The Home Circle.

MRS HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Epiron

THE PAGE OF MENORY.

When the night-winds goes by, and the bright flower'ta sleep With a tear in each eye and a blush on each cheek :

When the golden-eyed sun has gone to his With his purple cloud-curtains draws over

When the gold-coated bee who has finished her toil, Has returned from her wanderings laden

with spoil; When the gush of hird music has all died away And silence is reigning at close of the day:

Then memory comes forth in the stillness of And opens her leaves, and I gaze with delight On the bright gilded page, where in beauty

appears
The landscape of childhood, the history of

And first on the page, beams in letters of light, The name of my mother—'tis ever in sight— O! the love of that mother may never be told, Though engraved on the page in letters of

It shed o'er my spirit is childhood's first hour A radiauce like moonlight, though soft, it had power

To sooth every passion, to calm even mirth; And to gild with rare brightness the beauties of earto.

Then here on the page a bright picture appears, Tis the first home of childhood—I left it in tears-'Tis not a small cottage with vine covered

Nor a turreted mausion, grey, gloomy and tall; There is nothing comantic about it I ween. For its walls are of brick and the window

blinds green.
But I loved the old home and hard to depart, For the light of affection had dawned on my

And whenever its image comes up to my view, Dark shades in the picture, and clouds are

For all the bright green sward is covered And birds and bright butterflies chase the

winged hours. For memory's first painting her colors are

bright, They seem formed of sunshine, true colors of

She almost paints laughter in scenes of those years.

But you never can get her to paint you the

But as childhood receeds let youth now advance That the world is less bright you can see at

Disappointment has painted a cloud here and

The colors are graver, the flower not so fair. But still there are objects whose colors can

With the brightest of rainbows e'er hung in aky : Their bright form are round us, both near

and afar, And they are all pointing upward to one brilliant star.

They enliven the picture, the gay joyous things-We call them young hopes, but, alse! they have wings-

Yet though they may fly form our hearts in old age,
We cannot efface them from memory's page. And when the dim twilight of earth has pass-

ed o'er, And our life's sun has set to rise never more, Will not the bright page that our memory has graven,

Be read with new is ht in the sunshine of heaven? IRIS HILL, Dec S, 1854.

Saving Work.

I have a blue denims apron made as long as any dress and reaching well around the sides, with a bib held up by shoulder-straps and a pocket, to wear while doing my kind of rough work such as milking, washing clothes or dishes, cleaning and out-door work, and find it saves work in several ways. It protects my dress perfectly, wears a year, thus saving the time and labor of making several of calico; needs no blueing. starching or ironing, as it can be put through one water when the other washing is done, and is ready for wear again as soon as dry; it looks well and wears clean longer than calico. I hope some who find it necessary to save time and labor as well as expense will try one, which will require two and a half yards of material to cut one forty-two inches long, to be thirty-nine inches when made and shrunk. It has darts around the top that it may set smooth.

On our dining-table we use oilcloth instead of table-clothes, which also saves work and is clean every day; while a linen cloth must be used partly soiled as times. To prevent hot dishes from in juring the oilcloth I have made some mats of coarse straw braid, the same size and shape as the bottom of the dishes in which I serve food, and no heat goes through them; they look nice, require sponging but seldom, and will last a

Horses, Cattle and Chickens.

For colic, grubs, lung fever, cough or hide-bound. I give Simmons Liver Regulator (liquid) in one ounce doses; or, one teaspoonful of the powder in a mash twice a day. Recommend it to every one as the best medicine for these complaints. In using it with chickens, for cholera and gapes, I mix it with the dough and feed it to them once a day. I have lost none where the Regulater was given promptly and regularly.—E. T. TAYLOR, Agent for Grangers of Georgia.

A little 7-year-old son of Mr. D. Patterson, a sheep grower, living near the mouth of the Tukanon, Walla Walla county, was drowned in the creek near his home Thursday.

No Light in the Window.

As the train sped along in the night, with drowsy passengers outstretched upon the seats, the conductor was observed frequently peering out of the frosty windows into the darkness. The night was black, and nothing could be seen but a sheen of snow over the shadowy landscape, and yet the con-ductor shaded his eyes with his two hands and held his face—a weary-looking face it was, too-close to the window nane.

"Looking to see if your girl is awake yet?" inquired the inquisitive passenger, with a coarse laugh.

The conductor looked around and shuddered as with husky voice he replied

And then the inquisitive passenger became garrulous and familiar. He sat down beside the conductor and poked him in the ribs as he lightly

"Ah, I see. Going to get married and quit the road. Going to marry a farmer's daughter. Is she worth much?" "She's worth a million to me."

Further remarks in a similar vein did the passenger make, but the conductor deigned no more replies. Suddenly the whistle of the locomotive gave a long, low moan, the conductor stuck his eyes still closer to the window, seemed fasten his gaze upon some object in the darkness, and then fell back in his seat with a cry of despair upon his lips.

The passengers gathered round to inquire the nature of the trouble, when the brakeman assisted his chief to rise and led him into the baggage car. The conductor's face was as white as the snow-banks which fringed the iron roadway, and in his eye was a look of tearless grief.

"Poor Sam," said the brakeman, upon his return, "it's a bad night for him. Four weeks his little girl has been ill. Night after night he was at her bed, but then she got better and he came back to his train. He arranged with his wife that if all was well with the little one she'd display a lighted lamp right in the window of the sick-room. The boys the window of the sick-room. all knew of it, and every night we all looked for the light almost as eagerly as Sam himself. He lives by the side of the track back here a few miles-and to-night there was no light in the window for Sam."—Chicago Herald Train Talk.

Husbands and Wives.

Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence, and throughout the live-long day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until in process of time, the fire and burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over the household. Praise your wife, man; notice what she does to please you, and you will both be

happier than you are to-day.

Many women have little idea how greatly they shock the tastes and really endrager the affections of their hus-bands by their slatternly apparel. There is not a man of sense and retined feelwe have no desire to abridge her privileges nor baffle her instincts in this particular; but we claim it proper for her, if she values her household serenity, that she without those marks and indications by which she can be classified.

It is better to yield a little than quar-rel a good deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their rights, one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickerings which attend Editor Home Circle: such dispositions; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier our petty rights than squabble to maintain them .- N. O. Star.

Do Amateur Mechanics Make Skillful Workmen?

failing common to all amateurs or nonprofessional workers is too great haste. machinists, or carvers, or painters, or amateurs in any handicraft, the same weakness affects them all. The amateur when it is done, and he slights the pre- With all the four elements put together; liminary process that hastens toward the final one, with the result of making a botch of the business in hand. The work shows to the practical eye that it has been done hastily (carelessly is a I remain your friend, better word), and it is inferior for that reason. The amateur himself sees it, and after a time, after the first joy of completion is over, he hates the sight of his hurried job, and very often destroys it out of hand. The better way would Wall as I have have been to stifle all impulses to get the upon, and go through the process which for a successful amateur, I would say ducks and one greenhead and two tur-

An Iowa woman was severely burned since it became a prohibition State.—

Estelline (Dak.) Bell.

Fog The Children.

WHITE AS SNOW.

From morning until evening He sought for peace and rest-Rest for a weary spirit. Peace for a troubled breast; But vain was all his seeking From dawn till set of sun; His sins lay heavy on him, And comfort, there was none

Then, in the gathering twilight, He knelt him down in prayer, And the stars shone in upon him, And smiled upon him there; And while he told His Father Of sins as black as night, The pure white snow fell softly And hid the earth from sight

And when, in bitter sorrow, He looked into the night, Behold, the earth shone brightly, Wrapt in its robe of white! And the promise came to cheer him And bring him peace: "Although Your sins may be as scarlet They shall be white as snow." -George Weatherby.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The sunshine makes all the young folks feel happy; all nature is putting on her lovliest garb. To housekeepers this bright sun peeps into every corner and room, showing the spider webs and piloting the way into cracks showing where the dust is laying in waiting for spring cleaning. To youth there is only life and budding beauty; to us older ones it means more practical things.

Lorena lives in Washington Territory where we have so many little friends; she is a stranger, but we hope she is to be one of us after this.

Clara lives nearer and is one who has been a long time friend. She writes carefully and improves in each letter. A lovely card comes with the letter and she ought to be a happy little girl to have so many pets. No doubt she is happy in trying to do all she can to belp mamme about the house. Anyone is happier who has to be busy all the

Francis comes for the first time to the Circle. It is strange to have a wild goose. Now if Francis had only thought to tell us how it came that she got that goose to stay, it would have been interesting to know about it. There are so many stories that can be told of animals and their habits and ways.

Ermengarde tells of her experience enthusiasm of her original nature have in housekeeping while her mother was away from home. Now that was a fine thing to do, and no doubt the dear little girl took great pains to make those cookies. They ought to be good for Aunt Hetty tried the recipe before she put it in the paper. That horse showed sense, because he has been kindly treated; nearly all animnls have intelligence ing anywhere who does not like to see ed; nearly all animnls have intelligence his wife neatly attired. Let a woman but cruel or careless treatment deadens ed on that farm.

shows interest in farm affairs. There is and me plowed a few days and it rained a great deal in having encouragement it so we had to quit. I like to plow very domestic attire. The wife who goes and if fathers would show interest in about the house untidily dressed has little right to the title of lady. She is our boys to love a farming life. But me and my sister Dena a piece of most fathers ignore the boys and forgetting that boys will be boys, and they raised lots of fine tomatoes and waterwere boys once.

CHENEY, W. T., Feb. 19, 1886.

As I have never written to any paper, I will try and write a few lines. We are having lovely weather, the snow is all and more prudent to yield somewhat of gone, but a few drifts papa is plowing the grass is about an inch high, some of the spring birds have come. As all the little folks tell about their pets I will tell about mine. I have a dog, two cats A machinist in the Mechanical En- and a horse, she is a race horse, her gineer thinks they do not. He says a name is "Dux." Will Auet Hetty please tell me if it stops the growth of it matters not whether they are amateur hair to wear it on top of the head, I would like to know ever so much. I will close by asking a riddle.

wishes to see how his work will look What shoemaker makes shoes without leather? Fire and water, earth and air,

> With good wishes to the Home Circle, LORENA STOUGHTON.

Eola, Or., Feb. 28, 1886.

Well as I have not wrote to the Circle work finished before it was fairly entered for a long time I thought I would try it now. School has been out for about all work must go through before it can be completed. If I were asked what a week. I was eleven years old the 9th were the most necessary qualifications of February. We have got six white amateurs make good workmen, and it is keys. We have got two little colts, most frequently for want of these vir- one is black and one is gray, the black one is named Cupid and the gray one is named Telegram. I have got a big wax doll about fifteen inches high. It has recently by the explosion of a lemon doll about fifteen inches high. It has which she was baking. That's probably the kind they use in Iowa for lemonade earrings. My mother has been very sick earrings. My mother has been very sick for about a week. I will send Aunt Hetty

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one of my cards. I will tell you what I got Christmas. I got a Christmas card and a plaid dress, and candy and nuts. I will tell you what I do for my mother. I help wash the dishes, and sweep the floor and gather the eggs. I will close by asking a riddle. Runs but never walks has a tongue and never talks.

Yours truly, CLARA PEARCE.

HAPPY VALLEY, Or., Mar. 7, 1886. Editor Home Circle :

I have never written to the FARMER, so I thought I would write a few lines. I am a small boy ten years old. I caught a rat in a trap. I have got four sheep and a cow. I have got three tame geese and a wild goose. I think it is too late to tell about Christmas. I like to go to school. We have got sixty lambs. I go to Sunday school when I can. We have had a nice spring untill the last two or three days it has been blowing and raining some. I have got the prettiest little brother in the United States his name is Charles Frank. I like to read the letters very well I have seen letters from Illa and I thought I would write some to. Aunt Hetty please put my name on the temperance roll. I will answer Allas riddle, all is the answer in place of meeting a bright light it is brave night. I will close for this time by asking you a riddle. Round as a hoop and deep as a cup and all the kings oxen cannot pull it up.

Yours truly, FRANCIS BETTS.

MACLEAY, Or., March 7, 1886. Editor Home Circle :

We have had fine weather the last week. Our school will commence Monday. I have been going to writing school. My mamma has been visiting her sick brother a week, I staid at home and done the work until she came back. I was very lonely as my papa and I were alone. I swept the kitchen yard and helped papa plant potatoes, then come in the house and made some cookes, mamma said they were real nice, they were made by a receipt I got out of the FARMER. I have an old horse that I ride when ever I want to, he knows my voice whenever he hears me speak to him he will look around, one day when I was out rideing I lost my glove, I went back to hunt it my horse was galloping along, but saw it before I did and stopped. They are preparing to build a public hall at Macleay, also talking of building a new school house. I have started a serap book I have been taking receipts out of the FARMER and other papers.

Your friend, ERMENGARDE CAREY.

TANGENT, Or., March 22, 1886.

Editor Home Circle: Well as I saw my first letter in print, thought I would write another. Aunt Hetty wished the boys to write more sbout the farm, so I thought I would write a few lines on that subject. Pa by all means dress brilliantly on those it. We are sure animals are well treat has 160 acres of land, he has got in 55 acres of fall grain. We have 13 head David gives a real business letter that of horses, two cows and one calf. Pa ground for ourselves. Last year we mellons. Our tomatoes was nicer than ma's. My ma takes the FARMER, I like to read the little folks letters very well. There is only one more week of our school. We are going to have an exhibition the last day. Pa has a good little shot gun and he lets me go a hunting sometimes. I have killed 9 ducks this spring. Well as I cannot think of any more, I will close for this time.

DAVID S. BRIDGEFARMER.

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