# The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, EDITOR.

#### FANCIES.

I built a bridge of strange bright fancies, And the gelf of the years it spanned, Till touching the shores of the future, I could see the far distant land; And the bright, delectable landscape, In a new, strange beauty, appears, As I view the mystical future From across the gulf of years.

And beyond this bridge of bright fancies, Well I know that somewhere there lies A beautiful land, and a golden ; And I gazed with wondering eyes, To find that the spell of enchantment Has banished-and my quest is but vain For I know that the future holds naught That the present does not contain.

Looking back from the bridge of fancies, In the far, dim distance, I see A spring-time of youth full of promise, That manhood has blighted for me. Then I cried in anguish of spirit, And loudly the past did bemoan, "Oh, would that the veil had not been lifted

My life's mistakes have been many, And I saw with a strange surp ise, That what I had taken for crosses, Were blessings, tho' oft in disguise. I saw too, that joy followed sorrow; That dark days could not always last, And that the sun always shone brighter, After the fiercest storms had jast.

If only I could but have known!

I turned from the past to the present, With feelings of sorrow and pain, But to find that each golden moment Holds treasures, that come not again, And if I would have all my future, What I'd some day wish it had been

I must strive with each passing moment, The laurels of true worth to win.

Then from the bridge my fancy has reared I look toward the future, and see Many battles to fight, but from out The strife, comes victory for me. Forgotten then is all the past, as It blends with the present, and nears The future; where shadows take substance, From over the gulf of the years.

### WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING.

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

Dr. Hayford, Auditor of the Territory and Postmaster at Laramie and editor of the Daily Sentinel says:

"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. They are controlled more by principle and less by particular this than many and generally east their ty ties than men, and generally cast their votes for the best men and best measures. We do not know of a respectable woman in the Territory who objects to her political power or neglects to use it, and we do not know of a decent man in the Territory who wishes it abolished, or who is not even glad to have woman's help in our government.

Hon. N. I. Andrews, Speaker of the Wyoming House of Eepresentatives,

"They (the women) use the ballot with more independence and discrimination in regard to the qualifications of candidates than men do. There is more inde-pendent voting by the women, as a class, than by the men \* \* When nominations are made who do not commend themselves to their moral sentiment, you will see the women all vote as they please, without fear or favor."

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."

Mr John C. Friend, editor of the Raw lins Journal, writes as follows:

"If the question of woman suffrage were to-day left to a vote of the people of the Territory, four out of five would vote for its continuance; and among the best people, there is not to exceed one in fifty who is not in favor of it. Woman suffrage is very popular. There has been no opposition to it since the first year, and the men who opposed it then are among its warmest supporters now —the writer among the number."

# Written for the Willamette Farmer. POOR OLD SHEP

I suppose his proper name was Shepherd. And although he was not thought to be over a year old, yet after his death we always spoke of him as old Shep.

We had all been wishing for a dog. and uncle John came down the path one bright October morning, closely followed by the hero of our story. When I came to the door uncle John said to me:

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 Swing! Swing! 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 In labrinthine drifts above! passing through the country. Still from the first he seemed well pleased with his new home and friends, and showed no Lie over the sunny herbs below, disposition to leave.

One thing was certain—he had been accustomed to children and their kind-ness. 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 Dark winter's deadlier springs are broken; on the hill side, and he would hurry off Tae flery roofs, with low sea sound, 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. Shep came out to see us off. Hark! how they laugh as they rush and looked sorrowful after us, wagging his tail slowly as if he would say he was not displeased only sad.

When we returned from our trip late one summer evening, we saw him stationed on a hill not far from the house, watching, waiting, just long enough to be assured, and then he almost flew down the road, while his joy at meeting us seemed to have no bounds.

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. More than once through the night he had to be driven away, where we found him walking around the childrens bed looking lovingly down into their unconscious faces, a to reassure himself that they had really come back.

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 bad 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 beau tiful morning. I took a basket and went up among the peach trees to see what destruction had been going on and to see if there was any fruit left to was so still that you could not keep from listening for you knew not what.

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 he 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 folcorner of the house, this was soon fol-lowed by a heavy sound against the door, as though a heavy body had fallen against it. By this time my heart was beating fast enough. I could not think what it could be, but was quite sure it was nothing that could harm us. I got up and looked out of the window and there was Shep. He had come as near as he could in his sufferings, expecting some help from us.

The truth came to me then; in some

way he had got strychnie.

I went to Grace, quietly telling her of 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 are in and so the mischief was done. again; and so the mischief was done But the poison had soon done its work and we crept back to bed feeling chilly

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. After breakfast was over Grace got up the pony and put on the harness, after which rope was attached to it and then to their dog. Little four-year old then to their dog. Little four-year old then fastened a cord to her old cat, and the queer little procession started on their

Night came again with crackling fire and lighted lamps. We were soon gathered around, four-year old on my lap, talking of our loss. She was the first to think of something cheerful, as

she said to me.

she said to me.

"Here was a dog as was a dog."

He was very fine looking indeed.

# For The Children.

### SWING - SONG

Birds in the budding wood, birds on the wing Fill sweet soft air with earoling; The woods no more contain their glee, Joy brims ever on every tree In a flutter of leaves hilariously, Swing! Swing!

Early primrose awake from sleep, In many a dewy dale they peep; Lo! populous land, far field and grove, Unreal as yonder clouds that move

Swing! Swing! Anemone-fiskes of a veined snow

Lie over brown bents, woven and wet, Where yellow eyed white violet, With moss and strawberry hath met, Swing! Swing!

Spring weaves her youngling leaves for token Tae fiery roofs, with low sea sound, Welcome to their calm profound The dove's long call in a love-swound, Swing! Swing!

Baby boy lies on a sisterly arm Of little maid Mary, safe from barm, Hark! how they laugh as they rush thro' the All the young world laughs, oh, how fair! Swing! Swing!

-Roden Neal in Gooff Words.

#### 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. The birds were singing, the "Bob Whites" are so tame that they stood on the fence rails looking till we passed along. No one with any selfrespect would shoot Mr. Bob, or any of his family, and he has found that outthat 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. Bad luck to the boy who aims his gun at one of these strangers, or any other of our little three miles to the school house; aunt friends, who are keeping fruit trees clear of insects. The much persecuted old crow may steal a few grains of corn, but much. I have been piecing me a quilt his crop is found to be filled mostly with grubs and worms. The dear Robin Redbreast, that once in a while nips a ripe cherry or strawberry, is now at this time as busy as can be digging for worms. gather. The day was so clear and calm that it seemed hallowed. Everything them hopping about the seemed hallowed. them hopping about over the newly mown lawn; they will run quickly a few feet, cock the head on one side as if listening, then quicker than lightning down goes the bill into the grass and roots, and away goes bird and worm to the nest on the big oak tree; sometimes Robin stops to dash the life out of the luckless worm, sometimes the grub disappears on the spot, Mr. Red-breast wiping his bill, after it in a most gentle-

manly manner, on the grass. 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. There are so few children now that are encouraged to learn Bible verses that we are glad to hear of those who try to learn from the sacred book.

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 lar trips up the river from Texas ferry Hetty will be sure to come before the to Lewiston. I am not going to school hops are picked to see the long graceful now, I went last winter at Almota, I clusters that hang from the poles. To be more practical, tell grandma that a all made great improvement. I wonder lady friend says that the young and ten- why Katie S. does not write? I guess der shoots of the hop plants are as nice she has forgotten us, also Ottie C. We as asparagus if cooked in the same way.

to care for her now that her mother has ket dinners. We always have good passed away, but that dear mother is close by and is watching Jennie with our trip to the Indian settlement, just the same loving care that she did here across the river from Ilia, they have 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.

SPRINFFIELD, Or., April 20, 1884. Editor Home Circle:

I am a httle toy six years old; I can we have a good organ; my o'dest sister expects to take lessons on the guitar. We have six little calves; ma is making butnot write very well, so I will get mother to write for me. I have no pony but I ter: I do most of the milking.

Yours respectfully,

Grace Burrord.

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. Please put my name on the temperance roll. I like to hear the little letters read. I guess the answer to that riddle is a "steel trap."

CRESSWELL, Or., April 8, 1884. Editor Home Circle:

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 girl occurs but once, it is in the third verse of the third chapter of Joek 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. I am not a very little one, but as no one has written from here for some time I thought I would try it. I would like to see some of the boys and girls of this place write more to the FARMER. ALBERT F. DAVIS.

APRIL 13, 1884.

BERTIE MCBEE.

Editor Home Circle:

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 ust 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. Please put my name on the temperance roll.

DELMAN PETTYJOHN.

Editor Home Circle: 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 de pend 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 says it is good for children to have plenty of exercise, and the walk don't tire us this winter; have nearly enough blocks to finish it. JENNIE RAINS.

ILIA, W. T., April 9, 1884.

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; 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 fuscia, 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. anantfully your little

GRACE BURFORD.

ILIA, W. T., April 9, 1884.

Editor Home Circle: 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 regualso went to writing school-the scholars are going to have grove meetings in our Jennie is fortunate to have a dear aunt grove this summer twice a month-bas singing. I will tell you something of church twice a day; the day we wer there forty or fifty danced, and four old Indians beat drums, and the chief's wife rang the bell and started all the tunes. Every one has to sing. They require visitors to take off their hats and give you saddles to sit on. One old In-dian prays then one at a time answers all over the tent. The little children dance and sing as big as anybody. They plow and sow wheat the same as whites, and have gardens. My little sister and I ex-pect to take music lessons this spring;

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