

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

MY SHIPS AT SEA.

I have ships that went to sea More than fifty years ago...

Every sailor at the sea Knows that I have ships at sea...

I have wandered on the pier, Looking for them down the bay...

So I never quite despair, Nor let hopes or courage fail...

Once, when I was pure and young, Poorer, too, than I am now...

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine, Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers...

But there are other hearts that will not feel The lonely love that haunts their eyes and ears...

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press The willing heart of uncomplaining love...

Why should the seed be broken that will bear, And they that dry the tears in others' eyes...

Why should not hard ambition weep at last, Envy and hatred, avarice and pride...

Gen. Grant and the Children.

One of the finest traits that shine in his character is his love for and attention to children...

The carriage in which Grant rode halted in front of the Central school house where 1,800 children were ranged in front of the building...

The care and thoughtfulness shown these young people was thoroughly appreciated, and this "silent man of destiny" will never be forgotten by these young people...

Who can measure the silent influence of those few words he spoke up to the minds of those who are coming up to fill our places in the busy working world.

CHOICE RECIPES.

FRIED APPLES.—Have a fruit pan ready with a little lard or any good drippings in it...

JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter; three eggs...

POTATO CAKE.—Work cold mashed potatoes soft with a little melted butter and milk...

TOMATO CATSUP.—To one gallon of ripe tomatoes use four tablespoonfuls of salt, four of ground black pepper...

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One peck of green tomatoes, one dozen large onions; slice the tomatoes and onions thin...

LOAF CAKE.—Five cupfuls of flour (sifted, of course), four cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of butter...

COOKIES.—One cupful of butter, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, four eggs well beaten...

To Remove Mildew from Clothing.

Wet the mildewed garments in cold, soft water, and apply about equal quantities of soap and salt...

Brute Intelligence.

An Australian paper relates the following striking instance of brute intelligence which occurred not long ago near Nairne township in South Australia...

Success in Sheep Husbandry.

Sheep husbandry, as an avocation, has no distinguishing peculiarities. Its valleys of humiliation and disappointment are peopled by those plodders whose dreams have failed of realization...

The corner stones of success—proper selection, judicious blending, liberal alimentation, and adaptation of variety and number to natural and artificial surroundings—are so readily accessible...

Premature Women.

When girls midway in their teens throw off their natural, girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, skoot up their hair and affect the airs and dress of young women...

About Eggs.

We have seen dyspeptics who suffered untold torments with almost every kind of food, no liquid could be taken without suffering...

A LADY not accustomed to raising poultry set a hen on some eggs, and in due course of time the brood of chickens was hatched...

A YOUNG lady pupil of a High school put on a mass of false hair, penciled her eyebrows, rouged her cheeks, etc., and then went to the commencement and read an essay...

ADVICE to the Young: Eat oysters only in the months that have an "r" in their names, and drink whisky only in the months that have a "k" in their names.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

WHO?

Who is the sweetest baby That ever said "A-woo?" Who is the dearest baby, With eyes so soft and blue?

A Boy's Experience With Ducks.

One bright morning in February, 1873, a manly-looking boy of fifteen came to me and said: "I want to get a pair of Pekin ducks but I have no money; will you let me have a pair and take the pay in work?"

The boy was a stranger, but I liked his looks and his willingness to work, so I answered: "Of course I will," and started for the yard to pick out the ducks.

"Better git the work afore ye let him have the ducks," said one of the neighbors who happened to be in. "Do you know anything against the boy?"

"I don't know nothin' agin' him, but he belongs to the Jackson tribe that moved onto the old Smith farm; his father is lame, and his mother is a pale, shiftless-lookin' critter, and I allowed that the gals warn't much; they are allus fussin' over a bed of posies and sich trash; they had better be workin' out, as there's plenty that want gals, and I reckon money aint over and above plenty in that family."

"I like the boy's looks, and I will trust him," I answered. "Then it'll be the last you'll ever see of the ducks or the boy either; mind what I tell ye," and Mother Mooney nodded her gray head quite emphatically as she picked up her basket and marched off.

I picked out a pair of the finest ducks for my boy customer, and gave him lots of advice concerning their care. When that boy started home with his ducks in a basket he was probably about as happy as the average boy ever expects to be in this world.

Monday came, likewise the boy, and every day afterwards that boy walked the long three miles that stretched between the "old Smith farm" and my place, and worked with a will until his debt was canceled; after that I saw no more of him until after Christmas.

"Well, Sam, what luck with the ducks?" I asked. "First rate," he answered. "Tell me about it. How many eggs did your duck lay? and how many ducks did you raise?"

"My duck laid 79 eggs; I sold half a dozen of them to Mrs. French, and set the rest. I didn't mean to sell any eggs, but had to sell a few to buy feed. I got 59 young ducks from the eggs I set, and I raised every one of them; didn't I do pretty well for a beginner?"

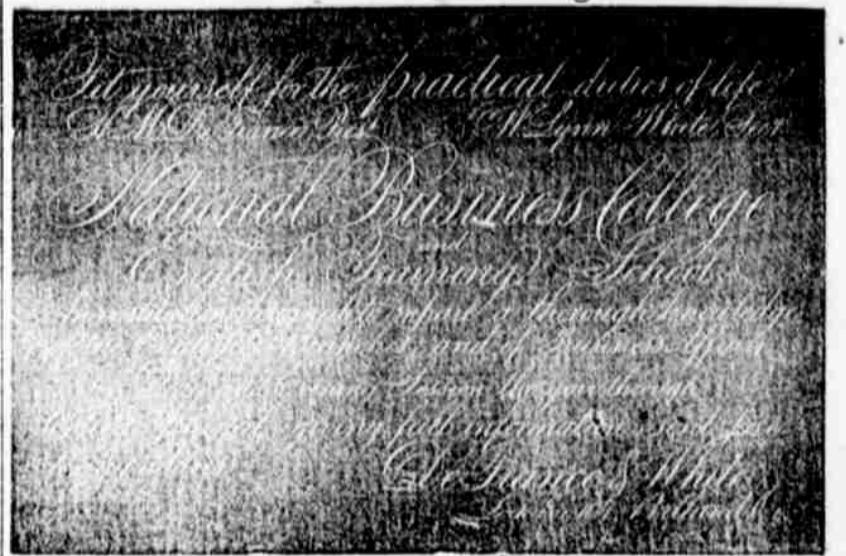
"Indeed you did," I replied. "What did you do with the ducks you raised?" "I've got four of them now, and I kept the old pair. I am going to raise lots of them next year, and I sold seven pairs to the neighbors; the rest we dressed and sent to market."

"How much did you get for them?" "Got three dollars a pair for those I sold alive, and those we sent to market brought \$20.50; the feathers brought \$3 more; that makes \$44.50, don't it? Take out the \$5 I paid you, and the \$11.80 that the feed to raise them cost, and you see I made \$27.70 clean cash. I tell you I had to scratch around pretty lively to get enough to feed them on after the young ones were about half grown. I picked berries and sold them, and hoed corn some, and cut up old Mrs. Flint's woodpile, and dug potatoes, and hushed corn, so I kept them going until I sold them."

There, boys, I have given you Sam's first experience as a poultry raiser, and if any of you can make a better showing I should like to hear from you. FANNY FIELD.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at 6 o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence.

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