

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Australia's Big Sheep Farms and How the Squatters Live Upon Them.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE sheep farms of Australia! The world has never seen anything like them. There were big flocks in the days of the patriarchs, when Abraham and Lot had to separate to get new grazing grounds. It is written that King Solomon sacrificed 120,000 sheep when he dedicated the temple, and we know that Mesha, king of Moab, gave Jehoram, king of Israel, 100,000 lambs as tribute. The pastoral magnates of those days must have had large flocks, but there are farms here in Australia as big as all Palestine. There are sheep stations one hundred miles long. James Mills has a farm as big as the state of Rhode Island, and Samuel McCaughey has 1,314,000 acres in one block. James Tyson, the famous stock king, who died a few years ago, worth \$20,000,000, owned 3,000,000 acres, and there are many others whose holdings run high into the hundreds of thousands of acres.

THOUSANDS OF MILES OF WIRE FENCES.

The sheep farms of the past were merely wild lands, where the flocks, watched by shepherds, were grazed on the hills and valleys. This is the character of a large part of our grazing lands in the west. These big stations of Australia are actual farms. The land is divided up into great fields or paddocks, fenced with smooth wire, and the average paddock contains 800 acres, but there are many which are larger. Some contain several thousand acres, and single paddocks have from 2,000 to 20,000 sheep. Colonel Bell, our American consul, tells me of one station he visited which had wire fencing enough to wall one side of a road from New York to San Francisco, enough to make a highway from New York to Baltimore and enough fence to form a good-sized town. I have traveled through other stations which are larger, and I am amazed at the vast extent of the fencing and the enormous cost of running the ranches.

FORTUNES INVESTED.

At present in this state of New South Wales 40,000,000 out of the 41,000,000 sheep which are here owned are kept in fenced paddocks. There are thousands of miles of wire netting put up as fences to keep out the rabbits. There are millions of dollars invested in buildings, and the salary list of a great station is as long as that of a department store. Sheep raising is by no means a cheap business, and to make it pay everything must be carefully managed.

The average sheep farm costs from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year to run it, and there are some in which the expenses run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Of late wages have steadily increased, until the men are now paid about \$5 a week with board. Every man receives weekly about twelve pounds of meat, ten pounds of flour and a quarter of a pound of tea, as well as other things, so that every station must keep a large store and warehouse. Even the smaller stations have a dozen or more men in ordinary times, and at shearing times the hands are numbered by scores.

LIVE LIKE LORDS.

Some of the big squatters live like lords. They have low one-story houses roofed with galvanised iron. Their homes have a score or more rooms, with wide verandas running around the outside. They have many servants, and their surroundings are more like those of a feudal baron than of the ordinary sheep farmer. Most of them are well educated, many are college bred, and their establishments show all the evidences of culture and taste. There is one squatter who has a picture gallery which has cost him \$15,000. Others have fine libraries and music rooms, and, in all, you will find the leading Australian and London newspapers, especially those of a sporting character. There are large stables connected with these establishments, with horses for riding and driving, as well as those for the men employed on the estate. On most stations you will find a good supply of guns and fishing tackle, and not infrequently tennis, cricket, croquet and golf grounds.

The people are more careful as to matters of etiquette than in this country. It is the usual thing to dress for dinner, and although there may not be a

stranger within fifty miles, the men will appear in evening dress, and the ladies in décolleté gowns, while the servants who wait upon them are in livery. In traveling through the country here every gentleman carries a dress suit with him. If he goes away from the station he usually has a friend horse for his baggage, or he may take his boiled shirts and store clothes in saddle bags on the back of his horse. The people are the soul of hospitality, and it is taken for granted that when ever you call you will be asked to stay.

FORTY-MILE RIDE TO A DANCE.

The social life on these big Australian farms is largely made up of parties and dances and afternoon teas. It is not an uncommon thing for a young man or young woman to ride or drive five, ten or fifteen miles to take a cup of tea with a friend. At the dances people will come forty and fifty miles, riding all day to get to the place of festivity, dancing all night and then starting back home as the day breaks. The Australians are fond of racing, and there are tracks connected with every town which are attended by the men from the stations from a hundred miles about. There are horse and dog races, and there is something going on in nearly every section all the year through.

Both men and women pay a great deal of attention to dress. Some of the belles of the Queensland Bush come regularly to Brisbane and carry back wardrobes to astonish their rivals. The fair country girls of New South Wales get their fashions from Sydney and those of Victoria send annually to Melbourne for their clothes. A great deal of ordering is done by mail, and the latest fashions are as much desired as one of these stations a hundred miles from nowhere as in the Australian metropolises.

THE SUN-DOWNERS.

Speaking of Australian hospitality calls attention to the tramps or sun-downers. These men are of the same character as our tramps in the United States. The most of them will not work, but they travel about on foot from station to station, each carrying a cane and a blue blanket. From the blanket they are sometimes called "Humping Blues." When they arrive at the station they call upon the manager and ask for rations. They are so common that a fixed ration has been allotted to them. This consists of one pound of flour, one-half pound of sugar and one-eighth of a pound of tea. In some places there are little shacks or shanties which have been put up to accommodate such men over night. They cook their own meals and their blanket is their only bedding.

STATION EMPLOYEES.

Among the employees of every station are the boundary riders, men who ride about the fences day after day and see that everything is all right. These men spend all the time in the saddle, riding forty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred miles daily. They carry their blankets with them and at night sleep on the ground, hobbling their horses beside them. Some of the boundary riders are apprentices, and a few of them, sent out here to learn the business, get no wages.

Indeed, they have nicknames here for the different classes of hands on a station, calling them jackeroos and classing them as "gold tails," "silver tails" and "copper tails." The gold tail jackeroo is a young man who has come from England to learn stock farming. He pays something for the privilege of watching the sheep and learning how to handle them. He usually stands well with the proprietor and has something of a place in society. The "silver tail" pays nothing and, as a rule, gets nothing except experience, while the "copper tail" is paid a small stipend for his work.

Every station must have its manager and its overseers. On the larger stations there are bookkeepers and storekeepers. Nearly every one has his blacksmiths and carpenters, his gardeners, hostlers and men of all work. The managers get high wages. They are skilled men, and it depends largely upon them as to whether the station furnishes a profit or loss. Some of them are experimenters. They study sheep-breeding and claim that they can increase the wool clip by doing so. One, for instance, who has charge of 150,000 sheep, recently asserted that he had raised his wool crop more than 7,000 pounds a year by improving the character of the stock. Seventy-five thousand pounds of wool at 10 cents a pound are worth \$7,500, and an increase of \$7,500 to the profit account will more than pay the salary of an expensive manager.

THE SHEARERS AND THEIR UNIONS.

Sheep shearing is a profession in Australia. There are thousands of men who do nothing else, and they form one of the most important classes of Australian workmen. They have one of the

Their Vast Establishments and Their Flocks of Millions—What It Costs to Run an Estate—Life at the Stations—The Sun-Downers and the Jackeroos—The Managers and the Boundary Riders—Sheep Shearers and Their Big Wages—How Sheep Are Shorn by Steam—The Terrible Rabbit and the Attempts to Control Him.

biggest unions of the world, and every colony makes laws for them. There are regular black contracts for shearing sheep, having been agreed upon by shearers and squatters, and these, as a rule, are rigidly lived up to. Not long ago there was a strike of the shearers of Queensland because the squatters claimed they had the right to employ non-union men if they wished. The strike was declared at the beginning of the shearing season, and the union members were patrolled by the union members on horseback, armed with rifles and revolvers, to keep out the non-unionists. Many wool sheds were burned, but the government sent out police and gatling guns to their work, and this broke up the strike, although it cost more than \$1,000,000 to do so.

MAKE \$5 A DAY.

The shearers make good wages. They are paid about 5 cents a sheep, and a good man can shear a hundred a day, so that the average wages are about \$5 a day during shearing time. The shearing season lasts for five months. It begins early in the year in Queensland, where it is warm, and extends from there south from station to station until South Australia is reached, and then still later in Tasmania. Every station has its shearing shed, with litters in which the shearers are to sleep. They furnish their own food, buying it of the squatter at wholesale prices. Each gang of shearers has a cook, and, as a rule, they live very well.

In the past many of the shearers were drunks. They would get drunk on the station and then take their wages to the nearest public house of saloon and there consume them in liquor. Sometimes, so I am told, they would hand their money over to the landlord and tell him to keep an account and put them out when the money was done, which agreement was promptly carried out on the part of the landlord and temperate. They shear for a few years, getting all the way from \$600 to \$700 or more a season, and then invest their savings in stock of their own.

SHEARING SHEEP BY MACHINE.

At present there are millions of sheep shorn every year by machinery. The sheep-shearing machines are run by steam, compressed air and electricity. The force is communicated through a flexible tube like that of the dentist for drilling out teeth, to clippers like those used by the barber in cutting your hair. The clippers consist of little knives which move backward and forward over each other like those of a moving machine. They go at the rate of 4,000 movements per minute, cut the wool as the wool as a hot knife cuts butter, and taking it off more smoothly and cleanly than by hand. I have seen sheep shorn in this way so that their skins were as smooth as the nap of a velvet coat or soft white. The managers tell me that the machines save from a quarter to a half pound of wool per sheep, and that there is less danger of clipping the skin than in hand shearing. The time of shearing is about the same as by hand, the average number shorn being a little more than 100 per day. Some men can shear more than 100 per day by hand. The record of the best shearer is that of Jack Howe, who has cut the wool from 321 sheep in one day with a pair of ordinary hand shears.

HOW WOOL IS SHIPPED.

After the wool is shorn it is sorted and packed. The different parts are put in different bundles which are then sewed up in bags and are then ready for shipment to the markets. On some stations the wool is baled in packages of 300 pounds. Many of the stations are miles from the railway, and in such cases the wool has to be carried there on carts drawn by oxen. Some carts will carry ten tons, a yoke of eight or ten oxen being used to draw them. The ordinary freight charge is 25 cents per ton per mile, which is quite in contrast with the freights from the Australian ports to Europe, where a ton is carried 11,000 miles or more for 25 cents. The freights are even higher than this in certain parts of southern and western Australia, where camels are used to bring out the wool. The camels are brought from Arabia and India, and some of them are excellent. I am told that a single camel will carry two bales of wool, and that they are used for all sorts of freighting.

THE TERRIBLE RABBIT.

The squatter never has the nightmare. If he is drunk or has eaten too much he is liable to have the rabbit-mare. If he gets the delirium tremens he sees rabbits rather than snakes, and rabbits are, in fact, the terror of every one. They are found by the tens of millions all over the

GARDENS IN SWEDISH SCHOOLS.

In Sweden gardens have for some time been regarded as indispensable adjuncts to the schools. The authorities sensibly concluding that this would be the best way in which agriculture could be taught to children, says the New York Herald. No German is following this example, and is not only having ordinary gardens made near all the public schools, but is also establishing botanical gardens, with the object that these shall supply the trees, flowers and plants of public schools, which are subsequently placed in the school gardens so that the children may study them.

At Breslau a botanical garden covering several acres has already been laid out, and plants are being regularly sent from it to teachers throughout the country, who plant them in the school gardens and lecture on them to the children. In the suburbs of Dresden a special agricultural college has been established for the purpose of teaching boys how to cultivate forest trees and girls how to sow and raise the various kinds of vegetables.

A Fast Bicycle Rider.

Will often receive painful cuts, sprains or bruises from accidents, the Buckle's Anti-Sprain will kill the pain and heal the injury. It's the cyclist's friend. Cures Chafing, Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, Burns, Ulcers and Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Try it. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Mothers who would keep their children in good health should watch for first symptoms of worms and treat them with WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. Price, 25 cents. Z. C. M. I.

TORE UP HIS CONTRACT FOR A MILLION

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer from New York, June 15, says: An extraordinary set of circumstances were encountered by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan when he set about the organization of the billion-dollar steel trust, and one incident, which has just come to light, displays Mr. Charles M. Schwab, president of the combine, in an attitude which is unique in the world's history of finance.

Mr. Schwab entered the employ of Mr. Carnegie as an office boy. He gained the absolute confidence of his employer and was intensely loyal to him, even when enormous financial inducements were offered to him. Recently, during a casual discussion of business affairs with a friend, Mr. Morgan was called upon to express an opinion as to the sincerity of Mr. Carnegie's declaration that he believed it wrong for a man to die rich.

"I believe," said Mr. Morgan, "that Carnegie is absolutely sincere in what he says on that point, and I think his actions prove it. Let me tell you about one thing he has done. When the organization of the United States Steel Corporation was about to be effected, I met Mr. Schwab at my office to discuss the status of the Carnegie holdings."

SCHWAB ASTONISHED HIM.

"It was then expected that Mr. Schwab might be elected president of the corporation, but there was no definite conclusion on that point. Mr. Schwab astounded me by telling me that he was receiving a salary of \$1,000,000 per year, as president of the Carnegie companies. I know no man can be worth that much salary," said he. "I'll tell you how it happened that such a salary was given me. About a year before the reorganization of the Carnegie interests and take charge of some large manufacturing interests in Germany. I was receiving what I regarded to be a liberal salary from Mr. Carnegie, but it was small as compared with what the Germans offered me in

the way of salary and interest in prospective profits. Nevertheless, I declined the German offer in order to continue my connection with the interests I had been so long identified with. I said nothing to Mr. Carnegie about the matter. However, it came to his ears, and one day I was astounded to receive from him a blank contract, which needed only my signature to assure me of a salary of \$1,000,000 a year for five years. I went to see Mr. Carnegie about the matter, and said that in my opinion it was impossible that the services of one man in any business, however profitable, could be worth \$1,000,000 a year. He replied that that was the point; that his chief purpose in life was to distribute his wealth according to the plan he believed proper. He insisted upon my signing the contract, and that's how I came to receive a salary of \$1,000,000 a year."

SHOWED THE CONTRACT.

"I told Mr. Schwab," continued Mr. Morgan, "that I had never heard of any such salary as that, and that to assume the contract, along with the other obligations of the Carnegie interests, might, in all probability, be impossible to the new corporation. He drew a paper from his pocket and said: 'Mr. Morgan, here is my contract. It calls, as you will see, for \$1,000,000 a year for five years. It has been in force for two years, and in that time I have drawn only \$200,000 against my salary account. I am fully aware of the fact that sentiment, and not business, led Mr. Carnegie to draw that contract. I appreciate now that it offers an obstacle to this project, which is vastly favorable to the Carnegie interests and directly in line with the personal desire of Mr. Carnegie to be relieved of business responsibility. You need not hesitate on account of this contract. There is an easy way to settle that matter.'"

"Thereupon," continued Mr. Morgan, "Mr. Schwab tore the contract to pieces before my eyes. He remained in my office for half an hour after that, going over the details of the proposed reorganization. 'I felt it my duty to detail to Mr. Carnegie the scene in my office, when

the contract was destroyed. He smiled, and said that there were few men in the world like Schwab. I don't propose he shall lose anything by what he has done,' said he. 'I shall send him my check for the amount he lost when he destroyed the contract. Mr. Carnegie drew his check for \$1,000,000 and plaining his understanding of the transaction in my office. That, I believe, is the basis for the stories we hear of the enormous salary paid to Mr. Schwab by the fact, his salary as president of the corporation is not larger than that of a good many railroad presidents.'"

SODOM AND GOMORRAH RISING.

Are the cities of the plain, in their long-buried ceremonies of ruins to be untembed? If Scriptural history and tradition are right this result is among the probabilities, according to recent scientific investigation, made in the sunken valley of the Dead Sea, when the buried cities of Sodom and Gomorrah lie, says the New York Herald.

The great topographical feature of the Dead sea basin is its level, below that of the ocean. According to careful measurements that level has been slowly rising for some years, and the sea has now become so marked that persons familiar with the region can not ordinary observation, plainly recognize it.

This rising is more strongly apparent around the mouth of the Jordan, near where the Scripture narrative places the cities that were destroyed by fire in the days of Abraham. Here, on the north side of the Jordan delta, a broad lagoon has been formed, the water of which does not sink in summer, and there is every evidence that the entire bottom of the sea is rising.

If this elevation continues it is quite certain that buried ruins will in time show themselves.

Don't Marry for Money.

The Boston man, who lately married a sickly rich young woman, is happy now, for he got Dr. King's New Life Pills, which restored her to perfect health. Irritability, Constipation, Bile, Malaria, Fever and Ague and all Liver and Stomach troubles. Gentle but effective. Only 25c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Rudyard Kipling's Latest Poem, as Published by the London Times:

"THE BRIDGE GUARD ON THE KAROO"

"—And will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge." District Orders—Lines of Communication.

Sudden the desert changes—
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching 'oudthoords range
Stand up like the thrones of kings—
Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing—aglow
Twixt the skyline's beating bay
And the wine-dark flats below.
Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, amber and dun.
The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The whistle shrills to the picket,
We are changing guard on the bridge.
(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metes shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)
We slip through the broken panel,
Of fence by the ganger's shed—
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead:
We stumble on refuse of rations—
The beef and the biscuit tins—
We take our appointed stations
And the endless night begins.
We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold—
And the click of the restless riders
As the steel contracts in the cold—
And, loud in the hush between,
And morsel of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred
ravine.
And the solemn firmament marches,
And the dots of heaven rise,
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties.

Gratitude and Sympathy

Joplin, Mo., March 25, 1900.

It is with gratitude to you and sympathy for suffering women that I write this. I miscarried September 15th, and was followed. Three doctors attended me but did me no good. I had almost given up hope of recovering, when on December 12th, my husband brought home a Ladies' Birthday Almanac, in which I saw a testimonial from a lady afflicted like myself. I immediately got a bottle of Wine of Cardui and commenced taking it. From the first dose it seemed to help me. When I began I could not sit up. Some times I could not raise my head to take a drink without help. The doctors said I would have to undergo an operation as soon as I had strength to stand it. Thanks to Wine of Cardui, I am well without an operation and weigh 123 pounds, which is more than I ever weighed before. I have done all my own work since January 15th.

Hundreds of women are slipping into untimely graves who would be well and happy if some one would induce them to take a bottle of

WINE OF CARDUI

That is the way Mrs. Elliott's life was saved when she suffered miscarriage and her strength was ebbing away on account of the terrible flooding which followed. The Wine brought her speedy relief and eventually restored her to perfect health. And now she can do all her own work. The doctors could not help Mrs. Elliott. They suggested "operation." Wine of Cardui has completely cured nine out of every ten cases of female troubles arising from disordered menstruation or from the accidents of pregnancy or childbirth. It fits a woman for every duty of life. No suffering woman should give up hope until she has given Wine of Cardui a trial. All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.