

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept, And in the wood fire's glow, The children cluster to hear a tale Of that time, so long ago. When grandmamma's hair was golden brown, And the light that shone in her eyes, O'er the face that could scarce have been sweet-er then Than now in its rich content. The face is wrinkled and careworn now, And the golden hair is gray; But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes Never has gone away. And her needles catch the fire's light, As in and out they go, With the clicking music that grandma loves, Shaping the stocking toe. And the waiting children love it too, For they know the stocking song Brings many a tale to grandma's mind Which they shall hear ere long. But it brings no story of olden time To grandma's heart to-night; Only a refrain, quaint and short, Is sung by the needles bright. "Life is a stocking," grandma says, "And yours is just begun, But I am knitting the toe of mine, And my work is almost done. "With merry hearts we begin to knit, And the ribbing is almost play; Some are gay colored, and some are white, And some are ashen gray. "But most are made of many a hue, With many a stitch set wrong, And many a row to be sadly ripped, Ere the whole is fair and strong. "There are long, plain spaces, without a break, That in youth are hard to bear, And many a weary tear is dropped, As we fashion the heel with care. "But the saddest, happiest time is that We court, and yet would shun, When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread And says that our work is done." The children come to say good night, With tears in their bright young eyes While in grandma's lap, with broken thread, The finished stockings lie.

THE EGG DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

Finding myself actually traveling down to Portland in an express car, I amused myself by counting the boxes of eggs—there were forty, each containing at least twenty-five dozen. This is a daily occurrence and we think it is well to talk about eggs, which forms a revenue too little appreciated by the farmer. Every family in towns and cities consume many dozen a month, while the hotels use fabulous numbers. The interest of the farmers' wife is to get the best price possible, and if put up fresh, clean and attractive, will command higher price. In San Francisco where many Oregon eggs are shipped, the commission merchant grade them in a little room where a ray of light cannot enter, burning a candle or a gas jet. A man opens a box and passes a few eggs in front of the light, if the light shines clearly through they are good, or at least not stale. A choice egg is as clear as glass, and when shaken remains solid; next comes those which seem clear yet shake a little, these are choice too; then there are those which reveal a distinct movement, it is still fit to be eaten, but is not considered very good and if broken the yolks and white will mingle easily; next the egg is cloudy within when held before the candle, and is just possible to use in cooking. By the candle the next grade is shown by a dark flint spot, as large as a pea. Many firms sort all the eggs, the "gilt edged" ones being kept for customers who are willing to pay for a good article, the next best go to the groceries, the shakier ones to the bakeries. The very bad ones are not thrown away but are sold for a few cents a dozen, for use in the arts. So if a farmer has many to sell it will pay to get a reputation for having the very best and cleanest. The average price to the consumer is twenty cents, and in winter forty and fifty cents can be got. Commission houses pickle them, placing the best in a barrel and they will bear the weight though so fragile, when the barrel is full lime mixed with water is poured in until filled. The eggs come forth in appearance as fresh as new laid, and are apparently just as good to eat. The only way any difference can be detected is that they will spatter when being fried. It does seem as if with a little trouble and care, which can devolve upon the younger ones, that a good revenue must come from eggs, and this particularly belongs to the family for pocket money.

GOOD ADVICE.

We have one letter from a little girl East of the mountains, that calls for more than a passing notice. She perhaps intended it for a private letter, but then it is a case that is so frequently found in life that we will give her letter entire, for there are many little girls we know of who are situated just in this way, and to whom a little kind, disinterested advice would keep them from throwing themselves away. DEAR AUNT HENRY—As so many boys and girls are sending letters to you, I thought I would like to write one too, although mine will not be like the others, as I write more for advice than anything else. I am fourteen years old and am an adopted daughter. I was taken when I was very small, and my parents have always done everything for me they could. They buy me everything I need and a great deal I could do without. I have never made my clothes, as I hate to sew, because I have no machine and my mamma tells me I should not use one if I had it, till I learned to sew and put things together by hand; but other girls do, and I do not see why I cannot. Mamma tells me when I learn to make my own clothes and keep them in order I can have and wear good clothes around home, but as long as she has to make them, I must expect to wear anything I can get. Others tell me I ought to go out in company more, but my parents think I am too young and will not let me go out much unless they are with me. I would like to have my own way more. I do not like to work as mamma wants me to, and hate to be so particular with washing dishes and everything; I do not see the use, do you? I would like to write more but am

afraid of the waste basket. Please tell me just what you think of my troubles. I know I am causing my parents a great deal of trouble and will try to listen to your advice.

JANE.

Now, my dear child, I can see by the tone of your letter that you have an adopted mother who knows her duty and is trying to do that duty by you. It would be much easier and pleasanter for her to do your sewing and mending for you than to urge you to do it, and all goes to show that she has a love for you in wishing to fit you for life and make you a reliable, capable woman. Then as to machine sewing, I compelled my own three daughters to make their own clothing by hand, and did not let them use a machine until they knew how to sew neatly with a needle. It is a great fault now that girls do not understand hand sewing. As to going out into company while so young, she is perfectly correct, and it is good to know that there are some sensible mothers left. No young girl should go out from her parents' house in the evening without her father or brother. It is not well for a young girl to accept the escort or attentions of every young man who presents himself, unless it be some one who is well known, and whose character is known to be good. Some foolish girls think it is fine to have a "beau," but any young girl can see enough of social life to go with her father and mother—depend upon it. Those are the sort of girls that the best men choose for wives—not the frivolous girls who are seen laughing and talking with any stranger that they meet. Modesty and reserve are beautiful in a young girl. We are rather glad to have this letter, as it gives us a text to write upon, and tell the older girls of the Circle what we know is best for them. Jane says her mother is "so particular." That shows that she has your real welfare at heart, and wishes you to grow up to comfort for her and a credit to yourself. Love your adopted mother, choose her society, and though at times you might think it hard, yet depend upon it the time will come when you will look back and be thankful that you loved and obeyed this dear parent who seems to have your good only at heart. Hope you will write again. AUNT HENRY.

SILK WORMS AND CULTURE.

We introduced the subject of raising silk worms a few weeks ago in the FARMER, having been attracted to it by seeing in the Pacific Rural Press, of California, that an association of ladies had undertaken silk culture in that State. It seemed to be an industry adapted to women, needing delicate handling, good judgment, and patience. We can do no better than to copy from that paper the following account of an exhibit at the Mechanics' Fair, at San Francisco. The world consumes such quantities of silk, that it would seem as if it would not be easy to get an over plus, and we would like to encourage any occupation that affords suitable work for women and girls:

In view of the new life which silk culture is assuming in this State, and it is worthy of note that the exhibits of silk, winding appliances and silk products are very rich in this year's Mechanics' fair. First are the handsome and well-filled cases of Joseph Neumann a pioneer in California silk culture and manufacture. His position is on the main floor, near the musician's stand. His exhibit is an unusually large one, occupying one elevated glass stand and a glass case. Both in variety and quantity of cocoons and raw silk, the display is remarkably good, and reflects great credit upon the exhibitor for the care, perseverance and expense he has gone to in endeavoring to build up this industry in California. Several pyramids representing the silkworms spinning their cocoons are shown, besides over 20 cases of cocoons, all raised in this State. These latter represent many different varieties, from the smallest up to the full size of the French Annual. The specimens of raw silk exhibited are very fine, and establish as clearly as it is possible to do that the silk manufactured from the worm bred in this State is, in its raw condition, equal to that of any country in the world. Mr. Neumann, through his own unaided individual efforts, has done much to establish this, and is deserving of every praise for it. Interpersed among his exhibits are the different medals, (nine in all) that have been awarded his exhibits in other places and countries, the whole constituting a well arranged display of silk-worm productions and the marks of appreciation extended toward them by others.

The two other exhibits of silk may be found adjoining each other in the east gallery. One of these is by the California Silk Culture Association, which is the name chosen by a large number of energetic and public spirited ladies for their society, which is now the most active agency in awakening new interest in silk culture. The society has already enlisted a large number of ladies in different parts of the State in agricultural experiments, and the results thus far obtained are very encouraging. The exhibit of the Silk Culture Association is very comprehensive. It contains first, a collection of wild silk-worm moths from India and China as also a number of the ordinary kinds. They are the property of Dr. Behr, of this city. In cocoons, the finest exhibit is that made by Mr. S. A. Sellers, of Antioch. It is made under the auspices of the association, and comprises the following different varieties, all of California growth: French annual, Japanese annual, and Bivoltines. The French annual cocoons are considered the best for manufacture, being also the largest. The Bivoltines, or as the name signifies, bi-annuals, are the smallest varieties. In addition to the cocoons, Mrs. Sellers exhibits a lot in different colors of reeled raw and floss silk, together with a number of silk-worm eggs and moths. The display is a very complete one, occupying one entire large case, and would do credit to any exhibition in the world. The other exhibitors in the stall of the California Silk Culture Association are Mrs. Keeny and Mrs. McLean, of San Rafael; Mrs. Dodson, of Red Bluff; Mrs. James G. Whitney, of San Francisco; Mrs. F. Dennis, of Sutter Creek, and Mr. Hettleheim, of Antioch. The newly invented frame for silkworms to wind cocoons, the idea of Felix Gillett, of Nevada City, is worthy of notice, as are two very fine specimens of the California wild silk-worm moth. It is stated that a very similar kind of moth to the California one is found in some portions of Tarry, and that the people make from it a rough silk cloth that gives unending wear. Garments made from it have been handed down by the Tartars from generation to generation, from time immemorial. Mrs. T. H. Hittle, the indefatigable Secretary of the California Silk Culture Association, has some interesting old German illustrated works treating of the silkworm and silk culture, and Miss Mary Wackerreuder, of San Bruno, has a very pretty imitation in wax of the mulberry tree, and the silk-worm feeding. The operation of reeling the silk from the cocoons

may be seen on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. One of the most striking displays in the pavilion is that of the California Silk Manufacturing Co., of this city. It consists of a large upright glass case filled with silk manufactures, chiefly spool silk. There is an architectural method of showing this spool silk, which shows much skill, and presents a charming effect. An excellent imitation of the State Capitol, at Sacramento, and the steps approaching thereto, and the laws approaching it are all made of silk manufacture. The building is wholly of spoils of selected colors, and embracing all kinds of silk thread. This exhibit should be sought for by all who visit the fair.

HOPS AS ORNAMENTAL CLIMBERS.

Every family use more or less hops, and yet but few people think of planting them. They need little or no attention, coming up every Spring stronger with age, and are really beautiful when in full bloom, the long, graceful cluster of burrs giving forth a pleasant aromatic perfume. Something may be saved each year in growing a vine, while a favorite porch may be shaded or an unsightly building hid in its luxuriance. We saw such a vine last week in our travels and could not but wish to remind our friends of the homely beauty of this most useful plant.

AUNT HENRY.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

SETTLING COFFEE.—After using the white of an egg to settle coffee, one is frequently puzzled to dispose of the yolk. If it is beaten and stirred into the milk designed for the coffee, it will so closely resemble cream that few will notice the difference. I seldom use anything beside cold water to settle my coffee. I cover the coffee with cold water and place where it will readily boil; then fill the pot with boiling water and set where it will merely simmer. Just before bringing to the table, I add half a cupful of cold water which settles it nicely.

WARMED OVER BISCUITS.—Stale cream biscuits can be so nicely warmed over that none can object to eating them. They may be broken apart, and a quarter of an hour before tea, should be dipped separately into a bowl of clear water, and replaced in the baking tin in the oven. They should simply be heated through, but not brown or crisp.

UTILIZING THE TIME.—A friend who has several small and careless children, who continually scatter different articles about her sitting room, keeps her house in order by "picking up all the time." After several days spent in her home, I saw that she really did this, but so deftly and easily that I did not at first observe it. The table cover was straightened as she passed it for her thimble, the baby's toys were put in order as she stooped to pat him, and the disarranged ornaments of the mantel found their proper place by a move or two of her hand. I find that this constant care is the foundation of good housekeeping.

BEAN PORRIDGE.—Take a beef bone and a quart of beans, put on to cook early; when well done, take out the bone, leaving the bits of meat, and thicken with a little graham flour. Boil a few minutes longer and serve it; it is excellent. Be sure, and put in water enough at first.

STUFFED STEAK.—This makes an excellent substitute for the expensive roast. Select a good round steak, pound, season with pepper and salt, cover with a nice dressing of bread crumbs, roll up and tie tightly with twine. Pour a little hot water into the dripping pan, add a spoonful of butter, put in the steak and bake, basting frequently.

TO KEEP PRESERVES.—Apply the white of an egg with a brush to a single thickness of white tissue paper; with which cover the jars, lapping over an inch or two. It will require no taping, becoming, when dry, impenetrably tight and strong, and impervious to the air.

DELICIOUS SOUP.—Early in the morning, put on a soup bone in cold water; after it has cooked awhile, take vegetables and pare them, one parsnip, one carrot, one turnip, one potato, one onion, yes, one of each kind. When they are all well cooked, stir in just a little graham or corn meal to give it consistency, then set your colander over your soup dish and pour all in when the nice soup will run out, leaving the meat and vegetables to make a hash or to be eaten cold.

"ONLY A HOUSEKEEPER."

BY HOPE SOUTHWICK.

"I served an apprenticeship of seven years, and worked steadily and hard, and I think I understand my business." The cabinet maker's face glowed with just pride as he looked at the chair I had been admiring.

"How many years did you serve?" I asked him whose "prentice hand" was but too plainly visible in the details of their home. She looked surprised, and at the risk of seeming rude I continued: "I was only wondering, since it took Mr. Benham seven years to learn to make a chair, how long you should have to master your part of the work in the firm." A quick glance of perception came from Mr. Benham's side of the grate which must have been gratifying to his wife.

The young husband's first devotion to his bride had been beautiful; but it had by degrees given place to indifference, as he found his home in danger of being given over to the reign of "chaos and old night." Some men might have remained assiduously—Mr. Benham had not—at sight of greasy door-knobs and upholstery that bore evidence of b-b-by Benham's fondness for molasses. It had never once occurred to him as a wife seeker that his baby-wife's beautiful white hands needed any practice in different work from worsted embroideries. Was she not a woman? And was she not bound to turn out a housekeeper, ready made and quite to order?

Just here the false kindness of many mothers is seen. "They'll have it hard enough when they come to do for themselves, poor dears! Let them take life easy while they may." Is it strange that it does inefficiency fills up the measure of the days of girls so reared? Such kindness is cruelty. Housekeeping deserves to be shared among the fine arts. It deserves to be made

such a study that its varied parts may be controlled without entire absorption of thought. She fails by so much, who parades method and process. An otherwise good house-keeper may ruin the effect of all she does by bluster, like Mrs. Stowe's manager, who always saw good reasons why every one around her should be up and doing; on Monday because it was wash-day; on Tuesday because it was ironing-day; on Wednesday because it was baking day; on Thursday because it was sweeping day; and Friday because to-morrow would be Saturday. In fine contrast with this is the same author's notable Katy Scudder in whose home no one ever seemed to hurry, and where the work was always "done up."

You consult only the dial-plate of your clock, but the imperceptible motion of its hands is dependent on the set of wheels out of sight, all working together, and one moving another in the intricate mechanism. You may be sure there are hidden springs and wheel, too, in household machinery that bring about the rotation of meals and changes and renovation, the recreation as well as the constant plodding, in every well regulated house. It seems so easy. A spectator would say the house kept itself. But housewifery, as in literature, what seems simplest is often produced at the greatest expenditure of thought, as Macaulay is said to have studied for two days over the closing sentence in his essay on Byron, till the smoothness of diction and entire appropriateness of expression to sentiment lead a tyro to suppose he could do as well.

It is because thought and care and faithfulness prevented it, that the dining-room appointments, from walls of silver, have not become dingy and uninviting; that insect pests do not invade the peace, day and night; that the dust of ages has not gathered on floors and shelves; that windows are not opaque; that unpalatable meals are not served, at irregular hours; that foul air, neglected apparel and general unthrift and discomfort find no place in the precincts of the home.

Good housekeeping may not imply rich food, fashionable furniture, or liveried servants. It is a compound of chemistry, cultivated taste, natural, mental and moral philosophy, economy, and that most uncommon article, common sense—seasoned with grace. Yet all this is inferior to the loftier side of a true housekeeper's work. She must be pre-eminently the homemaker, the guiding spirit that calls into her house comfort and peace and trust, genuine ambition and loving devotion—elements that form noble character and repress ignominy. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her;" so may the hearts of children, servants and guests.

To Make Apple Butter.

This old tried sauce seems to be rather going out of fashion; yet I think there is nothing—canned, dried fruit, jelly, jam or preserve—that quite supplies its place, especially in the "spicing" which the appetite calls for, something tart. It is also nice to have in the house, because always ready, and can be made to serve when an unexpected demand is made upon the housekeeper's culinary stores. The making is quite a tedious and laborious task, though since we have a furnace stove in our household—a convenience that I wish every housekeeper might be provided with for trying out lard, making soap, etc.—with a large copper kettle to fit the top of the stove, I make up a quantity at a time, generally in the Fall, enough to last till the fresh fruit begins to come. It can, however, be made in the Spring, and in fact the cider is richer and the apples less juicy, and consequently require less cooking to bring to the proper consistency than in the Fall.

Put twenty gallons of rich, sweet cider into a large copper kettle, (make your kettle very bright before you begin), and boil till reduced to about four gallons, or till you have a fifth as much as at first. It will then be much thinner than molasses. Pare, core and quarter sixty pounds of good sour apples; add them to the thickened cider, and boil till done. It will take four or five hours to finish up the butter after the apples are out in, and it must be stirred almost constantly or it will scorch, and spoil both kettle and sauce. Do not try to stir it with a stick, but have a stirrer made on purpose; something in form of a garden rake without the teeth. You can then take your position on a high chair or stool, and keep the boiling mass in motion at your ease.

Apple sauce made with cider is also nice. For this use sour cider, and boil down not nearly so strong as for apple butter, but about two parts into one; then put in dried sweet apples, first washing and draining them and cook an hour or two, or till the apples are tender, but do not fall to pieces. They do not need stirring like the apple butter, but must be kept pressed down into cider. Do not have your kettle full at first as the apples swell in heating, and would run it over.

Knitting Insertions.

No. 1.—Cast on 6 stitches, let row across, knit 1, narrow, make 2, narrow, knit 1. 2d row—Knit 3, puri, knit 2. Repeat.

No. 2.—Cast on 12 stitches. 1st row—Knit 2, make 1, narrow twice, make 2, narrow, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 1, 2d row—Knit 2, make 1, narrow, knit 2, puri, knit 2, make 1, narrow, knit 1. Repeat these two rows.

I find I can knit a smoother edge by knitting the first stitch rather than slipping it as some do. I have learned that it does not pay to knit cotton thread, although linen costs more, and wears little better. The cotton sticks to fingers and needles, while linen slips smoothly over as does wool. Besides, after one spends so much time with a little lace, the thought that it is only cotton, after all, is not pleasant.

A NATURAL condition of poultry is lousiness, but there need be no trouble in keeping them free from lice. Use tobacco stems or refuse leaves, or tobacco-stem cuttings freely in the nest, putting them about four inches deep in them; let her be over so thick, in a short time they will all be gone from the boxes.

For The Children.

THE LITTLE PRIZE BANTAM.

The tragic fate of a family of bantams is touchingly told in these rhymes by a little correspondent: Nine little bantams were pecking at the shell; One got free too soon, and fell down the well. Eight little bantams nestled close at night; A weasel snatched one, and fled out of sight. Seven little bantams wandered in the lane; A hawk pounced on one; it was seen again. Six little bantams were eating crumbs of bread; A greedy bantam took too much, and fell down dead. Five little bantams were playing in the barn; The horse stepped on one of them, but did the rest no harm. Four little bantams watched the ducks swim; One tumbled over the pond's grassy rim. Three little bantams were in their mother's care; A rooster pecked one, and then were left a pair. Two little bantams trod the world together; Cook killed one of them, and pulled out every feather. One little bantam, brave in colors in rare, Won the very highest prize at the county fair.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The first letter we open is from R. B. C. She has given her whole name to us, as is proper, but as she seems to be rather unwilling to have her name printed in full, we will not give it; but it is such a nice, chatty little letter that she need not be at all backward about being known. Not many of the little girls of these days will be able to ride on horseback at the age of 80, as this dear grandmother does. If only the girls would be willing to live sensibly and dress rationally, they might live long and have good health. But almost every little girl soon begins to wish the time to come when she can have a corset and wear high heeled shoes. All sensible men notice and admire young girls who look natural and dress simply, but it is hard to convince young ladies of this fact. We hope that our little friend is one of the sensible girls, and that she will ask her grandmother if this is not true, and will follow the advice of one who has had so many years of experience in life. There are some young people who are apt to look with some indifference or contempt upon the opinions of old persons, calling them old fashioned or behind the times. The counsel and advice of older people should be listened to with respect. Little confidence can be put in those who do not respect the aged. Grant must be a plucky little fellow to be able to help so much. He means to keep the credit of his name. We are glad to have another letter from Ida, and hope she will keep up her intention of helping mother, in the work about the house. She will soon be able to relieve her mother almost entirely of the work. Every little girl should be careful of her mother's health, watching to save every step. A mother is everything to a young girl. Clara wants to know about flowers, and this would be an excellent topic for a letter if some of our friends would tell their experience in raising different plants. Where a nice flower garden is seen, there may be found people of refinement and cultivation. Flowers beautify a home, besides giving pleasure to the one who cultivates them. Mary L. gives a good account of herself, and is really quite a little mother herself to do so much. Of course she does not have to be told every day, or reminded of these duties, but gets up promptly, doing each duty at the proper time. It is only in this way that children's help is a comfort; if mother has to remember everything herself, and say, "Now it's time to milk," "Are the chickens fed," "Did you skim the milk," etc., why she might as well do it all herself, for the responsibility is on her mind. But if mother can think that certain duties are sure to be done at the right time, it is really a help; so my little girls must learn to remember and not say "I forgot." The boys have been too busy to write often, but we expect to hear from them after this. Frank must tell the rest of the boys how he will manage to trim his coat. He might do a deal of good in that way, for it is no little thing to gentle a young horse. He is lucky to have so many grandmothers. If he could only live near to them he would have many good things. Leonard has been silent a long time, but he makes up for it by giving a long and interesting letter, which some of our young folks must answer if they can. It must be fun to set fire to the slashing, if it is good and dry. After all it is the country boys who have the good times, plenty of good air, and every day something new to think of; with the whole woods to roam in, where one can find a chance to see and study the habits of wild animals or birds; then comes harvest times, with all the busy throng of harvesters. This is the best sort of life to begin with. It is the boys who have had a country home, with experience in farmers life, that make our smartest men. This life gives boys so much independence, so that they are capable of doing anything that comes along; while a city boy is no letter than a girl when an emergency comes.

CHILDREN'S ADVICE.

I thought I would write to the Circle again, as you was so kind as to publish my other letter. Mother has 16 ducks and lost 16. I am 10 years old. I went to a picnic the 4th of July. I help wash dishes, sweep the floor, make beds, milk, carry water, hump eggs, etc. Grain looks well up here. We had nice flowers this Summer. IDA LEWIS.

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write again. We burned our slashing to-day and it made a big fire and smoke. Can any of the girls or boys send me the ballad of the song, "The Moments won't wait for us Darling." If so I would like to have them do so. I think the boys should tell about their sports. LEONARD ROBBINS.

CENTREVILLE, Or., Aug. 23, 1881. Editor Home Circle: As I have never written for your paper, I thought I would write a letter. I am 14 years old. I have two brothers and one little fat sister, who is five years old and has pined a quilt and put it together all by herself, and ma has quilted it. Pa gave me a colt and I think it is the best one in the county. I can lasso him, and he is as fat as butter. Well, I am not a Web-foot boy, but a Hawkeye boy. I am proud of my native State. I will tell the boys and girls how many relations I have in Iowa—all in one county. I have two grandmas, one grandpa, ten uncles, ten aunts and twenty-seven cousins. The name of the cousin I write to most is Eva Nutt. When I get big I am going back to Iowa on a visit. I think Oregon is a fine country. We have been here two years. FRANK C. WILLIAMS.

GRAND MOUND, W. T., Aug. 23, 1881. Editor Home Circle: I will write you a few lines, and hope they will be welcome. I live on a farm, and like it ever so much better than in town. I was in town last winter and did not like it much. I love to be out doors and work in the garden. I have a nice flower garden, and would like very much for some little gardener to be so kind as to tell me how to take care of box plants, so they will grow nicely, as I do not have good luck with them. CLARA A. ROBERTS.

TANGENT, Or., Aug. 11, 1881. Editor Home Circle: It has been some time since I wrote to the Home Circle, so I will try and write again. Our school is over; we had a good teacher. We are running the threshing now, and I hold sacks sometimes. I have a fine mare named Perce. I also have three nice hogs. To-morrow is my birthday—I will be nine. GRANT NICHOLS.

SLEW, Or., May 14, 1881. Editor Home Circle: Perhaps you think because I haven't written anything about farming that I know nothing about it, but indeed I do, as I have lived on a farm all my life. I helped pa haul in a part of his hay. Two of my sisters are teaching school. I had a pet lamb, but it died. We have two ponies. We have rutabagas as big as a water bucket. My grandma stayed all night with us last night. She is eighty-one years of age, and can ride horseback. I have a little sister eleven years old, who goes after the cows and helps pa milk. She helps me wash dishes. She has a bird and a cat. My pa takes the FARMER, and I am always glad to get, so I can read the letters from the little boys and girls. R. B. C.

WHITMAN COUNTY, Aug. 26, 1881. Editor Home Circle: I thought I would write to the Circle again, as you was so kind as to publish my other letter. Mother has 16 ducks and lost 16. I am 10 years old. I went to a picnic the 4th of July. I help wash dishes, sweep the floor, make beds, milk, carry water, hump eggs, etc. Grain looks well up here. We had nice flowers this Summer. IDA LEWIS.

HIGHLAND, Or., August 27, 1881. Editor Home Circle: I will try and write my first letter to your dear paper. I am a little girl only 14 years old to-day. I see that several of my school-mates write to the Circle, so I thought I would too. The weather to-day looks very much like rain, and everybody is busy harvesting. My sister seems to be sick to-day, but I am well and happy. We have lived on a farm for the last 13 years. All my brothers and sisters were born and raised here. I am mother's little nurse. I have taken care of half a dozen children for her. I have to cook, wash dishes, milk the cows, sweep the floor, make beds and take care of the children, especially the baby. My father is a farmer and a shoe-maker, and makes all of our shoes, and mother makes all of our under clothes. She also makes carpets and most all kind of goods. I must close for this time. MARY L. S.

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