

The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

FANCIES.

I built a bridge of strange bright fancies,
And the golf of the years it spanned,
Till touching the shores of the future,

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING.

We give below clippings showing what Wyoming people have to say of the working of woman's suffrage there:

"We assert here, then, that woman suffrage in Wyoming has been a complete success. The women of Wyoming value as highly the political franchise, and as generally exercise it, as do the men of the Territory."

Hon. N. I. Andrews, Speaker of the Wyoming House of Representatives, said:

"They (the women) use the ballot with more independence and discrimination in regard to the qualifications of candidates than men do."

Hon. J. W. Klingman, who was for years a Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court in Wyoming, says:

"The women manifest a great deal of independence in their preference of candidates, and have frequently defeated bad nominations."

Mrs. L. W. Smith, Superintendent of Schools for the county in which Rawlins is situated, writes:

"If a candidate is not correct in character, the entire feminine vote is against him, irrespective of party. This fact renders it a necessity for each party to nominate good men, or their defeat is a foregone conclusion."

Large and covered with long black silky hair, and brown socks and eyebrows. When I spoke to him and laid my hand on his head, he looked up into my face with a pair of large brown eyes, where you could recognize more honor and fidelity than can often be found in our human friends.

From that day until his last we were good friends. Little four-year old was entrusted with feeding him and admiring him at her leisure.

In the evening when the children came home from school there was general rejoicing and friend making. Uncle John had told us that he thought he had been lost by some emigrant wagon passing through the country.

One thing was certain—he had been accustomed to children and their kindness. My husband could scarcely control him in anything, while little four-year old could take him with her little ways and show him the cows or calves on the hill side, and he would hurry off and bring them down to her.

I think it was late in the summer of 1879 that Aunt Hannah came to see us, and it was decided that the two little girls and I were to go with her farther on to where she was to make another visit, and perhaps we would be gone for a week.

That night, it being very warm, our beds were spread on the new hay; the two little girls lying near by. Shep took up his lodging not far off, but he could not sleep for joy.

But like humanity he had his faults. One serious one was, he did not like to have other children play with ours. For this we thought him very selfish and for this we severely rebuked him until he learned that other children had their rights too.

But the last of my story is not far away. Summer had gone. Autumn was with us again. October with its dreamy days and many colored leaves; sharp breezes that had whispered of winter. Saturday night had brought an unexpected frost—very severe for our locality—but it was followed by a beautiful morning.

Thoughts of death would come into my mind, but I put them away, while I looked over the work of the previous night, saying to myself, it is only the death of the plants. Shep was with me lying in the warm sunshine, watching the children play in the meadow below.

Little thinking that life and sunshine were not long for him. Next morning our neighbor's children came to tell us that a very dear friend of ours had lost their only darling—a babe.

With saddened thoughts I went on with my work, whilst the children, with their ever constant companion—Shep—enjoyed the bright evening out side. Their playmates had gone home; the evening chores had been attended to. Shep had a better supper than usual.

About midnight I was aroused by a noise, as of rapid running towards the house and a jarring sound against the corner of the house, this was soon followed by a heavy sound against the door, as though a heavy body had fallen against it.

The truth came to me then; in some way he had got strychnine. I went to Grace, quietly telling her of what had happened. She soon aroused and told me that she and Tom had the evening before just peeped into the strychnine bait, where her papa had covered it, and had forgotten to cover it again; and so the mischief was done.

The next morning when I opened the door, what should I see but the faithful house cat stretched on the step, another victim of meddlesomeness. So I awoke the children and told them there would be some burying done that day.

For The Children.

SWING-SONG.

Swing! Swing!
Birds in the budding wood, birds on the wing
Fill sweet soft air with caroling;

Early primrose awake from sleep,
In many a dewy dale they peep;

Anemone-flakes of a veined snow
Lie over the sunny herbs below;

Spring weaves her youngling leaves for token
Dark winter's deadlier springs are broken;

Baby boy lies on a sisterly arm
Of little maid Mary, safe from harm,

OUR LETTER BOX.

A visit to the country last week made us long to go again where everything about was fresh and green. The air was full of fragrance from the trees, which still are in bloom, with the bright flowers under feet.

That is the reason he looks so brave, so much at home. It was only a little while ago that Mr. Henry Ankeny brought a few pair to the red hills, and now their cheerful call may be heard from every direction.

Dear Aunt Hetty:
I was glad to hear from you and that you had got the bulb safe. You want to plant it in a leaf mould and keep damp and in the shade;

Bertie is only six years old, yet he curries the horse, helps about the barn and feeds the animals; that is a good deal for a boy of six. He guesses a riddle correctly, but we "guess" somebody helped him with that.

Friend Albert is evidently interested in the young folks' corner; such attention is always welcome, and some one must try for that card.

It must seem a long time to Delman before his letter comes in its turn. Aunt Hetty will be sure to come before the hops are picked to see the long graceful clusters that hang from the poles.

Jennie is fortunate to have a dear aunt to care for her now that her mother has passed away, but that dear mother is close by and is watching Jennie with the same loving care that she did here on earth.

Our friend Grace writes a letter to Aunt Hetty on personal matters, but the rest shall have it, too. Grace remembers the Circle; she writes a charming letter; she has evidently taken much pains to write nicely, as well as to make her letter interesting to the readers, a letter well deserving a premium.

I am a little toy six years old; I can not write very well, so I will get mother to write for me. I have no pony but I have a gentle old horse, her name is Mary, I curry her, and water her, and

lead her around to eat grass; I have a calf, it is two weeks old; we have some little chickens, I help feed them. I know the Lord's Prayer, "and now I lay me down;" I go to Sunday School with brother Jesse on his pony, I like to go. I will tell what I do to help pa, I help throw down hay and clean out the stables and help feed the pigs.

I don't know whether my letter ought to come under this head or not, but I want to answer a question that was asked by Cora E. Dashiell. The word Jeru occurs but once, it is in the third verse of the third chapter of Job. I will ask one: How many times does reverend occur in the Bible, and where. I will send my card to the first one who will answer it correctly.

Grandma has been telling me to write to the Home Circle, and I thought I would try and see what I could do. We are all at grandpa's now, papa is helping him with his hop yard. It is a nice place about four miles from Salem. Aunt Hetty must come and see grandma some time. I have two little brothers, one just a year old, he is awful cute, and can walk a little, the other is five years old. One of papa's horses died yesterday, we were sorry to lose him, we had him so long. I am only eight years old and can't do very well.

I am a little girl twelve years old; have been living with my aunt, Mrs. Pettyjohn, the last year; my ma is dead and my aunt is all the one I have to depend on now; she is kind to me and I try to see how much I can do to help her. We have a good school, it is nearly three miles to the school house; aunt says it is good for children to have plenty of exercise, and the walk don't tire us much. I have been piecing me a quilt this winter; have nearly enough blocks to finish it.

I was glad to hear from you and that you had got the bulb safe. You want to plant it in a leaf mould and keep damp and in the shade; if it does not live I will send you another this fall. This is the first plant I have sent you; if convenient I wish you would send me a fuscias, as I have none. In reference to the crazy quilt I do not think that I am experienced enough in needle work. We are very busy now in arranging the front yard. If you ever come up Snake river as far as Ilia come and make us a visit, we only live half a mile from Ilia.

As I have not written for some time I will now write a few lines to the Home Circle. We are having beautiful weather now, the trees are in leaf and cherries and peaches are in bloom; we will have a good many peaches this year and a great many apples. The fruit at Almota is most all killed. Everybody is getting in their crops. The steamers Almota, John Gates and D. S. Baker are making regular trips up the river from Texas ferry to Lewiston.

I must seem a long time to Delman before his letter comes in its turn. Aunt Hetty will be sure to come before the hops are picked to see the long graceful clusters that hang from the poles. To be more practical, tell grandma that a lady friend says that the young and tender shoots of the hop plants are as nice as asparagus if cooked in the same way.

I am a little toy six years old; I can not write very well, so I will get mother to write for me. I have no pony but I have a gentle old horse, her name is Mary, I curry her, and water her, and

For \$5 we will send any one the FARMER for one year, also send the paper one year each to two new names.

The Popular Approval
Of the now famous Syrup of Figs as the most efficacious and agreeable preparation ever offered to the world as a cure for Habitual Constipation, Bilioousness, L. Digestion and kindred ills, has been won by the wise plan pursued by the California Fig Syrup Company.

CASTORIA
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.
What gives our Children rosy cheeks. What cures their fevers, makes them sleep. 'Tis Castoria.

Gentaur Liniment. An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, and an instantaneous Pain-reliever.

THINK OF IT NOW!
Although much is said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the subject has never seriously claimed your attention. Think of it now!

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system. As well expect life without air as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flitting at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Bladder is also prompt; removing all impurities through those three scavengers of the system, producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.00. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York. TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.
Borrowed money never so good as long as interest is kept up. No security required except for interest, and then only partial. The loans are for term of years or months, in amounts of \$100.00 to \$500.00. Send a cent for particulars. W. ROBERTS, Manager, 126 W. 14th St. Cincinnati, O.

RUSSIAN MULBERRY
The most valuable tree in the Northern States for SILK CULTURE.
Producing food for silk worms that is unsurpassed. Also valuable as a fruit, timber and ornamental tree. Also the largest list of FRUIT TREES and PLANTS, for mailing in the United States. Send for price list. I think I can convince you that it is for your interest to order of me. Address: G. F. CLARK, OSWEGO, N.Y.

DENTISTRY.
DR. E. HOWELL,
PRACTICAL DENTIST. Office at residence of Wesley Howell, Howell Prairie. All work done on New Style, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Bee Keepers Supplies!
The undersigned has for sale at fair prices nice comb foundation for both brood nest and surplus boxes. Bee hives of the most approved style—with both broad and narrow frames—also surplus boxes and other "fixings" bee men require. I am also prepared to receive orders for Italian Queens—the same being bred from choice imported mothers and warranted purely bred. Price of Queens, in June, \$3. In sending orders for foundation state size of sheet, and whether heavy or light is required. Price sent upon application. E. Y. CHASE, Salem, Or.