

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Mrs. HARRIET T. CLARKE.

DISCONTENT.

Two boats rocked on the river, In the shadow of leaf and tree; One was in love with the harbor; One was in love with the sea.

A Gentle Word is Never Lost.

A gentle word is never lost, Oh, never, then, refuse one; It cheers the heart when tempest-tossed And fills the cup that bruiseth one;

THE HORSE PART OF THE FAIR.

We often hear criticisms on the way in which agricultural fairs are conducted in general, and of our own State Fair in particular. Now, it is very much easier to find fault than it is to suggest or correct, and it is not possible to please everybody upon whose patronage these societies depend.

It seems as if the pool-selling and the beer saloon was an abuse grown out of proportion in our own State Fair—had become part of it almost imperceptibly. There is a great deal of fault found by people in general over Oregon in this prostitution of the show of fine horses, and they say that the bulk of the income of the Fair goes to pay for the races, which can be of no possible benefit to the cause of agriculture.

There is another abuse by the people of the State Fair. Some seem to think that the Society is a sort of affair to speculate upon, and so they study the premium list to enter articles, not for the benefit of the Society, but for their own pockets, even trying to enter the same article in different classes; and so duplicate the reward; especially is this true in the fancy and needle work department, where articles are entered year after year, and there being no competition the premium is regularly drawn, so that some thing that has no great value or merit is yearly drawn from its depository and exhibited, proving a better investment than money at interest.

kinds and get a dollar for it is sharp practice and then to keep it over another year is worse of the financing of Boss Tweed. We have reason to believe that it has been done for some years, and we know hundreds of dollars have been diverted in unfair ways from the pursa of the Society by greedy people who would be indignant at the suspicion of dishonesty.

Another matter that would seem to need correcting is in allowing people to make a shop of the pavilion, selling their wares or products like a grocery store, the society giving them rent free and blue ribbon to boot, while some really surprising young men that I could name pay \$374 for the privilege of selling necessary articles outside in a booth.

THE YOUTH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

The filial devotion and reverence which characterized the boyhood of this distinguished statesman lend a peculiar charm to the story of his youth. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a man of commanding personal appearance, high-toned principle, and great independence of character; a brave soldier in the Revolution, and one of the most honored citizens of the state.

In after years, Mr. Webster was fond of recalling a scene that occurred one hot day in July, when he and his father were surprised by a visit from a member of Congress, while they were at work together in the field. His father took occasion to direct his attention to the contrast between the rising man of the state, honorably paid, and his own life of ill-requited toil. "My son," said he, "that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it, as it was, but missed it, and now I must work here."

Daniel was about thirteen when his father took him on horseback to Exeter, where he remained for nearly a year. He does not seem to have displayed any extraordinary precocity at this time, and those who remember him in the full glory of his manhood—in whose ears are still lingering the echoes of his lofty and unsurpassed eloquence—will find it difficult to realize that when a boy at this school he could not go through a simple declamation, but when his name was called was utterly unable to rise from his seat, and "went home to weep bitter tears of mortification."

He seems to have been almost overwhelmed at the first intimation of his father's intention to send him to college. Speaking of it afterwards, in the height of his fame, he says: "The very idea thrilled my whole frame. My father said he lived but for his children, and if I would do all I could for myself, he would do all he could for me. I remember that I was quite overcome, and my head grew dizzy. The thing appeared to me so high, and the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father so great, I could only press his hand and shed tears. Excellent, excellent parent! I cannot think of him now without turning child again."

Webster entered Dartmouth College, August, 1797; was a diligent student, and soon distinguished himself for proficiency, especially in the department of belles lettres. His earliest addresses here were full of that patriotic devotion which characterized him throughout life. While in his sophomore year he became greatly exercised about the education of his elder brother, and during one of his vacations the two youths spent an entire night in consultation on the subject. In consequence of an earnest appeal from

Daniel, Ezekiel was taken from the plow, and at once placed under the care of a neighboring clergyman. Upon his graduation, he gave up his own prospects for the completion of law studies, in order to help his beloved brother, by taking charge of a school at Fryeburg, Maine, at the munificent salary of \$350 a year—"No small thing," he says; "for I compared it, not with what might be before me, but what was actually behind me;" a method of calculation seldom employed in these days, when all are in haste to be rich. He added to this sum by copying deeds, etc., which was to him a most laborious undertaking. He laughingly said, in after life: "Thirty years have not taken the ache of that exercise out of my fingers." After Ezekiel's graduation, the brothers went to Boston, where Ezekiel had secured a place as teacher; but the young law student was for some time unsuccessful in his attempts to gain admission into an office to study. He finally secured a place with Mr. Christopher Gore, who afterwards became Governor of Massachusetts. He made diligent use of all the advantages now within his reach, and in 1805 he was admitted to practice in the Suffolk Court of Common Pleas.

About this time he had a situation offered him which promised great pecuniary advantages, and it was not without a struggle that he was led by his old friend, Mr. Gore, to choose the steady and sure reward of his profession over the uncertain tenure of office. His father had been for twenty years Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, (always traveling to the Court on horseback when the distance was fifty miles) and a clerkship with an income of \$1,500 falling vacant, Daniel was selected to fill it. It seemed a fortune to both father and son, and he was about to accept the situation, when he met Mr. Gore. The advice given by this learned and judicious counsel was full of wisdom. "Go on," he said, "and finish your studies. You are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty. Live on man's favor; what bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence; persevere in your profession; make yourself useful to your friends, and a little formidable to your enemies—and you have nothing to fear." When he informed his father of the change in his plans the old gentleman was somewhat startled at such a conclusion, but made no opposition, only replying: "Well, my son, your mother has always said you would come to something or nothing, she was not sure which. I think you are now about settling that doubt for her." The magnificent solution of that problem is before the world. He left to posterity one of the few immortal names that were not born to die.—Christian Observer.

Late Chickens the Best Layers.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes: After repeated experiments during the past twenty-five years in hatching chickens, I am fully convinced that fowls hatched in the month of July make far better layers than those hatched at any other season of the year. Early-hatched chicks commence laying in September, and continue until cold January weather, when they discontinue until spring. On the other hand, when hatched in July or August they begin laying in February, and continue until October. I find July chickens will average 50 to 75 more eggs yearly than those hatched in March. My method, therefore is to hatch 100 chicks in August for my own use. As soon as the cocks can be selected from the pullets, they are converted into pot-pie, giving the pullets all the room. The pullets are well fed, and are soon large enough to care for themselves.

The Light Brahmas have always been my most profitable and favorite fowl; but with great reluctance I am obliged after three years' trial, to place the Partridge Cochins at the head of the list. As layers they excel any Asiatic breed I have ever known, and as market fowls they have no equal. They are very hardy, mature early and make short-legged, yellow-fleshed, heavy-breasted fowls. My pullets hatched last August, are laying now, as they have since last February. They are superior sitters and most careful mothers. I am also breeding White Cochins for the first time this season, and thus far am much pleased with them.

A GOOD IDEA.—At the Indiana State Fair, one day was devoted to a social meeting of Pioneers, and it was called "Old Settlers' Day." There was a large attendance of the venerable and honorable men and women of early times, who exchanged reminiscences and showed articles of historic value. Now that we have ten days, we can afford one, or a part of one, to a little old-fashioned sociability of this kind.

It is alleged that alum water is good or rather bad, for ants. Brush all the crevices which they inhabit with hot alum water, and sprinkle pulverized borax freely wherever they are most numerous.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

I'LL TRY.

You will well that's a good resolve. Now keep it, little man; In everything you undertake, Just do the best you can. One never knows what he can do Until he sets to work; If you should try and sometimes fail, 'Tis better than to shirk. All honor to the earnest boy Who tries to do his best; A heart of principle may beat Beneath a time-worn vest; Not always does the outer man Reveal the hidden worth. That goes to make up character And form the brave of earth. The world has need of heroes, Who will struggle for the truth, And you, my boy, may find a place, There's room for age and youth; Yes always room for those who try To speed the glorious day, When evil, overcome by good, Shall yield to right the way. "I'll try," has conquered many a time, And conquer yet it will; Though hard the task and slow the work, The brave will struggle still. For God, whose word is ever sure, Directs the power of right, And those who look to him for aid Shall conquer through his might. —Miss Kate M. Frayne.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

The secret of the man who got rich by "sticking to his bush" will bear repetition, even in these times. In answer to a question how he became very successful, he told the following story: I will tell you how it was. One day, when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to pick blackberries. I wanted to go with them, but was afraid my father would not let me.—When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself. I rushed into the kitchen, got a basket, and asked mother for a lunch-eon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out to the gate, when my father called me back. He took my hand, and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going to do?" "To pick berries," I replied. "Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to seek for a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, passing a good deal of time, and getting but a very few berries."

I went, and had a capital time. No sooner had one found a bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places, and ran off to the new-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries.

My father's words kept running in my ear, and I "stuck to the bush."—When I had done with one I found another, and finished that, then took another. When night came I had a basket full of ripe berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so much tired as they were.

My father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of that blackberry party—"I stuck to my bush." When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months seeking one I thought might be a little better. When other young men said, "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head, and stuck to my bush. Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the principals died, and then I had everything that I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have to this motto: "Stick to your bush."

A Plea for Noise.

"In courts and palaces, And in luxurious cities, where the noise Ascends above their loftiest towers."

"O, Johnny!" cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud, coarse whisper: "Get up! whoa!"

But at length finding little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down his hands on his breast, and said, with a long breath: "O, mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me to keep it in! Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady.

"Oh, then mother, dear," cried Johnny, in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We will join poor Johnny in his petition. Please, mother, let your sons be little boys while they may. Time is bringing on apace life's toils and cares. Let them have a free and happy childhood, that when your heads are low in the grave they may point back to those days and say: "We were happy children, for there was always sunshine where our mother was."

Rev. J. H. Wilbur.

This gentleman has returned from Washington where had gone in connection with some question that had arisen in regard to his administration of the affairs of the Yakima Indian agency. Several papers published him as a defaulter to the government, but we do not believe that a single one really believed he was. He comes back, having fully adjusted all things satisfactorily, and resumes his work on the agency at once. It is only saying that scarcely needs to be said in an Oregon paper that Mr. Wilbur has demonstrated more emphatically than any other man that the true way to solve the Indian question is to lift the red man at once from the condition of a beggarly dependent on annuities, from a feeling that he is to be fed and clothed by the government, into that of a man, of a man of work, a man of personal interest in the soil, and in all property that he can procure as white men procure theirs. We purposely avoided any reference to Mr. Wilbur's matters when he left for Washington, knowing that he would come out all the better and the stronger for the attacks of his enemies upon him—for, like all men of resolution and action he has enemies. Still candor compels us to say that his work at Simcoe cannot be duplicated by many men, and it cannot be a safe standard of judgment as to all Indian work. All Indian agents are not Wilburs, and all Indian agencies are not Simcoes, and all Indians are not Yakimas.—La Grande Gazette.

TO MAKE PRIME VINEGAR.—Take ten gallons new cider, let it work fully, which it will do in two weeks, if the weather is warm. Then eight gallons new cider for the second fermentation, let it go through working process, then add eight gallons more for the third working, then stop the bung hole with an empty bottle, turn the neck downward and put the barrel in the sun, when the vinegar is made (or come) set it in a cool place. Add to the barrel some mother of vinegar which acts as a ferment, prefer the cider from late apples, the good crab makes the best vinegar. If no mother of vinegar is to be had, put in certain some brown paper to form a point d'appui for the vinegar to make a start.

I got once \$10 from a grocer for this receipt, said he had lost five barrels cider trying to make vinegar. I charged him nothing but he said he might as well pay me as to lose cider. Last time I saw him said he had sold ten barrels of vinegar made from this receipt and offered me \$5 more.

A gentleman at a dinner party in New York dwelt largely upon the frailties of women, claiming that the best were little better than the worst, the main difference being in their surroundings. Another gentleman rose and said: "I trust the gentleman last up referred in his remarks to his own mother and sisters, and not ours." The rebuke was well deserved and timely, and was not lost on the first speaker.

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