WILLAMETTE FARMER.


## The Home Circle.

| A Memory. By Elina E. Antiony. |
| :---: |
| Faint and awrent, a fragrant odor Btesla soft o'er my nennes now, An Inct liands 'gainst an aching brow. |
| Tis the same sweet, diraying odor Of the fragrant tuberuse white, Thast he twined among my trenses. Juat one year ago to-night. |
| Jant one gear-but 0 , what changes: <br> To him, twas tuta brier deilgat? <br> 1 was a toy- a pasing Joy Would that I himed died tiat night |
| 'Tis all past, but not forgotten; <br> O, that there would never come <br> The mumory of thowe bappy beur., Vragrant with the tuberose bloom. |










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Why, thoman you aratit bome, and what more









 and






## The Influence of Song.



## How to Hang Pictures.

No pioture ought to be hung higher than the
bight of the avorage buman eye when the
owner of the ent


Interesting Facts.


Baby's Soliloquy













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