she hums.

I can see the restless fingers
Playing with "mamma's rings,"
The sweet, little, smiling, pouting mouth
That to hers in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I hear that she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes and cheek and brow.

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us
She is rocking on a heart?
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence,
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
the room just next to mine.

Paying Off a Church Debt.

The first church of Atodia was in debt. It was a case of too much steeple, too much frescoing, and too much organ; a case partly of necessity, since being the first church it could not be second, hence the steeple and the organ, and the much frescoing; a case of pulling down barns and building greater when there were no crops to bestow in them, hence the debt.

Matters had gone from bad to worse, until at last it was whispered at the sewing society that there was actually a mortgage on the church, and every woman stood aghast with horror. They could comprehend debts.

Something must be done, something should be done; and with this determination burning in her heart, every woman went home. From that hour a noticeable solemnity brooded over the hearts and homes of Acadia. Meetings were called, papers were seen to circulate, committees met and separated; there were consultations in the synagogues and the market places; and as the faces of the woman changed from a look of anxiety to one of confidence, the faces of men began to brighten also. When a woman would she would, and already the brethren were in prospect that the mortgage lifted and the reproach rolled away from Zion.

"If they'll only persevere; great gains come of small savings," said Deacon Doubtful, but repented of his wisdom the next moment when his wife decided against the plum pudding she was contemplating, concluding she might as well put the money into her mite box, and gave the deacon a wholesome, plain dinner.

Nobody could say they did not persevere. They laid everybody under contribution, from the lord high mayor who paid taxes to the Jones' baby that was brought up on a bottle. They saved in unheard-of ways. Servant girls were put on short allowance of waste paper for lighting fires; ancient bones were scrutinized with an eye to possible soups; and the man who ventured to return his cup of coffee with "a little more sugar, my dear," was met with a lock of reproach that withered his heart strings. More sugar, when the church was mortgaged! The man who could have asked for it could have danced when Rome was burning. It was strongly suspected that Mrs. Greatheart herself took no sugar at all, and there were hints of cooking clubs that were secretly experimenting on sawdust puddings without eggs.

The savings, however, were nothing to the earnings. Every contrivance for enticing the coveted dollar from the pocket of the unwary and the wary was resorted to. Nothing was too hard or too high. Fairs, festivals, lunches, bazaars, concerts, sociables, lawn parties, pound parties, tea parties, parties where you paid for the privilege of talking; oyster suppers, strawberry suppers, ice cream suppers, everything in season and out of season was made to minister to their gains. The brethren smiled upon them, sometimes with the far-off smile of lofty condescension and amiable toleration for feminine weakness, but still they smiled and bought tickets and paid fees, and ate and drank heroically, and winked at any addition to the grocer's bill, which might have been supposed to balance the gain to the church fund.

The results were marvelous and astonished even the women themselves, who shook hands over the figures, laughed and cried and went home brave for another year of work.

Next morning Mrs. Greatheart sat at her breakfast table pale and exhausted; there were three little wrinkles between her eyes and a dozen about her temples. Greatheart, stirring his coffee in vain hope of extracting a little more sweetness from the bottom of his cup, watching her compassionately.

"My dear," he asked gently, "how long is this thing to last?"

Mrs. Greatheart would have scorned to ask, "what this?" There was for her but one object of thought, and she answered promptly, "as long as the debt lasts."

Greatheart sighed, "did it ever occur to you, my dear, that you might not last? You are growing perceptibly smaller; there are wrinkles in your forehead; you eat less than a hearty canary; you talk in your sleep of interests and mortgages and weekly payments. I believe another year will kill you."

Mrs. Greatheart smiled compassionately, as martyrs have smiled when adjured to give up their faith to escape torment.

"Greatheart," she said absently, "will you call at the office of the Trumpet and leave this notice for our meeting of managers? I have a new plan that will eclipse all our undertakings."

The meeting of the managers was not very enthusiastic. Mrs. Jones had the rheumatism, Mrs. Smith's baby was threatened with croup, Mrs. Smart had left a house full of visitors and Miss Sally Volatile was going East for the Winter. The few who were present listened to Mrs. Greatheart's new plan in ominous silence, and Mrs. Timorous fussed and fidgeted and at last spoke:

"The fact is, ladies, I sometimes wonder if all this pays. My husband says it doesn't, and he hasn't a particle of patience with the whole thing, so that I dread to let him know of a fair or festival. He says it comes out of the men anyhow, either in grocery bills or doctor bills, or buying things, after we half kill ourselves to make them; and that any man would sooner pay $5 out of his pocket than have his wife earn it, when she has all she can do already. And he says a woman who wouldn't think she could afford to give 50 cents will bake a cake worth 75 cents and make her sick in doing it, and then expect her husband to pay 50 cents more for a little piece of it and a dish of ice cream that some other woman donated, and out of it all the church gets is 25 cents, and he can't see where the profit comes in."

Mrs. Greatheart laughed.

"We have all heard that sort of talk. It sounds reasonable, but the trouble is when you come to test them, the men will not take the $5 out of their pockets; they always mean some other man's pocket. Of course, the money comes out of somebody; so do the profits in a grocery store or a bank. As for its simply being an exchange from one hand into another, that is nonsense. The gain is a per centage on the skill and ingenuity and self-denying labor of the ladies, and I call it a shame for anybody to deny them the full credit of actual earnings. The men give it, indeed! I should like to see them earning an extra dollar in the way their wives do."

"Wouldn't it be funny?" laughed Miss Sally. "Now I crocheted those mats while I was rocking Jenny's baby to sleep, and I wanted desperately to read George Elliot. And I took my lunch to school for two weeks to save time at noon to emboider those lambrequins. Yes, and begged the pieces besides."

"I made every stitch of that toilet set after the children were in bed," said Mrs. Dimple. "My eyes used to get so tired that I saw cross-stitches all night, but it was lovely."

"Just fancy your husband running over of an evening to saw wood for a neighbor, or Mr. Jones working an hour every night at shoemaking, or Squire Buncome take orders for the grocery before he went to his office, or Colonel Wise shoveling paths on his way to lunch, and all for the sake of earning a little money for the church, without trespassing on any other fund. They'd see the church turned into a junk shop first. I declare I have a great mind to propose to them to try it."

Mrs. Greatheart's eyes flashed ominously, and the meeting went into secret conclave, from which all reporters were excluded by dropping the curtains, closing the chimney, filling the key-hole with cotton and stationing a savage dog upon the steps.

The next number of the Trumpet announced the fact that the ladies had retired from the field and called a meeting of the brethren to consider the emergency. The brethren were present in force and commenced operations by appointing five committees; one to consult with the pastor, one to interview the architect, one to canvass the membership, one to prepare a statement for the official board and one to correspond with Rev. Mr. Stunning in reference to securing his aid for some Sabbath. There was some talk about taking the $5 out of their pockets, but most of them were painfully conscious that the $5 was not there, and for their lives they could hit upon no expedient save the very one whose fallacy they had so clearly demonstrated to their wives, and Greatheart—moved, it is feared, by malice aforethought—actually proposed it.

"I do not see that it would be any harder for us than for them. You, Brother Mead, could make your own fires and sweep your own office, and save your janitor's fees; Brother Hill could do copying at home in the evening; brother Dale could attend to jobs of varnishing and repairing and painting in his odd minutes; brother Frost could raise vegetables in his back yard, and brother Ward could rise an hour earlier and work at his old trade of type setting."

The brethren looked at each other and laughed feebly.

At last old Matthew Steadfast rose and from his corner and said:

"Brethren, I didn't come here to talk, but while I kep silence the fire burned. It never seemed to me like sound economy to split wood with a razor when you had a good ax ready to your hand; it's a hard, slow way, and spiles the razor. And it don't look to me like good common sense to sweep up the crumbs as if they were so much gold dust, and throw away the whole loaf. Now, if I had my way in this church, I'd agree to pay off the debt in two years and have a good round sum to send to the heathen, and not a soul of you would be worried or overworked, or even know you had made any sacrifice I've calculated that there are at least 20 men in this church who smoke, who could get along just as comortably with one less cigar a day; in fact, not know the difference—and there's a clear income of over $1,000 a year just from those twenty men. Then there are at least twenty more who smoke cheaper cigars, who might do the same thing at a saving of $700 more. No hard work, you see, brethren, nobody's comforts taken away so far. Then I'm sure there are 30 families in this church who could save $1 a week from their table expenses and never miss it. Why, it is only a matter of a loaf or cake and a couple of pies less, and a plainer sauce for a pudding, or even no desert at all for a few days. There are plenty of families that could cut off five times as much and be all the better for it; but I'll only ask for $1 a week, and there you are $1,500 more from just those 30 families. Now, it does 'pear to me, brethren, it wouldn't be so hard on the women folks as wearing out their souls and bodies making foi-do-rolls and trying to sell 'em to folks that don't want 'em. Then there are 50 people who save $5 every year from their own and from their children's garments, just by putting a little less cloth or a little less trimming, or saving a few cents a yard on the goods, and nobody on earth be the wiser, unless they happened to think that they looked less like French dolls and more as if they might be related to the little one the Lord Jesus took up in his arms. Why, brethren, I hope it isn't sacrilegious, but I've sometimes thought the Lord wouldn't have dared to touch one of the little creatures they call children now-a-days, with their jewels and flounces and furbelows."

On the following Sabbath the pastor presented the subject in such a plain, forcible manner, that every one present was convinced of its reasonableness, and Father Steadfast followed up the work by a few lay sermons in every family where he established his mite-box. When people really turned their attention to it they found a multitude of things that were not in any way essential to their comfort, and day by day the enthusiasm to increase the fund grew stronger.

"We have no dessert or cake except on Sunday," said Mrs. Smart, "and really we do not miss it. I lay aside $1 a week on account of it, but I am sure it saves us much more. Then, since my husband has become accustomed to one cigar less a day, he finds he can spare two about as well, and we devote the cost of the second one to books. Just think of a new book every week or two, and we scarcely ever felt able to buy one before."

"I made my baby's dress with plain hem and tucks," said Mrs. Dimple, "and "and he really looks sweeter than ever. I got two dresses for the price of one, and so I felt that I could afford to hire them made, and that gave my poor neighbor a lift. I had set my heart on a couple of lovely sashes for him, but, dear me! what is the use? Sashes are only a bother to a baby, so I put that $5 into the box with a clear conscience."

The First Church of Acadia is out of debt, and has adopted the savings plan as the best and easiest method for meeting its regular benevolences. The women are radiant with satisfaction, the brethren congratulate themselves that we did it, and Father Steadfast rises above all clouds of care on the wings of his rejoicing soul.

A Bold Swindling Operation.

A singular story of wholesale swindling and inconceivable credulity comes from Rome. About a year ago a young and beautiful woman, believed to be an American, and credited with the possession of an enormous fortune, arrived at the Italian capital, accompanied by a young man belonging to one of the oldest and most distinguished Roman families and by a donkey. Shortly after her arrival she was married to the young aristocrat, whose name the Italian papers conceal under the title of Signor X. The couple went upon a wedding tour, and spent money with lavish hands. They selected the city of Portidi for their home, saying that they wished to live in retirement while awaiting the completion of Madame's twenty-fifth year, when she would come into full possession of her fortune, and would receive six millions of dollars. Every one was ready to give credit to such a great heiress. A Roman gentleman, in whose villa the couple lodged, loaned them 50,000 francs, and guaranteed payment for 150,000 francs' worth of jewelry which they had bought in Naples. They made debts among the Neapolitan merchants and bankers to the amount of $700,000 francs. In Rome they victimized the shopkeepers heavily for diamonds, corals, costly furs and other portable articles of high price. Nothing seemed too costly, provided they could get credit for it. They even had the handles of parasols and umbrellas set with precious stones.

They contracted to buy the Villa Mirafiori for 700,000 francs, bought seven carriages and forty horses, and ordered a private railway car and a yacht. Within a year they managed to make debts to the extent of over half a million of dollars. The date fixed far payment was in all cases the first of March. In February the couple went to Paris and then to London, a movement which seemed to excite no suspicion among their creditors; but on the first of March news came from Rome that they had gone to America, taking with them an immense quantity of baggage. A few days later a banker in Rome received a letter from the husband, saying that the will making his wife a rich heiress had been set aside, and that they had gone to America, hoping with perseverance and indefatigable effort to regain the position they had occupied in the world.—N. Y. Tribune.

Rest for Headaches.

Dr. Day says in a late lecture: "Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is the first principle to inculcate in very severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye; it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out actually. It is a practical lesson to keep steadily in view, in that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesion of unknown magnitude, which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained. There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. See that the head is elevated at night, and the pillow hard, for, if it be soft, the head sinks into it and becomes hot, which, with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy."

An Elephant's Weight.

An Indian writer relates an interesting anecdote concerning Shajee, the father of the first ruling prince of the Mahrattas of Hindostan, who lived about the beginning of the seventeenth century. On one occasion a certain high official made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money; but the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this weight really was; and all the learned and clever men of the court seem to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant. At length it is said that Shajee came forward and suggested a plan, which was simple and yet ingenious in the extreme. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted along a stage, especially made for the purpose by the water side, into a flat-bottomed boat; and then, having marked upon the boat the height to which the water reached after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to hold the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus, to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.

Queen Victoria has sent a gold watch to Mr. Madden, the groom who rendered valuable service at the time of the accident to Princess Louise; and one to Hon. Mr. Bigot, aide de camp to the Marquis of Lorne.

"OMNES PROSINT"--HEALTH FOR ALL.

The Original Oregon Botanical Remedies.

Prepared Only by Wm. Pfunder, Operative Chemist.

No. 7138.
YOUNG, BUT THRIVING.

Why we, the people of the Pacific Coast should any longer be pestered with worthless nostrums, made fifty years ago east of the Rocky Mountains, and that too, by persons who never even knew chemistry by its name proper, much less its wonderful workings. This question suggested itself years ago to Wm. Pfunder, the only operative chemist in Oregon. The result was that this gentleman applied himself to a great and tedious research of the different vegetations, growing in immense quantities, especially in Oregon, but shedding—until his discoveries—all their VIRTUES from year to year to mother earth. His tedious researches, scientific applications, and proper combinations, culminated in the production known to-day as the OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER, *Progressu, labore et scientia, extractum concentratum, nomen Pfunderii Oregoniense formetur.*

Experience makes the master. Having had experience with very difficult medicines, chemicals, etc., for over 25 years, and having mastered them all through hard study, both here, and in the East and in Europe, we can confidently recommend our Botanical Remedies, because we have extracted, nay "wrenched" from the very heart-strings of hidden nature, all that is good and beneficial to suffering humanity, and leaving the Empty Shells and Worthless Leaves to imitators, green and inexperienced.

WM. PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER will positively be found a valuable remedy for chronic constipation, affected kidneys, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, scrofula, and all other diseases having their origin in impure blood.

[One of Many.] ROSEBURG, Oregon, January 23, 1880. A few bottles of your indeed valuable medicine, called PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER have entirely cured my Rheumatism of 10 years standing, and other acquaintances speak very highly about it, performing a cure in every instance. Such a blessing should be made known to all sufferers, hence I make the above statement. H. SCHWARTZ.

Lyman Page, Esq., Contractor, 25 years a resident of Portland, says: For 12 years I suffered from liver complaint—tried everything. Cured with 6 bottles of PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

I read about it, tried it, and am still using it when occasion requires What? The OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER! Such are the words of one of our lady lecturers. All ladies will understand what is meant.

For shame young man! Get a bottle of PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. Use it; those pimples will leave your otherwise finely shaped forehead. And you, too, young lady; you also try a bottle of this really invigorating remedy, and regain that natural bloom on your sweet face, which no paint or powder can impart.

The cause of general debility removed in a short time, rapid gaining of flesh, improved complexion and good health. I sold my last bottle of Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier to Doctor Angee of this place, whose wife has been suffering from general debility for over one year, although the Doctor tried his best to cure her. After using your remedy the patient felt better, so much so that the doctor wants one dozen of this truly good medicine, which please send in my care at once. This is an extract received from Mr. Boos, Forest Grove, Oregon.

I, Frederick Ruegg, of Multnomah county, State of Oregon, certify herewith that Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier has entirely cured me of a skin disease, produced by poison oak. Although I had applied to several physicians for relief, none of these gents could do me any good, and I herewith recommend the Oregon Blood Purifier to all suffering with such skin diseases. Signed: F. RUEGG.

Sea Sickness—I used to dread it—a sea voyage; but now, since I take Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier I do not feel the least inconvenience. Use a dozen so before going on board and same after leaving vessel.

Look at him—that sallow sole-leather face—that dull red rimmed eye—that slouching walk—yes, look at him well. He is a dyspeptic. Now look at this one: Elastic step, bright eye, healthy complexion—how is this? Well, he uses Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier and nothing else.

Mountain fever of years standing cured without the use of Quinine in a short time. Read and admire: I have been suffering from mountain fever for years. My physicians told me the only chance of my getting better would be a change of climate. Accidentally I came across a bottle of Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier, used it, and following directions by using a bottle of the S. S. S. Fever and Ague Mixture in addition, I am perfectly healthy now, and thus explained the theory of my physicians. GEORGE GREBEL, Mail Carrier, U. S.

Ladies in that delicate state—ever to be revered—but ever creating nausea, will find speedy relief by using Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

Pfunder's S. S. S. (safe, sure, speedy) Fever and Ague Mixture Certificate. I suffered some time with, what I was told, malarial fever, accompanied with pains in my head, back, in fact, felt pains all over. Not getting any better after using all kinds of medicines, I tried PFUNDER'S FEVER AND AGUE MIXTURE, and since gained rapidly in health. MARIE WEISER, Seventh and C streets, Portland.

The different Constitutions. The Constitution of the United States, that master piece of human brain. How is your constitution? If billious, use Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier, the triumph of modern science.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE—TONIC—Bitters, sugared sarsaparilla, watered bad whiskies and pills made B. C.—hard as rock, are the cause, the reason, that to-day our people suffer more from liver complaint, poor digestion, etc., than any other nation. The idea of giving our working population such trash, and magnifying their trash by calling it ferrated (iron containing) medicine; here, where nature's products are abundant, and very nutritious. Eat our Columbia River salmon; that splendid beef derived from cattle feeding on bunch grass; those vegetables at once healthy and within the reach of everybody, and then laugh at those puerile efforts of ignorant, inconsequent parties trying to force iron into your system. All you want—you, who constitute the mass of the people is, to get your liver into working order, and there is no other or better remedy than PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER., Price, per bottle, one dollar. Five dollars for half a dozen.

Your Druggist has it or will get it for you. "The Original." Insist upon having it!

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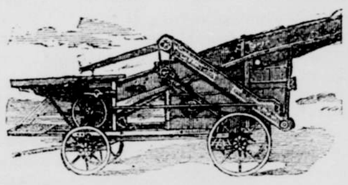

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BUCKEYE MOWER AND REAPER.

So large a portion of the grass and grain crops of the Pacific Coast have been cut by the Buckeye that no farmer here can be ignorant of its merits or require argument to convince him of its

superiority, as it is too well and favorably known to need comment. It the perfection of all Reaping and Mowing Machines.

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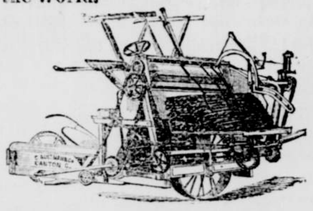

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I have known of several persons who regarded themselves as greatly benefited, and some of them as permanently cured of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs by your medicine, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I have known, too, of its use in similar cases by physicians of the highest character and standing. I do not doubt that it has great virtue.

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Hottentots save time and money by building their huts large enough to accommodate family, dogs, pigs, fowls and cows. If anyone is dissatisfied with the arrangement it is the pigs.

Professor—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Sophomore—"The touch." Prof.—"Prove it." Soph.—"When you sit on a tack. You can't hear it; you can't see it; you can't taste it; you can't smell it; but its there."

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In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of Scrofulous and other Skin Eruptions and Diseases, including Cancers, Ulcers and other Sores.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is unequaled as an appetizer and regular tonic.

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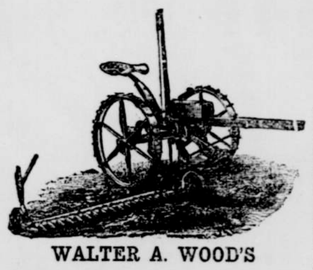

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4 ft. 3 in. cut, 4 ft. 6 in. cut.

This Mower was brought out in 1878, and is already in use by more than 10,000 farmers. Its popularity is so great and the demand for it so active that we have, for the past two seasons, fallen largely short of filing orders.

Enclosed Gearing, insuring exclusion of all dust and dirt, and freedom from noise and jarring.

No Gearing in Drive-Wheels, the Gearing being perfectly encased in the frame.

Width of Tread, 3 feet 7½ inches—from three to six inches wider than that of other Mowers.

Height of Driving Wheels, 31 inches—from two to four inches higher than other Mower Drive-Wheels.

Lightness of Draft.—It is the lightest-draft Mower in the world. The reduction in weight, the improvements made in the gearing and the cutting apparatus, and the increase in the height of driving wheels have conduced to this result.

Lock Nuts.—All the nuts on this machine, liable to get loose, are lock-nuts provided with keys.

Farmers, see this Mower before buying.

THE WALTER A. WOOD
CHAIN-RAKE REAPER.

This Machine is so well and widely known throughout the entire West as to render unnecessary a detailed description of its numerous excellent points. For many years it has stood securely pre-eminent among Self-Raking Reapers, and remains unrivaled as a Table-Rake Reaper in the esteem of the many thousand farmers who have so long and severely tested it. Testimonial letters, attesting its unvarying popularity, are constantly pouring in upon us. Its simplicity, wonderful durability and splendid execution are so familiar as to have become proverbial.

While we have been careful at all times to retain in it the perfection of principle which has given Walter A. Wood's Chain-Rake Reaper its great prominence, we have from time to time made such changes in construction as practical experience and rigid tests in the field have shown to be desirable; and all these improvements have proved to be all that we claimed for them, and have kept the machine in the front line of the "march of progress."

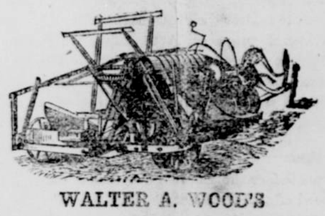
WALTER A. WOOD'S
SWEEP-RAKE REAPER,
The Model Reaper of the Period.
The Only Five-Rake Reaper Manufactured.

Experience has demonstrated the superiority of five rakes over four for reeling all kinds and conditions of grain.

It is the lightest-draft, stillest running, strongest, most durable and economical Reel-Rake Reaper now made.

Walter A. Wood's Reapers have no equal in saving badly-conditioned crops. They are also very successful in cutting flax and seed clover.

Walter A. Wood's Sweep-Rake Reaper is so constructed that the Raking and Cutting Apparatus can be instantly lowered to secure tangled and down grain.



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Well Known
HARVESTER AND SELF-BINDER.

To WALTER A. WOOD is the credit of having introduced the first successful self-binder, and this high honor is frankly conceded by competitors as well as by the agricultural community throughout the world.

With the Self-Binder, on clean, with two or three horses, can cut and bind twelve to eighteen acres per day better and cheaper than when it is done by hand. Those who have used the Wood Self-Binder are absolutely unanimous in the assertion that the grain saved more than pays for the binding material.

SEPARATING THE GRAIN.—In lodged and tangled grain this is indispensable. The separation of the bound from the unbound grain, and the delivery of the bundle, by the Wood Binder, are unequaled. There are no scatterings, interlacing or hagging together of the bundles, and consequently none of that difficulty in shocking and stacking tangled grain inevitable in the case of Self-Binders of other makes.

COMPRESSING THE BUNDLE.—The compressing of the bundle is accomplished by the pressure of the iron arms, which adapt themselves to its size, instead of by the wire itself—a feature not practically carried out by any other manufacturer. Other Binders compress the bundles by means of tension on the wire; and with such machines the result is that the operator, to avoid breakage of wire, must loosen the tension, causing loose binding—or he must bind small bundles, in order to bind them tightly.

ONE SPOOL—ONE TIE.—In forming the band, one Spool and one Tie are better than two, taking less wire and requiring less machinery to lock and tie.

Over 500 of these Binders in use in Oregon alone.

Send for Special Catalogues and Circulars.

WALTER A. WOOD'S
MOWING ATTACHMENT.

The Mowing Attachment comprises a separate Frame, Gearing and Cutting Apparatus, complete, including two Mowing Scythes, thus rendering it, with the addition of the Reaper Wheels, Seat and Pole, a Complete Mower—making the Wood Combined Machines the Most Effective, Most Economical and Cheapest in the world.

Mowing Attachment fits either our Chain or Sweep-Rake Reaper.

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Time and Trial Prove all Things—The "BOSS THRESHER" of the Coast—First Prize Oregon State Fair 1877 and 1878 over all other Separators.

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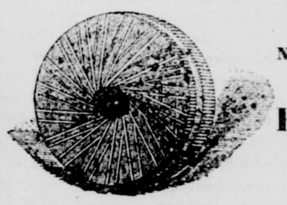

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