

THE SHEEP KING OF THE WORLD.

A Chat With a Man Who Owns One Million Sheep and Sells Rams Worth \$5,000 Apiece.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

HAD a chat the other day with the sheep king of Australia, the biggest sheep owner of this great sheep continent. Australasia is the wool center of the world. It has more than 100,000,000 sheep and it cuts enough wool from their backs to bring in \$100,000,000 a year. It has some of the largest flocks of sheep ever gathered together, and it compares with a thousand hills of cattle with them. There are a few men in New South Wales who own 50,000 head; there are hundreds more who have 20,000; four or five who each have 10,000 and one who owns flocks of a thousand and upward. There are twenty-one men in this state who each own 10,000 and up, and Mr. McCaughey, the king of sheep, has more than a million.

ONE MILLION SHEEP.

Think what a million sheep means! They weigh a hundred pounds apiece and they would give enough mutton to furnish a slice to every man, woman and child in the United States, and leave enough for an Irish stew for the whole nation next day. The wool from them would clothe the people of

How Vermont is Improving Australian Wool
—The Sydney Sheep Show—In the Wool Warehouses—A Look at the Wool Exchange and Auction Rooms—Colleges for Wool Sorters—The Origin of the Australian Wool Industry, Etc.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

give you some idea of the enormous value of Mr. McCaughey's holdings, many of the sheep being very fine.

WHAT THE SHEEP KING SAYS OF VERMONT RAMS.

Mr. McCaughey believes that the best rams for Australian sheep are those from Vermont. There is a large importation of such sheep every year, and there are Americans who make a business of taking sheep across the Pacific to Australia for sale. They choose the finest and best bred Vermont rams, ship them to Pigeon Sound and thence by steamer to Sydney. Several shipments have been made around the Cape of Good Hope, but as a rule the latter route is too long and the sheep sometimes die on the way.

In my chat with Mr. McCaughey he told me that he had been importing Vermont rams for almost twenty years. Said he:

"I went to Vermont first in 1886 and picked out 120 ewes and forty rams. I sent them to Australia and used them for breeding. The following spring I went back and brought 162 more sheep, and since then I have bought quite a lot of Vermont stock. My pure Vermont sheep now number about two thousand and I have sold many during the last ten years."

"But is it not expensive to get the sheep here from Vermont?" I asked.



A FLOCK OF 20,000 SHEEP.

one of our cities with the exception, perhaps, of New York or Chicago, and they would annually produce eight million dollars for the Marys of the United States.

All these sheep are owned by Samuel McCaughey, an Irishman, who came to Australia in 1856 with practically nothing. He failed at first and started sheep raising in the best parts of Australia. I am told that one of his farms on the Darling Downs is thirty-six

an increase of this kind is worth a great deal. I have some sheep which will average 75 pounds to the fleece, and I think by breeding that I can increase this to 100 pounds per fleece. I have had sheep which produced as much as 45 pounds of wool at one shearing, and at one time we cut 52 pounds of wool from one of our Vermont rams and 35 pounds from a ewe. I have distributed the Vermont sheep through my flocks both in New South Wales and in Queensland, and the result is a considerable increase in the clip. We find that the sheep which come from a cross of the Vermont and the Australian retain their wool much longer than the Australian sheep."

HOW A \$3,000 SHEEP LOOKS.

I wish I could show you some of the sheep exhibited at the Sydney sheep show. There were in all 700, representing every part of Australia. Four hundred of these were merinos, being in the fine wool class, and there were sheep entered in the competition in the class for frozen mutton. Every sheep at the show was worth several hundred dollars, and some several thousand dollars. Among the latter was Mr. McCaughey's \$5,000 ram, which took first prize. It was a great oblong bundle of wool with a pair of big horns at one end of it. The wool lay on it like a rug, and the skin apparently wrinkling itself in order that it might hold more. The wool came out three inches over its eyes and there were small holes in it through which the eyes looked out. I stuck my finger into the fleece and could just touch the skin without putting my whole fist into it. The wool hung down in great bunches on the belly and the legs were covered clear to the hoofs. On the outside the wool was of a dirty color, but when I pulled it aside and looked in, it was of a rich creamy white. The strands of wool were spiral and springy and very fine.

In some of the stalls I saw ewes which had thirty pounds of wool on their backs, and I asked the price of one of them. The owner told me that he had sold one of them for \$1,000, and that the other was sold for \$1,200. He said that the sheep were sold for \$1,000 and \$1,200, and that the other was sold for \$1,200.

Among the squatters.

The sheep owners, or squatters, as they are called, were all well dressed and well educated men. There were hundreds of them at the show. They looked more like a crowd of Yankee business men than anything else, and at the dinner which was given they made speeches in response to toasts which were as good as you will hear anywhere. They were all well dressed and many had farms which would be considered principlities in the United States, but which are looked upon as quite small here. For instance, I asked as to whether the vice president had a large station. The reply was that he had not, and that his possessions all told comprised only about 50,000 acres of land. Another man was pointed out who owned 200,000 acres and another who had half a million acres, all under fence.

IN THE WOOL WAREHOUSES.

Sydney is the chief wool market of Australia. It ships hundreds of millions of pounds of wool to Europe every year and it has some of the largest wool warehouses in the world. Let us take a walk through one of them. We are in a great room covering many acres. It is roofed with glass and upon its floors are thousands of bales of wool. Each bale is as high as your shoulder. It is wrapped in yellow bagging, but the top is open and the white wool seems to have burst forth and to be pouring

out upon the floor. It is marked with the station from where it comes. In other parts of the warehouse are mountains of wool which have been taken out of the bales and in other places the men are repacking the wool for shipment.

Come with me to one of those piles and examine it. See how dirty and greasy the wool is. The sheep are not washed before shearing and the wool is exported as it comes from their backs, the cleaning being done after it reaches the European markets. Thrust your hand into the pile. Now look at it! It shines as though it were coated with vaseline and your cuff is soiled with the grease.

SELLING WOOL IN SYDNEY.

One of the curious features of Sydney is its wool sales. Everything is sold at auction. The sales take place in November, December and January, when buyers from England and the continent and from the United States and

Suez canal. The shortest route is over 11,000 miles, and the carrying of four pounds 11,000 miles for 1 cent is one of the wonders of modern civilization. The prices of wool vary according to quality. The coarse wool will often bring as much as 30 and 35 cents. There are certain brands of wool, known by the names of their owners, which always bring high prices. I have before me a list of some of the greasy wool sales of last year, showing that certain buyers got as much as 5 cents a pound more than the ordinary market rates. There is also a difference in the price according to what part of the sheep the wool comes from. Every sheep is divided up into sections, and after the fleece is taken off the wool from the legs goes into one place, that from the bellies into another, and so on, a dozen

THE SYDNEY WOOL EXCHANGE.

Sydney has its wool exchange where all the wool auctions are held. The exchange is situated near the

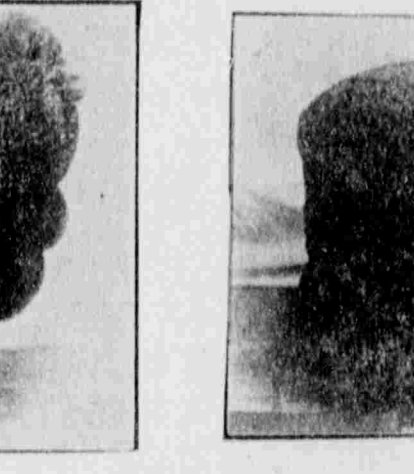
smaller flocks, and hence the wool and sheep exports are sure of good wages. Men from the woolen mills of England are brought out here for this purpose, and every effort is made to produce the highest-priced wool.

ORIGIN OF AUSTRALIAN SHEEP.

I had a talk as to the growth of Australia's wool industry with one of the old-time squatters, a man who has been raising sheep for fifty years and who has now about 50,000 on two different stations. Said he: "We have fewer sheep in Australia today than we had ten years ago. Here in New South Wales, we had more than 60,000,000 in 1891, and now we have just about 40,000,000. We have lost 20,000,000 by drought and overstocking, and have now just about what we can easily feed. I can remember the time when there were only 6,000,000 sheep in this colony. Then all the sheep were imported. Now they are kept in paddocks, fenced with wire, and it takes fewer



A \$3,000 EWE.



A \$3,000 RAM.

shepherds and the cost is much less."

Where did your first sheep come from?" I asked.

"They were brought over by the convicts," was the reply. "When Captain Phillip came here in 1788 he brought twenty-nine sheep and three ewes. These sheep did very well, and it was a few years after that that Captain Macarthur started the idea of making a sheep country of Australia. Macarthur was a military man with a scientific bent. He had a farm near Sydney and he experimented in crossing some East Indian rams and Irish ewes, and as a result produced wool better than that of either of the ancestors. He then experimented with the merinos. You know, perhaps, that up to the present century the finest wool came from Spain, which had always been noted as a sheep breeding country. The Spanish had large flocks of merinos, and the government forbade their exportation in order to keep the wool trade in Spain. The leaders of that time thought that good wool could be grown nowhere else than in Spain, and the Spanish wool consequently brought the highest prices."

Japan come here to bid. The buyers wear long overalls and linen coats while examining the wool. They go from bale to bale, taking notes of each man's stock, in order that they may know how much to offer for it in the auction rooms. As many as 10,000 bales are sometimes sold in a day, and single sales will foot up as much as three-quarters of a million dollars.

I chatted with Mr. E. E. Winchcombe, one of the largest wool dealers of Sydney, about the business. He tells me a few years ago almost all the wool of Australia was shipped direct by the steamer to London, and there came and reshipped. At present the greater part of the product is sent to commission agents at the ports. The Sydney brokers shipping about 400,000 bales annually. Mr. Winchcombe and his partner sell about 7,500,000 worth of wool, skins and other such things every year, and their dealings are with all parts of the world. In 1897 he sent to the German, Russian and French bought their wool from Australia through London. Now each country sends its own buyers and the most of them deal directly with the commission agents of Sydney.

ONE-FOURTH CENT A POUND.

It is surprising how cheaply the wool can be taken from Australia to London. There are many lines of steamers, and there are fleets of sailing vessels engaged in the business. Some of the steamers are of 10,000 tons, one of which will carry as much as 10,000 bales. Some of the sailing vessels will take 2,000 bales, and the competition is so great that the freight rate is now just about one-fourth of a cent per pound. It takes less than four pounds of wool to make a suit of clothes, and for a cent you can carry the wool for the classification being made from the same sheep.

Suit from Australia to London. The sailing vessels of the wool fleet go around the Cape of Good Hope, while the steamers, as a rule, travel via the

wharves in the heart of the city. It is a long, narrow room, much like a chapel, with an auctioneer's desk like a pulpit on one end of it. The various wholesale dealers or commission merchants are allotted different days on which they may auction off their stock, and on those days the buyers come to bid. Cable reports are received as to the prices in the great wool markets over the world, and the excitement rises and falls with the quotations. The commission merchants are only interested in getting as much as they can for their customers, and the wool often brings more than it is worth. After it is sold for commission men deliver it to the steamer packed ready for shipment.

COLLEGES FOR WOOL MEN.

Here in Australia the government has colleges for wool students. A branch of the technical school is devoted to night classes for sheep breeders and wool dealers. In these schools the students are taught all about sheep. The different breeds are exhibited and their qualities pointed out. The students have to grade and classify wool, and hundreds of bales from the station are supplied to the school by wool dealers for this purpose. Each student wears an apron and overalls to keep the greasy stuff from soiling his clothes while he goes through the bales picking out the good and bad wool and sorting it according to quality. He is taught how to shear sheep and how to scour wool. He is taken by the teachers into the wool stores and is given the best of practical instruction as to feeding, saddling and marketing.

There is a regular profession of wool sorting in Australia, and the man who knows all about wool and sheep can get a high salary as a manager or expert. Suppose a squatter has 100,000 sheep and can add one pound per sheep to his crop of wool, the difference is 100,000 pounds per annum, which means a fortune. It is so with the men owning

which affected the history of Europe. It brought Bonaparte's Russian campaign to disaster, caused a retreat in the dead of winter in which the lives of 150,000 of his soldiers were lost, broke the spell of his invincibility and incited the new combinations against him which eventually resulted in his overthrow.

New York City had a fire in 1835 which destroyed \$20,000,000 of property, and one in 1837 which inflicted a loss of \$10,000,000, and this was followed by one in 1845 in which \$8,000,000 of property went up in smoke. Pittsburgh had a \$5,000,000 fire in 1845, followed by one in Albany which inflicted a damage of \$2,000,000 in 1848, and by one in St. Louis which destroyed \$5,000,000 of property in 1849. San Francisco had two fires six weeks apart in 1851, inflicting a loss of \$4,000,000 in the first and \$3,000,000 in the second. The Fourth of July celebration

GREAT FIRES OF HISTORY.

Enormous Destruction of Property as Shown by the Records.

The old world's most calamitous fire was that which took place in London in 1666, which destroyed 10,000 buildings, 600 streets were made and rendered 200,000 persons homeless, the loss of life being 1,000, and that of property \$40,000,000. Moscow's conflagration of 1812 evoked from Bonaparte, when he woke up and got his first glimpse of the beginning. This is what those barbarians call war. It consumed 8,000 of the city's buildings, compelling 20,000 of the city's inhabitants to sleep on the ground, destroyed 200 lives and 100,000,000 of property, and had political consequences

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in 1866 caused in Portland the most destructive fire ever known on the American continent along to that time, except New York's of 1835. Portland's loss being \$15,000,000, like Jacksonville's.

The two most calamitous fires ever known anywhere in the world occurred in the United States within 13 months of each other. In the first of these, in Chicago on October 3 and 9, 1871, the property loss was \$200,000,000, and in the second, in Boston, on November 9, 1872, \$30,000,000 of property were consumed. In Chicago 100,000 persons were left without homes, and 200 were killed. Chicago heads the list of the world's destructive conflagrations, but as she had over 300,000 population in 1871, the loss in life and property in 1871, with 20,000 population, is proportionately not very far below that of the metropolis on Lake Michigan.—Leslie's Weekly.

DO 30 PER CENT OF THE PERSONS WHO DIE KILL THEMSELVES?

ACCORDING to a Chicago physician, 30 per cent of the people who die kill themselves, and of this number few are classed as suicides.

"When a doctor cures a patient," he says, "the majority of his friends speak of his strong constitution, pulling him through. When the patient kills himself, as thousands of them do, the doctor gets the blame."

This physician holds that non-observance of a physician's directions is responsible in a score of ways for the fatal termination of diseases. First of these is the refusal of the patient to do as he may be told to do, and that of them may be the food or drink ordered to the patient under cover, when he is on the verge of convalescence. Between the two are all sorts of possible tinkering and tampering with medicine, hygiene, and dietary of the patient.

In the early stages of so many diseases about all that a doctor can do is prescribe some mild laxative and tell the patient to bed, with instructions to eat carefully and keep warm until time affords a more correct diagnosis.

But there is a type of man and woman who insists that he always keeps the pills till he drops. He doesn't believe in the medicine according to directions, and he will call and see you tomorrow.

"Well," says the doctor, "this may mean only a heavy cold. But it might mean an attack of bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia. Go home and go to bed, and let the medicine according to directions, and I will call and see you tomorrow."

He may take the medicine and may be well, even. Next morning he may be feeling so much better, however, that he will get up and go about his usual work. If the ailment is to prove

guess measles as the patient's trouble and it turns out to be typhoid fever, he loses confidence and neglects prescriptions and diet.

Worst of all plagues in a sick room the doctor fears the unprofessional nurse and relatives of the patient who have ideas of their own about nursing and about medicines.

In the case of a child, for instance, the mother may have notions. In cooking for a sick child a recipe according to measurements and the same holds true in the sickroom. So instead of the mother's giving a medicine four times a day, she may conclude to give it twice a day. Instead of giving it before meals she will give it after eating. But all these details are necessary and important. For instance, if a medicine is prescribed for every three hours it means that before the preceding dose has ceased to act the next shall be taken. It is like putting more coal on a fire before the other fuel has entirely burned up. If the medicine is for an empty stomach it means that it is of a nature to be absorbed best in that way, and that it may be of little benefit if taken after a meal.

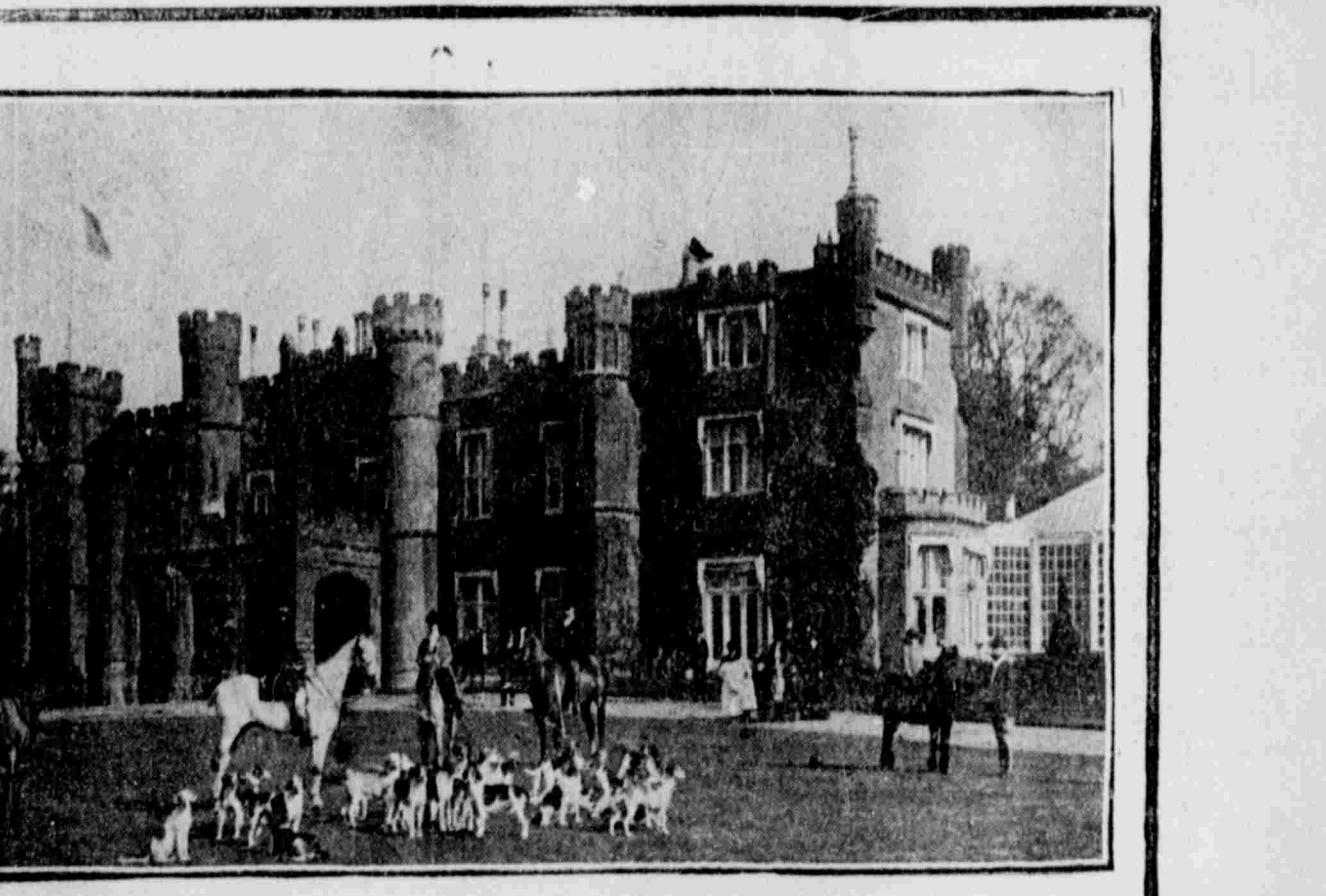
BREAK THE DOCTOR'S RULES.

But notoriously a physician's directions are hard to have filled by any one but a professional nurse. A patient objects most often to the worry of detail, or to the taste of a drug, and a tender-hearted relative breaks the doctor's rules with small concern.

As to wrong-headed patients, Dr. Pennington, 103 State street, recalls cases at West Baden Springs where patients were told to be careful how they drank the water. Such men warned had been intemperate. The idea of being careful about water, however, has struck them as absurd, and they have violated orders, taking the waters in large quantities. As a result many of them have been thrown into convulsions, and a few have died.

In cases of long sickness, where a patient is on the road to recovery at last, he or his friends kill him in many cases.

"Instructions," repeated another physician, "Why, I once had a patient who lay white and almost insensible from loss of blood. I had to leave him for a few minutes, giving positive orders that no stimulants of any kind should be given to him. In twenty minutes I came back to find the man dead—killed by a drink of brandy. In this case the fainting spell had stopped the bleeding, but the brandy had stimulated the heart until the man died in a great rush of blood from several arteries."—Chicago Sunday Tribune.



ALDENHAM ABBEY, HERTS, ENGLAND, LEASED BY JPMORGAN. MAN ON EXTREME RIGHT, HOLDING PONY, IS CHARLES VAN RAALTE, A SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE WHO WAS A FORMER LESSEE OF THE ESTATE.

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE MORGAN TO MIGRATE.

He Leases an English Abbey in Hertfordshire, for a Summer Home.

The New York Capitalist will hereafter vibrate between the United States and Europe, in order to keep in touch with the wealthy of both nations. The above delineation is from the latest photograph taken of Aldenham Abbey, where Mr. Morgan will probably spend the major part of the coming summer.