

carefully skipped these statistics, we will continue our narrative of travel. Casselton, in Dakota, on the Northern Pacific, was the first objective point which Gad and I desired to reach. Not that the town itself had anything to allure us. It is simply a cluster of wooden stores and

from the frightened Dutch holders in Amsterdam, when they were ready to sell at any price, and getting them transferred into land. The whole of this vast tract is under the personal supervision of Mr. Oliver Dalrymple—a tall, thin Yankee, with keen eye and firm mouth.



HAYING ON THE DALRYMPLE FARMS.

houses that have sprung up like huge misshapen mushrooms on the level prairie. But as we stood on the platform of the little railway station, we saw by the number of agricultural machines standing around the freight dépôt, and the farm wagons and teams of all descriptions driving in and out of town, that Casselton must be a "promising" place. The chief ground of its promise is undoubtedly the vicinity of the gigantic wheat farms, of which all the world has been talking and writing.

These farms have four great divisions, called after the men who have money invested in them—Grandin, Cass, Cheney, and Alton. They include in all 75,000 acres, 20,000 of which were in wheat this year. The original cost of the land was from forty cents to five dollars an acre. It is said that a large portion of it was obtained by buying Northern Pacific shares

The farms are cut up into divisions of 5000 acres, with a superintendent for each. These divisions are again divided into sections of 2500 acres. On each division there is a complete set of buildings, including a dwelling-house for the superintendent, a boarding-house for the hands, a stable, a granary, a blacksmith's shop, and a machine-house. There are mounted division foremen, and gang foremen, each of whom oversees twenty teams; there are over a hundred self-binding reapers and twenty steam-threshers employed. The horses and mules are numbered by hundreds. The men employed at harvest would make a little army. In fact, it is just that—the army system applied to agriculture. This general marshals his men, arrays his instruments of war, and with mechanical precision the whole force moves forward to conquer and exact rich tribute from the land.