

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

THE SCARECROW.

The farmer looked at his cherry tree, With thick buds clustered on every bough...

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam, The beautiful tree was a lovely sight...

By the time the cherries were ruby-red A thriving family, hungry and brisk...

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

When stars pursue their solemn flight Off in the middle of the night...

Or lovers in the distant dusk Or Summer gardens, sweet with musk...

Or how, how whenever those tones he heard, Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred...

THE BUNCH-GRASS COUNTRY.

The editor of the FARMER gives his account of the Upper country, but as no two people see the same thing with the same eye...

Umatilla is only yet a little landing place for steamboats, though it started out so brave...

Wallula is no better, it tracks ragged and forlorn, with a few old straggling houses...

A Doomed City.

The town of Covington, Ia., says the Sioux City Journal, is literally a doomed city...

Whitman Station was called, but only on our return did we see the locality of that place...

Thackeray claimed to know something of human nature and he advised his friends not to depend too much upon the face in judging people...

Or all political repartees one of the happiest was that of Sheridan, who on being reproached by Pitt as forming a drag chain...

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a 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...

CRADLES.

Fortunately for children, cradles are seen more and more rarely in all families, and we are decidedly of the opinion that these soothing machines, once so popular, will soon have only a historic interest...

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...

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...

Thackeray.

Thackeray claimed to know something of human nature and he advised his friends not to depend too much upon the face in judging people. As an illustration he tells how he once followed a man with the ugliest face he ever saw and found that he was carrying food to a sick and destitute widow with six children...

Whitman Station.

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 cars where are gathered and buried in one grave, the bones of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman and other victims of that dreadful massacre...

Wallula.

Wallula is no better, it tracks 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 locomotive and train which is awaiting with steam up to take passengers to Walla Walla...

Umatilla.

Umatilla is only yet a little landing place for steamboats, though it started out so brave fifteen years ago with corner lots at a premium...

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For The Children.

CHILDHOOD.

Out of my window I look, And the boys go trooping by; Voices as noisy as sugar is sweet...

Red, like the cinnamon, bear; And I know, that as onward the Summer rolls, Stone bruises will cluster upon their soles...

I look on the restless hands, That gesture amid their fun; And I know they will reach through the orchard fence...

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...

OUR LETTER BOX. We have just got home again from a visit to Walla Walla, and are glad to find a good number of letters, on our return, for these were only three on the table when we left home...

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SAN FRANCISCO, July 31, 1880. Editor Home Circle:

In glancing over your columns my eyes caught sight of Miss Katie's 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, philosophy, reading, etc.

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.

SAND RIDGE, Aug. 3, 1880. Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl twelve years of age. I see 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.

EGGEN, 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 my father make hay this year. We have two large barns full of hay. I think this is very nice weather for haying. I went fishing last night, did not catch any fish, but caught a mud-turtle instead.

KEBBVILLE, Or., July 26, 1880. Editor Home Circle:

I have never seen any letter from Josephine county, in the FARMER, and I thought I would write one. I am a little boy 10 years old; I live on a farm eight miles from Kebyville. Pa takes the FARMER and we all like it better than any other paper, except the Youth's Companion, we like it too. I don't go to school, it is too far off. Pa gives me ten cents apiece for all of the digger squirrels that I kill.

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.

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WILHOIT SPRINGS! Now Open to Receive Guests. THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE above favorite Summer Resort, and having changed and renovated the Hotel and made large additions thereto, so that

Boards to the Number of Fifty. Can be accommodated with pleasant new rooms and good board and in every way enjoy a pleasant retreat, and the best of Mineral Water, at reasonable prices.

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Corbett's Fire Proof Stable. LIVERY, FEED AND HACKS, CORNER SECOND and Taylor streets, Portland, Oregon.

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