The Bome Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriot T. Clarke.

THE SCARECROW.

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick bads clustered on every bough!
"I wish I could cheat the robbins," said he;
"If somebody would only show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim, With threatening arms and with bristling

head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn-Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see! And very early one Summer morn, He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,
The beantiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarcerow stood there so much at home
That the birds flew screaming away in fright.

But the robins, watching him day after day With heads on one side and eyes so bright, Surveying the monster, began to say, "Why should this fellow our prospects blight?

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair
'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest? In the scarcerow's pocket, if you please, That, half-concealed on his ragged breast, Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red A thriving family, hungry and brisk, The whole long day on the ripe fruit fed; "Twas so convenient, they saw no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the guy
For a robin's flourishing family!
—Celia Thaxton, in Wide-Awake.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

HARRIETT P. SPOFFORD. When stars pursue their solemn flight Oft in the middle of the night A strain of music visits me, Hushed in a moment silvery— Such rich and rapturous strains as make

The very soul of silence ache With longing for the melody. Or lovers in the distant dusk Or lovers in the distant dusk
Or Summer gardens, sweet with musk,
Pouring the blissful burden out,
The breaking joy, the dying doubt;
Or revelers—all flown with wine,
And in a madness half divine,
Beating the broken tune about.

Or else the rude and rolling notes That leave some strolling sailors' throat Hoarse with the sait spray, it may be, Of many a mile of rushing sea; Or some high-minded dreamer strays Late through the solitary ways, Nor heeds the listening night nor me.

Or how, how whence those tones be heard, Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred, As when a swiftly passing light Startles the shadsws into flight, While one remembrance suddeuly Thrills through the melting melody—

Out of the darkness bursts the song, Into the darkness moves along; Only a chord of memory jars, Only an old wound burns its scars, As the wild sweetness of the strain Smites the heart with passionate pain, And vanishes among the stars.

THE BUNCH-GRASS COUNTRY.

of the Upper country, but as no two people shall not be much afraid of duplicating ideas, and propose to give the Home Circle the trip from a woman's standpoint.

Umatilla is only yet a little landing place fifteen years ago with corner lots at a

Wallula is no better, it looks ragged and forlorn, with a few old straggling houses among the sage brush and blowing sand. As we steam up to the wharf we catch our first glimpse of a narrow gauge railroad—with lo-comotive and train which is awaiting with steam up to take passengers to Walla Walla. The little engine looks so comical, a fussy little thing, blowing, puffing and whistling, just as big as anybody. The track is only three feet wide and so is well calculated to curve easily around the sand hills which we pass along the Walla Walla river bottom. No little praise is due to the enterprise of Dr. Baker who put through this admirable little stretch of road and demonstrated that the the country at this time. It was dark by the pulled with a vim equal to a bigger one.

Whitman Station was called, but only on

our return did we see the locality of that place which calls to mind some of the most tragic scenes of our early history some forty years ago. The hill is in plain sight from the grave, the bones of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman For an instant only we catch a view from between the hills of the river bottom where stood the old mission house among the tall the desert of sand and no doubt the foot sore emigrant thought so too, as they received the kind hospitality of these martyrs to civiliza- people. As an illustration he tells how he Sweegle, who gives ten acres, comprising this hill and where it is proposed to erect a monument, that shall commemorate this story of early times, and sacred to the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, to whom we owe the possession of Oregon and Washington, for it was through his instumentality that this portion of the country was saved from British was through his instumentality that this portion of the country was saved from British possession. He traveling in mid Winter across the plains for the special purpose only of placing before [Congress the true value of the Columbia and its tril utaries, as there was the Columbia and its tril utaries, as there was the control of the country was saved from British and stamped on him. The confiding victim fifth. I would like to know how old Joe the winter subsequent, in minus his watch and money. This goes to show that there are faces from which to keep the Columbia and its tril utaries, as there was away in safety and pleasure.

On the fifth and had a real nice time. I would like to know how old Joe the will have a shown that the subsequent, in minus his watch and money. This goes to show that there are faces from which to keep the Columbia and its tril utaries, as there was away in safety and pleasure.

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probability that this country was about to be traded off to England for a cod fishery. Mr. J. N. Durham, an old pioneer and friend of Dr. Whitman's, is working to get up a fund sufficient to erect a monument on the hill, plant trees and otherwise beautify the spot. There are many others who are working for the same cause and it is to be hoped that every one who calls this country home, will give liberally to the cause. Mr. and Mrs.. H. Grav of Astoria have done much towards it, having already a subscription of several hundred dollars but it should not be comnenced without a sum sufficient to do something handsome and worthy of the object and liberal character of the people of this new

Cradles.

Fortunately for children, crailes are seen nore and more rarely in all families, and we are decidedly of the opinion that these soothing machines, once so popular, wil soon have only a historic interest, like the spinning wheel. Still there are here and there mother who advocate the cradle, and fr such we have a word of advice. In the first place, the rocking motion to which the child is subjected auses an unnatural circulation of the blood in the brain, which tends in the end to pro duce a state of unnatural excitability. Now if this takes place several times a day, and these motions of the cradle are carried to excess with restless and wakeful children, it is clear to our mind that the effects can only be injurious, especially when we remember the fact that children once accustomed to it are often treated with it for years. Cases are not rare of serious injury to the circulation of the brain from violent rockings given to infants when entrusted to nurses or ignorant children. It is not difficult, with a little patience, to treat an infant so that, as soon as the time for sleeping approaches, he will go to sleep in his little bed without any artificial aid. If the beginning has been made, and if the mother has not been softened by the disagreeable cry ing of the child to rock it to sleep in the cradle or in her arms, it will be found after a few days how quickly the child likes to go to sleep alone, without the affliction of popular remedies of mothers. Many mothers will not believe this true until they have tried it and learned from experience. Although the child may cry at first, it soon learns to go to asleep quietly, and the mother has the additional advantage of gaining valuable time for rest from her domestic duties. Why does a healthy baby need rocking, more than a bird, a colt or a calf?-[Herald of Health.

Jewish Longevity.

Some remarkable statistics have lately been published concerning the Jews. It appears from the most careful German estimates that there are twelve millions of this race in the world, or one Hebrew to one hundred and sixteen of all mankind. In Frankfort the comparative longevity of Christians and Jews was as follows: One-fourth of all Christians born died in seven years; the same proportion of Jews lived above twenty-eight years. Onehalf of the Christians died in thirty-six years and a half; of the Jews one-half lived more than fifty-three years. The remaining fourth of the Christians were dead at sixty years, and of the Jews not till seventy-one years. In Prussia forty-four per cent. of the Christ-ians lived to be fourteen years old and fifty per cent. of the Jews. Twelve per cent. of the Christians endured till their twentieth year, but twenty per cent. of the Jews. In 100,000 of the Christian population there were The editor of the FARMER gives his account 143 deaths and only eighty-nine deaths among the same number of Jews. Long life is in the proval. These statistics prove, so far as they go, that they have it, more than the Christians around them. Or else they prove that Christ-ians are not as faithful to the laws of life as for steamboats, though it started out so brave the Hebrews. A difference of one fourth and more in the average duration of existence is certainly remarkable. Is it not actually true that Jewish children are better brought up and cared for than the children of Christian populations?

A Doomed City.

The town of Covington, Ia., says the Sioux City Journal, is literally a doomed city. Situated on the bend of the Missouri river, the banks are being gradually eaten away, and the ground on which the Court House stood a year ago is now covered by many feet of fast flowing water. The cutting away is done by fits and starts. Recently the current set in shore and took off a strip of land thirty feet close by saying good night, and wishing you wide in a few hours. No invasions were made for another week, when another slice narrow gauge is best adapted to the wants of was cut off. Then about a dozen buildings were moved back some thirty feet, and the time we were really on our way so that we next day the land on which they had stood could only catch the outline of river and hill was all gone. The citizens have tried to as we went along, the plucky little engine moor trees and logs to the bank in the hope of forming a barrier for the flood, but the current is so swift and the water so deep that these attempts have failed. To give an idea of what the town of Covington has suffered in the past five years the case of the ferry house and the principal hotel may be instanccars where are gathered and buried in one ed. Two years ago there were 600 feet of land between the building and the river bank; and other victims of that dreadful massacre. now you can toss a stone out of the hotel window into the river, and the buildings are now being put on rollers for removal.

human nature and he advised his friends not people. As an illustration he tells how he once followed a man with the uggliest face

Fon The Children.

CHILDHOOD

Out of my window I look,
And the boys go trooping by;
Voices as noisy as sugar is sweet,
Hands that are mischievous hopes that are fleet,
And I know when the alivers glide into their

And I know when the silvers gives the feet,
By the sudden and clamorous cry,
I gaze at the pattering feet;
Red, like the cinnamon, bear;
And I know, that as onward the Summer rolls,
Stone bruises will cluster upon their soles,
And bee stings, in anger and roseate knolls
Will ornately gleam, here and there.

I look on the restless hands, That gesture amid their fun; know they will reach through the And I know they will reach through the orchard fence, And spite of the measures to warn them

The big cross dog with the jaws immense, They will gather the apples in.

I look on the sturdy backs Ribbed like the sides of a ship;
And I know that oft in their flying tracks,
The farmer will follow with wrathful whacks,
And the boys will taste, with their writhing

acks,
Less apples than buggy whip.
—Burdeite.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have just got home again from a visit o Walla Walla, and are glad to find a good number of letters, on our return, for there was only three on the table when we left home. There had sometimes been fifteen or twenty on file, so that it is no wonder that we were beginning to be anxious about our dear little friends. We found on our arrival a box of bulbs from George and William Lamb, of Yoncalla; there were three varieties of our native wild flowers; we are much obliged for them, and will value them highly. Lilly Jennings sent a beautiful flower of the Indian pipe, which was noticed in last weeks paper Gracie can send us some bulbs next Fall if she will remember to mark them. Winnie Ward gives a good idea of Russia in general, in a few words, and has expressed it well; already we have had considerable information about that country, and each one speaks of some different thing concerning the subject. Sixty young chickens will keep you busy. A Caliornia boy joins the Home Circle; you must treat your city cousin well; he would enjoy a little of our Summer camping and rainy weather, after living in that dried up country. We received the cards, and congratulate them upon having such a good garden, which is so necessary to good comfortable living. We did not see any nice gardens in the Walla Walla country, though, perhaps they were off from the road somewhere.

We expect Stilla can find out who Katie S. is by asking her to send her her address through the Home Circle. Edwin will find that a mud turtle is a nice pet if he takes care of it. George T. must tell us what a digger squirrel is; we never heard of any such, unless he means the prairie squirrel; we saw some of those last week, and a couple of little owls sitting by the hole of one of these funny little fellows. It is said that rattle snakes live in the same burrow with the owls and squirrels -a happy family.

Nellie Wilcox gives a pleasant description of her home, and we agree with her that it is a pity to fish out the streams so close, not giv ing the trout a chance to grow to any size.

AMITY, Or., July 30, 1880.

Editor Home Circle: After a pleasant walk through the grain lines this evening to your so much esteemed paper. I found the grain looking well; which is the case with most all the grain in the valley. One of our little friends asks us to tell how we enjoyed the Fourth. For my part I enjoyed myself exceedingly well; we send Aunt Hetty some of those flowering afraid that you have said anything wrong; we bulbs, but I forgot about it, and let the need something to stir us boys up. Wishing flowers fall off without marking the spot. Well, Katie, as I have not seen Lovesick Pickwick's obituary yet, I suppose he still survives. And for the sake of saving the young potatoes, (the old ones are gone), I would advise you to have him travel for his health- I would like to write a little about Russia, but I guess I have written enough about Oregon to fill quite a space, so I will rleasant dreams. Yours truly,

FAIR VIEW, near Salem, Aug. 3d.

Editor Home Circle: I take the pleasure of writing to your paper the second time as the letters are running out Aunt Hetty wanted us to write about Russia I don't know much about it but I will try. Russia is a very cold country, in the north, but in the southern part is much milder. St. Petersburg is the Capital. Moscow is the next in size. I think there is a place in the northern part called Lapland. The inhabitants live in snow houses and ride in sleds drawn by reindeer. The Lane dress in furs and skins. They are very fond of jewels. When the girls are about fifteen they look like they are about thirty. I don't think many trees grow in the north for it is too cold. I will draw my writing to a close about Russia, and write about something else. We have not commenced to harvest yet but will

San Francisco, July 31, 1880. Editor Home Circle:

In glancing over your columns my eves aught sight of Miss Katies opinion of boys, She says they are cowards, but I think not, but of course there are exceptions. I am thirteen years old and go to school and am in the first grade. I study physiology, grammar, spelling, book-keeping, history, philoso phy, reading, etc. I am very much pleased with the FARMER. I can tell Miss Lena M something about city life as I have lived here for seven or eight years. It is nothing but smoke, whistles, jar, and street car bells from norning until night. I enjoy going into the country and having a good hunt and swim. I am going out to ride now so I will close. hoping this will be received as the tribute of a friend to the FARMER. Resp'y yours,

CHARLIE H. CRITTENDEN. WALTERVILLE, Aug. 3, 1880. Editor Home Circle:

I hasten to fulfill my promise. Our place is 20 miles east of Eugene city, it is in the green timber on the McKenzie road and river. We have 160 acres, about 20 in cultivation; we have plenty of fruit and berries of all kinds, and a large garden that looks very fine. My garden looks well and my potatoes are nearly ripe. Corn is fine; I have got five kinds of beans, squashes, three kinds mellons, and different other things. I save my own seed every Summer and Fall. Father plows, harrows and lays off my garden for me, then I plant it myself. We have lived here four years; mother was very sick when we came here, but she is well now and very hearty. She likes this place very much. Our school is nearly out, it was a five months school. My studies are spelling, reading, writing, ar ithmetic. Our teachers name is Royald F. Rosoner. Accept my little sister and my visiting cards.

SAND RIDGE: Aug. 3, 1880;

Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl twelve years of age. ee you answer all of the little folks letters and I thought you would like to hear from this part of the country. My father is a farmer and we raised 150 acres of Fall grain and about 50 acres of oats and other grain, besides a fine garden and a variety of all kinds of fruit. Pa bought a fruit dryer, price \$200. I would like to know who Katie S. is and where she lives. I have three brothers and three sisters. My little sisters name is Monna. Our school was out last Friday and one of my sisters took the prize. Wishing the FARMER success I will close, STELLA FRONK.

EUGENE, Aug. 2, 1880.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little boy eleven years old and I live

one mile and a half from Eugene City, I helped pa make hay this year. We have two sice weather for haying. I went fishing last night, did not catch any fish, but caugh mud-turtle instead. How many little boys do that well when they go fishing? I will close with best wishes to the FARMER.

KERBYVILLE, Or., July 26, 1880.

I have never seen any letter from Josephin county, in the FARMER, and I thought would write one. I am a little boy 10 years old: I live on a farm eight miles from Kerby ville. Pa takes the FARMER and we all like it better than any other paper, except the Youth's Companion, we like it to. I don't go to school, it is too far off. Pa gives me ten more about Katie S., I think she is about right, for I don't think so many of us would have written to the FARMER if she had not stirred us up a little, and I bet we would all had a celebration at Amity on the 3d, which like her splendid if we could have the pleasure was a great success; had a free dinner and of her acquaintance. Write again Katie, I everyone seemed to enjoy it. I intended to for one like your letters splendid; don't be need something to stir us boys up. Wishing

GASTON, Or., August 2, 1880.

Editor Home Circle As you were so kind as to publish my first letter, I thought I would write again. I will tell the little folks where I live and what my occupation is; I live on a farm in the north west corner of Washington county, on a small branch of Tualatin river that comes dancing and laughing out of the east side of the coast range of mountains. It is a beautiful stream, its waters are as clear as glass; it is a nice stream for the little speckled trout to dwell in; they are so nice that'it will cause their destruction, for parties come from a long distance to catch them. Can't we have a law to make men and boys let the little fishes be? I have lived in this valley ever since I can remember; I think it is the prettiest place in the world. The mountains to the west are covered with evergreen timber, which is very beautiful, and when the snow falls on the tree-tops and the sun shines on the mountain side, the scene is most beautiful. I have not told you half of the nice things that we have in this little valley, but I am afraid my letter would be to long, and Aunt Hetty may not like such long letters. Aunt Hetty said she wanted some cat-ear bulbs and white camas. but I have hunted for some and am sorry to say I could find neither. I am afraid she will have to wait till Spring, unless some little

the wheels of government, bounded up with the reply, that for once he could compliment the minister on the correctness of his allusion,



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A. F. HILLER, jei-if Proprietor.

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