

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee— Your tired knee that has so much to bear— A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a tangle of hair.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret At their little children clinging to their gown, Or that the footprints, when the days are wet, Are ever black enough to make them frown.

HAPPINESS—A QUESTION.

Who seeketh for much happiness Will rarely find it here, And just as love's unsought caress Is to the heart most dear.

The truest joys are least intense, And last the longest space, What pleasures rival innocence! What pleasure like the power That finds peace in life's simple grass.

WINDOW GARDENING.

Home can be made attractive these cold, rainy days, by a few pots of plants in the east or south windows. Do not, however, have too many, so that they will interfere with the light.

ANOTHER TALK WITH YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.

A place for everything and everything in its place is a hackneyed saying but it means a great deal if put in force. The kitchen needs as much attention as any other part of the house, and as we have to spend so much time in it, there should be pains taken to make it cheerful and inviting.

We see in a California exchange the announcement of the death of Mrs. C.A. Colby, the wife of G.W. Colby, of that State. We had a slight acquaintance with her, knowing her also through her contributions to the press.

CHOICE RECIPES.

GINGER CAKE.—One pint of sugar-house or New Orleans molasses, one cup of sour cream or milk, one-half cupful of lard, one tablespoonful of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, a pinch of salt, one thimbleful soda, scalded and stirred in, then add enough flour to make a stiff batter.

CREAM CAKE.—Put 1 1/2 pints of water and 1 lb of butter in a round-bottomed pan; place it upon the fire, and when it boils stir in quickly 1 lb of sifted flour, and stir it vigorously with a wooden spatula; now remove it from the fire, and beat in, one at a time, sufficient eggs to form a rather soft, smooth, sleek paste—8 or 10 will be enough.

FRIED CABBAGE.—Cut cabbage very fine, on a slaw-cutter, if possible; salt and pepper, stir well and let stand five minutes; have an iron kettle smoking hot, drop one tablespoonful of lard into it, then the cabbage, stirring briskly until quite tender; send to table immediately. One-half cup sweet cream and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the vinegar to be added after it is taken from the stove is an agreeable change.

APPLE BREAD.—Peel and chop very fine one pint of nice apples and put to one quart of Indian meal that has been scalded and left to cool. Beat to a cream one egg and one-half teaspoonful of butter, and add to the meal with four teaspoonfuls of salt. If the apples are sour, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, but sweet apples are much the best.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.—Take one pint of milk and two eggs (water will do), a nip of salt, mix with sifted flour to make a batter; then heat a tin put in half the batter, cut up six apples (which have been pared) in slices, lay these in the batter, then cover with the remainder. Bake brown, eat with milk and sugar.

EVEN the boatblack says his business brightening up.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A CRADLE IN THE HOUSE.

We have got a cradle in the house, And we have something in it, A freakish, wayward, winsome bairn, Not bigger than a minute.

Although no diadem he wears, But his ringlets soft and brown, His every smile and frown we heed, As if he wore a crown.

No sceptre in his hand he holds, But then his pinky fist, so small, He, like a royal monarch wields, And we are humble subjects all.

And when his tiny foot he stamps, If aught, caprice, or whim displease, The brightest gift in babydom We bring, him to appease.

And when he wills to close his eyes, We go on tip-toe through the house; Even papa's heavy foot Falls softly as a mouse.

We have got a despot on a throne, Reclining like a kinglet, For we have a cradle in our house, And we have something in it. —Household.

OUR LETTER BOX.

SALEM, Nov. 14.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl ten years old, I never went to school but six months, but mother has me study my books at home. I can read the letters the little girls write very well. I did not learn to write till this Summer; I have written several letters to my aunt and cousins. I have learned to crochet, and ma has bought some yarn and is going to learn me to knit. I have commenced me a scrap quilt, but I did not have pieces enough to finish it. I wish I had some pieces of your dresses to put in my quilt. I am making me a Turkish rug like those that were at the Fair this year. When I learn to knit and sew good, ma is going to learn me how to do embroidery and all kinds of fancy work. Ma can do all kinds of work but says I must learn to knit and sew and cook first, for they are the most useful accomplishments. VINA.

Vina is quite correct in wishing to learn how to do plain work, and we are glad, too, that some of the little girls who are now growing up will know how to knit stockings. It is quite an art to know how to shape a sock or stocking, and then it is so nice when you get old to look at the patch work quilt and pick out the pieces of the dresses that the mother and sisters wore many years before; it will bring up many pleasant scenes of childhood and keep the heart fresh and young.

I AM a little girl; I am only twelve years. This is my first letter to the FARMER. I have not seen a letter from a little girl for some time, and I thought I would write a letter to your paper. I have seen that so many little girls write letters to the WILLAMETTE FARMER, so I thought I would not be behind the times, so I have told you all I can think of just now, so good bye till the next time. A. L. K.

WE have received a little poem entitled "Good Night," which we will publish if the writer will assure us that it is original.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

A gentleman sends us a solution of the puzzle given in last week's paper, which puzzle was quite ingenious, we think the reference to Hades unnecessary, this last clause being a little too far-fetched to help the interest. Hope So Long will send another.

Editor Home Circle: I think this is an answer to So Long's question in your last number.

January, Y February, Y May, Y July, Y September, R October, R November, R December, R

March, H June, E April, L August, T That T plays the duce with H— M. W. GREEN. East Portland.

ABOUT BIRDS.

Noting in natural history is more wonderful than the migration of birds. During the winter but few are seen in this northern country. The swallow, martin, robin, and many other species, leave us on the approach of cold weather, and retire to a warmer climate. Each has a specific time to make ready and commence their flight, and it is wonderful with what exactness this time is observed. In the summer they hold a convention, to consult upon the subject of their journey. Thousands of martins and swallows fill the air and cheer up their sports and songs; but soon after, they have all disappeared. Black birds, storks, cranes, and wild geese are also migratory and observe the annual season of departure. In the spring they return to us, to share our labors and blessings in the great field of nature. Some migrate only from one part of the country to another, while others fly from continents, making journeys from six to eight thousand miles per year. The object of this migration is either to enjoy a

warmer climate or to obtain food, or to rear their young. The old proverb that "one swallow does not make a summer," implies that when they all return to our latitude, summer has actually come; or, in other words, that swallows live in a summer atmosphere. Wild geese, cranes, and some other birds are supposed to rear their young farther to the north than any human being has ever yet penetrated. But who has taught these birds the physical geography of the continents, so that they can distinguish between the different climates? Who has instructed them when the cold season approaches, to seek a milder home? Does experience or tradition impart this knowledge? It seems impossible. And even if they do know the facts, who has taught them to start on their long voyage, and just when to return? How can they know whether to fly east, west, north or south? Man with all his reason, experience, and education, cannot travel even on a beaten road, without a guide; he cannot sail on navigable seas without a compass. But the untutored bird not only knows the sunny clime, and the time when it must spread its wings for a long voyage, but it knows by unerring instinct, both the way to fly and how to keep its course over wide oceans and continents to the place of destination. Who can answer these questions, and explain these facts? Human reason is baffled, and admiring wisdom bows in silent adoration before the Creator of the animal world. Birds are the source of unending pleasure to man. Their beautiful plumage delights the eye; their sweet music charms the ear, as they visit our homes and sport upon the trees on our cultivated grounds. Birds are the source of profit to man. They feed upon the insects that destroy the fruits of our gardens and fields. Without their timely aid the toil of the gardener and the husbandman would often be in vain. The extent to which birds are useful in destroying insects can hardly be estimated. Mr. Bradley, a writer on gardening and husbandry, informs us that a pair of sparrows once carried to their nest on an average of forty caterpillars every hour during the day, or five hundred during each twelve hours. At this rate ten pairs of birds would destroy thirty thousand caterpillars per week, enough to ruin any garden or fruit orchard in the land. The question here arises, were these caterpillars made to feed the birds, or to annoy the "lords of creation." They answer both purposes, and no doubt even the vile worm holds an important place and serves an important purpose in the economy of nature.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston, walked a tall, muscular-looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some far backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Addressing the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked: "You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?" "Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?" "Do?" said the man; "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything—what do you want done?" "Well, if I was to hire a man it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow; one for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the floor and never lay it down."

"There, now, Capt'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?" "I'll tell you," said the merchant: "If you will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down I will hire you a year at \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger, and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who walking up to the sack threw it across his shoulders with perfect ease, although extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up, turned to the merchant and said: "There, now, it may hang there till doomsday, I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and \$100 per month, and it's all right."

The clerk broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited, yet satisfied, kept his agreement, and to day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and is worth a million dollars.

A Regs Strategy. While men were laying a pipe in the street of an Eastern town, they left the ditch open for a while, and a sow, with a family of eight, in nosing around, got into it. The small pigs could not get out, and the mother tried her best to help them. She would get in the ditch, grab a pig, and endeavor to throw it up to the top, but could not toss them high enough. Failing in this, she went to the pavement and tried to attract the attention of passers by, running up to them and squealing, and then going back to her imprisoned family, showing the way. Some boys finally helped them out and the mother hog granted her applause and mouthed each youngster fondly as soon as it was led away.

A NEW YORK poultry fancier is credited with the statement that the first egg laid by any kind of domestic bird is larger than those dropped afterwards, and is almost certain to hatch a male of exceptional size and vigor. As a rule, he maintains, cockerels are hatched from larger eggs and pullets from "small ones. Therefore, to insure "the cock of the walk," hatch the first lay of the hen that drops the largest egg.

WHAT is that which brings a cold, cures a cold and pays the doctor's bill? A draft.

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And the Leaves of the Tree were for the Healing of the Nations. No more wonderful exhibition of the wisdom and power of the Creator can be given than the provision made for the curing of diseases by the use of those remedies which Nature furnishes in the roots, bark, leaves and berries of the common trees and shrubs which adorn our beautiful valleys and mountains. THE OREGON KIDNEY TEA. A Vegetable Production which is Performing Wonderful Cures. It is a specific for Pains in the Back, Non-Retention of Urine, Inflammation of the Bladder or Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit in Urine, Leucorrhœa, Painful or Suppressed Menstruation.

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