

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

DAN'S WIFE

Up in the early morning light, Sweeping, dusting, "sweeping right," Oiling all the household springs...

Dan comes home at fall of night— Home so cheerful, neat and bright; Children meet him at the door...

WHERE THE CHESTNUTS USED TO GROW.

BY ROBIN ROVER.

Height the leaves are falling From the maple trees at last! The autumn breeze is whispering...

Ah, well do I remember, With Nelly's hand in mine, Sauntering gaily in the shadows...

Ah, well do I remember, A summer long ago, When we parted from each other...

Off I think when summer comes (For return it will again) I'll visit the old woodland...

UP THE COLUMBIA.

A trip up the Columbia is so common place that not many of our readers would care to hear it rehearsed. There are but few Oregonians who have not at some time gone East...

It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her own little ones.

eddy scooping with his net for salmon—the last net only right now left for him.

Out on the bleak rocks a few wretched hovels built of driftwood and mads, shelter the last few of a once mighty race that fished here long ago.

Here leave us as the train slows up to allow them to get off, returning afoot to Dalles City.

Celilo is the "place of the winds," and as we lie here a few hours we go tramping up in the sage brush and sand to the top of the hill.

Of whom there are six, form part of our passenger list. Some are going away among the Couer d'lane Indians, some to Walla Walla and some to Colville.

A woman on the boat was suffering with a cancer which had been recently operated on. The Mother Superior offered to dress it, which from neglect had become fearfully offensive.

Umattila once promised to be quite a place of importance, but will probably never be more than a little shipping place.

She has "the philosophic mind" what words-worth sings of; she has a self-poise, a strength of unswerving, absolute rectitude her husband has not and never will have...

Well, little girls and boys, I want to tell you about myself. I am a little girl 56 years old. I have a dog pet.

I have seen so many little letters in the FARMER, I thought I would write one. I never wrote a letter to a paper before.

We are four little girls writing together; we are the four little girls that staked out the hens, and we do not think it is a good plan.

I will write again and tell you what I know about the subject of Russia. Russia is remarkable for its great area, excessive climate, vast forests and grassy plains.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As an old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her own church, one day, when a neighbor said: "Why that is a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul."

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

For The Children.

THE SPIDER'S LESSON.

A tyrant in my border dwells In Austrian black and gold; Wrought all in silver are his cells, Fine-spin, a thousand fold.

His dwelling has no dingy roof, Nor dismal underground; The sunlight gilds its slender web, On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his levee, every morn, Such brilliant doings appear, As ne'er in any court were worn— By Christian monarch dear,

No prison dungeon has this wretch Where victims, out of sight, His cruel jealousy may fetch And keep in hopeless night.

That subtle stratagem he springs Harmless passers-by, Winds his soft silk about their wings, And hangs them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away With swift, impatient hand; But here the lesson of the day He teaches, as I stand.

The tyrant Luxury doth so Our winged souls entwine And binds us fettered in a To meck the free sunshine.

The subtle web afar I'll leave Of flattering deceit; The gorgeous spider shall not weave His fetters for my feet.

The eye that views the heavens in faith, The hand with justice armed, Can see the snare that binds to death, And scatter it, unharmed.

—Julia Ward Howe, in Scribner's.

OUR LETTER BOX

We are sorry to give our little readers so few letters this week, but we suppose that the warm weather must have taken them to the sea-side, and some to the mountains.

Well, little girls and boys, I want to tell you about myself. I am a little girl 56 years old. I have a dog pet.

I have seen so many little letters in the FARMER, I thought I would write one. I never wrote a letter to a paper before.

We are four little girls writing together; we are the four little girls that staked out the hens, and we do not think it is a good plan.

I will write again and tell you what I know about the subject of Russia. Russia is remarkable for its great area, excessive climate, vast forests and grassy plains.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As an old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her own church, one day, when a neighbor said: "Why that is a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul."

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

As my cousin takes the FARMER, and I am a reader of it, and like it best of all papers, I thought I would attempt to write a few words from Southern Oregon.

Winter. I am very anxious for school to commence again for we have such a good school, and I like to go very much. I hope all the girls and boys like to go to school as it is a good thing to have an education.

Yours truly, HATTIE GILBERT.

MARION, W. T., July 27, 1880.

Editor Home Circle: I wrote one letter to the FARMER and as you was so kind as to publish it, I thought I would write another one.

I have never studied Russian and cannot say anything in particular about Russia, but I will say something about the little valley.

This is a beautiful valley. The Satrop river runs through it, in which there is an abundance of Salmon and trout. It is a fine place to run in the fall of the year.

I have a right to be angry; we have no Summer school; we have only three months school in the winter, and just as well could have a six months school.

My mama wants to know why some butter don't harden as well as other when put down in brine.

I will tell you where we live, we live on a farm three miles from Astoria, and ten miles from Salem. I have four head of cattle.

My grampa gave me a filley worth \$150. I thought I would tell you something about Russia. The Russian empire lies in Europe and Asia; the northern part of Asia belongs to Russia.

As all the little girls and boys were writing, I thought I would write. I am ten years old. I have got 30 old chickens and 25 young ones.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Good afternoon, boys and girls, I came to have another nice little talk with you. I went to the Fourth of July at Scottsburg; did not have any picnic but had a nice dance.

Dan's Fourth of July Prisoner—The Flag Puzzle—Other Puzzles.

It was morning of the Fourth day of July. "But which Fourth of July?" asks Tom, for Tom remembers that there have been one hundred and four good days of that name since the old bell rang out its glad tidings from Independence Hall.

It was the very darkest Fourth ever known Did it rain on that Fourth? Yes, but the people were not troubled by the rain. They were troubled in another way.

"I'm wet to the skin," said Dan. "In fact, I really believe my face is clean for the first time in three days."

Dan drew a little looking-glass from his pocket and held it before his nose. He saw that the burnt powder and dirt had been washed off by the rain.

"Get up," said Dan, "it's daylight and the Fourth of July."

"There was no answer; the man did not move. Dan put his hand down and felt of the man's body, which was cold.

"Poor fellow!" said Dan, "he'll sleep a long, long time."

Dan was a drummer boy and he was on Calp's Hill, which is a part of the battle-field at the town of Gettysburg, beyond the river Susquehanna, in this State.

"Hello," said Dan, "it's the Fourth, isn't it? Got a cracker?"

The soldier knew Dan and loved him as much if he had been a son. He told Dan to "feel in there," pointing to a pocket in his coat.

"I'm just going down to that spring I saw yesterday," Dan explained, as he moved off. "You oughtn't to go," replied the soldier, who was on guard, "the rebels might get you."

And so the little soldier stepped quietly with soft tread down the hill. He munched his crackers as he went. They were real crackers—biscuit crackers, not firecrackers.

Everything was still. Dan dipped his little tin bucket in and was about to return when he heard a groan. Dan listened.

"That's a boy!" Dan explained, "and I do believe he's a reb."

"He's a reb," said Dan to himself, "but he's wounded and it's the Fourth and I'll help him."

"Is that mother?" asked the wounded boy. "You can't see, can you?" said Dan; "your eyes are full of dirt and blood. Take a drink; there, that's right. Where are you hurt?"

"It's a bullet in my knee," said the boy; "my neck's hurt, too. Are ye a Yank?"

"Yes, I'm a Yank, but I'll tend to you. You've been here a good while?" The boy groaned and said that he had been wounded the morning before. His name was Thump—that's what the soldiers called him, "Little Thump"—and his mother lived in Georgia.

"Don't go to sleep," said Dan, "I want you to surrender."

"Who's licked?" asked the boy; "oh! my leg, my leg!"

"We've licked, I guess," Dan replied; "anyhow, I think I'll take you to the hospital. You don't want to die here, I know."

"There's an ambulance about a quarter of a mile over there," said the soldier; "hurry up, or the little reb will die."

"Will he get well?" asked Dan.

"O yes," replied the surgeon. And he did get well. Dan now lives in this city, and every Fourth of July he receives a letter from Thump, who is a man also who lives in Macon, Ga. As for that Fourth of July in 1863, it was not so dark a day after all. There was no more fighting at Gettysburg. Both armies kept quiet, and on the morning of the 5th General Lee retreated towards the South. On the 5th the whole country knew that General Grant had taken Vicksburg, too. Indeed, the Fourth, that looked so gloomy when Dan crawled out of his hard bed at daylight, should really have been a day of great rejoicing. From that day the tide of war began to roll back and peace could be seen under the clouds.

Joseph Stewart, of Cohoes, is convivial by nature and occasionally so in practice. Joseph is married and has a wife whom he loves, but she has a beautiful mare that Joseph owns, and of which he has made a great pet.

Now the mare is never easy unless when in company with her lord and master, and, from long companionship, is acquainted with Joseph's haunts, and if let alone will follow him like a dog.

When midnight came, however, the party were astounded by the appearance of the mare in the open doorway, and the animal, stretched her head forward in the direction of her master, whinnied in a manner which seemed to say, "Joe, it is time you were at home."

An instant later the knowing animal repeated the summons, and was about to step inside, when Joe said, "Boys, it is my mare and I have got to go; but I would like to know how she got out," saying which he departed, the faithful beast following, with her nose over her master's shoulder.

How to Invest. The "Democrat," Goshen, N. Y., says: "It may not be improper here to add that health is accumulated, the sick made well, and a large interest of comfort and happiness secured by investing in Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

Chills and Fever are permanently cured by Dr. Jayne's Ague Mixture. With a little care on the part of the patient to avoid exposure, and the occasional use of JAYNE'S SANA-TIVE PILLS, this remedy will be found to be certain in its operation, and radical in its effects.

Intermittent and Remittent Fevers are effectually cured by Dr. Jayne's Ague Mixture. In these complaints care should be taken to follow the directions closely, and especial attention given to the liver, which should be assisted in performing its functions by DR. JAYNE'S SANA-TIVE PILLS.

Curable all disorders resulting from Impurity of the Blood, including all Scrofulous Diseases, Skin Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Swellings, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Debility, Catarrhs, &c.

Nine-tenths of all chronic and temporary disorders are caused by disturbance of the circulation of the blood, which depends greatly upon the quality. If impure from want of proper food, air, light, exercise, change of scene, or from overwork, the whole system feels it. Sometimes its impurity is indicated by one of the diseases named; sometimes by a gloomy, despondent, dull, lazy feeling commonly called

implying lack of energy, debility, and general unhappiness. Nothing is so magical in its effects as this KING OF THE BLOOD, at once a tonic and alterative, so called because it tones and alters the stagnant functions, and healthful activity results.

Numerous testimonials—the genuineness of which is guaranteed by our standing offer of \$1,000—and full directions can be found in the "Treatise" accompanying each bottle. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all dealers in medicine. D. RANSOM, SON & Co., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

W.H.D. DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Dealers, Portland, Oregon.

King of the Blood

Curable all disorders resulting from Impurity of the Blood, including all Scrofulous Diseases, Skin Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Swellings, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Debility, Catarrhs, &c.

Nine-tenths of all chronic and temporary disorders are caused by disturbance of the circulation of the blood, which depends greatly upon the quality. If impure from want of proper food, air, light, exercise, change of scene, or from overwork, the whole system feels it. Sometimes its impurity is indicated by one of the diseases named; sometimes by a gloomy, despondent, dull, lazy feeling commonly called

implying lack of energy, debility, and general unhappiness. Nothing is so magical in its effects as this KING OF THE BLOOD, at once a tonic and alterative, so called because it tones and alters the stagnant functions, and healthful activity results.

Numerous testimonials—the genuineness of which is guaranteed by our standing offer of \$1,000—and full directions can be found in the "Treatise" accompanying each bottle. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all dealers in medicine. D. RANSOM, SON & Co., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

implying lack of energy, debility, and general unhappiness. Nothing is so magical in its effects as this KING OF THE BLOOD, at once a tonic and alterative, so called because it tones and alters the stagnant functions, and healthful activity results.

Numerous testimonials—the genuineness of which is guaranteed by our standing offer of \$1,000—and full directions can be found in the "Treatise" accompanying each bottle. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all dealers in medicine. D. RANSOM, SON & Co., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

implying lack of energy, debility, and general unhappiness. Nothing is so magical in its effects as this KING OF THE BLOOD, at once a tonic and alterative, so called because it tones and alters the stagnant functions, and healthful activity results.