

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

(For the WILLAMETTE FARMER.)

A KISS.

BY MRS. MARY W. COE.

A kiss! a kiss! What's in a kiss? Can it be less than consequential? Say, did it ever come amiss? Can such a thing be non-essential?

Well, will you have a baby's kiss? What in the world can there be sweeter? Some this would choose, some choose a Miss, And some, a little prattling creature.

The young wife should her husband choose, The maid betrothed, would choose her lover; The young man sure could nothing lose, Should she his cheeks with kisses cover.

Nay, hold! I commit not such a folly! For, though he loves, he'd rather woo— Profusion makes men melancholy; Ne'er let him steal, o'er ease or two.

A strange world this, that one must smother, Her love, such petty tricks to play; The young girl scarce can kiss her brother, But that he turns his head away.

Kiss the sweet lips of innocence Ere guilt, or art, assert their way; These you may kiss without offence, And get as many back for pay.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

I married a woman of sweetness and death, And beauty without any flaw; But over my landlady, like Dame's old word, That horror, a mother-in-law.

So upright and downright in person and looks, She credited the dismal old saw Of a scolding and pushing and worrying and quarreling Old bore of a mother-in-law.

She desired to live with us. Chase and woe! Would it be the result, I foresee; So I gave my ears and my meekness, with groans, To a friend with no mother-in-law.

One night as we sat by a blazing wood fire, When the days had grown chilly and raw, "How cozy and nice you would look with a pipe!"

"Don't you smoke?" said my mother-in-law. Did my ears hear right? Yes, then her dear heart! "Don't you smoke?" was the first happy straw.

To "show how the wind blew," and clear up the clouds, "Twixt me and my mother-in-law."

And, oh! she's the kindest and dearest and best! Old darling that ever I saw! My mother I love, and my wife I adore, But I worship my mother-in-law.

Cure for Croup.

Editor Home Circle:

Equal parts of sugar and lard given at the first appearance of cough that always accompanies croup will afford almost instant relief. Give every 10 or 15 minutes, as required. Can be given cold or warm, well mixed together. In severe cases better be warm. The child will take it readily, as nothing about it is unpleasant. I always keep it in readiness, and at the first sound of cough give a teaspoonful and repeat it often as the cough continues. Also grease the throat and chest with sweet oil.

Following this treatment my children have never had a severe croup, and I have heard of it being tried when it seemed as if no relief could be obtained from other remedies, and it would give relief in half an hour.

Mothers, try so simple a remedy. Don't get scared and send for a doctor or a mile for a neighbor to come and see, but just try it, and you will always afterwards do likewise.

A MOTHER.

What the Farmer Should Study.

The farmer should study the laws of concentration. He should learn how to concentrate his crops into the best paying articles. Does he consider that butter, cheese, beef, pork and mutton represent only a certain amount of grass, hay and grain that his farm produces? That instead of selling the raw commodities, he can, by putting them into these articles, get much better returns for his products? His study should be how to transform the raw products of his farm into something that is concentrated and that will bring him most money. What he raises has to go to some market. By condensing it, little freight will have to be paid, and thus much will be saved. A farm is not only a farm; it is, or should be, a factory for changing the raw products into articles of general consumption that have a commercial value the world over—that are of the best quality, that keep well and sell well, and bring prices that will pay well for the skill, labor and capital employed in producing them.

In the care and management of the dairy cow, the milking should be done with exact regularity as to time, and each cow be milked by the same person, and in the same order from day to day if possible. No change of milkers or change of time for milking should be allowed except for the most urgent reasons. Above all, never allow intertemperate dispositioned persons to milk. Very slight causes often cause a shrinkage in milk which cannot be brought back.

Home "Comforts" and Their Effect on Health.

It is not clear, but it may be suspected, that there is some element at work in the present state of civilization, which renders the more gently nurtured, or more highly cultured, members of society specially unfitted to resist malarious influence. Connected with this must be borne in mind the manner in which the external atmosphere is more and more kept out from our houses. Doors and windows close better, draughts are more carefully excluded than of old. Appliances are introduced for artificially warming the passages and vestibules, the natural function of which places is to afford a gradual transition from the warm atmosphere of a chamber to the external temperature. Clothing is much more complex than was formerly the case. In the time of our grandfathers a man was called a puppy if he wore an overcoat. What would those hardy gentlemen have said to an "Ulster" of the present day? or the sealskin jackets and coats? Human habit is so much modified by circumstances, that the adoption of all these safeguards against an occasional chill may have a direct tendency to lower the resisting power of the constitution. And there are well known facts that square with this view. Such is the influence on the constitution of the prolonged heat of tropical or sub-tropical countries. The inference is not unmatural that the greater comfort, as we regard it—at all events, the more sustained heat which we are steadily giving to our abodes—is really tending to lower our constitutional power of resistance, not only to the great toils, gold, but to those influences against which that tonic has the prime function of strengthening the frame.—(Dunbar.)

Hired Girls.

A lady writing to the Chicago Inter-Ocean says: I am one of those weak ones who are obliged to keep a girl, and I have always made it a point to have no one in my house but intelligent and virtuous girls—girls that I would like my girls to associate with—and they are treated as one of the family, have the privileges of a home, and they appreciate it, too. I have a girl now who is not really obliged to work. Her people are farmers in comfortable circumstances, not rich, but she prefers to be independent, and we do not consider her at all beneath us. When her kitchen work is done she sits with me in the parlor or sitting-room, and if tired reads awhile, sometimes aloud to me, and then helps about the family sewing, and is treated in every way as I would wish my daughter to be under the same circumstances. I think that if we would have good help we should make them feel that we do not consider them lowered in the social scale by doing what we should surely do if health had been ours. Public sentiment has got to be reformed, and when, where and by whom? That is the question. When you get a good girl let her know that you appreciate her. Don't be afraid that she will strike for higher pay, and what if you do have to pay a little more than you would to an inexperienced hand? You yourself will be the gainer at last. She knows the ways of the house, and if you are obliged to keep your room some days, you know everything is moving along smoothly. The greatest number of women who look down on their help have been kitchen girls themselves, and it is simply affectation, vanity and ignorance that is at the bottom of it all.

Yield of Eggs in a Year.

Many items have been going the rounds of the press recently, making the most extravagant assertions, pro and con, regarding the laying capacity of a hen, both during a year and during her natural lifetime. The facts are simply these: There can be no accurate statement made, for the reason that the different varieties of poultry vary so largely in their laying capacity. The same variety also differs largely in the hands of different breeders—some breeding for color, etc., to the sacrifice of laying qualities, and others strive hard to make their strains notorious for their great laying qualities. So I say that a hen will lay from 75 to 275 eggs in a year, and from 150 to 1,500 in her lifetime.

If laying qualities are bred for they can be obtained. Yards of fifty hens have been made to average 246 eggs for an entire year, within the writer's experience. I noticed a recent assertion in these columns that a hen, if in perfect health, would lay only three days in succession; then skip a day, and so on. I would very much like to know the philosophy of such reasoning and its basis upon fact. I have known a hen to lay 61 eggs and not miss a day, though such instances are doubtless rare. I am of opinion that it is more common for a good laying hen in the month of April to lay 30 days in succession than otherwise.—(J. F. F., in Country Gentleman.)

CHOICE RECIPES.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take ripe tomatoes, wash them without skinning, and cook one-half hour; then put them through a sieve. To one quart of the juice and pulp thus obtained add one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, black pepper and good mustard, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one-half a nutmeg, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Boil two hours; then to one quart of juice add one pint of pure cider vinegar, and boil a half hour longer. Bottle while hot and seal carefully with cement.

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.—Slice two gallons of green tomatoes and 12 or 14 good-sized onions, two quarts of vinegar, one pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of ground mustard, two of black pepper, one tablespoonful of allspice and one of cloves. Mix all and stew until tender, stirring often lest they should scorch. Put up in small glass jars. This is very nice for almost every kind of meat and fish.

CREAM CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, two cups flour, four tablespoonfuls butter (scrape off each one just level full), two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one of soda. (I have just as good success using two teaspoonfuls baking powder thoroughly mixed with the flour.) Bake as jelly cake; when cold take one cup thick sweet cream well beaten, add five tablespoonfuls sugar, beat again flavoring to suit the taste; use same as jelly. Always remembering in using butter, sugar and eggs to use part of the sugar to mix with the butter, the other to beat well with the eggs; all should be well mixed before adding flour. All who try this will be well pleased.

Another which I use hot or cold: one cup sugar; one of sour milk; two cups flour; one egg; one-half teaspoonful soda. This last can be used for a pudding, with vinegar sauce.

SALAD FOR PUDDING.—Two cups brown sugar, two cups water, one-half teaspoonful salt, butter size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, one of flour; flavoring, beat well together before adding the water, which should be hot; then let it boil for a half minute or longer.

How a Mosquito Bites.

Those readers whose finger joints are yet swollen from his attacks, may be interested in the exact mode of his operations. The bill of a mosquito is a most complex instrument. It is admirably calculated to torment. The bill has a blunt fork at the end, and is apparently grooved. Working through the groove and projecting from the center of the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with a fine bevel. Beside it the most perfect lance looks like a hand saw. On either side of this lance two saws are arranged, with the points fine and sharp, and the teeth well defined and keen. The backs of these saws play the lance. When the mosquito alights with his peculiar hum, it thrusts in its keen lance, and then enlarges the aperture with two saws, which play beside the lance until the capillary arrangements for pumping blood can be inserted. The saw process is what grates upon the victim, and causes him to strike wildly at the sawyer. The irritation of a mosquito bite is undoubtedly owing to these saws.

Ammonia in the Household.

Let every wife or housekeeper get a bottle of ammonia. The pantry shelves are getting grimy, finger marks appear around the door latches and knobs, and once a week the housekeeper must spend half a day in cleaning all these. Now, if she will take some water in a basin, add a few drops of ammonia, and with a clean cloth wipe the dirt off, first the windows, then the paint. It saves time and does not take off the paint. Put a few drops in your dish water and see how easily the dishes can be cleansed. A few drops on a sponge will make looking glass, pictures and windows look like crystal, and it will take the stains off the teaspoons, teapot, etc., thus saving much hard rubbing and scouring. A teaspoonful in the mop pail is worth more than ten pounds of elbow grease applied to the mop handle.

A housewife has just as much right to make her work easy and expeditious as her husband has. If she does not try, then the fault is her own in a great measure.

Housekeeping Notes.

An economical lady of my acquaintance tells me that when she buys cotton stockings she selects a good article, and before wearing them at all, she lines the feet with new thin muslin, that is the parts that wear most quickly—the heels and toes. She says they wear twice as long as they do without. The linings must be nicely fitted and run on smoothly, or they will not answer the end desired; but a little practice enables one to do it quite easily.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

The woman was old and ragged and gray, And bent with the chill of the winter's day; The streets were white with a recent snow, And the woman's feet with age were slow.

Down the street with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of "school let out," Came happy boys like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow, piled white and deep, Past the woman, so old and gray, Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her, So weak, so timid, afraid to stir, Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet Should trample her down on the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop The gayest boy of all the group; He named beside her, and whispered low, "I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm She placed, and so, without hurt or harm, He guided her trembling feet along, And that his own were firm and strong; Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content.

"She's 'Somebody's Mother,' boys, you know, For all she is aged, poor and slow, And some one, some time, may lend a hand To help my mother, you understand. If ever she's poor, and old, and gray, And her own dear boy is far away!"

"Somebody's Mother" loved her best in her home that night, and the prayer she said: Was "God be kind to that noble boy, Who is Somebody's Son, and pride and joy."

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE CAN BE DONE AGAIN.

Editor Home Circle:

This is a good maxim, and as some lady in the FARMER has asked "What can young people do to earn a little money?" I thought I would tell the boys and girls of the Home Circle what I know has been done by one young girl of my acquaintance. A few years ago she prepared some articles for the State Fair in the class for girls under fourteen. She made her work with care and judgment, and she received enough to buy a young cow and half a calf of valuable stock. She has now several animals, —superior milk cows. Now that she is married, she has a start towards housekeeping, and is making twelve pounds of butter a week from the cows that are giving milk. Her mother had given her some geese, and she has plenty of pillows, and a bed of her own picking, and will be able to sell feathers after this.

This is a credit, and almost anyone is able to take advantage of circumstances to commence to accumulate something. Even if it be a little at first, it will soon double up and increase. Mrs. F. L. T.

LETTERS FROM LITTLE FOLKS.

OCT. 11, 1879.

Editor Home Circle:

I have seen so many letters in the FARMER from the girls, I thought I would write one. I live in Baker county, five miles from Baker City. I live with my cousin. I have one sister and one brother living. My mother is dead. My father is running a threshing machine. Our school will commence two weeks from next Monday. I love to read Aunt Hetty's pieces. I think it is very kind of the editor to give the children a chance to write to the paper. As this is the first letter I ever wrote to a paper, I will close for this time. I wish the FARMER much success.

Yours truly, S. S. L.

A Spider Story.

One chilly day I was left at home alone; and after I was tired reading "Robinson Crusoe," I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny playmate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash-basin, and fastened up a stick in it, like a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, which I named Crusoe, and put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run around the stick and try the other side, and then run back to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think over it. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put treacle on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appears to strike him. Up he goes like a rocket to the top, and commences playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned around two or three times. He got excited, and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in the woodshed again.—(Hearth.)

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