

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

Labor is Noble.

BY CALLED DUNN.

You think your lot is hard because
You have to earn your bread;
Better wear out by labor, man,
Than rust till you are dead;
Better by far the boon of toil,
With joys that come not loth,
Than idleness and listlessness,
Than fortune linked to sloth.

Think him not always blest who owns
Broad fields and mansion proud;
His days may know no comfort, man,
His heart may be low bowed;
For wealth, air, often brings unrest,
And cares that will not die;
And gold and land and treasures vast
May bring one misery.

God made you, sir, to do and dare,
To own a steadfast heart;
To win rewards of labor, man,
And act a noble part;
He placed you here to do your best,
To do all good you can,
And show that steady industry
And honor make the man.

What though some pass you on the way
To gain the sought-for price?
What though the clouds may gather, man,
And stormy be the skies?
True manhood, sir, is shown, when dark
The prospect may appear,
By marching onward—ever on—
With courage, not with fear.

Labor is noble, when it stands
Up for the right and true,
Whene'er it does the best it can
And braves all trouble through;
Its full reward must some day come
To crown the toiler's head,
Who deems it better far to work
Than rust till he is dead.

By-and-By.

Be quiet, restless heart! The long light lies
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill;
The home-bound swallow, twittering as he flies,
Makes silence seem more still.

The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods
The air a latent sweetness holds in fee;
An odor faint of yet unblown buds—
So like, dear heart, to thee!

Far distant in the soft, cerulean deep,
Where the horizon bounds the nether world,
Great ships becalmed, like brooding birds
Lie with white sails loose furled.

In peace the day is ended, and the night
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea;
Along its bosom come with swift-winged flight
The gray mists, silently.

O anxious heart, how Nature speaks! Her power
How leisurely she needs! How intense
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main;
To rock the tree-tops with her winds of wrath;
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath!

So, dear, for all thy eager soul desires,
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her mood
Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires
To round thy womanhood.

Cease, then! and in this dewy twilight move
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the Eternal Love—
God's endless by-and-by.

—[Sunday Afternoon.

Usefulness of the Grange.

We made a little trip to Salem last week while the State Grange was in session and we had the pleasure of meeting some of the lady delegates at the Chemeketa hotel. We saw our old friends Mrs. Shipley, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Teller. Mrs. Hayes kindly introduced us to Mrs. Miller and others that we had not met before. We regretted that we were not still living in Salem, so that we might have again the pleasure of entertaining the delegates in a body. We could not but recognize, as we saw the ladies so cheerfully busy working, planning and talking for the good of the grange, that this organization had been of immense value to the farming community. It gives opportunities for ladies to get out of the seclusion of every day life, giving a few days of relaxation and communion with other ladies from all parts of the country,—all bound by the ties of common interest and fellowship.

There are many bright minds among our women that have been rearing among the hills and woods for years, that now may come forward and get a glimpse of life in its higher cultivation.

In speaking of the good of the grange with these friends, we not only could speak of the social and intellectual development, but domestic arts have received an impetus that speaks volumes, and we hope that the time will come when good sense will go hand in hand with good cooking, and that a yellow saleratus biscuit may not be found in the State of Oregon. We rejoice to see that ladies may now find it possible to leave behind the cares of housekeeping and spend a few days in pleasant recreation and travel that will brighten life for months to come making home look so pleasant on the return that the old duties can be taken up with fresh vigor.

A negro was scalded to death from a boiler explosion, and on his tombstone they chiseled deeply: "Sacred to the memory of our 'steamed friend.'"

THE AGREEABLES AND DISAGREEABLES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Your call for help from the lady friends of the FARMER, induces me to send you a few stray thoughts as they took shape while dishwashing this morning—and dishwashing shall be a part of my theme, for people should write of what they best know, and a long apprenticeship has made it possible for me to be well versed in the art. I am glad to see that there is a growing tendency towards a more domestic education in women the last few years, as will be seen in the accounts of numerous schools in cities where cooking is taught as one of the arts. Such schools are a necessity among wealthy people,—or those who keep servants, as it is not easy for girls to get a practical knowledge of housekeeping under these circumstances. In foreign countries young ladies of the higher classes and nobility spend months at a time in families where they are taught by daily lessons the routine of housekeeping, paying a large price for getting this practical knowledge that is impossible to get in the parental home, and they are proud of being accomplished in this matter, but we regret to say that not many American girls are proud of knowing how to work, but to the contrary pride themselves upon "never having cooked a meal in their lives." Our young men are fast learning wisdom finding that a pretty face and showy accomplishments do not make up for a lack of housewifely qualities. There are disagreeable details connected with the cooking department that detracts from the agreeable part so as to give a distaste for the whole. Dishwashing is the first on the list of disagreeables. To prepare a good meal, spread it nicely and see friends enjoy eating it, is the pleasant part,—but, when hunger is satisfied to be obliged to get up from the table, "clear it off," put away the remains and wash the dishes, pots and kettle is the unpleasant part.

A little thought and care may make even this a little less of a drudgery. I find a little brush, made by tying a few bunches of the broom together will greatly assist in the work, saving the hands from being too much in the hot, soapy water, which is calculated to harden and stiffen them to an uncomfortable degree. A larger brush made of splints is admirable for scrubbing out kettles and fry-pans where the food is burned on to these vessels. The cups, saucers and silver ware should be first put into the dishpan with hot water and a little soap, then the plates or other dishes, having a dish or board with some brick handy for scouring the knives. If done every meal, they will need only a slight polishing. The handles of knives should never be put into hot water, or lie in the dishpan, as the handles are apt to get loose. Every housekeeper, however neat, will find that after a time the dishes will get yellow and stained in creases where the dish-towel cannot conveniently reach. We have found by personal experiments a way to make them look as fresh and bright as when they came from the store. Some day when you want to have a big cleaning-up, and want a kettle of strong suds to use will be the time to try our way. Pile all the dishes you conveniently can into the wash-boiler, fill it full of water enough to cover them, then put in half a paper of washing powder, let it boil a few moments, then take out the dishes, pour cold water on them, and wipe. The trouble will be more than repaid in the pleasure you will take in those shining new dishes.

AUNT HETTY.

Lice on Chickens.

As the regular hatching season will soon commence (it has already done so in our section), it is well to watch for lice on the downy little chicks, for if they are there, the chicks will not long be here. Lice kill thousands annually, and the true cause is not discovered or even thought of. If one takes the trouble to hatch numbers of the little chicks, it is surely worth the while to watch them closely and see what the matter is if they droop and die. There are many remedies which are effectual, but every beginner should be careful to use some one as a precaution, if there are no vermin—in his opinion. A simple and cheap remedy is a small piece of tobacco stewed in a little lard, and rubbed with care on the head and throat. Also rub it on the head, fluff and under the wings of the mother hen. It is a good preventative and a sure eradicator. Watch well for lice when you see your chicks hanging their heads, drooping and dying, or you will soon have none to care for.

MANY a rich man, when asked if he knows what relations he sustains to society, is compelled to confess that they are poor relations.

IN the midst of debt we are in life—most of us.

Curiosities of English.

The following are a few amusing examples of the "curiosities of English," as respects the change of sound produced by different consonants:

B makes road broad, turns the ear to bear, and Tom to tomb.
C makes limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports lover to clover.
D turns bear to beard, a crow to crowd, and makes anger danger.
F turns the lower regions to flower regions.
G changes a son to a song, and makes one gone.
H changes eight to height.
K makes now know and eyed keyed.
L transforms pear into pearl.
N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown, and makes one none.
P metamorphoses lumber into plumber.
S turns even into seven, makes have shave and word a sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes "having a hoe" to shaving a shoe.
T makes bough bought, turns here there, alters one to tone, changes ethers to tothers, and transforms the phrase "allow his own" to "tallow this town."
W does well; e. g., hose are whose are becomes ware, on won, omen women, so sow, vie view; it makes a arm warm, and turns a hat into—what.
Y turns fur to fury, a man to many, to toy, rub to ruby, ours to yours, lad to a lady.

The Dust-Bath Again.

This highly important fixture of the poultry-house is too often overlooked or neglected. We need "line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there" a great deal, in order to keep our poultry healthy and free from vermin. The cost is but trifling, and the ingredients for replenishing them should be gathered in mid-summer, when the earth is dry and breaks easily, or dust may be gathered from the road where there is a good deal of travel. Take a strong barrel (lime barrel if you choose) and put three-fourths full, can be placed in some corner of the hen-house, where it will be kept dry and can be used when desired. A box can be made for the bath of rough boards—say, two feet wide by two feet six inches long and ten inches deep. There is no objection to one larger, excepting it takes up more room in the house and more dust to replenish it. If the earth is gathered from the field, it should be made fine with a spade or maul; fill from the barrel as it is dusted out by the fowls.—American Poultry Yard.

A Sheep-Shearing Festival.

The fourteenth annual South Wisconsin Sheep-Shearing Festival was held at Caldwell Prairie. About 150 standard Merino and Delaine sheep were on exhibition, and half of the number were shorn upon the grounds. The largest fleeces weighed twenty-nine pounds and two ounces, and was from a ram six years old, whose carcass weighed 115 pounds. Prizes were offered in over a dozen classes, and to the best sheep shearers. There was the largest exhibition of Merino sheep ever held in the West. Over 1,000 persons were present, among whom were growers from Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas, breeders from Vermont and New York, and wool-buyers from the East. A grand dinner was served at a hall in the village, and the festivities wound up this evening with a dance. The Caldwell Prairie district is the centre of the Western sheep-raising interest. Within a radius of ten miles from the village over 100,000 sheep, all Merino, are raised, and the district is thickly populated with one of the wealthiest farming communities in the Western States. Caldwell Prairie, for fine wool, ranks with Michigan in the Boston market. Today's exhibition was the best ever held by the Wisconsin Sheep Association. The fleeces were lighter than usual, but of finer quality and freer from dirt.

AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE for girls is about to be established in Michigan. It will be a novelty and may be useful in some respects, but Michigan must have a different kind of girl from the average, or driving oxen and plowing and like agricultural employments will hardly be to their taste. The college may open up new and hitherto unsuspected opportunities for Commissioner Le Duc, however. There will in all probability be a demand for hairpin and crochet needle sprouts, and there is every reason to believe that the soil and climate of Michigan are favorable to the cultivation of these useful articles.

THERE are over four millions acres of land in Alabama subject to entry or homestead.

THE mills of the gods grind slowly, but they do not explode.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The First Letter For the Young Folks' Column.

We are pleased to publish the following very nice little letter from a farm's girl. The letter is written well and spelled correctly, and the readers of the Circle can see for themselves that it is well expressed. We will not forget to send her the book as we promised to the first young correspondent.

Edite Home Circle:
I read in the last number of the FARMER your offer of a prize to the first little girl or boy who wrote a communication to your paper. I suppose that it must be a farmer's son or daughter, and as I am a farmer's little daughter only ten years old, I will try to compete for the prize you offer.

The spring has been very wet. Our garden is not very good, but I guess that it is as good as our neighbors'. Papa has not got all of his grain in yet, but I think that he will postpone it until next year if it does not quit raining. Mamma has been trying to raise some chickens and turkeys, but it has been so wet all the time that I do not think they can live, because they cannot be shut up in a hen-house or any place, for you know that turkeys must be out to get the grass and bugs.

I have a little sister and brother, the nicest in the world, I think, and we are going to school, and they are learning awful fast. We have a good teacher too, and we have such a pleasant schoolroom. It is only about half a mile from our house, and is in one corner of pa's place.

Yours truly,
A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Another letter comes from a dear little friend of the Home Circle, and although second to arrive, we rather think from the date that it was written about the same time as the other, so we shall do as at the State Fair—give a second premium. Yes, we shall be glad to hear from you again. Your letter is well written and correctly spelled. To write a good letter is one of the best accomplishments that a lady can have, and to be a good letter writer requires practice; so while you are helping me, you are improving yourselves. Be sure and practice carefully and if you are in doubt about the spelling consult a dictionary, or ask some older person.

MT. PLEASANT, May 24, 1879.

Editor Home Circle:
The FARMER published yesterday, the 23d, came in this morning's mail. As we do not have mail only once a week, I will write by return mail. I do not expect to get the book you offer for the first letter written, as there are boys and girls who live nearer. But if I do not get the book you will know that the boys and girls in the country read the FARMER and wish there was more in it for the young folks. I am thirteen years old. I go to school and study the Fifth Reader, spelling, writing, geography, history, and Higher arithmetic. I took music lessons before we came west, and practice enough so as not to forget what I learned. We have been in this country three years next October. I would like it a good deal better if Cora was here. I would write more, but am afraid you would have to get a waste basket too soon. Are you going to have a column in the FARMER for the boys and girls, and do you want us to write again? Please answer. Your friend,
LILLIE THAYER.

Cora is a girl that lives in Wisconsin, whom I have known ever since I could remember anything.

The Campanero or Bell-Bird.

I think there should be a revised edition of the Cock Robin tragedy. I never could see any propriety in the ball being at that bird-funeral. The Campanero or bell-bird could have tolled the bell, even though there had been no bell in the world. It has a fleshy "horn" on its forehead, which is connected with its palate, and at a moment's notice it can fill this with air—and then you should hear it! It utters a solemn, clear bell-note, like the toll of a distant convent bell, pauses for a minute or two, then gives another toll—another silence and another toll—and the sounds can be heard three miles off.

It is a sad pity the Campanero was not at Robin's funeral, for it is a gentle creature and its dress is most appropriate for such an occasion—being snow-white, while the horn is jet black with a few white feathers. True, they would have had to send to the country of the Amazon for it, but the birds could have managed that.—"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in St. Nicholas.

WAITING to be whipped is the most uninteresting period in boy-hood.

A FINE coat may cover a fool, but never conceal one.

"OH! MY BACK!"

HUNT'S REMEDY

Agents, Read This!

HUNT'S REMEDY

Agents, Read This!

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