The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harrist T. Clarke.

BEAUTIPUL CHILD.

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee, In the mystic future what wilt thou be? A demon of sin or angel sublime-A poison Upas, or innocent thyme-A spirit of evil flashing down With the lurid light of a fiery crown-Or gliding up with a shining track, Like morning star that ne'er looks back. Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled, Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child ?

Beautiful child in my garden howers, Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers, Pure as the sparkling crystaline stream, Jewels of truth in thy fair eyes beam, Was there ever a whiter soul than thine Worshipped by love in a mortal shrine ? My heart thou hast gladdened for two aw

years With rainbows of hope through mists of fears Mists beyond which thy sunny smile, With its hallow and glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child by thy look is given A gleam serene-not of earth, but of heaven With thy tell tale eyes and prattling tongue, Would thou could'st ever thus be young, Like the liquid strain of the mocking bird, From stair to hall thy voice is heard; How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found, With flowers thy curly head around, And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint Oh ! who would not dote on my infant saint

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be, Perchance, is wisely hidden from me; A fallen star thou may'st leave my side, And of sorrow and shame become the bride, Shivering, quivering, through the cold street With a curse behind and before thy fect, . Ashamed to live and afraid to die; No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky, Merciful Father-my brain goes wild-Ob, keep from evil my beautiful child !

Beautiful shild, may'st thou soar above, A warbling cherub of joy and love; A drop of eternity's mighty sea, A blossom on life's immortal tree-Floating, flowering evermore, In the bleased light of the golden shore. And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom. I feel He will keep thee undefiled, And His love protect my beautiful child.

MORMON LIFE

The subject of polygamy, that is just now being agitated, not only in Congress, but all over the United States, is one that we have always taken an interest in. The Home Government has been long-enduring and longsuffering. This ulcer, growing and cating into the very heart of our continent, now needs something more than homeopathic treatment: kindness and moderation has only encouraged the growth of this horror, till now forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and all good men and women of our nation have risen en of America. The writer has felt, perhaps, more than common interest in the matter, having had a little insight into the earlier life peculiar institutions, had been settled only are very sensible, comfortable affairs. four years in the valley of Salt Lake when we had the fortune to spend some months right in and receiving visits from Morman dignitaries and their families, seeing a great deal of domestic Mormon life, but always with a decided feeling that it would not be quite safe to tell what we thought about it.

In the journey to Gregon across the plains, the trip was planned to come by the way of to sell to the Morn

peaches, apples, etc. We were warmly wel- the scraps of dresses, aprons, etc., are care comed by the bustling, cheery old lady, who fully saved, many a happy hour can be spent seemed perfectly satisfied and contented with in putting them into shape for bedding. Then her faith and lot. A little judicious question- there is an opportunity for a little nightly ing on the subject of the "peculiar institu-tion" brought out from her a complete vindi- Who does not like to be invited to a quilting cation of polygamy. She lived in a well-to do party ? We would go a long way to help on way, a good sized house and plenty at the one. Worsted pieces are very nice done in log board. A pleasant-faced Norwegian woman calin pattern. Those pieces of bedding are sat in the kitchen, cooked the dinner and ate family albums that grow more precious as the hers after we had finished. The dear old lady, years pass by, and the mother looks with lov-Mrs. N-, teld us that this woman was a ing remembrance upon the scraps that remind widow who had been "sealed" to Mr. N- her of the past. - Now, when the girls have quite recently, from partly charitable mo- gone away to homes of their own, she thinks tives, and as she and her husband both felt she can almost see the loved ones again as she that it was time that she (Mrs. N- "No. 1") brings to mind the story of each scrap, which should take the world easier. The hand has a history of its own. maiden's name was "Nancy," and "Nancy" was told to do this and that in the usual way Death of the Author of "Beautiful Snow." of mistress to servant; and "Nancy" was A few years ago there appeared in sn

meek and obedient, sitting down in the American paper, published in one of the kitchen after the dishes were washed. Alas? Western States, an exquisite poem, entitled for the dear chirruppy old lady; a year from "Beautiful Snow." The beauty of the comthat time my friends, Mr. and Mrs. T- re- position secured its republication in numerous turned across the plains, and visiting the old journals, and at length it found its way to people again, Mrs. T- found the "auld wife" E gland, accompanied by the narrative that sitting in the kitchen nursing "Nancy's" the original had been discovered upon the baby, and it was "Nancy" who poured out person of a young woman who was frozen to the tea for visitors, and the cheery light had death in the streets of New York. For a long left the old woman's eyes, and one could time the writer preserved his incognity, while scarcely imagine that this was the same numerous claimants sought to establish their plump, bustling old grandmother of a year right to its authorship and the honors apperago. We soon after heard of her death; she taining thereto. Some who knew the true had been so sure of "his" love and faithful history of the poem, knew also the cause of ness, that though the "spirit" was strong, the the author's reticence in giving his name to flesh was weak, and she fell, a victim to her the world. Some months since the secret was faith in her religion and man. The Salt Lake revealed, and Major Sigourney, nephew of valley is hemmed in by a circle of mountains, the celebrated poetens of that name, became and it is no wonder that the aimless wander- known as the writer. The April number of ings of this band of people were stopped here; Harper's Magazine contains a companion and it was at a time of the year, too, when poem, entitled "Beautiful Caild," which is nature was her lovliest that their weary foot- marked by all the elegance of diction and steps halted. It is a matter of fact that the deep religious feeling characteristic of its Mormon band, when they left the Missouri, predecessor. Who could have thought that had no definite point of location, but traveled in a few weeks its gifted author would fill a blindly along in search of the land of promise. suicide's grave; yet such is the case. We

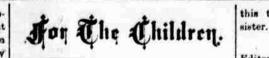
AUNT HETTY'S WORK BASKET.

Years ago it was quite the style to knit Sigourney was found dead in the outskirts of lace on common knitting needles, and no New York, under circumstances leading to doubt many who read the FARMER will re- the belief that he had shot himself. He had member the pretty patterns that they knew in early life married a Miss Fillmore, a lady long ago; an oak leaf pattern I remember as a of great personal attractions, and with her

great favorite with me. Now knitting is made a voyage to Europe. During their abamong the rest of the old fashioned sort of scence rumors unfavorable to her character things that is the rage at the present time reached the Sigourney family. The reports among rich, fashionable people. Silk is used seem to have been well founded, for shortly for kuitting gentlemen's socks and the long after her return to New York she showed stockings that are worn now. Black or a that the curse of the nineteenth century-the deep red seems to be the favorite colors, and demon drink-had added another name to the a little hand embroidery at the side of the list of his victums. She abandoned her husinstep finishes off socks "artistically." The band, became au outcast, and was next heard silk is especially prepared for this work, and of as an inmate of the penitentiary on Blackit costs about two dollars and fifty cents to well's Island Her husband's love was still buy the silk thread for a pair of socks, but sufficiently strong to induce him to make masse, denouncing this sin of polygamy which they wear forever, and are said to be com- another effort to save her, and through his inhas taken root in the Sodom and Gomorah fortable to the fest. Then many ladies are fluence she was released, only again to desert knitting silk or worsted mittens; some knit her home. In the Winter of 1853 the papers quite beautifully, with open work stitches on spoke of a young and beautiful woman found the back. These mittens are worn when out dead under the snow, in a disreputable street of the Mormons. These people, with their shopping, and on all ordinary occasions, and in New York. Something seemed to tell Sigourney that the body was that of his wife.

Flannel shirts for children and ladies are Upon making inquiries he found that his surtrimmed with lace knit of this beautiful soft, miscs were but too true, and after claiming the heart of the City of the Saints, visiting fine Saxony yarn that can be got in all colors, the remains, he had them interred in that and that will wash, too. Infant's shirts are picturesque "silent city" which overlooks the busy harbor of New York. The story of that knit on needles in various ways, so that any one who has any knowledge of ordinary knit- erring wife was told in the touching language ting can fashion a garment without much of "Beautiful Soow." What wonder that he trouble. These little shirts are chingy and shunned the publicity that its authorship

soft to the tender skin of a baby, and are would have conferred. The late Henry J. much better than if made of flannel with Raymond, then editor of the New York Salt Lake City, for the benefit of a rest, and rough seams. With this explanation we give Times, was for years the friend of Major to trade off the worn out cattle for tresh another pattern that we tried and found to be Sigourney, and obtained for him employment juite pretty, though rather too wide for many rnalist, which fa



A KISS AND A SMILE.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and :

And soon they will pass from the portals of

home. The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam. Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "Good

night !" The mantle of shadows is veiling the light And may be -God knows-on this sweet lit-

tle face May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it-"God bless my flear children, I

pray !" It may be the last you will say it for aye ! The night may be long ere you see them again -And motherless children may call you in vain

Drop sweet benedictions on their little heads And fold them in prayers as they nestle in

bed; A guard of bright angels around them invite-Incir spirits may slip from the moorings to night.

OUR LETTER BOX.

For February is not empty yet, though there are already many letters on hand that are dated in March, so though February is the than at at any previous time.

Charley has been successful in the chicken buriness, as he seems to be a business little fellow. It would be a good idea for him to coming year; keep a profit or loss account in chicken raising, as there are some of our readers who think there is not much in it. Be sure to keep a record of eggs and fowls that are used in the family, too. If Charley will put a couple of bells on a pair of those sheep the learn from an American contemporary that on dogs won't be so apt to worry them. the night of April 22 Major W. A. H.

Fred writes again, and has sent a longer done for a beginner. We wonder if he won't be one of the temperance boys; there has none sent in their names yet.

The next is from a young girl in Wisconsin, which, coming from so distant a country, will boys. She promises to send some quilt pieces to one of the Home Circle girls. Perhaps Lizzie had better send her address to Alice. Riley sends his first letter, and we hope it won't be the last one, but that he will continue to write, trying each time to do a little better; it is too bad that Santa Claus forgot Indian Valley.

Lillie is welcome to the list of writers, and we hope she will remember the Home Circle scain.

Harry must keep quite busy if he helps so much, but those sort of boys are the ones that make the best men.

All will be glad to hear once more from Elsie, who has kept silent so long.

Emma writes her first letter, which is very good, and we expect that Elsie has encouraged her to write, as she says she boards at Mr. Rut'eage's

William writes again, and some one must something which happened during our own civil war a few years ago.

Our little friend Joyphene has sent a nice little letter, only it is too short, but then she wants to show her wish to do her share towards making this column interessing.

Emma and Bertie Hales send letters from

friend,

JOYPHENE RALSTON. YONCALLA, Feb. 18, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

As Aunt Hetty was so kind as to publish my last letter, I thought I would write again. I do not go to school now. Pa has taken the FARMER for six years. 1 h pe Katie S. will write again. I will ask a question : What great event happened on the 19th of April ? like to read the letters from the young folks. We have four Pekin ducks. Wishing the FARMER SUCCESS, I remain yours truly, WILLIAM LAMB.

UNION PRECINCT, W. T., Feb. 14, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

As the boys and girls are writing to the Circle, I thought I would endeavor to write a few lines. This is my first attempt at writing to the Home Circle, but it is not the first time I have thought of it. I am 14 years old. I live in Union Precisct, seven miles from Olympia. I have been going to school this Winter at Little Rock. I have been boarding at Mr. Rutledge's, seven miles from home. As the little boys and girls have been telling about their pets, I will tell you about mine. I pave a pet colt, a pet cat, a pet pig and a pet dog. The colt's name is Nettie, the cat's name is Martha, the pig's name is Sammy, the dog's name is Prince. We have had quite a snow storm here, but it is almost gone now. I had a nice sleigh ride on Sunday. There shortest month in the year, yet there have was a party of four. I will close, wishing the seen more communications for that month Home Circle and its little friends long life and success. Your little friend,

EMMA R. MILLER. P. S.-I should like to ask the little people of the Home Circle a question, it is : Which keep a regular account of what is done this is the shortest verse in the Bible, and where is it ?

> PITTSBURG, Feb. 14, 1882. Editor Home Circle ..

As I have not written to the FARMER for a long time, I will try and write a few lines. I die. They were John Adams, Thomas Jefferam 11 years old. I love to read the little son and James Monroe. Adams and Jefferson folks' letters, as all the writers tell of their died on the Fourth of July, 1826, and Monroe letter than the last one, which is quite well pets; but I have none. I will tell you what died on the Fourth of July, 1820, and monroe I do to help pa and ma. I help get water and like to ask the little boys and girls of the wood, and help at the saw-mill and grist-mill C rele a question. It is : What two chapters and also blow the bellows for the blacksmith. in the Bible read nearly wor for word alike ? We have plenty of snow here; it is about a I will now close, by wishing the FARMER long foot deep. I will send Aunt Hettyone of my life and great success. Ever your little be read with interest by our Oregon girls and cards. I will close for this time, wishing the friend. HARBY E. BROUS. FARMER SUCCESS.

FOUR MILE, 1. T., Feb. 13, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

As I have never written to the FARMER, thought I would try to write a few lines. I am 10 years old. I have been going to school this Winter until I got the whooping cough; I have had to stay out about four weeks, which I regret very much, as we have a splendid teacher; his name is Mr. McLain. I try to study at home. I am piecing a quilt called the log cabin pattern. We like the FARMER very much; my uncle has taken it seven years. I like Io read the little letters very much, and if I see this in print I will write LILLE G. PALMER. again.

MIANNA PRAIRIE, Feb. 8, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

letter, I thought I would write another one. the city, but I should like to live in the counanswer his question, which we think refers to I have two little sisters. It is snowilg to-day, and looks as if it would continue for a month, School"; it is a very nice school. I study but I hope it will clear off soon. I study read- reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and ing and spelling. I cut wood and feed the grammar. I don't live but two or three blocks horses and do many other chores. I like to from the school house. I will send Lizzie read the little folks' letters. Papa went out Robertson a few pieces for her quilt. The hunting the other day and killed a fine deer. pink and blue pieces are quite curious; they This is a nice time for hunting. I will now were given to me by a lady who brought them Your little

this time. I have two brothers and one old \$150 worth of eggs last year. We think we have about one hundred Lens, and we thick that is more than we had last year. My sister and two of wy brothers and myself are partners in the sheep business; we have sixteen apiece; the dogs have been bothering them a little, but have not killed any yet. I have a colt that my grandmother gave me: it will soon be a year old. The Methodists are holding meeting at the district adjoining ours, which is disturbing the school, and if it don't stop, the school will. I go to school; it will be out on the 16th of February; our teacher's name is Alice Montgomery; I like her first-rate. I will close for this time. Yours truly. CHARLIE P. W. KEISER

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LITTLE ROCK, W. T., Feb. 14, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

It has been a long time since I wrote to the FARMER, so I thought I would endeavor to write a letter this evening. We have had quite a snow storm here, but it is almost all gone now, and I am glad of it, for everything is so disagreeable when it snows. I have been going to school this Winter, but it is closed now; our teacher's name was Miss Luella Miles; I liked her very much. My studies were, Fifth Reader, complete arithmetic, mental arithmetic, spelling, grammar, writing and geography. We had examination in some one of our studies every Friday. The last day we spoke pieces and chose up and spelled in the afternoon; my piece was on "Cato's Speech over his dead Son." As the little boys are telling about their pets, I will tell about mine. I have two pet colts: their names are Napp and Birdie; and two little kittens: their names are Midget and Timmy; we have one tittle calf; its name is Broady, and we also have eleven little pigs. One of our calves got choked to death night before last. Ella Remington wanted to know what three of the Presidents of the United States died on the Fourth of July, and in what year did each ELSIE RUTLEDGE.

Oshkosh, Wis., Feb. 12, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

As I have never written to your paper, I thought I would write. I am 14 years old, and have one sister, who lives in Michigan, and is younger than I. She lives a long way from me, but I expect to go and see her when I get a little older. I live with Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, who are very kind to me. My father and mother are both dead. I go to Sunday school and ward school. Mr. Parsons takes the FARMER, and I read the letters from so many little boys and girls, and they all tell about their pets. Well, I haven't but one to tell about-that is a little Maltese kitten who thinks a good deal of me. I guess it is because I am kind to him and pet him so much. Most all of the little boys and girls that write As you were so kind as to publish my first to your paper live in the country. I live in try best. The name of my school is "Dale from Dublin. They are small, but it is

had. I have five quilts pieced, and one other

one nearly done. If any of the little girls

loads of goods, dried fruits, etc., exchanging Perhaps some of our lady friends can uses. those commodities for cattle and horses that send patterns of narrower kinds :

were to be driven to Oregon, when stock of all kinds commanded enormous prices, good cows bringing one hundred dollars a head at m 1, n, k 3, n, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k 3, m 1, that time. The city of Salt Lake was then in | k 2.

its infancy, but was nevertheless quite a Second row-K 2, m 1, k 5, m 1, n, k 1 briving little town. The people had before m 1, n, k 1, n, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k 5, m 1, n, this little opportunity to trade, and the long | k 7.

train of wagons alluded to were soon emptied Third row—K 6, n, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k 1, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, s 1, n; throw of their freight. We often saw a man carry off in a bandkerchief the price of a fat ox; over slipped stitch, m l, k l, n, m l, k l, n, common fried apples brought a dollar a m m 1, k 1, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, k 2 Fourth row-K 2, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k 3, m 1. n. k 1. m 1. n. k 3. n. m 1. k 1. n. m 1. goods realized famous prices to the energetic

PIECING QUILTS

owner. Many Mormon families had not k 3, m 1, w, k 1, m 1, n, k 5. Fifth row-K 4, n, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k tasted sugar or coffee since they had left "the m 1, n, k 1, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, n, k 1, n, m 1, States." A good sized adobe house was at k 1, n, m 1, k 5, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, k 2, first rented for us to live in, a part of which Sixth row-K 2, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k 3, m was to be devoted to merchandize, and the rest for household uses. We all rejoiced at 1, n, k 2, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, w 3, m 1, k 1, n. m 1, k 3, m 1, n, k 2, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, n, the prospect of bedsteads, chairs and a floor

to sweep, after a six months' life in tents, k 3. Seventh row-K 4, m 1, k 1, n, k 1, m 1, even though thoroughly well equipped, as we n, k 3, n, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k 3, m 1, n, k 1, were, for a life of this kind. Well I remember how we sat down by the fire on the clean m 1, n, k 3, n, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k 1, n, Eighth row-C 1, k 1, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, n, hearth of the great open fire-place, happy in k l, u, m l, k l, n, m l, k 5, m l, n, k l, m l, the contemplation of a cupboard, and a table n, k 1, n, m 1, k 1, n, m 1, k 6. to eat off of, for we had only been allowed one Ninth row-K 7, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, s 1, n, little rocking chair in the camp after leaving throw over the slipped stitch, m 1, k 1, n, the Missouri river. Sitting in the chimney m 1. k 1. n. m 1. k 1. m 1. n. k 1. m 1. n. corner, chatting of pleasant things, my vigilant eye detected atoms of animal life in the k 1, m 1, a 1, n, throw over the slipped stitch, m l, k l, n, m l, k l, n, cracks between the adobes of the fire-place. Tenth row-C 1, k 1, m 1, w, k 3, n, m 1, Always a student of insect life, I followed up k l, n, m l, k 3, m l, n, k l, m l, n, k 3, r, the lead. and an exclamation brought the mam 1, k 8. tron of the party to the scene, when she cried Eleventh row-K 9, m 1, u, k 1, n, m 1, out in horror, "Why it's bed bugs !" Sure k l, n, m l, k 5, m l, n, k l, m l, n, k l, n, enough there they were, thousands and m 1, k 1, n. thousauds, even to the third and fourth gen-Twelfth row-C 1 k l, m l, n 3, m l, k l, eration. The house was full of them. The landlord made light of the matter; he said u, m 1, k 3, m 1, n, k 2, m 1, n, k 1, m 1, they were indeginous to the country, and that | n 3, m 1, k 10. K means to knit plain; n is to narrow or they were found in the bark of the trees up in knit two together; m l is to make one, and

the mountains, so before night came we were tenting again in the purs, awoot air. about to purl; c I means to cast off or slip The head of our family party had been

born and brought up a near neighbor to "Joe and bind one; n 3 is to knit three together. Smith," the father of Mormonism, and he also know many others of the leading men in Salt Is another old fashioned industry that has Lake City in the same way, so that whatever I saw or know of "society" in the city was taken a fresh lease, and is a good old custom. among and with the "first families." We We have seen some of the latter that were were invited one day to visit Elder N-, who,

NORMAN DY LACE CAST ON THIRTY-ONE STITCHES. child, for whom he always displayed the ten-First row-K 8, n, m 1, k 3, m 1, n, k 1,

derest affection, can throw any light upon it. Nebraska. The last effort of his genius is displayed in the poem referred to. - English Paper.

Beyond the Gates.

To the observant Patron, and even to the intelligent looker-on upon the outside, the possible to do so. influence that our Order is having beyond its gates is becoming more and more evident all the time. The wholesome lessons, the independent thoughts and ideas, the actual knowledge upon many of the most important quest ons of the day that concern us all as indi viduals and as a nation, obtained in Grange gatherings are being carried beyond the gates, and are becoming felt for the good and welfare of all.

It has been said that a stone cast into the ocean starts ripples and waves into motion that will cease not in their ever-widening circles of the wavelets, it, too, will perhaps reach the farthest borders of the land.

A tall, strongly-built lighthouse stands upon a rocky coast; its lantern at the top is enclosed with iron bars and thick glass-its protection, its safeguard-but its bright, pure rays of light cannot be confined, and they o'erleap their bounds and flash warning and safety across the waves. Beyon'l the gates their power for good is felt.

A successful cultivator of trees and vines in his closely planted and carefully guarded nursery rows, nurtures and trains the useful plants from bud to tree, but not there do they reach perfection. It is when transplanted into garden and orchard, thousands of miles, perhaps, from the place of their birth, that they bring pleasure and profit to their owners and good to the world. Beyond the gates, with abundant room to spread their broad branches, they blossom and bear their glorious fruit.

the same as over; s 1 means to slip as if For catalogues of Turkish rugs and designs send to John B. Garrison's, 167 Third street, Portland, Oregon. tf

\$1500 per year can be easily made at home working for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for their catalogue catalogu and full particulars. d9-1y

Just now Frank Abell is taking some of th pieced with silk and velvet, very beautifully were invited one day to visit Ender N-, who, with his grey-haired wife, had known my friend in his boyhood, so we went to dinner, taking with us a preparatory present of dried ico to cut up to piece together again, but if Strangers always made welcome.

Nebraska. Next time they write we suggest pelled him to abandon. The circumstances that they tell something about the country of his death remain a mystery. Not even his they live in, for it would be read with interest, as we know so little of the resources of

> Last comes the verses about the little triplets that were born in Polk county not long ago. It is very seldom that one sees three little ones in a row. How quick the little girls would rush to see this cradle full if it were

FALLS CITY, Neb., Feb. 17, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

Having received your paper from a relation. thought I would write to you. I read the Home Circle, and like it very much. Well, I am a girl 13 years of age. I live in Falls City, Nebrasks. I have two sisters and one brother at home; my brother is 15 years old; he goes to school and Sabbaih school. I go to school and Sabbath school: I go to the graded school and I am in the fifth department, and my brother is in the sixth department. There are six churches here, and the town is building up fast. We have two railroads running

through here. I like Falls City very well, but not as well as your country. I have two uncles living in Oregon, and they like the country very well; they raise several thousand dollars worth of grain every year. We used to live in East Portland, and would like to live there again. Well, this is all at present. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain yours truly. EMMA M. HALES.

FALLS CITY, Neb., Feb. 18, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

I read some of the letters in your paper, and I thought that I would write you one. This is my first letter. 1 am a little girl 10 years old. I live in Falis City, Nebraska. go to the graded school; I am in the fourth department. I like the location here where parents removed back East, with me in my

ters; but I do not remember anything about be found in the Bible. Hoping to see this in that country. Please let me see this in print, and I will try and write more next time. Yours truly,

BERTIE HALES. SHERIDAN, Feb. 14, 1882.

Editor Home Circle

FARMER. I will tell you what I do to help I am a little girl 10 years old. I live four miles from Sheridan. My papa has taken the ma and pa. I help tend the sheep, feed the FARMER for about two years; we like it very pigs, feed the chickens, hunt the eggs and do mush. I like to read the little hildr n's let- many other little chores which keeps me ters. I have been sick and ... rite much pretty busy while going to school. We have

ARMER. FRED A. ESHONN.

McCov, Feb. 12, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

Mr. Editor, 1 think it Will make you smile, When I tell you of three Babies all in one pile.

In the town of Amity, In this part of the land, Are three bright little babies, All in one band.

Mr. T. J. Jellison is the Father of them all; If you think this untrue, Just give him a call.

Two boys and one girl, All are in this band, Who can beat that in Any part of the land?

I had the great pleasure To walk in and take a peep At three little babies All fast asleep.

I hope they will keep well, Each boy grow up a man, And that is the way Wee'l populate our land.

Then cheer up, Jellison, And feed them with care, And then we are sure

That you have done your share. Composed by SAMUEL ROBBINS.

INDIAN VALLEY, Feb 12, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

This is the first letter I have over written to a paper. I am a little boy 13 years old. I am going to school this Winter; it will be out the first day of March. I will tell you about my pets. I have five sheep and a little shepherd dog; his name is Rover. We have had plenty of snow this Winter. Old Santa Claus did not visit this part of the country; I fear his supplies gave out before be got here. I see we live. Oregon is my native State, but my in the paper some of the little folks are asking Bible questions. I would like some of the little folks to tell me where the word girl is to print soon, I remain your little friend,

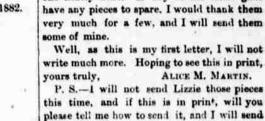
HALSEY, Feb. 4, 1882.

SPURTS Snuffes, Crackling Head, Fotid Breath any Catarrhal Complaint, o terminated by Wei De Catarrh Cure, a Constitution tidote by Absorption. The partant Discovery disce Vac

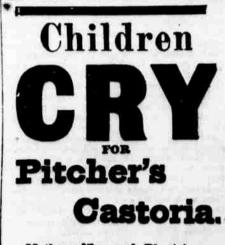
Editor Home Circle :

It has been a long time since I wrote to the

RILEY MORRIS.



it next time?



Mothers like, and Physicians

IT IS NOT NARCOTIC.

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infancy, with the rest of my brothers and sis-