

LOOMS IN IRELAND.

the-Way, Places Where Ex-
sistite Linnen is Woven.

Journal of Fabrics: In the
ched cottages of Donegal and
ra looms and spinning wheels
manufacturing homespun for
rers. The... queens of
ave decided that these manu-
are fit for court attire, and the
of the north and west of Ire-
reaping a golden harvest.

ars ago Queen Victoria order-
quantity of Irish home-made
This immediately created an
interest in the goods and a few
flooded to set all idle looms in
Orders are now being received
city in Europe. A large or-
tly came from Persia, and even
the home-spun is not un-
The Irish peasants are rapidly
prosperous compared with
circumstances a few years ago.
market for their goods has
every yard they manufacture,
while royalty flaunts the home-
cottages are content with the
mill article.

undreds of years the peasantry
nd clothed themselves in gar-
their own manufacture. Less
years ago no wedding was com-
hout a spinning wheel heading
of presents from the parents
side. Even in "poor old Ire-
however, machinery has made
ides that had Queen Victoria
much longer in placing the first
der for the home-spun than
the loom would not now be
the land. As it is, old wheels
dusted and renovated; fingers
almost forgotten the duties re-
of them are being quickened
work, and young hands are
becoming expert with practice.

l is the center of the present
la home-spun circles, and the
along the mountain sides are
th the hum of busy workers.
re family spend the winter
at reel, wheel and loom. When
lengthen and the sun grows
nial, work on the little patch
nd necessitates a decrease in
on. Potatoes must be planted,
borage plants "dibbled" in the
and a rood or two of oats
L." Then follows the haymak-
on, with its delightful weather
ndless sky. No matter how
ers royalty may send for home-
se, hardy hill folks will "take
ay in summer days." These
santry live to please them-
nd their pleasure is usually the
of a general desire to take
n time for doing things. They
sunshine and the growing
the green pastures and the
vered banks; there is something
white thorn that calls them to
row when it is white with
s, and not for gold would they
small birds' chorus. Therefore
that the home-spun harvest
eaped only when the rain beats
y on the roof and the wind
nd groans in wicker chimney,
age owning a loom may always
n by its unusual length. The
s one end of the cottage, which
one story in height. Additional
ce for spinning wheels makes a
increased frontage necessary.
done at the expense of propor-
l gives the abode a squat ap-
that is deceiving. The walls
cottage are whitewashed a couple
each year, and are remarkable
cleanliness.

achine used in manufacturing
e-spun are amazingly crude in
ance. They are very serviceable
during in spite of their lack of
workmanship. Looms are
down from one generation to
r, and the secret of the age of
of the spinning wheels belongs to
ckers of another time. All the
es are permeated with the odor
smoke, and the natural color of
nd used in their construction has
ee been dyed black by the burnt

astounding with what accuracy
entury-old machines operate. On
these looms was woven the Irish
presented to Queen Victoria on the
an of her jubilee in 1837. The
as said to be the finest ever man-

lections have been made to the
that the homespun industry will
spread over the whole of Ireland.
surprise will be caused by this,
st to those who have followed the
of the lace industry during the
ew years. In many districts it
een almost impossible to engage
ants on account of their being
employed working the most cost-
sh lace and other kinds of fancy
work.

hools have been established at dif-
centers of population for instruc-
in the work, and as many as 50
attend single seminaries daily.
l sales of Irish home-spun prod-
ave been held with great success
ndon, Dublin and Belfast. The
d homespun industries are close-
d. The peasants of the south have
ally a monopoly of the lace busi-
while the homespun weaving cen-
s in the north. Years ago large
ties of woolen fabrics were man-
ed near Belfast, but the cottage
have long since been ousted by
t factories employing thousands
and women.

of the homespun are sold to the
ants of the many small villages
the country. They are then
selves in bulk by the big retailer,
selves orders from all parts of the
At present an attempt is be-
to deal directly with the peo-
the interference of the mid-
eading. It is to be earnestly
that the weavers themselves
p the profits.

FARM
NOTES

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Rockford, Iowa.

Correspondence Solicited.
The neatly built stack or the mow-
ful of nice shredded corn fodder has
this year become a common thing all
through the corn belt.

It is pretty well settled that corn
planted on fall plowing will ripen from
a week to ten days earlier than when
planted on spring plowing.

It costs \$30 a year more to live than
it did five years ago. If you have not
had your wages raised this much in
that time, you are worse off than you
were then. Better attend to this right
away and strike the old man for a
raise.

Late rulings of the postoffice depart-
ment shut out the circulation of fake
weather forecasts from the privileges
of second-class matter, and as a re-
sult the country at large is benefited.
We shall have just the same kind of
weather as before, but the government
will not be the agent whereby the fakir
is able to catch and swallow the sucker.

If you wish to destroy the grove
around your orchard, turn the fruit
trees in your orchard, turn the stock
loose and let them have the run of
grove and orchard. You may charge
the death of the trees up to borers,
drouth or Providence, just as you
please, but the truth is that you killed
the trees the day you turned the stock
in.

For an all round primary school you
can't beat the little country school
house, ten or more little folk and a
sweet little woman to teach them. Every
child may represent a separate
class, but that doesn't matter. Each
child has the patient, careful aid in its
studies which is so largely denied it
when attending the larger and graded
school.

It beats all how much annoyance and
 vexation can be worked up out of the
everyday work of life if one is always
looking for trouble and bound to find
it. And, inverting this statement, it
also beats all how a cheerful and hope-
ful way of looking at life and its work
will checkmate trouble and make life
worth living. We always feel sorry for
that person who is born with the cor-
ners of his math turned down.

The persistent boring for oil in so
many sections in the arid West is de-
veloping what may prove to be worth
far more than oil—viz., more valuable
supplies of artesian water. Millions of
acres of the ir-famed Sahara desert
in Africa has been redeemed by this dis-
covery of the artesian supplies of
water, and millions more will be re-
claimed from the equally desert areas
of this country in the same manner.

A breeder of the Polled Angus cattle
in Central Iowa told us, the other day,
that he can price on his farm one
steer for each acre of his farm.
year with another a 1,200-pound Angus
This finished steer is worth one year
with another about \$80, which gives
him an income of \$20 per acre for his
land. It should be said that the use of
the farm for this purpose has brought
the soil up to a most productive condi-
tion.

We know of a farm whose productive
power has been fully doubled inside of
15 years by keeping on it as much stock
as it would carry and consuming all the
products of the farm upon the farm.
The same thing may be done with thou-
sands of other farms, and it matters lit-
tle whether it is peked with sheep, a
dairy of cows or devoted to the produc-
tion of beef. It can't be done so well
with hogs, as the hog is a very poor dis-
tributer of fertility.

We lately exhibited at a farm insti-
tute a sirloin steak from a well bred
Shorthorn heifer 2 months old and a
similar steak from the same thickness
from exactly the she part of a com-
mon heifer, equally old and of the same
age. The Shorthorn steak weighed
three pounds and that of the other an-
imal only a pound and a half. It is
right here where they breed beef an-
imal gets in its work more hide, not
much rougher tallow but much greater
weight of meat in all the choice cuts.

The farmer of the Northwest has long
regarded his fur coats an indispensa-
ble part of his winter equipment, but
not until lately have ever seen what
should long ago have been as common
as the fur coat for the man—viz., a
long cut, well fitting jacket for his
wife. The one we saw was made of
coonskin, had a high collar and was one
of the most comfortable and appropri-
ate winter wraps for woman that
could be imagined. We should be
more of these put on the market, for
they would find a real sale, as they
are not expensive in the sense that wo-
men's furs usually are.

A Cheap Sub-ber.
A friend who had many years
cultivated a field with diff gun sub-
soil, always plowing the d about four
inches deep, had by the action of the
plow packed and smoothed down this
sub-soil so that the plow did not be-
made to penetrate the cr which had
formed unless he set his plow to, go
much deeper than he did to plow.
He finally seeded the fl down to
clover, and when he turned the clover
sod over two years later for corn crop

the crust was all gone and the hard-
pan all nicely mellowed up by the ac-
tion of the clover roots. Clover is the
poor man's sub-soiler and worth all it
costs to grow on any farm for this pur-
pose alone.

An Old But Good Thing.
We very much favor the idea of the
old-fashioned singing, spelling and de-
bating school for the country commu-
nity where it can possibly be maintai-
ned. Such a weekly gathering forms a
nucleus for much social pleasure and
profit aside from the indisputable and
permanent value of training in such
lines for the country boy and girl.
Many a fine singer has graduated from
a country singing school, many an or-
ator spoke the first piece with his knees
knocking together before his chums
and mates at a country debating school,
while only where such spelling schools
are held can hardly any one be found
who can spell such stan-wind-er words
as apothegm, Melchisedec and Sibyl.
Such gatherings do not cost much to
maintain and only need the interest
and active work of a few bright boys
and girls to get them started in almost
any community.

Irrigation by the Government.
Reclamation of waste and desert
land by systematic irrigation on a large
scale is to receive the attention of the
general government now for the first
time. It is a grand and far-reaching
work, of infinitely more promise than
the investment of millions in pulling,
snagging and dredging sandbars in un-
namable and un navigable creeks. The
almost universal verdict of the Ameri-
can people on this question of reclama-
tion of territory by government author-
ity is that it should be promptly and
intelligently undertaken, and the pro-
ceeds of all reclaimed land sold to be
devoted to the work. Like the postof-
fice department, we believe that irriga-
tion by the government may be self-sustaining or
very nearly so.

Corn For North Dakota.
We note a very interesting fact in
connection with the holding of a farm-
er's institute at Fargo, N. D., recently.
Among other topics on the program
was, "Corn For North Dakota and How
to Grow It." The more fact latitude
would on the face of it seem to place
this territory far north of the corn belt;
but, to our surprise, when we were last
summer we saw some large fields of
corn, one at least of 40 acres, and,
while no such crops of corn will there
be grown as farther south, still the
happy faculty of this cereal in adjust-
ing itself to climatic conditions seems
to be developing a type of corn which
can be grown even in that far north
country with profit. South Dakota
made a splendid record on corn last
year, much better than was made in
some of the so-called corn states.

Plant It To Evergreen.
A friend who has a few acres of quite
sandy soil on a ridge on his farm which
was poisoned with sorrel wrote us last
year wanting to know how to get rid of
the sorrel. He did it by plowing twice
during the drouth of last August and
September, and now wants to get the
land into clover with a view to enrich-
ing it, as the soil is very thin and poor.
This is a hard proposition unless he is
sure of abundant moisture, for an Au-
gust sun will about cook clover, with-
out rain, under such conditions of soil.
Instead of clover for such a case, we
would try cowpeas, and, if we had such
a spot on our farm we would give up
the idea of trying to make it over a pas-
ture or tillable land out of it and would
set it out with Scotch and white pine
or red cedars. It would then look nice
and cease to bother, even if it could
only be regarded as a legal for our
grandchildren.

The Eastern Way.
An Eastern farmer was lately on his
first visit West at the home of a farm-
er friend in North Dakota. It was
thrashing time, and a large field of flax
was being thrashed in the Dakota way
—by hauling the crop from the gavels
in the field direct to the machine. The
men who gathered the flax in the field
were careless and wasteful, and this also
in the Dakota way, and left many scat-
tered bunches here and there in the
field. When the job was completed,
our Eastern friend asked his host when
he was going to clean up the field, and
he was told that it was cleaned up so far
as he was concerned; that up in Dakota
they did not bother with pickings and
rakings. This astonished the Eastern
man, who was a past master in all the
petty economies compelled by Eastern
farm conditions, and he felt sorely
grieved over such a wanton waste, and
so he asked his friend if he would have
a team and wagon the next day and
gather up and save some of the waste,
which was laughingly assented to, with
the remark that he might give all he
could make out of his rakings. The
team and wagon and the Eastern man
went to work the next morning, and in
a very short time a full load of the scat-
tered flax was gathered up, which was
hauled over to the field where the ma-
chine was at work. The load was run
through the machine and gave 13 bush-
els of clean flax, which he sold for \$1.45
per bushel, thus receiving \$23.85 for his
two hours' work. Dakota farmers will
do things different from this before
long.

Four Hundred Dollars a Year.
We are asked by a man who
has a wife and four children whether
we can suggest any way by which he
can get a start when his income from
common day's labor never exceeds \$400 per
year. Not possessing the wisdom of the
King Solomon, we feel like to give a
job out; still, perhaps we can suggest,
even if we cannot give advice. The \$400 a year, as
men live, will do very little providing
food, raiment and shelter for health and
the family. Even with good health and
surplus is

very small. Therefore, in order to get
the small start which may lead to bet-
ter conditions, there is involved a lim-
ited period of self-denial for both the
man and his wife, such as most people
would shrink from. A man, his wife
and four children can and do exist
somehow in England and do exist
continually on an income of \$150 a year
and even less. Our friend will have to
study this way of living, which involves
a bill of fare wherein oatmeal and po-
tatoes figure very conspicuously. To
accomplish anything in the way of
making the start desired there must be
at least \$100 saved from the living ex-
pense account to begin with. Then, as
soon as possible, a good cow should be
secured and some poultry kept and a
small patch of land procured for a good
garden. These three things will at once
make the saving of \$100 from the liv-
ing expense comparatively easy. When
the first \$100 is saved, ways and means
to add to it will readily suggest them-
selves, and little by little a more desir-
able condition may be brought about.
In this connection we might add that
any attempt to work out of the hole is
useless unless a man has a wife who is
willing to fully co-operate with him.
We wish that we could offer a better so-
lution of this economic problem, but it
is the only way.

Low Priced Stock Farms.
We have two or three inquiries as to
where good stock farms can be secured
at cheap rates. There is a vast terri-
tory in Northern Minnesota—cut over
and burned over timber lands, good
soil, plenty of water and a reliable rain-
fall—which seems to be specially
adapted to all our grasses—wild grasses
in greatest profusion and the natural
home of clover and timothy. While
these lands, with their sloughs, spectral
tree trunks and rank growth of grass,
look very forbidding at first sight, it
seems to us that the conditions there
exist to make one of the best stock
countries in the North. Pasturing
rough land speedily civilizes it. The
tame grasses soon crowd out the wild
herbage. The stumps and grubs which
have been rot, and judging from what we
have seen accomplished elsewhere, it
will only take a very few years to con-
vert this wild and woolly territory into
the best of farms, and that without
clearing by hand. These lands are in
close contact with the best markets,
and can be bought at low prices and on
easy terms and only await occupation
to make them very valuable farm lands.
Then here are what are called the
range lands of North and South Dako-
ta, a region where the rainfall is de-
ficient and not enough to insure the
profitable culture of our cereal crops
without irrigation—a fine stock coun-
try, where men are now making their
fortunes on cattle. These lands sell
for about \$3 to \$5 per acre, and a man
wants at least a section, and more if he
can get it.

How the Grove Was Born.
Here is the way in which nature
builds up a grove of trees on the
prairie: There was a piece of old rail
fence left by the side of an abandoned
homestead. The drifting winds bore a
cottonwood seed, a tangle of lint float-
ing like a snowflake, and dropped it in
a corner of the old fence. The little seed
grew, and a migratory robin, stopping
to rest in the top of the little tree,
dropped a seed of a black cherry. Then
some hunters, seeing the little trees,
stopped under their shade to eat their
dinner, and, having some wild plums
for dessert, they threw the pits down,
and one of these grew and soon multi-
plied into a plum thicket. The shelter
thus afforded soon drew the birds from
far away, and the birds and the winds
co-operating kept adding new varie-
ties of shrub and tree and woodland
vine and flower, while the drifting
snows of the winter added their mite.
But just as nature in her curious way
had planted the little grove the prairie
fire is loosed on the front of a great
south wind, and in a moment the pa-
tient work of years is blotted out. It
is more than probable that, had it not
been for the ever-recurring fires, what
is now, or, rather, was, the prairie re-
gion of the Northwest, would, wherever
the rainfall was sufficient to promote the
growth of tree life, have been covered
with a dense growth of timber instead
of grass.

Should Work the Other Way.
We know of a gentleman who is very
earnestly engaged in the effort to breed
corn back to its original type. While
this may be an interesting experiment
from a purely scientific standpoint, it
seems to us that it would be every way
better for him to turn around and work
the other way. It is one of the easiest
things in the world to secure the degen-
eration of any of our improved types,
whether in the vegetable or animal
kingdom; in fact, just let alone they
will any and all move with astonishing
rapidity back to original types. Only
the use of persistent selection of the
best as patent stock secures the main-
tenance of present improved types.

The people of Davos, Switzerland,
propose to dispense with fuel of every
kind for all industrial and domestic purposes.
Already electricity is extensively em-
ployed for cooking, heating and light-
ing in several villas, while one of the
largest bakeries in the district is elec-
trically equipped in every respect.
In 1900 there were in the United
States 373 boiler explosions, by which
268 persons were killed and 520 wound-
ed. In Great Britain, during the same
period, only 24 persons were killed and
65 wounded by boiler explosions.

UNCLE BILL
AND
The Editor



KIN read the Scriptures, talk out
in prayer meetin', go ter revivals
an' get religion enough ter last
a lifetime; an' I kin read the
Commandments an' decide with every-
thing a-tween the lids 'v the Bible,
what 'tends ter civilize the race, an'
then I kin dump the hull gosh darn biz-
ness off uv a step ladder 'quicker'n yer
kin 'dock' a lamb's tail, when it comes
ter puttin' up a stove pipe," said Uncle
Bill as he entered the editor's office
with a patch on the side of his nose
and his hands cut.

"What in the world has come over
you, Uncle Bill?" asked the editor.
"Oh, I'm perplexed an' kerrumfuzed,"
answered Uncle Bill, "there's no use uv
me denyin' the fact; I've back-slid agin,
gosh darn my buttons, here I've bin gosh
ter revivals an' begun ter see things
'tout right accordin' ter Helen's views,
when the old stove started ter smoke us
out uv house an' home, an' religion is
a thing what don't stand much smokin',
at least up in my think garret. I've bin
tried on my religion by our ole ram.
He tried ter 'butt' it out uv me, an' the
rhyme mule tried ter kick it out uv me,
an' ole 'Brindle' kicked a bucket uv
milk all over me, so'st most uv it run
down my neck an' froze on me while I
was goin' ter the house; but I stood the
test an' had begun ter flatter myself
that I was walkin' in the straight an'
narrow path, like a Christian ought ter,
when all uv a sudden I wound myself
clear out in the timber."
"Yess," remarked the editor, "people
were beginnin' to say that you must
have religion in earnest this time, and
we were all glad about it."
"Wall, the only way to get it out uv
me this time was ter smoke it out. I'm
like the bees, I can't stand fur that.



An' Then I Said Somethin'.

Helen said she thought what religion I
had must uv bin sowed on shaller
ground, but she needn't brag; she'll
need toe clips on next time we put up
a stovepipe ter keep her from backslid-
in'," said Uncle Bill.

"Your experience must have been
very exasperating. What was it like?"
asked the editor.
"Ours kitchen stove commenced ter
smoke, an' Helen won't even let me
smoke in the house, let alone a stove;
so uv course I had ter take down the
stovepipe an' go out in the back yard
an' drum on it like a Salvation Army
recruit, ter git the soot out uv it. That
was the day it was 12 degrees below
zero; that's the kind uv a day sich
things happen, but I got through with
that all right, an' went in the house, got
the step ladder an' got the pipe all
jined together but one piece, an' that acted
like a drunken Irishman at a 'wake.'
It was lookin' fur trouble an' I seemed
ter be the trouble it was after: an' jest
as I went ter reach ter the ceiling fur a
wire what was hanging there, the darn
pipe gave a lurch, I made a grab, fell
off uv the step ladder, and then I said
somethin' irreligious, 'cause the pipe
come down on top uv me an' one piece
shaved a clip from my nose."
"Did you swear a little?" asked the
editor.
"Wall, I wasn't askin' a blessin'," re-
plied Uncle Bill, curtly, "an' when a fel-
ler's shod fur the straight an' narrow
path, a few joits like that'll wear the
'corks' smooth, so'st he'll sort uv slip
'round a leetle might till he gits out in
the open, or timber—anyhow he's apt
ter backslide 'round somewhat, an' my
religion took the bit in it's mouth an'
fur 'lection."

"Uncle Bill!" exclaimed the editor,
"I am sorry that you still permit your-
self to be profane."
"Go out an' tackle a stovepipe, an'
you'll git in the band wagon all right
enough," said Uncle Bill. "It's all right
ter set here an' write 'bout morals. You
together, 'cause when yer fall off uv a
step ladder with a half dozen lengths uv
stovepipe on top uv yer, if there's a cuss
word anywhere about yer it'll jar loose,
'specially after yer've pinched yer fingers
an' lost part uv yer nose."

"I know that it is a perplexing job,"
said the editor. "Of course, one should
have patience and not give away to his
feelings."
"I'm thinkin' that if yer'll tackle one

uv them 'ere smoke-pusher stoves—
where the pipe gits stopped up—that
go an' rub uv agin' one uv them meek
an' lowly joits uv 'covepipe, an' try
ter persuade it ter join another one uv
the same kind, I tell yer the only way
yer kin git 'em together is ter cuss 'em
yer won't be writing nice editorials fur
a day or two, but yer'll be indulgin' in
some quotations what ain't claimed by
eny authors, same's I was when Helen
come in an' found me on the floor hold-



Indulgin' in Some Quotations.

in a service with the stove pipe," re-
marked Uncle Bill. "I got up an' went
out ter the grainery an' found another
length uv stovepipe, an' when I got
back Helen had the pipe all up an'
I wanted me ter go ter church that night,
but I've postponed that until the skin
grows on my nose agin' an' I kin learn
ter use Helen's by-words. She always
uses 'I 'summy; I don't know what it
means, but if I kin git used ter it, I'll
join church agin' and stear clear uv
stovepipes."

Edgar Baker

A QUEER PROPOSAL.

How One Race of People "Pop the
Question" With a Pipe.

Beverly (N. Y.) Banner: Among
the Tchulian Tartars a curious mode of
"popping the question" is reported.
The Tchulian Cochiebs in search of a
wife, having filled a brand uv pipe
with fragrant tobacco, stealthily enter
the dwelling of the fair one upon whom
he has bestowed his affections, deposits
the pipe upon a conspicuous article of
furniture and retires on tiptoes to
some convenient hiding lace in the
neighborhood, local etiquette requiring
that he should execute this strategic
movement apparently undetected by
the damsels of his choice or any mem-
ber of her family.

Presently he returns without further
affectation of secrecy and looks into
the apartments in a casual sort of way.
A single glance at the pipe he left
behind him enables him to learn the fate
of his proposal.
If it has been smoked he goes forth
an accepted and exultant bridegroom;
if not, the offer of his hand and heart
has been so irrevocably rejected as not
to be worth even a pipe of tobacco.

IT JARRED HIM SOME.

Cardinal Lockhart in Lippincott's:
"Pat" was assistant cook on one of
the dining cars on the Great Western
road, running into St. Paul. He was
obstinate and ill-tempered. The chef
was equally so, and, as a result, con-
stant warfare waged between them.
One day last summer Pat was mak-
ing ice cream, and, in spite of the
chef's warnings, insisted upon sitting
in the doorway of the pantry while he
turned the freezer.
The train, going up grade, made a
sudden lurch, and Pat and his can of
ice cream fell out of the door, as his
superior officer had predicted.

Francic with fright, the chef, in
his white cap and apron, tore through
the train, looking for the conductor.
"Mon Dieu, Monsieur Conducteur,"
he cried, wringing his hands, when he
found that person, "ze ice cream freez-
aire he fall out, and Pat go wizz heem!
Stop ze tramway or we will haf pas-
senger deezert, 'cause the pipe come
down on top uv me an' one piece
shaved a clip from my nose."
The conductor pulled the bell and
stopped the train, but it had already
gone two miles past the spot where Pat
had rolled out.
They backed the train, fully expect-
ing to find Pat's mangled body beside
the track. Instead, they saw him
coming over the ties on a run, carrying
on his back the ice cream freezer.
He climbed on the train, looking fool-
ish, but all he ever said of his mi-
serable escape was, "Be gosh, it
jarrad me some, it did tho!"

Japan's Dining Cars.

The dining car has made its entry in-
to Japan. Four of these cars, built ex-
actly on the lines of the familiar Ameri-
can pattern, have been turned out in
the local government shops and are
now running between Tokyo and Kobe.
Dr. Maurice Baumfield at Vienna, is
in Chicago, endeavoring to interest
capitalists in a project to establish a
daily newspaper in Vienna and run it
on the American plan. He says there
are no modern progressive newspapers
in the capital, or in any city of the
empire. The morning papers are issued
about 8 or 9 o'clock, and the afternoon
dailies are printed at 2 p. m.