

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriot T. Clarke.

BUSY.

BY KATE AULD.

Busy at night, busy by day, Thus we are passing our lives away;

Heaping the foam in a cloud, so light, Toiling to make little clothes look white,

Stitch after stitch, year after year, The click of the needle may greet your ear;

Busy by day, busy by night, The yoke is easy the burden is light.

God crowned my brow with this bright diadem; May I never cease loving and toiling for them!

PRE-HISTORIC OREGON.

The beginning of Oregon history tells the knell of the Indian race. In these few intervening years the Indian, with his aboriginal life; with his native dress; his crude implements of domestic use or equipment for warfare, have all passed away, and only the humanity remains as can be seen in the few miserable creatures that live in the outskirts of civilization, dragging out a wretched existence, victims of the vices of the white man, with none of the white man's virtues.

Old John, the last of his race, comes in and in jargon interprets to Dr. Rafferty the uses of the various articles that he has unearthed from the river banks at Oregon City and Canamah. Many people, knowing of this collection, bring in to him whatever the spade or plow may turn to light. We hope to see a collection gathered like this at our State Capitol in the new State house, that should be able to furnish out of its immensity one room for the Indian.

WHAT WE READ ABOUT.

We here in Oregon may live under many disadvantages in our isolated situation, etc., but then we never do have a "cyclone," or a "blizzard," such as has just laid waste hundreds of miles in its track of desolation through Kansas, killing hundreds of people, and destroying the homes of thousands.

The Rural Press of California has in different issues quite an interesting discussion, "Snakes vs. Cats," one correspondent taking up the cause of the common harmless snake as being better for "rattling" than cats, and recommending that they be domesticated for this purpose, being able to kill mice, moles and gophers, with facilities for getting into their holes. But the natural repugnance born in the human race towards the serpent race will have to be obliterated sufficiently to make the snake a pet.

"Man has sought out many inventions," and one of them is the "incubator," whereby hundreds of chicks may be hatched out without any "fuss or feathers." The Eastern agricultural journals have much to say pro and con about them. We judge for ourselves after reading the mass of evidence, that the natural way is best, and we do not want any incubators here in Oregon.

A DOCTOR of Divinity was once giving his class some instructions about preaching in such a way as to gain attraction and applause: "Young gentlemen," said he "it's all contained in a nutshell. When you go to preach in the city, take your best coat, when you go to preach in the country, take your best sermon."

To Tell the Age of Fowls.

If a hen's spur is hard and the scales of the legs are rough, she is old, whether you see her head or not; but her head will corroborate your observation. If the under bill is so stiff you cannot bend it down, and the comb thick and rough, leave her, no matter how fat and plump, for some one less particular. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs; the scales on the legs are smooth, glossy and fresh-colored, whatever the color may be; the claws tender and short, nails sharp, the under bill soft, and the comb thin and smooth.

An old turkey has rough scales on the legs, callouses on the soles of the feet, and long, strong claws; a young one the reverse of all these marks. When the feathers are on, the old turkey cock has a long tuft or beard, a young one but a sprouting one, and when they are off the smooth scales on the legs decide the point, besides the difference in the size of the wattles of the neck and in the elastic shoot upon the neck.

An old goose when alive is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings, particularly at the pinions, the thickness and strength of the bill, and fineness of the feathers; and when plucked, by the legs, the tenderness of the skin under the wings, by the pinions and the bill, and the coarseness of the skin.

Ducks are distinguished by the same means, but there is the difference that a duckling's bill is much longer in proportion to the breadth of the head than the old ducks.—Weekly Globe.

A Sensible College.

Girls are admitted to the Iowa Agricultural College and taught all sorts of queer and absurd things. For instance, the authorities there have the funny notion that girls ought to know how to cook! Every girl in the junior class has learned how to make good bread; weighing and measuring her ingredients, mixing and kneading and baking, and regulating her fire. Each has also been taught to make yeast and bake biscuit, pudding, pie and cake of various kinds; how to cook a roast, to broil a steak, and make a fragrant cup of coffee; how to stuff a turkey, make oyster soup, prepare stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will melt in the mouth, and, in short, to get up a first-class meal, combining both substantial and fancy dishes, in good style. Theory and manual skill have gone hand in hand. Vast stores of learning have been accumulated in the arts of canning, preserving and pickling fruit, and they have taken practical lessons in all the details of household management, such as house furnishing, care of beds and bedding, washing and ironing, care of the sick and numerous other things. It is not stated whether the girls are taught how to get up in the morning and build fires, but no doubt such a useful branch of information receives the attention its importance demands. It is hard to see what use a modern young lady can make of these lost arts. These things can't be done in a parlor with nice gloves on. Such a course of instruction must totally unfit a young lady for the grave duties of life, such as flirtation, reading Ledger stories, gossiping and all things of this nature that must be attended to. Still, it is just possible that numbers of sensible young men can be found who will just be idiotic enough to marry these Iowa girls in preference to the nice young ladies whose knowledge of housekeeping ends at piano pounding and handkerchief flirtation.

ATTENTION to little things about the farm, as in any other business is what increases the profits. Plenty of egg, a few chickens, a few calves, a colt or two help out wonderfully. If some of the perquisites arising are given to the children for the care bestowed, they will cheerfully help in the garden, and thus another important item is added to the well being of the family.

WALL PAPER.—Sometimes spots will accidentally get upon papered walls that deface them badly. If it should be a grease spot, a paste of hot laundry starch, made very thick and spread on while boiling hot, quite thick over the surface of the spot, and left till dry, then rubbed off with a soft cloth will remove all the grease and not deface the paper. An ink spot, or other dark stain, can be cut out with a sharp penknife, pulled off, and a bit of new paper matched and pasted over, which may save the trouble and expense of repapering the whole room. When the paper is dingy with smoke, take a quart of wheat bran and tie up in a thin bag loosely and rub the walls with it quite hard. Shake up the bran occasionally, and you will be surprised to see how clean and nice it makes the paper look, well paying for the labor of cleaning. When the edges of the paper start up, a little paste or starch, applied with your finger to the under edge, and pressed down with the surface smooth, will keep the walls neat in appearance and well preserved.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Lazy Boy.

The boy lay in his little bed, Though off his mother called; "Get up! come down to breakfast, Fred! Get up," his father bawled.

Yet quiet and serene he lay, As though he heard them not; Opossum did the youngster play, Though things were getting hot.

The time passed on—he did not start, But took another nap; His father up the stairs did start And gave his door a rap.

He cried aloud, "Say, Freddie, say! Why don't you leave your bed?" But silently young Freddie lay, As though he were quite dead.

"Speak Freddie," once again he cried, For I must soon be gone; And, "—but a lusty snore replied— Patience nearly gone.

Up to his face quick ran the blood, He tore his auburn hair; A moment at the doorway stood, In still, yet deep despair.

And shouted 'gain, with thunderous knock, "Young scoundrel, do you hear?" While in the hall loud ticked the clock, That grated on his ear.

With angry push, he opened the door, And slammed it too again; With noisy stride across the floor, To the bed he walked amain.

There came a sound like threshing wheat, Or butcher tendering steak; Hear screams! hear moans! hear scampering feet! Ah, Freddie is awake.

A ringing bell, a mother's call, May sometimes rouse a lad; But the only sure thing, after all, Is a father when he's mad.

ONE MORE LETTER.

Two little girls write this one. We suppose that they write together to keep their courage up. We are glad to have them join the Home Circle, but would have liked to have had them sign their own names in full. We never print articles from older people unless we have the name, though we do not print it if the writer objects. We shall now expect to receive some letters acknowledging the receipt of books—for little girls must learn how to write letters for the different occasions that require correspondence, and this is one of them.

SALEM, Or., July 1st, 1879.

Editor Home Circle: We read in the last few copies of the FARMER of some little girls writing to the Home Circle, and we thought we would write also.

We live about ten miles south-east of Salem. We are two little girls going to school together, and are very good friends. Our school will be out in a week and three days, and we are studying pretty hard to pass a good examination.

We are 12 and 11 years old. The strawberries are all gone, and blackberries are nearly ripe. The fall and spring wheat up here is nearly all headed, and we think there will be some pretty good crops this year.

We are afraid you will be getting tired of our letter, so we will close.

Yours truly, E. J. E. and J. E. G.

The Little Folks' Column.

"The FARMER devotes a column to the use of the young, and is thereby encouraging literary tastes and assisting the children in mastering the rudiments of composition. This departure will, we are assured, prove beneficial in many respects and we hope to see it perpetuated."

The Mountaineer pays this compliment to our efforts in developing in the minds of the young readers of the FARMER a taste for higher life as found in the cultivation of mind. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"—so the youth whose mind is early directed towards literary pursuits find no satisfaction in frivolous amusements, and thus inadvertently are also kept from the society of people whose influence is contaminative.

OREGON.

Few persons have perhaps noticed the peculiar construction of the word Oregon. Take the initial letter and each time that letter is affixed a complete word is formed, and the form it will take:

- 1 O
2 Or
3 Ore
4 Oreg
5 Orego
6 Oregon.

The reader will observe that 1 Is an exclamation. 2 Is a conjunction. 3 Is a metal. 4 Is an abbreviation of a State. 5 Is a South Sea Island. 6 Is our pride.

By reading from 1 to 1, 2 to 2, etc. you have the same words but in a reverse order. Read across any line and down the final letter of each line below and it will spell Oregon. Across the third line read two letters and down the letter preceding each final and it will spell Orego. Read the other lines by the same rule and all the words will be spelled.—Salem Statesman.

It is a curious fact that rain is only appreciated when it doesn't come.

A Tiny Engineer.

There is a certain tiny engineer, who builds bridges across great chasms, bridges floating in space, and bridges suspended from tree to tree; preys on creatures much larger than himself, and builds houses—yes, houses with doors to them, which he closes when he retires into the privacy of his own apartment. This little engineer and architect is the spider. Of course the Cousins have often seen his bridges, but I do not think they have seen the spider that lives in a house with a door. He lives in tropical countries, and is called the Trap-door Spider. His house is usually on the side of a hill, in sandy soil. He makes a little hole in the ground, spins a web over it, with a little passage in the center, leading down into the hole, spins a round door, which he fastens by a hinge to the passage, and then, no doubt, sits in his apartment with the same feeling of satisfaction a housekeeper experiences after the annual cleaning. I feel sure the fabled spider that invited the unwary fly into his parlor belonged to this species. If frightened, the Trap-door Spider takes refuge in his house, slamming the door after him like a human being.

Another noted member of the Aranea family is the Tarantula, which is found in America, Africa, and the south of Europe. Though there is no doubt the poisonous qualities of its bite have been exaggerated, still it is an insect to be avoided. Fancy the feelings of those men Mark Twain tells of, who upset a box of live Tarantulas in their bed-room! Some of the spiders are very brilliant in appearance. There is one variety common in southern New Jersey, of a bright, canary color, marked with black bars. This web is always of one shape, bars radiating from a common center, and the interstices filled in with delicate lace work. When dew-laden in the early morning, nothing more lovely could be imagined. I shall not speak of that South American spider which is said to be so large that it preys on humming-birds, because I have no accurate scientific knowledge of it, and I wish only to speak of that I know. I might tell you of a terrific combat between a wasp and a spider, and how the spider obtains his food, but that you can find out for yourself any day.

EMILY L. TAPLIN.

Bergen Co., N. J.

A SUCCESSFUL BOY.—Dr. John Hall, of New York, recently told the boys at one of the lodging houses the following story. John Brady, twelve years ago was at Blackwell's Island, a street vagrant, sleeping under carts, on door steps, or anywhere he could find a place to keep from freezing. From here he was sent West on a farm. He was fond of books, and when he had served his time out he wrote to the president of Yale College, asking if he could work to pay his tuition. He was appointed bell-ringer there. He was so brilliant that when he graduated, friends offered to pay his expenses through the theological seminary. He has just graduated with the highest honors, and gone as missionary to the Esquimaux in Alaska. "There's a success in life for you, boys!" said Dr. Hall, and so there is for every boy who has energy and a noble purpose.

CHOICE RECIPES.

ORANGE PIE.—Rub a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and a tablespoonful of butter to a cream. Mix a tablespoonful of cornstarch with a little cold water, and add a teaspoonful of boiling water; let it cook long enough to thicken, stirring constantly, then pour the mixture onto the butter and sugar. Grate the peel from half an orange, and chop the other half fine—first removing all the inner white skin. Add this to the former ingredients, also a beaten egg and the juice of an orange. Peel another orange, and slice it in little thin bits being careful to remove all the seeds and the tough white skin. Line a pie plate with nice paste and bake it until just done, then fill with the custard and orange slices, and bake long enough to cook the egg. A meringue made with the whites of two eggs a pinch of salt, and two tablespoons of powdered sugar beaten to a stiff froth will be an improvement. Spread it over the pie; sift powdered sugar on the top and set it again in the oven until slightly colored.

RASPBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—I do not know that our raspberry short-cakes are any better than other people's but as they are generally greeted by rather extravagant praise whenever placed upon our table, I here venture to affix our method of making: To two teaspoonfuls of butter milk, not over sour, add one teaspoonful of salt, two small even teaspoonfuls of soda, and fried pork drippings one-fourth of a teaspoonful, or so much in quantity as a small-sized hen's egg. Put the butter-milk in the

flour, add the salt and stir with a spoon till about as thick as pancake batter; then add the soda finely pulverized and stir in some more flour; then add the soft but not warm drippings, and mix as for biscuits. Roll out in cakes about one inch in thickness, prick with a fork, and set at once into a well-heated oven. When done, slit through the middle with a sharp knife, and butter each half slightly; then over this dispense a few teaspoonfuls—to each half—of thin, sweet cream. Crush the raspberries with sufficient sugar to sweeten; put a good layer over each piece, place the halves together, cover and set for five or ten minutes in the tin or oven or on reservoir; then carry at once to the table. This is also good for strawberries, blackberries, peaches and cranberries—omitting the cream for the latter, but sweetening the fruit well, and stirring before applying to the crust.

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